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BRITISH MUSEUM

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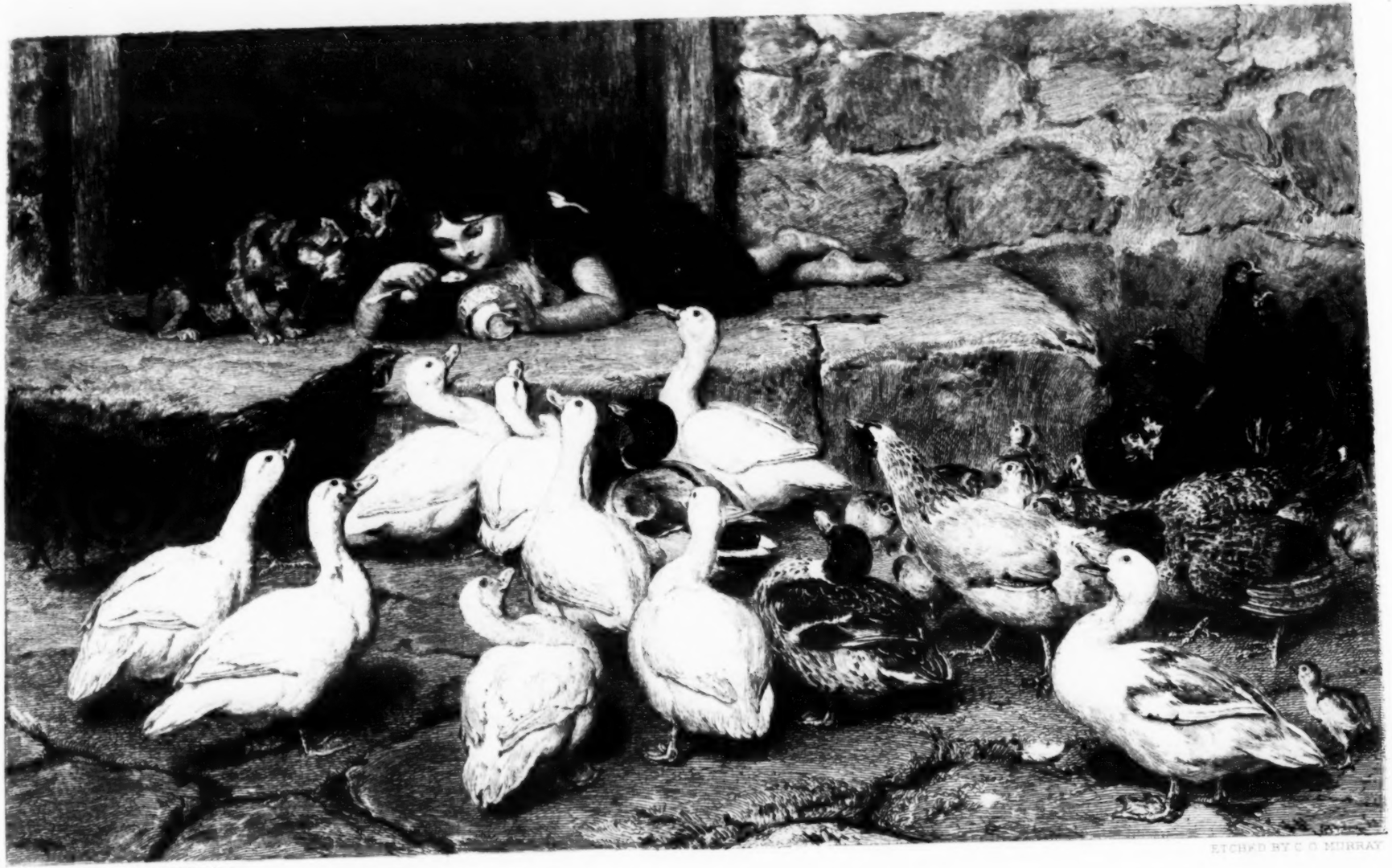
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PAINTED BY BOUCICAULT, R.A.

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THE LAST SPOONFUL

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF G. C. SCHWABE, ESQ.

THE ART JOURNAL.

A PIONEER COLLECTION OF ENGLISH PICTURES.

A CERTAIN French critic begins his review of the British section of the last great Paris show with this curious reflection:—"Unhappily for the English, happily for ourselves, British opinion (admiration for our own school of Art) hardly clears the Channel; it comes to a full stop at the limits of the various Continental schools. More or less distinguished at home as they are, the celebrities of our neighbours seldom acquire the glory and universal vogue which carry a name to the ends of the earth, and turn a soldier, a statesman, or an artist into a sort of grandiose incarnation of humanity, and make him part of the patrimony of every race." The satisfaction with ignorance here implied is thoroughly characteristic, but, putting that aside, these lines contain a truth as to the position of English Art in the world which often puzzles those who can form a right judgment as to its relative excellence. The true explanation is probably very simple. English Art is, above all others, individual. It is easy, for instance, to get a liking for the Dutch school as a whole, and from that to descend to especial preferences; but a liking for one English painter seldom implies one for another. The critic who has "got" Turner, has to begin all over again with Constable; and admiration for Millais does not help one



Venetian Courtship. By Henry Woods, A.R.A. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

to love Burne Jones. Again, English pictures have always been very dear. During the hundred and thirty years which cover our genuine activity in picture-making, our good things have been beyond the reach of foreign purses. To be able neither to buy a work of Art, nor to fit it into one's accepted formulæ, is quite enough to deprive it of popularity with all but the fairest and most competent judges.

"Omne ignotum pro magnifico" little applies to Art. How ready most of us are to deny Art at all in that which is unfamiliar! What would have been said to one who talked but a few years ago of Swedish, or Russian, or American painting? He would have had for answer exactly what was said beyond the Straits of Dover of our own school before the Exhibition of 1855, namely, that there was none. In 1855 the French awoke to the fact that we had at least a number of very remarkable painters; by 1867 they had forgotten the lesson, and the show of that year did little to refresh it; but in 1878 their indifference disappeared. In some quarters it was succeeded by enthusiasm, and during the seven years which have elapsed many things have combined to prevent a recurrence of the old contempt.

Ten years ago the English school was represented abroad

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by three or four pictures at the Hermitage, by two Boningtons and a Constable in the Louvre, and by a stray canvas here and there in minor galleries, which were good for nothing but to make us wonder how they had strayed so far from home. Even yet things are much as they were. At the Louvre, indeed, there is a whole room—it is scarcely less than 12 feet square!—given up to English pictures; but in no other foreign collection can even a glimmering of the truth as to the status of English Art be obtained. But before many months are over a really serious breach in this exclusiveness will be made. The collection brought together by Mr. G. C. Schwabe, and lately at Yewden, near Henley, will then be at Hamburg, Mr. Schwabe's native town, where a fine annexe to the Museum is being prepared to receive it. The collection consists altogether of about one hundred and twenty pictures, three-fifths of which are English. It cannot be called strictly representative. The "St. John's Wood school" finds too large a place in it for that. But it includes a number of canvases which those who have the fame of English painting at heart may well rejoice to see among its champions. At present the pictures hang in five rooms and on the staircase of Mr. Schwabe's house in Kensington Palace Gardens. The house is No. 19, one of those in the style of the Italian Renaissance on the western side of the road. Both lighting and arrangement are so good that the collection may be examined with much greater comfort than is usual in a private house.

Taking the rooms in their order, the first thing we come to is Sir John Millais's small study for the 'Minuet' which was exhibited a few years ago at The Fine Art Society's. It is a delightful little sketch, better perhaps in colour than the large picture itself and full of the most subtle manipulation; beyond it hang an excellent Edouard Frère (peasant girls hanging up a crucifix on a cottage wall), a brilliant Calderon, and one of those Boningtons in which he gives us a sky as lofty and luminous as that of Vermeer's 'Delft,' or of a 'Hampstead Heath' by Constable. Next to the Bonington hangs a second Edouard Frère, large and "important," but, on the whole, less delightful than the first; beyond it come a Patrick Nasmyth and a Copley Fielding—both average examples—and on the other side of the window the scene from Capri which we engrave (page 4). This is the work of M. G. Brennan, a promising young Irishman who came to a premature end some few years ago. The subject is happy. A child runs after the old *tambour* and taps curiously on the stretched parchment. The action is slight enough, but it gives the touch of human nature and the pleasant arabesque which are all an artist requires. Next to the Brennan hangs a fine example of Mdlle. Henriette Browne, and next to that a little landscape which, Mr. Schwabe tells me, was a standing puzzle to artists as well as connoisseurs until he had the name attached to it. It is a mountain landscape. The foreground is forest; blue hills rise over the trees, and a grey storm-cloud rolls over all. In both conception and handling it is extremely like some of Mr. Alfred Hunt's work in oil, but the name below it is W. Dyce, R.A. Mr. Schwabe has two more examples of this once over-rated, now perhaps no less under-rated painter, the well-known 'King Joash shooting the Arrow of Deliverance,' and one of the best things he ever did, a delightful 'Meeting of Jacob and Rachel.' One of the most charming pictures in the Dresden Gallery is Palma's picture of this same subject, long ascribed to Giorgione. In that the two meet and frankly kiss. Here, however, Rachel shrinks modestly, while Jacob's gesture is much the same as on the Venetian canvas. Dyce's colour was never fine, but in this instance it is at least inoffensive. The drawing is very good, better and less academic than in the more famous Joash, in which, again, the tints are cold and black. Below the Joash hangs a brilliant bit of sunlight by Mr. Hamilton Macallum, whose neighbourhood is trying to the older picture. Before quitting this room we must pause a moment before 'Venetian Courtship,' by Mr. Henry Woods. Mr. Schwabe, who was one of Mr. Woods' earliest admirers, has four of his pictures, and this is the best of them all (page 1). The scene is one of the numerous little quays—canal-side *campos*—which occur on the smaller canals, and afford convenient spots for repairing gondolas, etc. The story tells itself. Another Woods is a picture of the Rialto market, and a third a street-corner with fruit stalls and the usual Venetian crowd. These are all distinguished by the fine eye for "value," the good colour and the consummate manipulation with which their author captured his A.R.A.-ship but a few years ago.

The chief picture, perhaps, in the second room is a very good example of Calderon, known as 'Sighing his soul into his lady's face.' A pair of lovers are in a boat together, the man leaning towards his mistress. The picture is painted with great solidity; it is well composed, and good in colour. A second work from the same hand finds a place in the room. This is the 'Gloire de Dijon,' which we engrave (page 3). The slight emptiness of the conception is to some extent made up for by brilliant colour and breadth of handling. Mr. Schwabe has seven Calderons in all, one of them a portrait of himself and Mrs. Schwabe inspecting an addition to their gallery. To the same school as Mr. Calderon's work belongs Mr. G. D. Leslie's graceful 'By Celia's Arbour,' which also hangs in the drawing-room.

A writer in the July number of *Blackwood*, a true *laudator temporis acti*, laments that we have fallen far below "the culminating period of English Art, the period when the old rooms in Trafalgar Square rejoiced in the presence of Callcott, Collins, Turner, Etty, Mulready, Maclise, Dyce, Leslie, E. M. Ward, Webster, Poole, Landseer, Watson-Gordon, John Philip, David Roberts, Creswick, and Stanfield." Now, I wonder how he explains the disastrous effect of a good modern picture upon the productions of several who appear in this droll list. Many of his heroes have, of course, taken their places among the permanencies, but as for others, such as Collins, Maclise, Ward, Creswick, and even Stanfield, many things are sent to the Academy every year which would knock the nature out of their best work. Mr. Schwabe has a good Stanfield, the 'Bay of Ischia;' a first-rate Creswick, 'On the Conway;' a fair Collins, a 'Coast Scene with Figures;' and an average Maclise, the 'Babes in the Wood;' but no one of them would come scathless from a comparison with some of the sincere and direct studies of nature to be found in every modern exhibition. Put such a thing, for instance, as the Macallum alluded to above beside the Stanfield; there can be no question as to which would stand the ordeal best, and the explanation is to be sought only in the fact that the former is more in harmony with the taste of the day. Besides the four pictures I have named, Mr. Schwabe has examples of Callcott, Copley Fielding, Turner, W. Muller, and John Linnell. Of these the Muller is the best, but taken together they afford a fair notion as to what our landscapists of the last generation aimed at.

Retracing our steps to the drawing-room, the large Calderon is succeeded by a P. F. Poole, which was engraved in this journal a good many years ago; the subject is a pair of Highland lovers parting on the seashore in the moonlight, while a boat waits to transport the man to an emigrant ship in the offing. Next come a small but excellent Landseer, 'The Poacher;' an interior by Mr. Thomas Faed, and a coast scene by Mr. Hook, painted in 1865. The subject is a young woman gathering seaweed, in which she is helped by a child who can scarcely toddle. Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Biondina,' well known by Mr. Cousins's engraving; Mr. Yeames' 'Last Bit of Scandal;' Mr. Val Prinsep's 'A bientôt,' lately etched for this Journal; and a very pleasant landscape by the late Auguste Bonheur, also hang in this room. With the exception of the last named all these are so well known that description here would be superfluous. The fame of M. Auguste Bonheur has been rather overshadowed by that of his sister, but this landscape, and another in Mr. Schwabe's collection, show him to have possessed a faculty of artistic conception of which few traces are to be found in her work. Mdlle. Bonheur, indeed, has seldom produced a real picture. As a realistic, or rather naturalistic, painter of animals she no doubt deserves the success that she has won, but it is likely enough that the time may come when her brother's pictures will be not less sought after than her own.



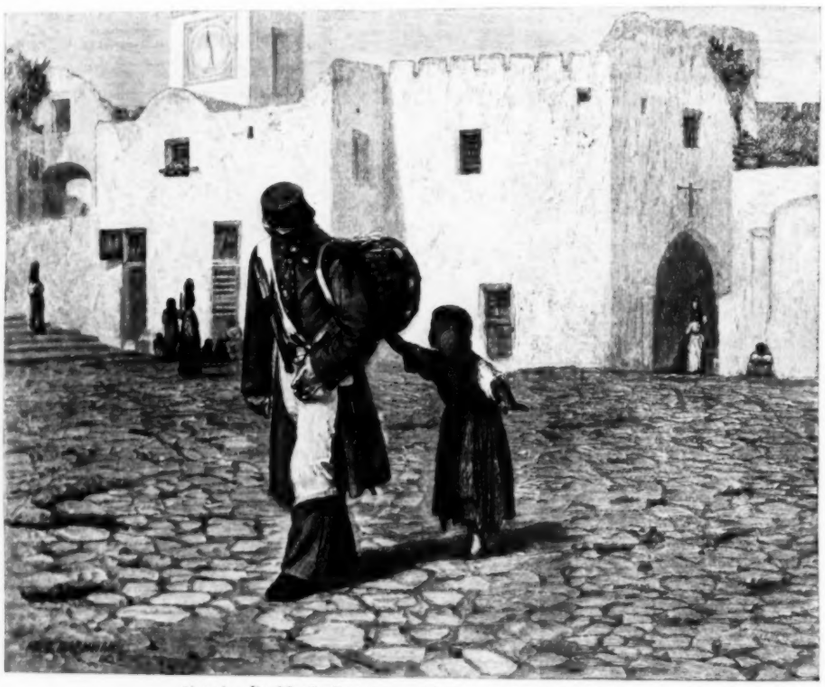
Gloire de Dijon. By P. H. Calderon, R.A. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

In the dining-room the principal things are two landscapes by Achenbach—the Düsseldorf painter whose seventieth birthday has just been celebrated; the scene from Albert Dürer's life by G. Koller, which we are engraving; Mr. Briton Riviere's 'Last Spoonful,' of which we shall speak later on, and Mr. Herbert's large oil study or cartoon for his wall picture of 'Moses with the Tables of the Law' in the Peers' Robing-room at Westminster. In colour and impast the two Achenbachs are far indeed below our English standard, but they are well composed, and painted by a hand which at least thoroughly knew what it meant to do. This same assurance is to be found in the Dürer picture, but Koller is a far better colourist than Achenbach. His tints have none of the inward glow and transparency that we look for in English work, but they *are* tints, and they harmonize one with another. The story he tells has been told, with variations, of almost every artist who has had dealings with kings. The Emperor Maximilian visited Dürer's studio while the painter was working at some tall canvas requiring a ladder. Wishing to point out something to Maximilian, Dürer asked one of his suite to steady the steps for a moment. The noble demurred, when Max at once did what was wanted himself, saying he could make nobles by the score, but only God could make a Dürer. Such a subject is one of those which painters had better avoid, and so is that treated in the 'Paternal Counsel' of Duverger. Here an old peasant on his death-bed tells his sons he has left them a hidden treasure if they will only dig for it, a "moral tale" which is too independent of action and material accessory to be paintable. The ideals of the school to which Duverger belongs are so distinct from those to which we are accustomed in this country, that his art, like that of Achenbach, would stand little chance of favour in an English gallery. But our painters might at least take a lesson from him in two respects, in composition and in that modest perfection of drawing in which lay so much of the strength of the

Dutch school. These qualities are again exemplified in a small picture by Poitevin, in which the blessing of a French fishing-boat before its first expedition is portrayed. With the exception of a Mulready or two, I don't know that it would be possible to point to a single genre picture, at least in our *ancien école*, in which what Ingres called "la probité de l'Art" is so well attended to as in this modest little canvas.

In the next room the most interesting things are a Horace Vernet, 'Napoléon à Bassano,' a portrait of Mr. Schwabe himself by Mr. H. T. Wells, R.A., a fair Gallait, and an excellent example of the Norwegian school from the brush of Mr. A. Tidemand. In essentials this is strangely like the work of our own genre painters at the beginning of the century. It is in tone a Wilkie, but not so transparent, and in action a Bird.

We now come to the last room of all, the billiard-room, which, so far as our own painters are concerned, is the *salle d'honneur*. Here we encounter a good specimen of John Philip; Mr. Orchardson's 'Voltaire;' the fine Creswick already alluded to; a splendid Colin Hunter, the 'Mussel-Gatherers;' Mr. Pettie's 'A Death Warrant;' Mr. G. D. Leslie's 'Nausicaa;' and a good example of Mr. H. W. B. Davis's Highland landscapes. Of each of these we may fairly say that it is representative of some one salient feature of our school, and of three at least that they are first-rate works on their merits. Mr. Orchardson is one of the six or eight men on whom the fame of our Art in this last quarter of the nineteenth century will rest. In the opinion of not a few good judges he unites more of the qualities which go to make a great painter of genre than any other living artist. But he is no prolific creator. It is easy enough to remember his chief productions from year to year. In 1880 he painted 'Napoleon on the *Bellerophon*;' in 1883 he gave us 'Voltaire;' in 1884 the 'Mariage de Convenance;' in 1885 the 'Salon of Mdme. Récamier;' and from the purely technical standpoint the best of these is the 'Voltaire.' The theme is not of the happiest. There is too much outside the canvas. Unless we are familiar with the adventures of M. "Arouet" —as, no doubt, we all of us ought to be—we cannot guess what the quarrel may be between this furious little man and the thirteen cold-faced gentlemen round the table. But in time the picture will itself provide the remedy, just as Terburg's 'Peace of Munster,' or any other famous rendering of an unpictorial subject, has had to do. And in the matters of colour, of manipulative dexterity, of linear harmony and of deep suggestive chiaroscuro, no living painter could beat it. In colour Mr. Pettie's 'Death Warrant' is a worthy pendant to the 'Voltaire.' The animation, the variety, the skill in composition, in the arrangement and painting of accessories and in the furnishing of the shadows, which help to give the one picture so rich a significance, are wanting in the other; but Mr. Pettie's tints are Venetian, and in some passages we find a vigour of modelling and a breadth of brush not unworthy of Peter Paul himself. Look, for instance, at the florid senator on the left, the old man in brown fur and plush. He was painted from the artist's father, and as a piece of realistic art he is superb. The senator beyond him, to our right, is Mr. Briton Riviere, but his beard is the beard of Mr. Davis. The 'Mussel-Gatherers' is one of the best things Mr. Colin Hunter has done. It was painted in 1881. Mr. Leslie's 'Nausicaa,' which is to be shortly reproduced in these pages as an etching, was at the Academy some ten years ago. The name is no more than an excuse for painting pretty girls in attractive attitudes and among pleasant surroundings. For suavity of line and for pleasing colour it is perhaps Mr. Leslie's masterpiece. In the hall and on the staircase good examples of Mr. F. Goodall ('The Head of the House at Prayer'), Mr. H. S. Marks ('Author and Critics'), and Mr. G. A. Storey ('An Irish Cousin') have found places; and I might, had space allowed, have done more than note the presence in the various rooms of excellent works by Ary Scheffer, Carl Haag, B. Vautier, J. E. Hodgson, E. Gill, S. W. Cooke, Patrick Nasmyth, and D. Wynfield.



Capri. By M. G. Brennan. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

We now come to the picture which has been etched for our frontispiece, namely, 'The Last Spoonful,' by W. Briton Riviere, R.A. The scene is an every-day one, and has an evident *raison d'être*, namely, the portrayal of anxiety as it affects the animal countenance. The little girl has taken her meal on the doorstep; she has from time to time favoured the crowd around her with fragments of it. But experience has taught the eager competitors for her favours that a time must come in every meal when the last spoonful is reached; they are apparently aware that the moment is at hand, and

they eagerly discount the chances as to whose mouth it will reach, whether hers or one of theirs, and if the latter, which. The picture, to a certain extent, repeats the idea contained in another of Mr. Riviere's works, where a flock of ducks eagerly pursue one of their number who holds a frog in his beak.

Such is the collection with which Mr. Schwabe is about to enrich his native city. His noble gift is accompanied by conditions which are likely to secure its usefulness and to put it beyond damage from the natural prejudice with which, at first, a collection of English pictures might be received in North Germany. It is to be placed in rooms of its own, to the cost of which Mr. Schwabe has contributed; the donor or his nominee is to arrange it, and the pictures, once hung, are to remain in their places without disturbance for twenty years. The stream of gifts to our own national collection has of late shown a tendency to dry up. May the munificence of Mr. Schwabe stimulate some of our own collectors to again increase its volume.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

FRANCESCO JERACE.

THE artistic power of modern Italy seems to have concentrated itself in Naples. It is as though Phœbus Apollo, that ardent lover of the sea-swept town, endowed the inhabitants of his favourite city with a special power of plastic expression. Indeed, in all matters pertaining to handicraft, the Neapolitans possess an almost fatal facility, for it often tempts them to sacrifice real study to momentary effect, and notably has this been the case of late with the Neapolitan sculptors, who, in their desire to attain something new, in their perfectly legitimate aim to emancipate themselves from rigid and fossil tradition, have somewhat forgotten the exigencies of their material and the limitations imposed upon them by the stone. One result is a form of sculpture that degenerates into unpermissible vagaries, which treads too closely in the footsteps of painting, and strives to ignore the barrier that separates the faculties. The artist who finds the happy mean between spent and rigid classicism and modern naturalism, is the artist who most truly represents our epoch; and this artist modern Naples has produced in Francesco Jerace, whose works we lately had the opportunity of admiring in London, and who is, in the best sense of the word, a typical modern Italian sculptor, one whose very real ability is acknowledged by his countrymen, and who, young though he is, has already made a good name for himself throughout the Peninsula. The wild mountainous district of Calabria gave birth to this artist, who saw the light at Polistena in 1853. From babyhood he showed a passion for Art, and when he succeeded in gaining admission into the Academy at Naples, he carried off successively every prize for which he competed. He very soon proved himself one of the most versatile of modern Neapolitan sculptors, showing an equal facility in the production of those bits taken from actual life, so favoured by that school, as in the rendering of portrait busts, of ideal statues, and in the domain of monumental sculpture, that branch in which modern Neapolitan Art seems almost lacking, while in very truth it is the head and corner stone of the sculptor's profession. Thus at the 1880 Exhibition of Turin, Jerace was represented by no less than seven works of seven different characters. This is, of course, youthful exuberance, which will, which indeed has already, settled down and found its groove; but none the less the fact that Jerace thus attempted all branches of his Art has had its excellent uses, in that it has saved him from falling into mannerism, and has developed in him an original and individual style, in which the peculiarities of the different schools are blended most felicitously and sympathetically. Modern romanticism is combined in him with correct classic tradition, and while his modelling is



Ariadne. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

distinguished for delicacy of handling and finish, it happily escapes that finnikin character well expressed in the Italian word *leccato*.

For the last twenty years Italian sculptors have shown a tendency to depict what they term "representative Art," that is, to choose their themes rather from the objects of every-day life than from those of the past. The idea in itself is not false, but it has been wrongly applied. It has been thought that ugliness had a claim to expression, merely because it is real, that is to say a thing existent. The naturalism and materialism that have invaded the realm of literature has also had its influence on Art, and while in technique the plastic art of Italy at this day is in no wise beneath that of twenty or thirty years ago, yet the severest of all the Arts has become tainted by the false tendency that reigns in the mental atmosphere of young Italy. Realism has divorced the artists from beauty. Or would they perchance say with Victor Hugo's "Nadir," "j'ai tant cherché le beau que j'ai trouvé le laid." They have forgotten, too, that repose and calm are the essential conditions of sculpture, that genre is not its province, and that nothing is more vicious and debased than the theatrical style of Bernini. They have forgotten, too, that the nude is right and proper in sculpture, but not the *déshabillé*, and so they have debased the chastest of the Arts. The result is a millinery and upholstery Art, in a word, an Art trivial, frivolous, and affected, in which lowness of thought and poverty of invention tries to hide itself under trickiness. This is the more lamentable since it cannot be denied that a large proportion of the work shows a certain life and freshness of action that has a quality of excellence all its own. With vicious leanings this school has an ability of handling that misleads by its very cleverness. It is indeed the vexed question of old ideas *versus* new that we are fighting out in every department of thought.

Visitors to Naples may remember the monument to our countryman, Mr. Somerville, that adorns the English cemetery. Of Signor Jerace's ability to design a sepulchral monument, that most difficult of tasks, owing to the well-worn nature of the theme, we had the power to judge at his exhibition. He here showed a tomb designed in memory of Baron Luigi Compagna, which pleased by its dignified reticence. An angel lifts the curtain that hides from view the simple sarcophagus, above which is seen on a golden ground a relief head of the Redeemer. The figure of the life-sized heavenly visitant is pure in form and outline, and has a serenity of aspect and attitude well adapted to calm rebellious grief.

But a more important work, of an heroic character, is his so-called 'Soggetto Romano,' an alto-relievo in which his patriotic sentiments find noble expression. Its initial incentive was the monument erected by the Germans to their hero Arminius, whose chief glory was the destruction of the legions of Varus, a monument in which all the haughty military brag of modern Germany found plastic expression, pretending that they were, and had been from all time, the conquerors of the world. What the Germans choose to ignore is that Varus was revenged six years later by Germanicus, and of this Jerace's group is to remind them. It represents three Roman legionaries, at whose feet lie trophies of war, evidences of the victory that one of their number is proclaiming to all within earshot of his trumpet, while his fellow proudly holds on high the vindicated ensign, and the third graves on the wall behind them the names of the vanquished nations. The nail, the rude implement that he has picked up from off the ground to do his work, has just traced the word *Germania*. There is a vigour of action, a virility of thought, a harmony of composition in this work, executed in a large and efficacious style, that makes it from all aspects an honour to its creator.

Portraits are necessarily less interesting to the general public than works of imagination, but it is impossible to see the portrait busts of Signor Jerace without admiring their refinement, their careful treatment, their due regard for individual traits.

His strongest and best work is perhaps to be found in his ideal busts. Of these the two exhibited in London, of which we reproduce engravings, are his most noteworthy; indeed, the 'Victa' (see Illustration) is the one that laid the foundation of his extra-Italian fame. It is a bust rather over life-size of a woman of heroic features and a semi-Oriental type, who looks down upon us with the proud disdain of one who, though wounded to the death, will not declare herself to be vanquished. Thus Jerace represents to himself conquered Poland, and hence the name. Nothing more beautiful, more dignified and worthy, has come from its creator's scalpel, not even the bust of Ariadne (see Illustration), which runs it close in the favour of critics and Art students. Modelled with breadth and power, it yet never for one moment sacrifices to strength the seductive graces of femininity. We can trace the influence of Michael Angelo here, but we also recognise the harmonious sway of the Milo Venus. We have before us a woman in the full flower of womanhood, no half-developed maiden; and if there is a fault, it is that the forms are so maturely ripe that they just skirt the voluptuous. Thus under the proud chin there are full lines that speak of maturity, and break the purity of contour. Very fine is the mouth, with its slightly projecting lips and their expression of haughty contempt. By a happy device that just escapes trickiness, the marble is broken off abruptly immediately below the armpits, and its edges are purposely left sufficiently jagged to attract attention. This device, a conventional mode of not finishing off the marble, also gives an additional strength to the character of the statue, and helps further to emphasise its haughtiness of sorrow, which despises all conventions, all futile smoothness. Full of ineffable sweetness, touched with rich *morbidezza*, are the mellow curves of neck and shoulders, modelled with a rare combination of sensuousness and grandeur. The head is slightly turned towards the left shoulder, above which it gazes out proudly with flashing eyes from beneath its bent brows. This attitude lends the sculptor yet richer curves and lines than the ordinary posture, and he has availed himself to the full of its capabilities. Seen from every point of view, the 'Victa' is beautiful and impressive, and is harmonious in outline and form. Had Signor Jerace done nought else but model this potent bust, the world would do well to greet him as a sculptor of genius.

Almost but not quite equally beautiful, and evidently inspired by the success and the character of 'Victa,' is the sculptor's latest work, a head of Ariadne. Here, too, we have a statue of expression, that is to say, a modern work of Art, since the ancients ever sought to depict repose in their sculpture, so that even that most bereaved among women, Niobe, presents to us in her marble form only a face of serene resignation. There is no serenity, no resignation in Jerace's 'Ariadne.' Her visage shows us the full sadness of despair, of a grief that has struck home and overwhelmed her being

in endless sorrow. We feel that we have before us a woman suffering from the cruel blow of a first disillusion, than which there are few bitterer pains in life. Here, too, the forms are of large and heroic cast; here, too, for some tastes they might be pronounced too full and majestic, for Ariadne when abandoned by Theseus was but a girl, and this is a woman. But, on the whole, this is no fault in a time and country where sculpture is inclined rather towards the small, petty, and pretty. While in the 'Victa' the whole attitude helps towards the revealing its purpose and character, in the 'Ariadne' the expression is concentrated upon the face, and very properly so, since pride may be read in attitude, but sorrow is predominant in the visage. The half-opened lips, the cheeks slightly worn hollow with tears, the eyes gazing out with rigid look into nothingness—eyes that see naught, on whose retina no outward scene is pictured—all speak with masterly power of the wrench made in this heart by Theseus's desertion.



Victa. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

Jerace has made several ideal busts besides the two above named, but these alone attain heroic proportions and are inspired by large ideas. Among the others 'Santa,' a terra-cotta head, deserves special mention. It is a study taken from an Italian peasant girl, and pleases us by its natural charm and elegance, its simplicity and uncultured beauty. It shows, too, how ably Jerace can seize and reproduce the popular type. The same applies to his busts 'Mariella' and 'Sasá Mio.' In his statuette of 'Marion,' an undraped figure, he hardly succeeds in rendering the conception of the poet, and the work may be rather looked upon as an academic study than as one of his triumphs. In 'Inez,' however, another statuette in marble, the artist, in presenting us with a lady of the citizen class, proves that he also apprehends the subtle features of other divisions of human life.

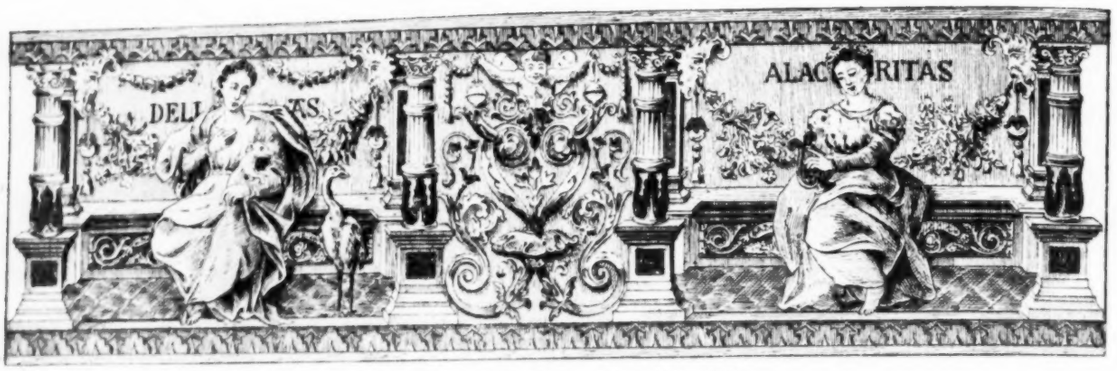
In the way of genre sculpture Jerace has also distinguished himself. Among these efforts the best are 'Cupid conquered and clipt' and the 'Guappetiello,' that untranslateable Neapolitan name for a boaster, for one who talks big, who gives himself airs of great courage, and who is at bottom a bully and a coward. Guappo is the name of the full-grown specimen of this class, Guappetiello his juvenile imitator. Jerace's 'Guappetiello' is a life-sized Neapolitan street-boy, who, cigar stump in mouth, thumbs thrust in the armholes of his waistcoat, struts forth with defiant impertinence to challenge the world.

'Cupid conquered and clipt' is the name of, perhaps, the sculptor's best genre work. Cupid has been from all time a favourite theme with artists, but in delineating the mischievous little god Jerace has departed from the usual presentation. His Cupid is not rejoicing in exuberant vitality and mischievousness. He is stretched upon the ground helpless, with arms and legs bound. His wings, too, have been clipt. The scissors that did the deed lie beside him. His quiver also is empty, and the boy weeps over his impotence—weeps that he can no longer run the fields and woods and aim at helpless youths and maidens. This statue is most graceful both in idea and execution, and modelled with a delicacy that must delight even the most severely classical eye.

Throughout all this sculptor's art runs the one great endeavour to demonstrate that the triumph of pure line may be coupled with the eloquence of expression. Our readers can judge for themselves, from our Illustrations, how far they think he has succeeded.

If asked to define Signor Jerace's Art in a phrase, we should say that he combines classic chastity with modern sentiment, and that while letting himself very properly be influenced by his age, he has escaped its evil features and utilised its best.

HELEN ZIMMERN.



From Tapestry, Hampton Court. Bernard Van Orley.

SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.

No. I.

IS somewhat singular that although the museums and public and private galleries, at home and abroad, have been diligently studied and illustrated, and their treasures of decorative design, as embodied in existing examples, liberally set before the student in almost every possible manner, the equally valuable suggestions in this branch of Art enshrined in the works of the great painters have attracted but little notice.

Especially is this neglect manifest in the accessories of the works of the painters of the Renaissance. The drawings of the miniaturists of earlier times have received the minutest attention, and have been even more closely studied for the record they retain of accessory Art than for the major Art of the subjects they illustrate. Archæologists, antiquaries, and Art workers of all kinds, have gleaned abundantly from this fruitful and interesting field, and have thence largely supplemented that knowledge of the arts of design existing during the Anglo-Saxon, Norman, and Mediæval periods, which the scant remains of actual and material objects had handed down to us. Indeed, had it not been for these painted records of that past, the inner life of our ancestors could hardly have been revealed. Contemporary literature, save as the dry chronicle of major events, had no enduring existence. The songs, the *contes et vaudevilles* of those days, abounding in local allusions, were rarely written, but were orally transmitted from one to another, until the last new one pushed the last old one from the memory, and it was reserved for the painter rather than the scribe to preserve to us the history of the inner life and the surroundings of our forefathers. Of course the further back we go the more is this manifest, and, as a natural antithesis, the nearer we approach our own time, the more frequent existence of actual objects of material Art leads us to neglect the painted record. And yet therein is contained a most subtle revelation of the progress of design in the accessory Arts. The painters of the Renaissance were men of many Arts, skilled in various branches of technical skill, forced to be good and careful scientific manipulators, from the fact that the preparation of their colours was in their own hands, and indeed not unfrequently scientists of no mean skill. Compelled, too, by the exigencies of the times to work for patrons who demanded many things of them, from statecraft and diplomacy to the direction of state ceremonies and the arrangement of pageantry. Nor were they unfitted for these versatile and ubiquitous duties. Brought up to the craft of the blacksmith, the goldsmith, the embroiderer, the weaver, or other industrial Art, the painter developed himself from these, and the biographies of our great artists show how many names known only to popular fame from their works in painting, began their career as craftsmen in what are now considered the humbler Arts. Even when this was not so, they were so intimately associated with their fellow Art workers by their associated service in the greater courts, such as those of Urbino, Ferrara, or of the Dukes of Burgundy in Brabant, or by associated intercourse in the guilds of the larger cities and towns, that the painters and other artists of the Renaissance became encyclopedical in all matters of design. Hence the accessories found in the pictures of the great masters of the time have an Art value quite as real as though the objects represented had a material existence.

That some of these accessory designs are literal representations of then-existing objects is no doubt a certainty, but it is equally certain that many are purely matters of inventive design created by the painter for the purpose of his picture, and never intended to fulfil any other purpose. In these, untrammelled by technical difficulties of execution, the fancy of the artist revels in perfect freedom; yet, so great was the painter's knowledge of the handicraft needed for the reproduction of the design into actual material, that rarely is an impossibility presented, and so carefully is the constructive possibility set forth, that plans and working drawings could easily be made from such designs by any one skilled in the technical requirements of the particular trade which would execute the object represented.

The decoration of many an interior affords a quaintness and a newness yet unwrought, or records a past now otherwise lost. Embroidered garments and woven hangings teem with designs so full of playful inventiveness that they are a very mine to the designer for fabrics and wall hangings. Furniture, both simple and costly, is illustrated with force

or elegance, as the motive of the picture demands. Goldsmith's work and the jeweller's craft are set forth in lavish luxury. Tall hanaps and small spoons, brooches, necklets, and the thousand and one devices for such personal adornment, bedeck the pictures of the time, and all of them of truly artistic character. Nor are the works in baser metals neglected: brass lamps and chandeliers are depicted in great variety; basins and ewers of latten and pewter, wherein the quality of mind outvalues the quality of metal; and there is hardly an object of daily life that has not received at the hands of the painter the impress of his inventive genius.

It is into the wide area thus indicated that these articles will seek to penetrate. The most embarrassing feature is the difficulty of knowing where to begin. Naturally something which pertains to our own land and our own home life attracts us first, and this, combined with that feeling of gratitude every student of the Arts of design as practised in England must feel for his work, leads us in the first place to that of Hans Holbein. To him, indeed, the Art Renaissance in England—especially in the minor Arts—is mainly due, for there is hardly one his versatile genius left unguided, and no man, before him or since, so impressed his own individuality on the Art work of this country. We turn then firstly to Hans Holbein, but by the irony of fate we are forced to seek our first Illustration from what is rather a culled posy of Holbein's designs than from his own painting.



From a Picture at Hampton Court. Hans Holbein. Guellim Strettes. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

It is a very beautiful posy, however, and its richness is entirely due to Holbein's culture, though another hand gathered it. It is to be found in the Queen's Audience Chamber at Hampton Court Palace. The title of the picture is 'Henry VIII. and his Family' (No. 340). The king, gorgeously arrayed, is seated in the centre under a cloth of estate; Queen Katherine Parr and Princess Elizabeth are on the king's left; whilst on his right are Prince Edward and the Princess Mary. The only important bearing these figures have on our present subject is to prove that the picture is not a contemporary one, that is, one not painted either during the lifetime of Henry VIII. or of Holbein, although it has been frequently ascribed to this painter. Prince Edward is here represented as being about nine years old, which would give the date of the painting about 1547, that is, four years after Holbein's death. Probably it was painted after the death of the king, which occurred in that year. Again, the two Princesses are represented as being young women of about the same age, whereas the Princess Mary would be thirty-one and the Princess Elizabeth twenty-four years old at the probable date of the picture. It is therefore one of those compiled family pieces potentates delighted to command, and illustrates the troubles which beset the court painters of those days, and which have before been alluded to. When, however, we come to study the accessories, we find the picture one of the greatest interest, and everywhere we find indications of the genius of Holbein. The gallery in which the royal family are supposed to be assembled is a sumptuous one, opening out into a plaisaunce or garden. From floor to ceiling the wall is covered by an elaborately carved oak wainscot, framed in large square panels, on which four designs in low relief carving recur. These designs are beautifully composed, and the framework which surrounds them is simply ornamented by a few sinkings in the rails and styles, their junctions being marked by a plain turned boss—the severity of this simple framing adding greatly to the effect of the rich ornament it surrounds; and the whole of the woodwork is sparsely heightened by gilding on the emphatic portions of the carving. The ceiling is trabeated, the beams being supported by Ionic columns, the lower frustrum of each being fluted, and having cablings in the lower portion of the flute, whilst the main shaft has a particularly elegant reticulation of purely Italian character spread over it. These columns are white in their general tonality, all the relieved ornaments being gilt. Between the beams of the ceiling its surface is divided into square lacunaria by oak ribs, having a simple gilt boss at their intersection, and the flat of the panel ornamented by the red and white Tudor rose in high relief on a pale blue ground. The pavement is of white marble, having large circles of black marble inlaid upon it, enclosing a diamond of red. The effect is exceedingly rich, quiet withal, and yet lightsome, and offers a very unusual, yet particularly successful, scheme of colour, enhanced, no doubt, by the beautiful green and gold cloth of estate which forms the baldequin under which the king is seated.

Every line of this tells of Holbein's work. The peculiar turn of the arabesque ornament of the borders and the free rendering of the rose and eglantine which grow about and support



From a Picture at Hampton Court. Hans Holbein. Renée van Leemput. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

the royal arms, is such that no other master then in England could have devised. But then comes the question, where was this sumptuous chamber that Holbein thus designed? It was not anywhere at Hampton Court, or some remains or record of it would have existed; nor are the buildings seen across the garden on to which the gallery gives, any that can be recognised as forming a portion of this palace. Was it not at Nonesuch, King Henry's favourite architectural toy? The small bower houses decorated with sgraffiti, that "riche plaister-worke made of rye dough, in imagery very costly," and here for the first time introduced into England, and on which we know Holbein was engaged, rather point to this, whilst the rather purer Italian detail than that usual even in Holbein's general work, suggests the influence of Antonio de Foto's work, which so sensitive an artist as Holbein would be sure to feel. And then, again, who painted it? It must have been some one who had either seen Holbein's work *in* execut or his designs for it *in fresco*, and therefore some one of the court painters who immediately succeeded him. Was it Guellim Stretes, King Edward VI.'s court painter? He painted the young king almost immediately on his accession, and it is not unlike the whim of the goodly youth to thus have the somewhat discordant elements of his family peacefully united—a fond but vain wish of his never realised; and the subtle wisdom which avoided giving seniority or priority to the rival princesses was quite in accordance with the pictorial diplomacy of his time.

To the student of the history of design it is a remarkably interesting picture, and well worthy of careful study and research, both from an artistic and an historical point of view.

There is another relic of the great master here at Hampton Court, that is, the portraits of 'Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour; Henry VII. and Elizabeth Woodville' (No. 601, King's Gallery); but unfortunately this also is preserved to us by another painter's hands, and almost all that we now know of Holbein's famous fresco which once adorned Whitehall, is to be learned from this copy in oils by Renée van Leemput. That it is a faithful copy we may feel sure, for Charles II., with a prudence and a foresight he did not always exercise in other things, commanded the copy "pour en estendre la posterité s'il faut ainsi dire, et n'abandonner pas une si belle chose à la fortune des temps." This was in 1667, and thirty years afterwards the fresco was destroyed by the fire which consumed so many other precious things, and most probably much other decorative painting of Holbein's. It was a large and monumental work, grandly treated, divided into two equal portions by what in Van Leemput's copy appears to be an altar charged with a long Latin inscription, but which in Holbein's fresco was represented by a window or a door, as in some existing contemporary copies of a portion of the composition the space thus treated is masked by a curtain. The figures are really grandiose, especially that of Henry VII., which seems to have been partly painted from Torregiano's bust; but it is rather the architectonic treatment of the background than the figure portion of the subject which calls for notice at present, and this is full of beauty. It was evidently a portion of the composition Holbein delighted in, as is shown by the fact that in the existing cartoon for a portion of this fresco (in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire) the architectural details are much more carefully drawn than are the figures. One of the wings of the composition is represented in our cut. It is a gorgeous grouping of coloured marbles and fine carving, gilding, and colour—in fact, all the resources of the decorator's Art. The principal frieze has its background solidly gilt, the ornament being drawn upon it in a rich brown colour; the mouldings of the entablature and the carved consoles which jut out from it are of grey marble; the capitals of the pilasters are considerably elongated (a method frequently adopted by Holbein) and present other individualisms worth notice, such as the introduction of plaques of marble in their upper portions between the heads which replace the caliculi of more orthodox and less inventive designers. Another feature, almost constant in Holbein's work, is the connection of the capitals by the prolongation of their astragals; these forming a sort of sub-frieze, which is richly carved and painted, its groundwork being a rich deep red, from which the ornament is relieved in white, the centre cartouche being filled by a plaque of lapis lazuli. As for the pilasters themselves, they are panelled with gold, and repeat the scheme of the frieze, the ornament, which is of thoroughly Raffaellesque character, being painted in bistre, whilst the red tone of the sub-frieze is repeated in the piers which support the impost and archivolt of the niche. A rhythmic arrangement of colour and form is thus emphasised, and this composition is a remarkable illustration of the aim of polychromatic decoration in the early part of the six-

teenth century, combining all the intensity of mediæval colouring with the grace of form and delicacy of detail due to that renaissance of Art Holbein was so instrumental in introducing into this his adopted country.

In both these Illustrations, taken from Holbein's work, it will be readily seen how much the decorative painter was in advance of the structural architect, and this is especially recognisable if we compare this latter design, painted in 1537, ten years before the death of Henry VIII., with any known architecture of that date in England, saving only that sole representation of Holbein's skill as an architect which yet remains to us, the beautiful porchway at Wilton. Indeed, it was not till at least a century later that the architect received that baptism of the Renaissance the painter here prefigured, and we can well understand why Charles II. so much admired it. Apart from the regal and family interest the figures would have to him, the accessories of the picture accorded with the then decorative mode, and the architecture of that time was just then aspiring to the point Holbein had reached a hundred and thirty years before.

The painter will generally be found in advance of the architect; he speaks more readily the colloquial language of his day, whilst the architect waits until his speech can be grammatically accepted. Nor is this to be wondered at; mixing more intimately with the court circles (wherein at the time of the Renaissance the chief leaders of public thought were to be found), the painter was much more under the influence of current ideas than was the architect, and in the pursuit of these he found a relief from the thraldom his very office at court forced upon him.

Engaged principally on religious pictures or on portraiture, the court painter's fancy was curbed and confined by theological or diplomatic bonds; for at such times when free thought was beginning to trouble the Church, the Church drew the rein somewhat tighter, and many a painter suffered imprisonment and other grievous trouble if he ventured to depart from iconographic orthodoxy by inventing a new arrangement for himself, and Queen Elizabeth, who would allow no shadow to cloud the majesty of her visage, was but the type of many another ruler. Thus entrammelled by Church and State, the artist sought by the richness of his detail and the novelty of his accessories to impress his individuality on the work, and it is to this cause that we have so many precious elements of design handed down to us. Out of this bondage came that dreamlike, glorious architecture which fills the backgrounds of so many perfunctory pictures, valuable seed-pods of architectural design, suggesting new combinations still structurally untried, and yet not unfrequently, as before said, actually prefiguring combinations and changes of style ultimately realised.

Our next Illustration, on this page, is from a charming little picture painted by Lucas de Heere, also in the Hampton Court Gallery (King's Gallery, No. 635), entitled 'Allegorical Picture of Queen Elizabeth,' in which the virgin queen issues from her palace to greet Minerva, Juno, Venus, and Cupid, who all are wonderstruck at her wisdom, power, and beauty. We have ceased, in these days, to wonder at these attributes, but we can yet revel in the charming surroundings in which Lucas de Heere en-niched her. Lucas de Heere was well fitted for the task his royal mistress assigned him. Born to a father who was eminent as an architect and a sculptor, by a mother who was the most celebrated miniaturist of her day, he was, *nascitur non fit*, a poet and a painter; and the frame—an original one, well worth the noting—bears some laudatory verses of his anent the subject of his brush. But the special relationship of the picture to our subject is the glimpse of the beautiful interior we get through the wide archway under which the Queen is passing. It is a delightsome harmony of blue and green. The walls are hung with tapestry—a verdure—and there is a double frieze above it, which offers a very good suggestion for such decorative treatment where a single one would be found too crushing. The lower one is painted in low tones, whilst the upper one is evidently of modelled plaster-work containing the royal arms, with angelic supporters; the motto, "Dieu et mon Droit," forming a double border to it. The ceiling is simply treated with oaken ribs rectangularly arranged, having the Tudor rose at their crossings, and beneath it is a fine baldequin of blue, beautifully embroidered in gold. All the elements of the design are exceedingly simple, there is no redundancy of ornamentation, no frittering away of the main surfaces, but the sober tonality and the simple composition are admirable, and especially worthy of study in these days, when the general tendency is to break everything into as many little bits as possible, and tint each portion with a differing tone. The date of the work is 1569.



From a Picture at Hampton Court. Lucas de Heere. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

Our headpiece is from one of the lower borders of the fine tapestries designed by Bernard van Orley at Hampton Court. "Fidelitas et Alacritas" the designer has there taken for his subjects, and no fitter could be found to initiate this series. Of these tapestries, and the able artist who designed them, we shall have to speak again, and should it appear to the reader that all our present subjects are exclusively taken from Hampton Court, we can assure him that this is not without design, that much-neglected gallery being worthy of much more attention than it receives. Our future excursions will lead us into other fields, but it has been thought fitting to indicate how much of interest is so easily accorded to all who seek it.

G. T. Robinson.

'WINTER.'

THE great time of the English school in the eighteenth century was so quickly over, that the painters of the speedy decadence were in part contemporaries of the masters of the brief prime. Francis Wheatley was not much more than twenty years the junior of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Yet the minor artist was rightly placed in the time of decline to which his talent belonged; and the beautiful wife who served him as a model wore the fashions which were a corruption and a caricature of the modes which Reynolds made to look so noble.

Wheatley's work was full of a charm belonging, in many schools, to the graceful Art which is late in its day. He had a knack of beauty which made his paintings popular—so popular that the great Bartolozzi engraved them, and filled with multiplications of the sweet faces and smiling eyes of his 'Winter,' 'Spring,' 'Summer,' and 'Autumn,' the portfolios of the many print-lovers of a print-loving time. It is not known what has become of all; but the 'Winter' is before our readers. For all the series Mrs. Wheatley is said to have sat, justifying the little mannerism in the faces, as the ample beauty of Andrea del Sarto's wife excused the monotony of his mild Madonnas. The wife of the English Royal Academician was also herself, by the way, a painter, skilled in miniature and in flower painting in water colours. Twenty years younger than her husband, she made a second marriage in the present century, wedding in this instance Alexander Pope, also a miniature painter, and a clever actor as well. The costume in which Wheatley does not hesitate to paint his lovely wife, presents a curious combination of the monstrous and the becoming. It has all the artificiality of the day of Reynolds and Gainsborough, without the daring elegance, and what Horace Walpole would have called the "air," of the brilliant earlier period. The *Louis Seize* element had begun to affect English manners and English dress particularly. It was only a beginning, but the curious wave of inelegance and vulgarization was to advance and culminate, until all dowdiness—nothing but this expressive word from the feminine vocabulary will serve the purpose—was brought to its hopeless perfection about the forties of our century. Mrs. Wheatley's hat offends in almost every possible way, but principally by its ribbons. One of Mr. Ruskin's inimitable minor passages has a comparison of a ribbon to a seaweed—the one meaningless and formless, the other vital and significant. And perhaps vile ribbon was never so aggressive as here in the hat of Wheatley's beautiful 'Winter.' In size it is disproportionate to the human face; in arrangement it is altogether without intention. Nevertheless, the great shape of wire and muslin, the softening, sheltering shower of curls and lace, flatter and foster the beauty of a charming face as a purer style of head-dress would fail to do. It took some time for the bewitching tresses to degenerate into the hanging ringlets, parted down the middle, with which Englishwomen disfigured themselves in after times.



Winter. By Francis Wheatley, R.A. Engraved by R. B. Lodge.

Wheatley's Seasons were so much in the taste of a time which loved easy allegory that we find Bartolozzi engraving no less than six series of the kind. There were Seasons by Cipriani and Seasons by Angelica Kauffman, and Seasons by Morland, and Seasons by Westall, and Seasons by Filippo Laura. Some of Sir Joshua's allegories are almost equally *banal* in idea, though they win from his hand and mind a distinction which more costly fancies might not show in the work of a lesser master.

Francis Wheatley's quaint little designs of figures representing the London cries of his time have recently been reproduced. Our engraving is by a son of Canon Lodge, who is a relation of Wheatley's.

ALICE MEYNELL.

UNTRAVELLED FRANCE.

WHILST thousands of Englishmen annually play at follow the leader in Switzerland, Italy, and Germany, a vast tract of country lies unexplored and untravelled much nearer to our shores. English tourists who have followed the main lines of railway to Marseilles, Basle, or Strasbourg, frequently speak of having seen France; but in describing the country as a land of featureless plains, with dreary lines of poplars for vegetation, they define the limits of their knowledge.



No. 1.—Vierzon.

They show that the wooded and luxuriant beauty of the central provinces is unknown to them, that they have no idea of their craggy hills and glorious rivers, to say nothing of a wealth of mediæval architecture in churches, abbeys, castles, and fortifications of towns, which is absolutely unrivalled. So few of our countrymen turn towards Indre, Creuze, Corrèze, Dordogne, Lot, Cantal, Lozère, Aveyron, or Tarn, that (except at Limoges or Périgueux), the advent of an Englishman is remembered as an event, and I never saw one English person, or had occasion to speak one English word, during nine weeks spent in these districts. The story of what a writer did himself must always be a little egotistical and tiresome, yet, in writing about "Untravelled France," this seems to be the simplest way of trying to be useful to any one whom I may induce to follow in my footsteps, and I will hope that the little woodcuts, from sketches taken upon the spot, may in some measure supply the deficiencies of my descriptions.

On the 4th of May, 1885, one of the few radiant days of a wet month, I found myself at Vierzon (Illustration No. 1), in the comfortable little Hôtel de Bœuf, looking upon its courtyard full of trees and flowers. A very lovely quiet little place is Vierzon. It is said to be a manufacturing town, but the manufactories are covered to their roofs with wistaria, which was in full bloom when I was there, while the little river Cher rushed quite clear through its bridge, and between its islets ablaze with lilacs and Judas-trees. There is only one church, which is singular in so large a place—two towns, Vierzon Ville and Vierzon Village—but it stands well on the edge of the hill, with a long staircase leading up to it. Like all the ecclesiastical buildings in this part of France, it bears "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité," in large letters upon its aged front. The interior has a lofty nave ending in a very low apse, and side aisles divided by low intersecting arches. Behind the church a quaint gateway (Illustration No. 2) leads towards the mounds of the demolished castle.

A very short railway journey brings us to Issoudun, the Gaulish Uxellodunum, where the buildings of the town stand well grouped upon a little hill. The Hôtel de France is good, and supplies a capital luncheon. On one side of the wide market-place rises a fine old gate, now used as a prison. You pass through this to the Hôtel de Ville, where the porter's wife will admit you to an old-fashioned garden of clipped yews and terraces, containing the Tour Blanche, the lofty keep of the castle, which was successfully besieged, in 1195, for Richard Cœur de Lion. The ground floor, of the time of Philip Augustus, possesses a number of inscriptions left by prisoners. Dating from a century later, the first floor has a beautiful vaulted ceiling, and retains its chimney and its well in the corner. Hence a staircase winds to the battlements, from which there is a wide view over the town and its perfectly flat surroundings. Exploring the neighbourhood from thence, the most attractive spot within reach seemed to be "the old hospice." There I found a lovely subject for a painting in the clear river, in which the brown buildings of the hospice and its Gothic bridge were reflected, in the masses of alders and quince-trees dipping into the stream in their first bright green, in the foaming splash of a little mill, and the still shallows in the foreground, into which soldiers were urging their horses, leaving long ripplets of silver behind them.

In a swirl of rain and wind, which was tearing the branches from the trees in the squares and walks, and covering the ground with snowy acacia blossoms, the same evening brought me to Châteauroux, a pretty town upon the Indre. Its two large churches, S. André and Notre-Dame, are both modern, but close to the latter are the remains of the old Château Raoul (which has bequeathed its name to the place), containing the préfecture and public offices. Near a wooden bridge also is the pretty disused Gothic chapel of S. Marc. From a square containing a statue of General Bertrand, who was a native



No. 2.—Gate of Vierzon.



No. 3.—Abbey of Deols.

of Châteauroux, where he died in 1844, a dripping avenue, deep in sticky mud, brought me to Deols, the ancient Vicus Dolensis, afterwards known as Le Bourg Dieu, from its famous Benedictine abbey, founded by Ebbon le Noble, in 917. At that time Deols was the capital of Bas-Berry. The magnificent abbey church, which was consecrated three times—in 1021, 1107 and 1162—was entire till 1830, but was sold for its materials in 1844. Only one of its beautiful towers (Illustration No. 3), surmounted by a low conical stone spire, now remains entire, and rises finely above the water-meadows at the meeting of the Indre and Angolia. Amongst the modern buildings near, many fragments are to be found of the buildings of the abbey, called in the Middle Ages "La Mamelle de Saint Pierre," but suppressed by Gregory XV. in 1622, on account of the immorality of its monks. In the village an exceedingly picturesque gate, "Porte de l'Horloge," remains, crowned by machicolations and flanked by huge round towers (Illustration No. 6); and, passing under this, we reach the church of S. Etienne, of the fifteenth century, with a solid low Argevine tower. Here the crypt contains the curious tomb of S. Ludre, an early Christian sarcophagus, covered with reliefs of genii and hunting scenes. At the end of the north aisle is an image of the Virgin, which is a relic of the abbey, and is reputed miraculous. Its miracles are attested in some curious sixteenth-century pictures, and a Latin inscription tells that "a soldier, seeing this image of the Virgin holding her son in her arms, angrily threw a stone at the Child, blood flowed from the marble, but death punished the offender."

Torrents of rain greeted the next morning, and the inn at Châteauroux, with a waiter who drank like a fish, was sufficiently dismal. But in the afternoon I reached the pleasant Hôtel de la Promenade at Argenton (the ancient Argantomagus), a clean, quiet inn, with pleasant rooms on the Creuse, and a landlord and landlady who occupy themselves like personal friends about the excursions of their guests. An artist might spend some time here very pleasantly whilst sketching in this neighbourhood, and Argenton itself is very pretty, with gabled houses and wooden galleries overhanging the river. An old building, now called the prison, at one end of the farther bridge, and the beautiful niche with an image of the Virgin at the other, will certainly be chosen as subjects. In the evening it cleared, and a pleasant walk of half an hour beyond the railway brought me to S. Marcel, whose curious fortified church and lofty tower (Illustration No. 5), crowned by an overhanging wooden gallery, is a landmark from a great distance. The interior has only a single nave, but the choir has side aisles, and ends in three apses. Its handsome Renaissance stall-work is shut in by screens and rood-loft, like a Spanish coro. Under the centre of the choir is a crypt.

Argenton is little known to Englishmen, but all French tourists stop there, for what Frenchman has not read George Sand, and thus become familiar with Gargilesse, one of the most picturesque villages in the district, which the historian, M. Raynal, describes with reason as "le Highland du Berry"? Most charming was the drive on an early May morning—first by green pastures, amid which the Creuse flows through a rocky bed fringed with golden broom; then by deep lanes overhung by walnuts in their young red foliage, and poplars in their brightest green; by young vines just making their first appearance amid the red sorrel which always seems to overrun the vineyards in this part of France; by slopes bright with broom, breaking into brown rocks near the river; then close to the rushing stream, broken into white eddies by the poplar stems. All the little incidents of the wayside, too, were a succession of pictures—a man in a blouse and a woman in a bright blue apron, both in sabots, carrying large baskets of eggs to market; carts driven by old women in white mob-caps and blue gowns; a woman nursing her baby whilst tending her goats, who are nibbling the dwarf wild pear-trees; a nun driving her abbess in a donkey cart; a party of labourers in blouses, with their dinners slung to the pickaxes upon their shoulders, singing as they walk.

After a long ascent we look down upon an amphitheatre of grey cliffs sloping abruptly to the Creuse, but we are now so high up that we see far beyond them into the delicate pink and blue distances of the far uplands, amid which the fortified church tower of S. Marcel is conspicuous. In the depth a little cascade foams white through the gloom. A little Switzerland, as George Sand says, reveals itself in the heart of a country which has hitherto given no sign of mountain beauty. On the near promontory the village and church of Le Pin nestle amongst their fruit-trees, and look at the similar village and church of Saumon, separated from them by a huge chasm, through which the river flows into the shade of the black cliffs.

Passing through Le Pin, we enter upon a rocky terrace overlooking the gorge in which George Sand used to bathe, and where four ladies—a mother, her daughter, and two nieces—were drowned in 1883, whilst bathing from the farm close by. They had been warned, but could see no danger in the clear



No. 4.—Issoudun.

water with its sandy bed, and were sucked into a whirlpool under a cliff, which now bears a little obelisk to their memory.

Now we turn inland, and, in an upland hollow, surrounded by stony hills, we find Gargilesse (Illustration No. 7). A

second amphitheatre of hills rises behind the first, so that the valley is sheltered on all sides, but a number of streams bursting from the rocks keep up an eternal freshness. A nest of houses is grouped in and around the mass of rocks with which the ruins of the castle are intermingled, and which themselves enfold a most beautiful Romanesque church (Illustration No. 8). The greater part of the village, through which a tiny brook tumbles noisily, is built below the castle along the edge of the ravine, and this is so steep that from the upper road we look down the chimneys of the houses below. The old cruciform church has a dome under its central tower, very narrow side aisles, and three apses. In the central apse of the shadowy interior fifteenth-century frescoes represent the Redeemer in glory, with two adoring angels and the Madonna. Beneath is a crypt with three chapels, and, at the head of the steps leading to this, a beautiful statue upon an altar-tomb represents a knight with a sword by his side and a leopard at his feet. Its inscription narrates that it commemorates William de Nolac, who died in the year of the Lord 1266, upon the Sunday after the festival of All Saints; but not very long ago this statue was honoured as that of a saint, and its features bear the marks of the files used to scrape off the stone which barren women found it exceedingly efficacious to drink in a glass of water. Of late years, however, owing to the exertions of the curé, the figure has only been known under the commonplace designation of "l'entrepreneur de bâtiment."



No. 5.—S. Marcel.

Close under the east end of the church lies the modern château, built like an abbey in the last century. The ancient gateway, flanked by two towers, still serves as its approach, and its walls descend abruptly to the torrent. "Nul château," says George Sand, "n'a une situation plus étrangement mystérieuse et romantique. Un seul grand arbre ombrage la petite place du bourg, qui, d'un côté, domine le précipice, et de l'autre, se pare naturellement d'un énorme bloc isolé, d'une forme et d'une couleur excellentes. Arbre, place, ravin, herse, église, château et rocher, tout cela se tient et forme, au centre du bourg, un tableau charmant et singulier qui ne ressemble qu'à lui-même."

Many of the houses in the village are of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, and have walls four feet thick and windows with deep embrasures: one house especially is a good specimen of the Renaissance. Every one in the village, as indeed in all this part of France, however miserable the hovel they live in, is monsieur or madame. Every one is a proprietor, though a very small one. They can all talk of *my* house, *my* garden, *my* vineyard. The different families live so near each other, and so entirely removed from every one else, that they see each other at all hours of the day, and the children are brought up together like a flock of pigeons. Every Sunday in summer the whole population takes to the river like ducks, swims, plunges, and teaches its children to throw themselves into the deep water from the top of the rocks, or to fish with their hands under the great stones of the river. Afterwards a joyous partition is made of the fish which has been caught, and they go home to enjoy all but the best, which are sold at Argenton, when there are no strangers in the village. In the evening they dance on the castle hill in the *bourrée*, which, though long and monotonous, is full of character.



No. 6.—Gate of Devls.

Life is very cheap at Gargilesse. When a house is for sale, which is not very often, a very tolerable residence and a plot of ground in this lovely situation may be bought for about £25. Half of one of the double whitewashed cottages, in the very centre of the village life, with a steep roof, and stone steps leading to its door, was that where George Sand lived, loved, and wrote. The landlady of the little inn remembers all about her, and was the Madame Rosalie of the "Promenades autour d'un Village."

I drove on for a few miles beyond Gargilesse, and then, sending the carriage round to meet me at the Pont des Piles, I turned down the muddy lane which leads to Châteaudun (Illustration No. 9). A girl, spinning in the midst of her goats, directed me till the castle appeared upon its height. But there was no admittance: "Defence d'entrer sous aucun prétexte de visiter ces ruines;" however, they are just as well seen outside the gates, and the view of the brown tower and ivy-hung wall, with the road winding through rocks and broom into the



No. 7.—Gargilesse.

gorge below, and the wooded hills enfolding the valley, leaves nothing to be desired. George Sand tells how the Marquis

at Gargilesse bought the castle in her time, with its vast enclosure, its great gateway with its double portcullis, its vast guard-room with its huge chimney, its formidable keep, a hundred and twenty-five feet high, overlooking one of the most beautiful sites in France, its dark dungeons, the broken ruins of the Renaissance manor-house with its sculptured friezes, and all for £100.

Below the castle is that ravine of the Creuse which is so fully described by George Sand, which was the scene of such happy picnics, which possesses such exquisite effects of light and shade, of rugged rock and tumbling water, and where such wonderful butterflies are to be found. But the way back to the mill of Gargilesse by the winding river and the rocks called Les Chérors, La Grande Roche and Le Roc de Cerisier, will take about four hours to accomplish, and to reach the Pont aux Piles we must not be tempted to follow the main path. I fortunately met a woodcutter, who pointed out a narrow pathlet to the left, which seemed to go just in the wrong direction, but did lead through a wood carpeted with pink orchis and blue squills to the bridge. Here I found the carriage, and a delightful drive through the forest, where the brown tints of last year's ferns contrasted with the bright green of the young oaks, brought me to Eguzon, and even-



No. 8.—Gargilesse.

tually to Le Croizant, the finest scene in this land of beauty. Here the little inn, "La Bonne Rencontre des Touristes," is kept by Madame Lepinat, truly a "brave femme" in the highest sense, and a very handsome old woman, who has often been painted by her artistic guests; and a capital picture she would make, with her maid and grandchildren, all in white caps and sabots, in the bright-tiled kitchen, where every necessary of life is suspended from the beams. A number of sketches of the neighbourhood, from the masterly hands of M. Douzel, are let into the panelling of the tourist's bedroom, and the signboard is by the same artist. The food is good, but rough; "pain gris," eggs and ham, cream cheese made in the house, country wine and excellent coffee, are all that can be hoped for, unless ordered long before.

The huge scattered ruins of the castle of Le Croizant (Illustration No. 10) occupy the rugged summit of a promontory of black cliffs above the confluence of the rivers Creuse and Sedelle, which almost surround it. Only the piers of the drawbridge remain, but the great square tower, which was the residence of its lords, Lusignan, Comtes de la Marche, the keep with its dungeon, and the circular Tour du Renard, containing an octangular room and a staircase, are tolerably perfect. Archæologists will trace out many more of the buildings, but to ordinary travellers there will be a greater charm in the carpet of thyme and saxifrage which covers the slopes. Grander too than any view from Rhineland castle is that from the tower at the end of the promontory, which projects over the very edge of the last angular precipice, below which the roaring Sedelle unites its waters with the Creuse. Some of the other towers also stand grandly along the edge of the savage rocks, which seem to rise to meet them in fantastic natural pinnacles.



No. 9.—Châteaudun.

It was impossible to make a coloured drawing. The sudden swirls of rain—"petites inondées," as my driver aptly called them—constantly obliged me to fly for refuge to the still covered tower, where I had plenty of time to admire the walls two yards and a half thick. A broken stair led to an outer embrasure for throwing down lead upon assailants, whence the view was perfectly sublime. Usually the tower serves as a sheepfold for the goats of the old woman in white cap and blue cloak, who rents the ruins as a farm, and sits everlastingly at the entrance to demand a fee of fifty centimes from all visitors. George Sand describes just such an old woman in this neighbourhood, whose son, who respected and loved her, having made a fortune, persuaded her to come and live with him in the town; but she soon died there of *ennui*.

On the highest part of the hill is the interesting simple



No. 10.—Le Croizant.

church of Le Croizant. The low heavy pillars of its choir have rich capitals. There is a font of admirable design, and the nave has pews like those of an old unrestored village church in England.

We returned to Argenton by a rather shorter way, passing the old fortified manor of Prune-au-Pot, where Henri IV. was a guest. The whole excursion was one of ten leagues: it cost twenty-five francs.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

HOME ARTS.



LITTLE indeed of Art in the average English home is there—remembering that the average home is not very far from the lower strata of the social pyramid—but of Arts there are none. In the average English heart there is no feeling for Art, no desire for Art, and no regret at the absence of Art. There is also no suspicion that there are any Arts at all, or at least none that are within reach, unless one has been "put" to an Art as a trade. It is quite true that the Art schools everywhere established are sending out every year greater numbers of young people who can draw; it is also true that the Academy gates are besieged by yearly increasing numbers; and that the houses of the richer class are much more artistically furnished. Further, one even tries to hope that the fashion of feminine dress will never again be permitted to assume any of the old unshapely forms. But as yet there is no apparent movement among the people. There is not a sign to be seen or a whisper to be heard which we can interpret into an awakening of the artistic sense. Yet we have opened museums to them, and bidden them enter, free and without cost, to gaze upon treasures of Art. One such stands in the very poorest and most miserable part of London. It contains quantities of beautiful things on which the trained and cultured eye lingers with delight. There are cabinets, vases, paintings, embroidery, gold and silver work; and the people come; they stroll round the galleries and gaze upon these things; presently they yawn and go away. They come at the rate of 2,000 every free day; on the day when sixpence is demanded they come at a somewhat diminished rate, the average attendance then being reduced to twenty, thirty, or forty. Now, as East London contains two millions of people, it would seem to follow that half of them have visited this museum every year. And the place has been open for fifteen years. Therefore one might expect an awakening among this great mass. Strange to say, all these visits seem to have gone for nothing. They are just as satisfied as before with their ugly surroundings; they are just as far from a healthy discontent as before this museum was opened; they are no nearer than before to connecting themselves with the world of Art which has been displayed before them; they have not been in the slightest degree stimulated to paint, or to carve, or to study for themselves, any more than they have been impelled to learn shoemaking by the exhibition of boots outside a shop, or to learn music from assisting at a concert or going to a music-hall. The carving of cabinets, the painting of pictures, or any other practice and exercise of Art, is considered, by these people, a trade to be learned, like any other trade. They have not learned that trade, and they do not consider it possible or desirable that they should learn it. "Let us," well-meaning persons used to say, "let us bring Raphael to the people." It has been done; the people have gazed upon Raphael, and they have gone away and forgotten him.

The great mistake has been—it is easy to be wise after the event—the supposition that an occasional visit to a collection of Art treasures is in itself sufficient to create and to develop the artistic sense. We have pushed and shoved the people into rooms full of the most beautiful things, and we have watched in vain for the vacuous and unintelligent gaze to be exchanged for the light of understanding and admiration. We might as well turn a flock of boys into a schoolroom filled with maps, desks, books, pencil and paper, and expect them to become educated without a teacher.

Since, therefore, it has proved useless to bring Raphael to the people, can we try the other way, and bring the people to Raphael? The Muses, we know, lived apart; they were not brought down to the market-place; their worshippers sought them; their disciples were led to them. Can we try whether it is not possible by lectures, classes, rewards, exhibitions of work, not to bring Art to the multitude, but the multitude to Art?

Another great mistake has been made, to which we are now becoming slowly alive, in speaking of Art as if there were only one form of it. If a man calls himself an artist, he is at once understood to mean that he paints. If he were to explain that he is a poet, or a novelist, or a dramatist, it is felt that he has been trifling. In the same way, if a drawing school is opened it is a school of Art, and the South Kensington people are constantly boasting about the spread of Art due to them. When the University of Art comes to be established—which will be very soon, I believe—it will include professorial chairs for painting, sculpture, drawing, architecture, music, acting, poetry, fiction, and the drama, all of which are Fine Arts, and all Arts which can be taught, given the natural aptitude. But besides these, there will be chairs for lecturers or readers, so to speak, for the small Arts, such as woodcarving, brass-work, leather-work, marqueterie, and others.

It is quite wonderful to think how strangely forgotten and lost the small Arts are in England. In some countries the very children can carve in wood, in others they can make artistic pottery; in Egypt they embroider, inlay, and work in jewellery; but in this country our people can do nothing, and have learned nothing, outside their trade. The agricultural labourer, it is true, possesses a very considerable and varied amount of knowledge—he is skilled in many ways; but the mechanic, the factory hand, the shopman, knows nothing and can do nothing outside his trade, and, which is worse, he

considers every kind of handiwork as trade in itself, to learn which would be learning another craft, after taking all the trouble in the world to acquire one. Shall he who has learned to make shoes also learn to make cabinets? Shall the blacksmith also become a tailor? And shall the goldsmith become a stone-cutter? And is the evening as well as the solid day to be given up to labour? And is it right to invade another man's trade territory?

Yet it is not difficult to imagine a nation in which every man and woman in every family would be an artist. It is not an impossible dream, that in a not far distant future every boy and girl shall be taught to use his fingers in school as well as to read and write and spell. Certainly the time might be much better spent in learning to carve than to spell, because spelling, unless it be considered as a means of training the intellect, like the Latin syntax, can be of no possible use to a class of people who never write. Unfortunately, it is difficult to examine in carving, and as the grant depends upon examination, spelling will have, I suppose, to continue. There is no child—this fact has been fully proved by Mr. Leland in his great experiment at Philadelphia—so stupid that he cannot be taught to do something with his fingers. There is no reason why, in every household, there should not be one who can work brass or leather, one who can carve in wood, one who can play music, one who can paint, one who can embroider, one who can model. We might go farther: we might find here and there those who can make songs for singing, compose music, act, and write. But the first step is to teach the use of fingers; the shortest and easiest way to make a whole people artistic is to teach every child some form of Art.

We do not expect to convince School Boards of this great truth just yet. It will be necessary first to show what can be done in a comparatively small way and by voluntary effort. The work has already been taken in hand,* and is now being attempted in great earnestness, and after the usual English manner, by a society. We do all our work by societies; one need not make any apology for founding another society; it is the only way to get done, or attempted, any kind of work which needs funds, organization, and concerted action; it is the Englishman's instinct, if he ardently desires to compass anything, to associate other people with himself, create a society, and elect a committee. This has been done by a few men and women who have convinced themselves that a work lies before them of the highest importance from a material and an educational, as well as from an æsthetic point of view.

It has been urged that, under the present social conditions, the first result of a wide-spread system of teaching the various forms of Art will be to flood the market with young people eager to make their craft a means of livelihood. It is certainly a more pleasant and an easier way of life to carve wood than to plough; and it is more delightful to work at embroidery than to go out as a housemaid. In the same way we see already how the pupils of Art schools are everywhere wanting to become teachers of drawing, if not painters by profession; and we shall very soon see similar effects produced by the College of Music. Those things work their own cure, after some suffering, perhaps, and bitter disappointments. There are many also who, without the natural aptitude which we call genius, dream of the easy life in other forms of Art, such as fiction, acting, and play-writing. That is inevitable. The attempt is made and ends in failure. But in such Arts as are taught by the society the awakening will be rough and simple; a very short experience will teach that a livelihood by means of Art can only be obtained by the few who possess genius. For, even granted an increased demand and an increased supply, there will come—here as in America—the cultivation of taste in the purchaser, so that in the end it will become impossible for Art of any kind to find a certain market if it be mediocre.

And yet the knowledge that work can be sold if it is good enough will prove the greatest help possible in the teaching and growth of the small Arts. The first lesson learned by the child of the working class is that he possesses two things—time and his hands. He will not use the latter unless they are connected with the former. If you put before him in the most moving and most eloquent manner possible the beauty, and loveliness, and desirability of Art, and how delightful a thing it would be to learn some form of it, how it would give pleasant occupation for his evenings, how it would brighten his home, smooth his rugged nature, raise the value of life and the dignity of manhood, allay his thirst better than beer, solace him more readily than tobacco, and fill him with an overpowering passion for all things beautiful, he would certainly turn away in polite silence, understanding nothing. What should he understand? Such talk appeals to him no more than the vases of Bethnal Green or the embroidery of South Kensington. Yet it is all true; if he would, in ever so humble a manner, follow Art, these things and more would happen to him.

Or if you take the girls, who are much more difficult to deal with than the lads, and point out to them the same precious truths, with the additional facts that their present homes, their dress, their language, their habits, would, after such teaching, become intolerable and impossible for them, they would let you understand clearly—because they are by no means so polite as the men—that they consider the speaker a fool. Working people, it must be remembered, are always being exhorted and admonished by somebody; therefore they are much more difficult to move than those who are only admonished once a week.

But try another plan. Point out to them that there is not a single form of Art but which may be made a means of supplementing the weekly wage. Show them that if a man learns to play an instrument he may get an evening engagement; that if he can learn to carve in wood, there are people in plenty who will buy his carvings as soon as they are good enough; that he may set mosaics, inlay, work in leather, and in half a hundred ways provide himself with a walking-stick, if not a prop. Teach him that the reign of the machine-made things is coming to an end, and that everywhere there is arising a desire to possess furniture and decorations which are enriched by being the work of the individual hand and brain. Let him understand that, contrary to the received law of political economy, in this case it is the supply which creates the demand, and the market improves by the increased abundance of products. I, for one, do not believe in leading people to desire Art for Art's sake; but it is possible to make them artistic through their desire to improve their lot.

Another development of the society promises to be the cultivation of industrial Arts in districts specially adapted for them. One of the society's tracts treats of this important point. It is not easy to see, the writer observes, why the country women round Luton should all plait in straw, nor why

* See Mr. Leland's paper in the *Art Journal* for May, 1880.

chair-making should flourish at High Wycombe, or pillow lace in Buckinghamshire; but there are certain considerations which may determine the selection of a suitable form of industrial occupation. Professor Beckmann has shown, for instance, that it must not interfere with the necessary daily work; that it must be capable of being taken up or laid down at a short notice; and that the apparatus and plant required should be simple and cheap. Metal work, for instance, is better adapted to towns than to villages, because metal is more easily obtained in towns. Basket-making is an Art almost neglected in this country. There is no reason at all why we should have to import the finer kinds of baskets if we cultivate the work in those parts of Great Britain and Ireland where the materials are abundant and cost nothing.

In the papers that will follow in this Journal it is designed to show how the Home Arts Association will attempt to teach, and others may learn, the various forms of industrial Art.

This movement, however, requires, to begin with, the adhesion of every one who laments over the mean dwellings and meaner lives of so many millions among us; it commands the sympathies of all who love Art, and it calls for voluntary help in every town and village of the country. It is nothing short of an attempt to change the national mind as regards Art; it is a national movement. Before long, as the classes grow and the exhibitions of work become familiar, the organization, small as yet, will make itself felt in a very remarkable manner.

Thus village industries will be revived; arts long since lost, if they were ever known to the poor of England, will be taught them again; we shall be all ashamed of our bare machine-made panels and doors, and shall replace them by others hand-carved and decorated. Art will once more appear in the cottage, and many a village genius now pining in obscurity, and ignorant of his own power, will get his chance at last. It is no longer an impossible dream, it will, before many years, become a practical reality.

WALTER BESANT.

FRENCH ART.

THE doubt which has been more than once expressed, whether an "English school" of painting exists, can never arise in looking at French Art. Its eclipse, only temporary behind the artificialities and meretricious influences of the end of the last century, was in a measure due to the overweening confidence of its professors in methods and



No. 1.—La Fin de la Journée. L. E. Adan.

style. From the moment that artists began once more to study nature, the true renaissance of French Art dates, and whilst running in various channels, its stream grew stronger as it ran, fertilising in its course the arid plain where official teaching had been producing a barren harvest. From David onwards we can trace the development of French thought

and aspiration through Géricault, Prud'hon, Delacroix, Decamps, and Rousseau, and a host of others to whose aims and aspirations the walls of the Luxembourg bear witness. There we can trace the rivalries of the classicists and the romanticists; of the realists and the "fantaisistes;" the neo-classics (or neo-Pompeians, as they were called), and the antiquarians; of the naturalists and the idealists—in a word, the varying phases of the never-ending struggle between the ancients and the moderns, between those who looked back to tradition for guidance and those who looked around them for inspiration. The quarrel is not a literary one, but purely artistic; it is not a mere revolt against the teaching of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts by impressionists or realists. It is rather a dispute whether painting can only admit poses and expressions, which have received authoritative sanction, or whether it is the duty of the painter to take what he sees around him as his guide towards truth and beauty. In one respect the "moderns" have an advantage over their rivals, they can be ever changing ground without risk of being accused of inconstancy or inconsistency. The "ancients" have by turn tried to reproduce the Greeks and Romans, the Dark Ages and the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and even the period of Louis XIV.; but in none have they found a permanent resting-place. The "moderns" have only to consistently reproduce life and its passions as developed before their eyes, and the mere setting of their scenes or episodes is



No. 2.—L'Appel au Passeur. E. L. Minet.

but a secondary matter. M. Rochegrosse and M. Luminais are not less masters in the latter school, because they find their subjects in the days of Andromache and Vitellius, of the Merovingians and the Jacquerie.

In the accompanying Illustrations, which are for the most part taken from the Salons of the last three years, this strongly marked divergence of the two principal schools cannot fail to make itself felt, and whilst leaving to each the right to form his own judgment, it is perhaps only necessary to warn the reader that the cry for originality is not always one which must encourage artists. The special feature of French Art in our eyes is that whilst individuality is allowed perhaps itself on, it exercises its liberty within limits prescribed by theory, if not by tradition. At one moment we may find the hard tones of Ingres, or the grey note of Flandrin, or the rosy shades of Dubufe in vogue; but each artist seems to have recognised that these peculiarities were his own, and not the necessary conditions of all Art. Every French painter, as he has risen to eminence, has brought with him some new formula, some accentuation of feeling or style, which has provoked admiration in one camp as well as hostile criticism from the other. Imitators without talent have copied their peculiarities, and exaggerated their intentions. In this way have been brought into undue prominence the false romanticisms and other imitative schools, from which the public speedily turn away to give its attention to fresh indications of talent

in other masters. It is now nearly half-a-century since Thackeray, writing (1840) on the French school of painting, ridiculed their genius of imitation, and in some ways his criticism is as true now as it was then. But Thackeray did not forget that those who were able to set themselves free from the formalism which the eighteenth century had wound round it. But when we come to compare the uses to which in the two countries successive generations have applied their freedom, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that, in the interpretation of nature, the French are artists, and our countrymen, photographers. In support of this, we have only to point to the works of Jules Breton, represented this year by 'Chant d'Alouette' and 'Le Dernier Rayon,' two works in from this tendency found in France more encouragement for the exercise of individual thought and aim than in any other country. We are accustomed in England to take credit for our landscape painting, and we must not forget that it was Wilson, Constable, and Crome who liberated French Art

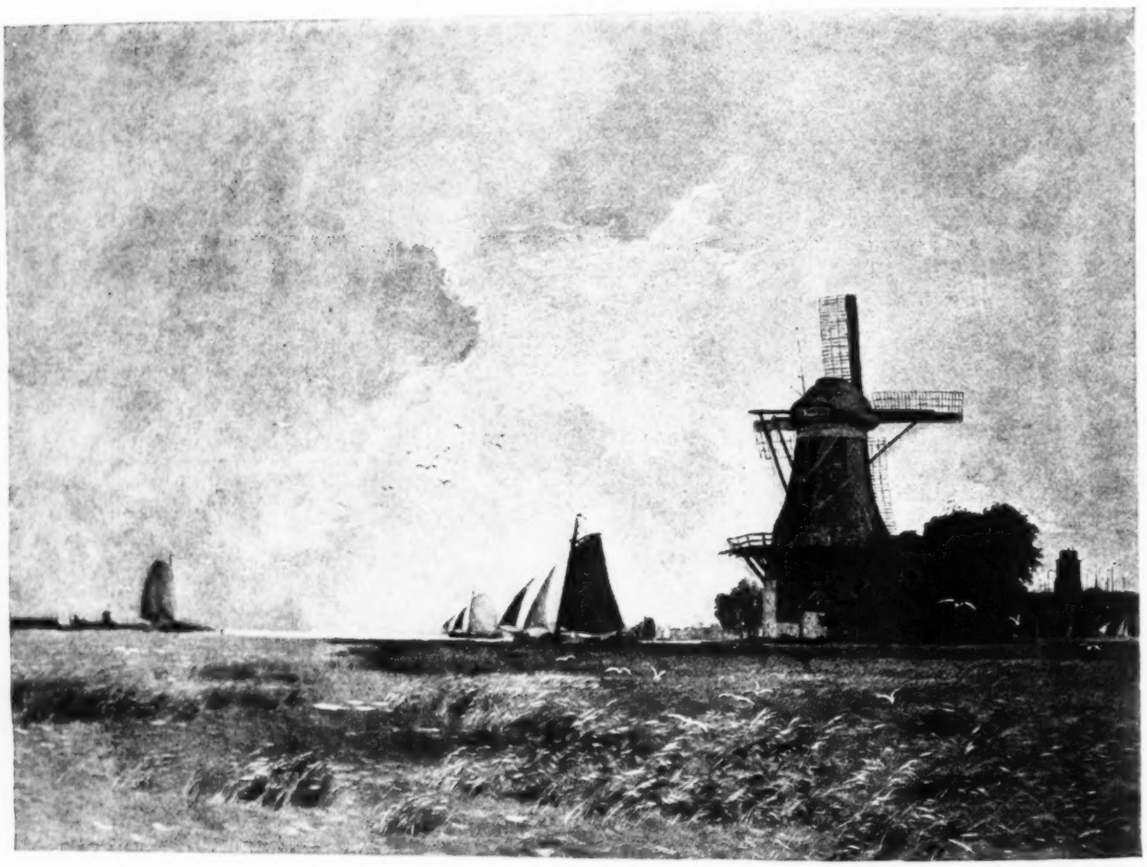


No. 3.—Portrait of Mdlle. X. M. Carolus Duran.

which the poetry of nature and the dignity of the labourer are harmonized in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. Of such a leader many are proud to be the followers, and in M. E. Adan's 'Fin de la Journée'—here reproduced—as well as in his larger work, 'L'Anniversaire,' we see the influence of the master. In the latter it may be felt that artistically too much space is left between the younger group, a mother and child, and the old grandmother hurrying towards the gate of the cemetery, where her hopes, a husband or son, lie buried. M. Minet, in his 'L'Appel au Passeur' (Illustration No. 2), gives with delicate feeling the effect of the slow-running river, whilst the figures of the ferryman's daughter and the passengers awaiting the boat lend reality to a poetic landscape.

Passing to wholly marine pieces, we may mention M. Yon's 'Meuse à Dordrecht' (Illustration No. 4), where the low-lying sandy shore mingles almost imperceptibly with the grey water. A brisk breeze is moving the sails of the ships and windmill, and although the foreground is somewhat dull and monotonous, the bright line of light which marks the horizon throws the scene into strong relief. His work of this year, in spite of its many good qualities, can scarcely be placed on a level with 'La Rafale' (the squall), with which he astonished the world in 1883. M. Yon won his reputation originally as a wood engraver, but about ten years ago he first appeared as a colourist, and the medal with which he was rewarded for his studies of the banks of the Seine was but the official endorsement of a popular verdict.

Turning to those pictures in which figures play the most



No. 4.—La Meuse à Dordrecht. E. C. Yon.

important part, the first place is due to Carolus Duran, whose portraits of Mdlle. X. and Madame Pelouse were amongst the finest works at this year's Salon. The latter failed to please some critics on account of the somewhat pretentious "setting" of the châtelaine of Chemonceaux; but the 'Portrait of Mdlle. X.' (Illustration No. 3) was unanimously pronounced one of the artist's masterpieces. Firm and solid in treatment, natural in pose, forcible in expression, it is at the same time bright and transparent by the aid of the silvery curtain in front of which the lady is seated. Carolus Duran, although described as the pupil of the now-forgotten Souchon, has been before the public for upwards of twenty years, but the first great success was his portrait in 1870 of Vigeant, the fencing master at the Muliton Club. From that moment he seems to have been recognised as the painter in ordinary to the ladies of fashion, fixing with force and incisiveness all the weaknesses and charms of modern society, catching its varying phases even to its restlessness in politics, taste, and dress. M. Carolus Duran, although his supremacy in portraiture is now generally recognised, has many rivals ever ready to seize the sceptre should his grasp relax. Such are Bonnat, Cormon, Delaunay, Cabanel, Humbert, Emile Lévy, and others—each having his own special talent in addition to a mastery of method arising from a certainty of training. Henner, although like Carolus Duran coming from the east of France, shows in his work all the difference between Alsace and Franche-Comté. Whilst Duran reveals touches of Flemish influence in both colour and technique, Henner displays in most of his work

an almost German reverie, on which is grafted Venetian colouring. It is above all in the texture of his work that Henner enjoys undisputed superiority. Soft and vapourous in his general effects, no artist knows better how to accentuate strongly, and at the same time delicately, lines which are required to give force to his work. In his 'Fabiola' of this year he has a congenial subject which appeals at once to the imagination and the intelligence. It is the common complaint that M. Henner has reached his present dexterity at the expense of originality; but a similar charge may, with equal justice, be brought against M. Jules Lefebvre, whose 'Laura,' another face in profile, which, if it be that of Petrarch's 'Laura,' is portrayed with a singular exaggeration of childhood. M. Lefebvre's chief claim to notice is his correctness of outline, but his painting is often washy, and at one period of his career his Art seemed to be about to take flight to the cloud-land in which his subjects were made to float. Of late years he has returned to a more prosaic treatment, but he seems altogether out of touch with the spirit of his time. Of small interest, with reference to the enormous size of canvas, is M. Hagborg's 'Fille du Pêcheur'—a girl of great stature, pushing before her a gigantic barrow over the wet sand (Illustration No. 5). As another open-air study of the effect of light reflected by sea and sand, there is a certain academic interest in such a work, but otherwise it is without interest, as it is without meaning. M. Hagborg is a Swede, and a pupil of the Fine Arts Academy of Stockholm, but of late years he has taken up his residence in Paris, and his Art, always vigorous and honest, is especially interesting as evidence of the effect of the teaching of Palmaroli and the influence of his Parisian colleagues.



No. 5.—La Fille du Pêcheur. A. Hagborg.

Here we break off for the present. The examples of contemporary French Art, taken at hazard and given here, show its many-sidedness, as well as its essential difference from the Art of other schools. In looking through the names to which reference has been made, there is not one amongst them who has his counterpart among the ranks of English artists. It has been the fashion at times to compare Carolus Duran and Sir John Millais, but any such supposed resemblance must have been dissipated the first time the works of the two artists were found side by side in the Exhibition of the Rue de Seize (1882). The vigour of our national champion was incontestable, and the refinement of his taste undoubted; but, on the other hand, there was a movement and transparency in the French artist's work which gave it a charm of reality that was lacking even in so successful a work as Millais' portrait of Mrs. Perugini. Carolus Duran, however, is as incapable of painting children as Sir Thomas Lawrence. The few he has attempted are well-dressed dolls, with something more human than waxen arms and necks. Again, M. Minet challenges comparison with Mr. R. Macbeth; but in this case the advantage is all on the side of our countryman, for he at least has seen nature as she is, and is not afraid to paint her, sometimes even with a strength and reality which M. Bastien-Lepage might not be ashamed to own. We might go on in like manner contrasting or comparing Sir Frederick Leighton and M. Bouguereau, Mr. Watts and M. Moreau, Mr. Pettie and M. J. P. Laurens, and a host of others who aim at rehabilitating the modern romantic school with new scenes and fresh dresses; but the work is wholly useless. Art is not cosmopolitan, but purely national, when once it has taken root. There is not only a separate standpoint for the artists of every nation, but the habits of social and domestic life, as much as national climate and customs in which he lives and moves, enter so largely into an artist's work, that it is useless and foolish for him to fight against them. The one essential point of difference between the two nations, the love of plastic beauty, is perhaps not so marked now as it was ten years ago, but it cannot be said that we have in any way conquered our insular objections to that central idea of the French painter's Art—*le style*.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

(To be continued.)

A PROPOS OF THE LYCEUM "FAUST."

A NEW adaptation of Goethe's *Faust* for the English stage is an event of artistic interest, more especially when the author is a poet, and its dramatic representation is undertaken by Mr. Henry Irving.

There will always be a controversy in respect of the effectiveness of *Faust* for stage purposes. Many wise persons contend that although *Hamlet* was written by an actor for the theatre, it should be confined to the closet. How much more then may we expect to find scholars contending for the exclusion of *Faust* from the stage, seeing that it is a question of reasonable doubt whether Goethe intended his work to be acted or not. Without entering into the controversy we are ready to admit the doubt, though Goethe prepared certain scenes for the stage, took a deep interest in their production, and lent ready help to theatrical managers who on their own account engaged to give representations of the entire story. Professor Creizenach, in his monograph *Die Bühren geschichte des Goethe'schen Faust*, demonstrates how in the earlier scenes of the poetic drama Goethe contemplated them as in progress of performance on the stage, imagining himself the audience of his own play; and there are critics who think he meant what they call the tragedy for acting, and the second part which redeems the story out of tragedy, for contemplative thought and study. According to others the work is a thing of shreds and patches, without design either for stage or closet; the form of it a medium for expressing certain views of life and philosophy; while the opposites of all this take the work as perfected in design from the first, and some of these critics regard the second part as even more dramatic than the first. A writer in *The National Review* (Mr. Walter S. Sichel) avails himself of certain arguments of Professor Creizenach to condemn the acting of *Faust*, because it is too "ample" a subject "for the corner—capacious though it be—of the stage." Mr. Henry Morley regards "the fuller second part" of *Faust* as "an after-thought, continuing to the end associations of the Faust legend with thoughts and feelings from his own experience of life;" but he will find very earnest opponents of this view both in England and in Germany.

Whether Goethe was writing for the stage, or for the closet only, when he was composing his dramatic poem, the chief legend upon which he founded it could not fail at any time to have attracted dramatic authors, and must always have appealed to the instincts of actors and stage-managers. Calderon had already dealt with a similar legend in Spain, Marlowe had written "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus" in England, and Germany had founded a "puppet play" on Marlowe's tragedy long before Goethe was born. In his biography the great master himself acknowledges the inspiration of the stage as a factor in his immortal work. "The old puppet play," he says, "echoed many-toned in my memory." There are in these days a set of aggressively cultured people who affect an office of censorship in regard to the stage. They are always wiser and better-informed than the directors of the theatre, or at least would have us believe so, and in regard to Goethe they know exactly what he thought and desired, and without his permission, living or dead, have delivered themselves accordingly. With this class of critical patrons the stage is still a mere puppet show, actors rogues and vagabonds; but thoughtful students of literature and Art will always be anxious to reckon with the theatre as a classic factor in the world's intellectual progress. In our time it has shown itself worthy of the foremost rank which Art itself has given it in the refining and educating influences of the day. While the actor in all ages has created some of the everlasting impressions that have been made upon the human mind by poetry and song, the stage-manager of to-day has in the perfecting of his work availed himself of the co-operation of every branch of Art. He has even contributed to our knowledge valuable lessons in decorative effect. Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture have found in the stage a field of exploitation and example, and a new medium of pleasure and entertainment.

The great painters of our day have shown a practical and active sympathy with the earnest efforts of stage-managers to realise the scenes they endeavour to represent, and it will be interesting in *The Art Journal* to glance at the nature and character of these efforts *à propos* of the new production of *Faust* on the English stage. If we touch upon a few points in connection with the pictorial side of the subject before considering the work of Mr. Wills, the translator and adapter, it is because in these pages they are the first to appeal to us, and will be the first to interest the majority of our readers. Mr. Henry Irving has shown an exceptional appreciation of the lighting and management of scenic effect for stage purposes, and he has had the command of masterly exponents of his views in Mr. Hawes Craven, Mr. W. Telbin, and other remarkable painters, worthy successors of Clarkson Stanfield, David Roberts and De Loutherbourg.

Let us illustrate a phase of Mr. Irving's methods by the engravings which accompany this text. We are enabled to do so from a personal knowledge of manager and artists and some experience of Lyceum work. The picture of Nuremberg is the second study which Mr. Craven recently made of that picturesque city in company with Mr. Irving. The first was a bright, realistic drawing of the subject—simple, direct, truthful. The second, which we engrave, is an idealisation of the first from the managerial point of view under the poetic influence of the dramatic scene for which it is designed. It is noticeable that throughout this new representation of *Faust* there is hardly a scene in full light. The periods of action are generally at evening, night, or dawn, and in one view of Nuremberg the city is flooded with the glowing colour of the setting sun, emphasized by the red presence of Mephistopheles himself. Doré lights his picture of 'Christ leaving the

Prætorium' from its central figure. In the stage picture of Nuremberg, in front of the cloth (for which our engraving is the original drawing), there is built a rampart or balcony. It is a picturesque flight of fancy, the suggestion that the Devil standing there might deepen the fiery light of the sun on the red roofs, and give a weird glow of colour and movement to the scene, as if his presence had suddenly fired it.

"How he doth cast a hellish light
On what a moment since seemed sweet as flowers!"

Mr. Hawes Craven's work is as worthy of a place on the walls of the Academy as its expansion upon the Lyceum stage is worthy of the Art reputation of Mr. Irving's theatre.

It has been suggested by some critics that there is much danger of over-elaboration in the modern system of mounting plays; but so long as a manager approaches a great dramatic theme with a reverent regard for the author, and with a well-balanced idea of the purpose of scenic decoration, he cannot go far wrong in availing himself of all the artistic and mechanical appliances of the day to enhance the truthfulness and reality of his work. Mr. Irving has not only the faculty of a poetic appreciation of high dramatic themes, but he has a painstaking capacity for beginning at the beginning of things. He has had Mr. Wills's version of *Faust* in his possession for several years. He has thought of it and talked of it, getting at the root of the matter in the intervals of his work and travels during that time, and he spent his vacation this year in the Goethe country. It is an interesting fact that he did not see *Faust* played during his visit to Germany, nor has he seen it on the London stage. The last time it was played within hail of the metropolis was at the Crystal Palace, a few years ago, oddly enough with Mr. Charles Wyndham as Mephistopheles. A version by Mr. Bayle Bernard was done at Drury Lane, with Mr. Phelps as Mephistopheles, his son,



Nuremberg (Evening). From a Drawing by Hawes Craven. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

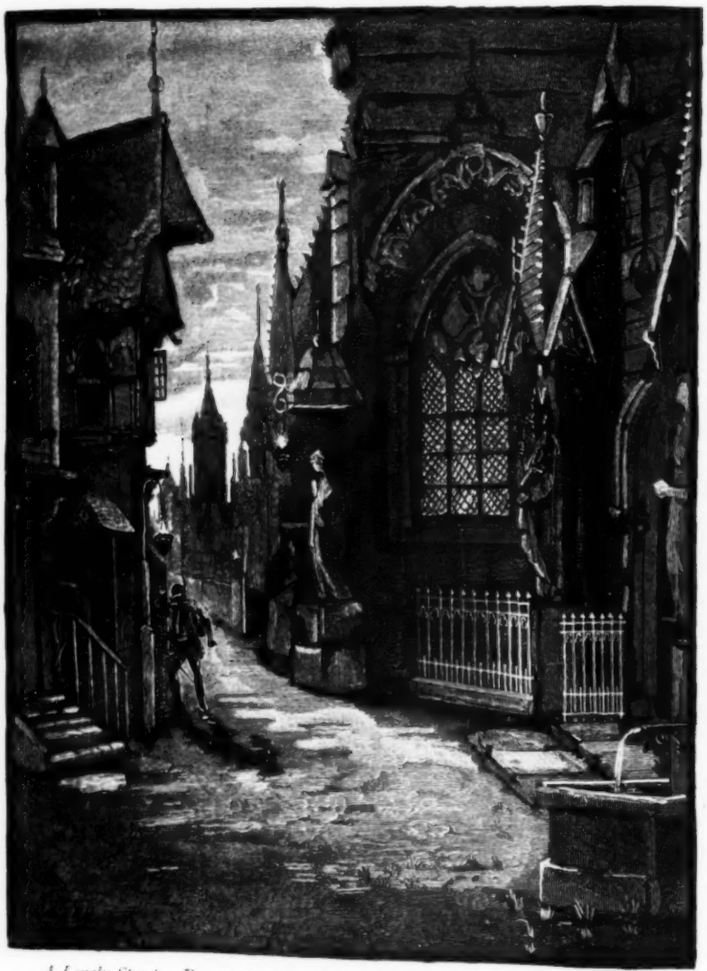
Mr. Edmund Phelps, as Faust, and Mrs. Vezin as Marguerite. Mr. Wills, in sympathy with Mr. Irving's dramatic views and the exigences of the stage, has from time to time revised his book and brought it nearer and nearer to the Goethe idea, at the same time remembering how different are the audiences before whom the tragedy is produced in England from those who go to see the German *Faust* in the German theatres. The result is a dramatic adaptation worthy of the great classic poem, and in harmony with theatrical requirements.

A poet himself, Mr. Wills is also a German scholar. Pursuing his task with the same integrity of intention as Mr. Irving, the result is a dramatic version of the first part of *Faust*, in which the necessities of the theatre do not destroy the flavour of the original. While the presentation of the piece is of exceptional strength and beauty, the book which it illustrates contains, amidst some more or less unequal passages, many lines that are not excelled in any previous translation.

To return to the more immediate object of this paper: we engrave another of the original sketches which have been made for the purposes of the new stage *Faust*. Mr. William Telbin has painted two of the most striking scenes in the Lyceum gallery of pictures, illustrating the Hartz country. The accompanying engraving is not the least artistic of them. Ruskin, in "The Ethics of the Dust," says he never means to go to the Hartz Mountains, because he wants to retain the romantic feeling about the name; "and I have done myself some harm already by seeing the monotonous and heavy form of the Brocken from the suburbs of Brunswick." The harm is not recognisable, however, in his fairy story of the Hartz dust, its crystal caprices, its transformations, and its weird suggestions of the mysteries that belong to the Brocken's surrounding caves and valleys. So deep down in the heart of imagination lies the impression of the romance of the Hartz Mountains and the spectres of the Brocken, that a painter

might appeal to the highest fancy in a sketch of natural possibilities of rock and glen, without penetrating the secrets of the Hartz or soaring to the summit of the Brocken. Whether Mr. Telbin made his first sketch of 'Trees and Mountains' within the shadow of its vast rock, or from the picturesque memories of previous out-of-door studies, it is an impressive picture, and belongs to the magic circle of the Goethe influence.

When the principals are harmoniously at work, we can hardly imagine a more pleasant occupation than that of trying to interpret and realise the picturesque dreams and characterization of the dramatic poet, and whether Goethe's *Faust* was written for the theatre or the closet, it possesses all the essential elements that belong to an impressive stage story. We remember Mr. Irving explaining to an American journalist what he considered to be one of the secrets of the success of his Lyceum scenery, and it must be said for the Lyceum manager that he is never chary of exhibiting his methods. He has no secrets to guard. No man is more free in passing on the torch of knowledge; no man has better reason to feel proud of the influence he has exercised on the picturesque in stage art. "One reason," he said, "why the Lyceum scenes appear so natural and true, as you say, is that in the foregrounds everything is life-size. Is it a tree, a wall, a house, or what not, it is life-size, so that the figures may in front of it retain their proper proportions to the scene, and the middle and far distance of the picture have their proper relationship to the whole."



A Lonely Street. Drawn from Mr. Craven's Stage Model by Helen H. Hatton. Engraved by R. S. Lucders.

These examples of how Mr. Irving approaches the work of preparing the setting of a play are but two out of many. His rooms for months past have been crowded with the sketches of Telbin, Craven, Burgkmair, Cranach, and others; with relics of Nuremberg and the Goethe country; with textiles, ancient and modern; with studies by Albert Dürer; with folios of costumes; and with many editions of *Faust*. The scoffer at stage work is always anxious to declare that the actor is not in the region of true Art, because he is not technically a producer, because his work dies with him; but in these days the actor, who is also in the best sense a stage-manager, may leave behind him more than a memory. He may impress an influence for good on the varied arts of his time, and, as a collaborator at least, contribute to the world's permanent Art records pictorial suggestions and realisations of poetic and historic scenes that shall live as long as the subjects they illustrate and adorn.

It has been said that theatrical scenes have an unnatural appearance; but as the art of painting and managing a scene with a view to the artificial lighting of it progresses, the charge of unreality will disappear. The recent exhibition in London of a nude figure, artificially lighted, and with a darkened auditorium, produced the effect of reality. It might not have been a painted figure the audience saw, but a beautiful woman, so deftly had the subject been painted for the effect of artificial or theatrical lighting. Mr. Irving and his scene-painters have achieved this kind of success more than once, but only by a skilful recognition of the conditions under which it was necessary to exhibit their work.

The third engraving which we produce *apropos* of the new *Faust*, for instance, has quite an atmosphere of reality, though it has been drawn only from the model of the scene itself, lighted artificially as it is lighted on the stage. This is indeed the stage set, but modelled in little, not much larger than the scale of our engraving. It is the result of many original sketches which are more or less idealised in the final arrangement. It represents a lonely street by the church in the fourth act, and the moment of the picture is that where Mephistopheles is seen speeding away.

The Lyceum *Faust* is closer to the original than anything yet attempted on the stage outside Germany, although several scenes are excluded which are favourites with the German playgoers. At the same time, the last scene may by some be regarded as a concession to those who cannot think of *Faust* without the second part. In the German theatre it is common to begin the play with the prologue in heaven, end-

ing it with the salvation of both Faust and Margaret. But even if this representation were allowed on the English stage, time would not permit of it, nor would it be a paying entertainment. *Faust*, indeed, does not rank among the profitable plays of Germany. It holds very much the position that *Hamlet* holds on the English stage. It is a classic. People talk of it, make a point of seeing it at least once, or of studying the art of a new interpretation of the leading *rôle;* but in our time *Hamlet* can hardly be said to have made money for any management beyond that of the Lyceum. English managers must make their theatres pay; they are not helped by national subsidies. The advancement of Art and the ennobling influence of poetic and romantic plays have therefore to be considered in company with the question of finance. *Faust* with its long speeches and pessimistic philosophy, with its witches' kitchen, its students' cellar, and the other features of the German play, would have no chance of success in England. The tragedy of *Faust*, with the spirit of its philosophy and the feeling of its humanity, is all that our stage can hope to show. If this is done sufficiently clearly to tell the story, and point the moral that lies in the conclusion of the first part of the original, it should command the sympathy of students and the applause of the public. Mr. Wills in his adaptation and Mr. Irving in his stage setting and acting have achieved this most difficult task, and they have to some extent, while doing so, given the spectator a hint of the finality of the story (upon which strict Goetheites insist), in the lovely landscape and the angelic dawn. It would be



Trees and Mountains. From a Drawing by W. Telbin. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

more satisfactory of course if the ultimate salvation of the man by the woman could be shown; but this would be impracticable on the English stage, and the tragic scenes of *Faust* find a very natural and dramatic *dénouement* in the punishment of the man, and in the escape of the woman from the clutches of the fiend. The reverent student of *Faust* can no more complain of the dramatic treatment of a portion of the complete story than can the student of history when the dramatist selects one episode from a reign or an incident in a life for dramatic illustration. Faust's bond with Satan, his sacrifice of Margaret to an inordinate passion, the struggle of his better nature to retrieve the past, the sorrows of the woman, which appeal trumpet-tongued at the Mercy-Seat, and the fall of Faust, a victim to rebellion against God, represent a complete and engrossing story, sufficient for the playgoer, sufficient, so far, for the moralist; while the imagination full of the entire subject can take up the second part and dream out the scene in heaven, where tried and purified, Faust eventually joins his earthly love in the glorified choruses of Paradise.

Among the differences between the latest representation of *Faust* and previous productions on the English stage the introduction of the dog, which is so important an incident of the original, is notable. Not that the dog is really seen, but the idea is so skilfully dealt with that you can feel its presence. Mr. Wills's masterly translation of the text may here be sampled. Faust, during his apostrophe to the "hollow-sounding hills" that proclaim the Easter Festival, hears a

stir of life without. He rises, unlocks the door, and peers into the darkness.

"What art thou?
Why, 'tis the hound which followed me last night:
Poor beast—how lean and desolate you look,
Gambolling round my melancholy steps
Upon the mountain path, you gladdened me,
Take in return my hospitality.
There is my cushion for thee—lie thou there.
Since those sweet Easter strains, there seems
A gentle, peaceful look of home around,
And my lamp burns with quiet, friendly ray.
Still, still contentment dwells not in this breast,
Strange, withering thoughts are there—
Here left in my age, bare, blank, aghast,
A fear unto myself.



Ellen Terry as Margaret. From a Drawing by Helen H. Hatton.

Ah! that this leaden death would drop from my limbs,
This ache pass from my heart.
How dimly burns the lamp—the moon is hid—
And, what grows there—a shadow or a spectre?
The hound transformed to phantom or to demon:—
And I remember, when it met me first
It was the fatal desperate moment when
There burst from me a passionate appeal
To evil powers, if they should hear, to aid me.
Monster! I will unmask thee!"

Then comes the scene in which Faust exorcises the evil spirit, and Mephistopheles makes his appearance through a misty cloud which has gathered about the stove, whither the hound had retired. In Gounod's opera and in the Drury Lane version by Mr. Bayle Bernard, Faust first sees Margaret in a vision, sitting at her spinning wheel, but in Goethe a great effect is Faust's sudden meeting with Margaret in the street; and this is followed in the Lyceum version. Faust, fresh from foretastes of the world he has entered upon with Mephistopheles, encounters Margaret:—

Enter MARGARET, *dogged by* MEPHISTOPHELES.

Faust [*aside*]. What angel walks the street!
[*Aloud*] Pretty lady, pray accept my escort;
I fain would guard thee home.
Mar. Sir, I'm not pretty, nor yet a lady;
I have no need of any escort home. [*Exits quickly.*
Faust. The air is chiming with her words!
With what delicious petulance she answer'd.
Mephis. [*aside*]. The draught doth work with its inebriate spell!
He sees a Helen in the first fair wench. [*Aloud.*
Eh, doctor? What? You're on the scent?
Faust. Saw you that lovely maid who passed but now?
Mephis. A creature with pale eyes and yellow hair?
Faust. The same.
Mephis. Sweet saint, she's just returned from her confessor,
Who gave her, with a smile, full absolution.
I crept behind his chair to hear her sins:
Poor Margaret, she had nothing to confess.
I have no power over her.

It is the tendency of criticism and annotation to provide great authors with many intentions they never intended, with many designs they never designed. Goethe is credited with subtleties of metaphysical teaching, and with an amount of allegorical invention which he probably never dreamed of. The character of Margaret is the subject of numerous volumes of learned comment, and she is held up by most literary interpreters of Goethe's poem as saving herself at the last moment by resisting almost the severest temptation of Faust. The newest English writer upon the subject, Mr. Chatterton Coupland, says, "Margaret had one moment of deliberate choice, but only *one*, that tremendous, one great temptation which she successfully passed through—the temptation to leave her prison, obliterate her early past, and resume her old life with her lover." But she resisted and saved herself and her lover. This is the view of commentators generally, who have their own views to work out. But surely Margaret was in no condition to think the situation out; she was mad and dying, and her experience, "the old life with her lover," was not one that could offer her much temptation. Her pleasure was of the briefest; her sorrow was all-absorbing. She welcomed the pang of death as a "delivering angel," and if she prayed that God might save them both, "because of our great love and all my sorrow," it was surely not a question of deliberation whether she would forego "the old life with her lover" or seek the better world.

Mr. Wills has been content to adhere to Goethe, to deal directly with the words and spirit of the text, and in a succeeding article we propose to consider the result as it is interpreted upon the stage.

JOSEPH HATTON.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

MR. ALBERT GOODWIN may be said to deserve the most attention from visitors to the present exhibition of the Royal Water-Colour Society. His poetic imagining and his dexterous rendering of quite subtle effects are more than usually present in 'Streatley,' the 'Requiem,' and a revelry of sunlight on a Devonshire shore, inaptly called 'The Fourth Voyage of Sinbad the Sailor.' Mr. Birket Foster is quite himself, but little more, in the large drawing which occupies the place of honour; and Mr. Alfred Hunt sends but two contributions, 'Warkworth Sands' and 'Warkworth Castle,' both so good that we would gladly see more subjects from the same hand. The castle, with its white towers and the red buildings clustering below the hill, is particularly refreshing—as full of repose as an excellent tonality and harmony of colour can make it. Mr. W. Eyre Walker paints well and copiously, and Mrs. Allingham and Miss Phillott, Mr. J. W. North, Mr. E. K. Johnson, Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. S. P. Jackson, Mr. E. A. Goodall, Mr. Charles Gregory, and Mr. Herbert Marshall each contribute, in their special vein, work of interest. The collection as a whole, however, suffers somewhat from the absence of work from the brushes of Mr. Alma-Tadema, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Whaite, and Mr. Powell. It is a fitting tribute to the memory of the late Mrs. Mary Lofthouse that the Society should find space for the group of some twenty drawings and sketches by that lost member. The 'Sketch at Norwich' alone does much to remind us of the delicate yet rich colour, the brightness of the treatment, and the accuracy of observation which found expression in her work.

For three years the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours has invited inspection of an annual display. The first exhibition was such an one as to lead to the hope that the latest addition to the Art galleries of the metropolis was an exceptionally spirited endeavour. We are sorry to find that the standard of the work in the first and the second exhibitions is not maintained in the collection at present on the walls. For all that, however, there is much good work by English artists, and two unusually good examples of an American—Mr. F. D. Millet. In the seven hundred and eighty canvases which solicit the visitor's attention, these productions stand quite amongst the best; 'The Grand-daughter' is fresh and simple in its sentiment, and 'The Amanuensis' full of honest work. It would seem to be the possible future of the best American artists to combine the superiority of English sentiment and the excellence of French technique into one rare and quite admirable whole. Of the other works which attract by reason of some special quality, Mr. C. N. Hemy's incident picture, 'The Chart,' is a new departure; Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's Venetian 'Gossip' has many of the best qualities of the Van Haanen school; Mr. J. R. Reid's 'Windmills;' Mr. Melton Fisher's 'Three Masters;' a vigorous 'Incident of '82' by Mr. F. Villiers; a healthy company of 'Little Haymakers' by Mr. G. Clausen; Miss Dealy's 'Dutch Bargain;' a capital 'Modest Quencher' by Frank Dadd; and Mr. Kennedy's clever portrait of 'Lady Norah Hodgson,' are amongst the most likely to attract the visitor.

The biennial address of the President of the Royal Academy to the students was delivered on the 10th ult., the subject being "Etruscan and Roman Art." Probably, none of Sir Frederick Leighton's forerunners have ever bestowed such pains upon the preparation of this gratuitous work as the present occupant of the chair. He has himself admitted that they cost him more time and labour than the production of an elaborate picture. We look forward to the time when they will be sufficiently numerous to warrant the publication in book form.

The recent issue of our Christmas annual, dealing with the life of Sir J. E. Millais, has elicited numerous anecdotes connected with our great artist. One of the best comes from Lady Millais herself, to the effect that her husband was only eight years old when he received his first medal from the hands of the late Duke of Sussex. Upon his coming up to receive it His Royal Highness said, "Surely 'Master,' not 'Mr.,' Millais." He was so taken with the boy that he asked him what he could do for him; whereupon, permission was forthwith requested "to fish in the Round Pond at Kensington." This exceptional privilege was at once accorded by the Duke, who was then Ranger of the Parks, and was enjoyed by the recipient for many years.

It is to be regretted that the National Society should have taken much of the freshness off their newest publication, "The Life of Jesus Christ," by the issue last year of several of the illustrations in Christmas-card form. It may injuriously affect the sale of a work which should be the most popular, as it must be the handsomest, of Christmas books bearing a religious character. The purpose of the work is to impress the young with the innermost significance of the life and work of Christ on earth, as expressed in pictures in which that significance has been most deeply felt. It is almost needless, therefore, to add that these have been exclusively selected from the Italian schools of the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. Twenty-four wonderful little chromolithographs have been executed in Paris from drawings made on the spot by Mr. J. E. Goodall. Mr. Palgrave, in a prefatory sketch, bears witness, after a recent examination of the originals, to their conscientious fidelity. Each illustration is accompanied by an explanation which appears intended rather for grown-up folk than children. The book will certainly find many purchasers amongst the former, for several of the chromolithographs are of pictures which have never before been reproduced, and the volume is in every way a beautiful one.

The death has occurred of one whose name is intimately associated with the glories of British Art. David Cox, jun., the only child of David Cox, died at Chester House, Streatham Hill, on the 6th of December. He was seventy-seven years of age. He first essayed to appear at the Royal Academy exhibition in 1827, and twenty-two years after was elected an Associate-exhibitor of the "Old" Society. His father died on June the 7th, 1859.

The year which has just closed cannot be said to have been other than an unsatisfactory one to artists, in whatever branch they may have been engaged. Those working in the Industrial Arts have, probably, not felt the decrease of purchasing power so much as their fellows in the Graphic Arts. The products in the former case show month by month such an increase of taste and a decrease in price that this combination has not been without its effect upon unwilling buyers. But in the highest forms of Art-work progress naturally moves more slowly, and a single year cannot show a perceptible advance. Added to this, artists in this department have been loth to recognise the inevitable. The necessary drop in the price of their pictures means a corresponding reduction in the expenditure upon establishments often maintained at what would be considered in other professions far too high a level. A painter, nearly at the top of the tree, in discussing the subject, at once admitted to the writer that "we must both come down in our prices and our cost of living," and, he added, "it will do us all a great deal of good." No doubt in many cases this reduction has come to pass, but in the majority of instances it has been effected *sub rosa*, the artist refusing to frankly accept the situation.

But if they do this, they may at least call on the purchasing public to assist them. And here we enter on debateable ground. Professor Seeley has just been telling a Yorkshire audience that a nation's greatness is built upon patriotism, and that the boast by a considerable class of their abhorrence of it is the surest sign of our impending decadence; he notes too with surprise that this position is being assumed just at a time when the opposite sentiment is taking an increasing hold upon other nations. Have the artists then any right to ask that patriotism should influence an Englishman even in the purchase of his pictures? That he should not assist in the flooding of the market (as is at present the case) with paintings, engravings, and every class of Art production by French, Germans, and Dutchmen who never buy a sou's-worth of our artists' work in return? There is much in favour of this contention—more, perhaps, in other departments than in that of the Graphic Arts. For in this latter a buyer may say, "But you do not paint so well or so cheaply as the foreigners"—whereas in the case, for instance, of the purchase of a Munich stained-glass window, or a German piano, no such reasons can be alleged, and the purchaser must be aware that in one such act he is depriving not a single individual but a large number of his countrymen of his custom. The question has not been without its influence upon the results of the last election, and, depend upon it, should the coming year fail to see any improvement in the picture market, we shall have a cry for fair trade extending even into the department of the Fine Arts.

At The Fine Art Society's Rooms, in Bond Street, Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A., is exhibiting a number of oil, water-colour, and black and white paintings, sketches, and etchings, under the collective title of "Life and Work in Bavaria's Alps." In presenting a collection of works that aim at painting one central idea, Mr. Herkomer is following an example hitherto only set by Basil Vereschagin, an idea as commendable as it is novel, since by this means the attention of the observer is concentrated in one direction, and, thanks to this concentration, is likely to be more intense. In choosing the Bavarian Highlands for his theme, Mr. Herkomer has had not only a rich and grateful subject, but one peculiarly familiar and congenial to him, for he is a child of that favoured spot of earth which lies southeast of Munich. Although even here the railway has exerted its all-levelling influence, still as a whole the Bavarian Highlands retain most of their characteristic features, and since these are vanishing, and must vanish inevitably before the approach of steam and culture, the world has reason to be doubly grateful to those who, by pen or pencil, preserve for our knowledge the mementos of varied existence before these have all been brought down to a monotonous level.



"Somewhat Tired."
From the Catalogue of the Herkomer Exhibition.

In Mr. Herkomer's pictures we behold the peasants "in their habit as they live," at work and at play, struggling with the natural difficulties of the climate and soil of their mountain and forest-clad home, or seeking recreation in song and tavern, in story-telling and in festivals. He shows us types of men, women, and children, all taken from the life; square, sturdy, strong, sun-bleached, sun-bronzed, weather-beaten and furrowed. We walk with him at early dawn to worship at the wayside shrine; we witness the mid-day rest from field labour; we are present at evening when the sound of the vesper bell causes the peasant to stay awhile from the toil he would bring to a close that day, to raise his hat in reverence to his Maker and murmur a hurried Ave Maria. We see the women—who are the beasts of burden in



Happy Old Age. From the Catalogue of the Herkomer Exhibition.

these parts and do the hardest labour—swinging their scythes with graceful rhythmic movement through the tall grass, or carrying heavy burdens upon their backs. We see them also breaking the flax that will furnish them with their winter's employment of spinning; we behold them at this picturesque occupation. Here too we can set eyes upon the poacher, can learn the dangers that result to him from yielding to this over-mastering passion of all Highland peoples. We also see with what triumph the legitimate hunter brings down into the plains the great hart he has slain, and which he has decorated with green twigs and flowers in honour of the poor beast's first and last descent into the haunts of men. Indeed, it is not possible here to enumerate all the various moments of the peasant's life presented to us in these sixty and odd pictures. And where so much is excellent, it is almost invidious to specialise, but certain of the works, from their treatment and their theme, are particularly remarkable. Among these we should single out the drama of the dead poacher's father, the old peasant who through the open door sees the privileged hunter pass, the man who, in the exercise of his duty, has shot his boy. This work in a measure forms a sequel to Mr. Herkomer's Academy picture of 1884, entitled 'His Natural Enemy.' Full of poetry of treatment and idea is No. 13, called 'God bless thy Incomings and thy Outgoings.' There is something of the old German Märchen spirit about this aged dame, who, returning from her day's marketing, is about to enter the house door that is protected from evil spirits and influences by a series of quaint and poetic verselets inscribed within a rosary of hearts. All the gay healthful life of the Alm is concentrated in the face and figure of the sturdy maiden who triumphantly leads the cows back to the village after a successful summer in the mountain heights. There is a touch of fun in the timid look into Purgatory cast by another young girl, this Purgatory being one of the many grotesque representations of sacred things so commonly encountered in the wayside shrines of Bavaria; while there is pathos in the "offertory," and poetry in the ploughing and sowing scene that provides for next year's needs. In all these pictures Mr. Herkomer has rather returned to his earlier style of treatment, in which the influence of Fred. Walker was conspicuous, an influence so specially well adapted for the rendering of peasant scenes; which, if put before us with crudity or devoid of imaginative rendering, are apt to be more repulsive than the grimmest reality, in that they sin both in taste and artistic purpose. Mr. Herkomer has made his water colours so strong, his oils so delicate, in this series of works, that it is almost hard to tell them apart. In some cases the chief figures are finished as carefully as miniatures, while the accessories are left in that sketchy haze that but helps to emphasize the main idea; in others the works are completed pictures. The whole exhibition is of a rarely attractive kind, and The Fine Art Society may be congratulated on their initiative in organizing and securing so interesting a show.

When an author and an artist of the first water combine their energies upon a book, the result is ever a masterpiece. Among Christmas books this year none will more commend itself to young or old than an edition of Charles Kingsley's perennially delightful "Water Babies," illustrated by that sympathetic craftsman, Linley Sambourne. Always suggestive in his touches, always pretty, never sacrificing his keen sense of humour to that grotesque excrescence which becomes ugliness, Linley Sambourne is yet never happier than when animals and children have to be treated by his facile pencil, and for the illustration of these Kingsley's tale gives him full play. And copious are the illustrations in this *édition*



Professors Owen and Huxley inspecting a Water Baby.

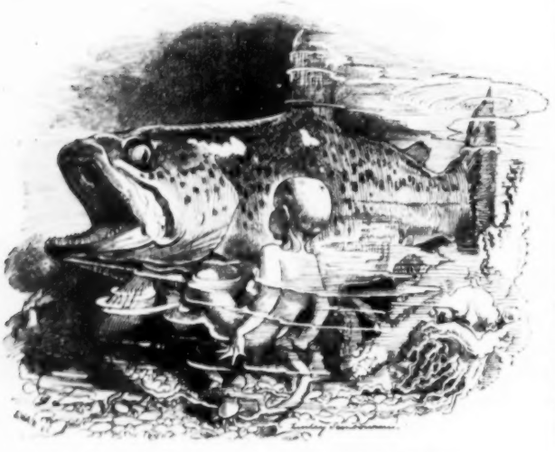
de luxe with which Messrs. Macmillan will rejoice the hearts of lovers of fine books. Amid such a feast of good things it is difficult to choose out favourites. Our fancy is captivated from the first by the frontispiece, which illustrates the game of leapfrog with a vengeance, for here we see real live frogs jumping over the backs of naked babies, and the babies returning the compliment to the frogs. This is doubtless an allusion to the pithy poem wherewith Kingsley prefaced the



Tom's Encounter with the Otter. From "Water Babies."

first edition, which in subsequent issues, for reasons unknown, he suppressed. On page 70 is a gem of a delicacy of treatment for which, with all our admiration for Mr.

Sambourne, we should not have given him credit—a Cupid sitting on a spray of passion-flower and lashing the round



Tom and the Brown Trout. From "Water Babies."

world upon its course. Of quite another character, but how good in idea, how characteristic in treatment, are Messrs. Owen and Huxley examining a Water Baby from a scientific standpoint! A startled baby is hit off to the life in Tom's encounter with the otter, and admirable are the proud supercilious attitude and expression. The same emotion of startled bewilderment is seen also in Tom's encounter with the huge brown trout that came rushing out at him from under the alder root, puffing and blowing like an old busybody. But it is not only upon Kingsley's tale that Linley Sambourne has this Christmas exercised his pencil. Three new stories, telling of fairies good and bad, evil witches and fanciful elves, some friends, some foes to mankind, issued



The Cat and the Owl. From "The Cat-Man."

under the name of "Friends and Foes from Fairyland," and told by Lord Brabourne, have also had the benefit of his interpreting assistance. In these his fancy has less scope than with Kingsley's text; there is less of the animal, more of the human element, but wherever he has a chance his fun breaks out; as see, for example, in the engraving of the "Cat and the Owl," taken from the thrilling narrative of the "Cat-Man," the labourer that had the misfortune to offend a powerful fairy, and whom we see again in this tale, once in the act of miawing in a very luxury of half-cat, half-man sorrow at his hapless fate; and another time as he scorns to eat a mouse, saying he would not touch the little wretch for golden guineas. There are twenty pictures to this book, one hundred to the other. Lucky indeed are the young people of to-day, who have such illustrations added to the charm of their story-books.

TIRYNS: THE PRE-HISTORIC PALACE OF ITS KINGS. By Dr. Henry Schliemann (London: John Murray, 1886).—Dr. Schliemann's fourth narrative is a great improvement on the three which have preceded it, so far as manner is concerned.

The Art result may be summed up as follows:—

The upper plateau of the Citadel of Tiryns is proved to have been entirely occupied by a large and commodious palace, with a men's quadrangle surrounded by living and sleeping apartments, and a more secluded women's court with similar adjuncts. Many of the rooms were decorated with slabs of alabaster and plaques of blue glass. The motives of ornament are quite similar to those encountered in Phœnician work, such as the famous aggs in the British Museum; they are more flowing in arrangement than corresponding motives from Assyria, and, if we may trust Dr. Schliemann's chromolithographs, they are more completely harmonious in colour. A great quantity of roughly modelled idols were dug up; they differ only in slight details from similar things found in Cyprus by Lang and Arnold, some hundreds of which are now in the British Museum, the Metropolitan Museum of New York, and elsewhere. All columns appear to have been of wood, for no traces of them were found beyond considerable deposits here and there of carbonized timber. A large number of earthenware objects were discovered, most of them strongly allied in character to Cypriot remains, and again pointing to a Phœnician origin for the city. The recent discovery of Phœnician letters on the stones of the Cyclopean walls of Eryx, in western Sicily, supplies another proof of the Semitic origin of Tiryns, for the similarity between the trace and construction of the walls at the two places is great. Those of Tiryns, however, are built of much larger stones. At one time it was thought that these had never been touched with a tool, but Dr. Dörpfeld's investigations have led him to the certain conclusion that they were roughly hewn before use, and that, moreover, they were not set dry, but in a clay mortar, which the rains of centuries had washed away for some depth even in the days of Strabo and Pausanias. To sum it all up in the fewest possible words: Dr. Schliemann's last campaign has, for the first time, given us a chance to reconstruct the Homeric mansion on a really solid basis.

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UNTRAVELLED FRANCE.*

BETWEEN Argenton and Limoges I lingered at the little mediæval town of La Souterraine. Close above the railway rises its old citadel, entered by a magnificent gateway of the sixteenth century (Illustration No. 11), which leads at once to the principal square. On one side of this stands the church, with a noble tower of the thirteenth century, supporting a low twisted spire (Illustration No. 12). Its western front has a great portal, adorned with twisted mouldings in its deep recesses and surmounted by a tower between two pyramidal Romanesque tourelles. On the south is another splendid portal, much injured by time. In the interior, the nave, divided into five bays, has low side aisles with simple vaultings; whilst of the five principal compartments the first, under the tower, has a cupola, the second is vaulted, the three last are ribbed and are accompanied by a little clerestory. At the cross is a second cupola. The wall of the apse is straight. Under the choir is the crypt which has given the town a name.



No. 11.—Gate of La Souterraine.

There is an unusual number of old houses of the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries in La Souterraine, with heavy arcaded porticoes, windows sculptured with delicate low reliefs of the Renaissance, or Gothic doorways. In the cemetery—a beautiful garden open to all the world—are many ancient tombs and a "Lanterne des Morts" (Illustration No. 13), transferred from an earlier burial-ground. Hence we look across the rich valley to the great cylindrical tower of Le Bridier, of the fourteenth or fifteenth century, near which are considerable remains of the Gaulish fortress of Breth, on a site which afterwards became known as the Roman station of Praetorium. Hard by are two enormous sepulchral tumuli, surrounded by a ditch, and with a fountain between them.

It was late in the evening when I reached the comfortable and reasonable Hôtel de la Paix on the Place Jourdan at Limoges, and decided to make it my resting-place during the excursions of the next few days. Limoges has now a large modern town, which surrounds the tortuous streets of the old city, and contains the principal hotels and public buildings.

The ancient capital of the Gaulish Lemovices was situate on the right bank of the Vienne, two kilomètres from the existing town. But the Romans removed the city to its present position, and built a fortress around the site of the present cathedral. Then a second town arose, where S. Martial preached Christianity, some say in the first, others in the third century, and where, in the sixth century, a basilica and monastery replaced the primitive oratory over his tomb. Under the Merovingian kings this second Limoges became celebrated by its school of goldsmith's work, founded by S. Eloi, and it was fortified and surrounded by walls in the twelfth century. The two towns had distinct governments. The *Ville* was ruled by the Viscounts of Limoges, who at the first were vassals of S. Martial; the *Cité* (more than half occupied by the cathedral, four parish churches, the episcopal palace and residences of the canons) was under the jurisdiction of the bishops. Falling under the kings of England in the twelfth century, Limoges rebelled in 1370, and was sacked by the Black Prince, who, according to Froissart, put to death three thousand of the inhabitants—men, women, and children! Only the bishop was given up to the Pope at Avignon, who had begged his life.



No. 12.—La Souterraine.

The great tower of the cathedral of S. Etienne, separated from the western part of the Gothic building, like that of S. Martin at Etampes, stands on the porch of the Romanesque church which existed before the present cathedral was begun, in 1273, and of which the crypt is the only other remnant. It was built by Bishop Sébrand Chabot in 1190, and has twice been struck by lightning, which destroyed the spire with which it was originally surmounted. The choir of the church was finished in 1327, the transept not till the middle of the sixteenth century; the whole, though unfinished, forming one of

* Continued from page 16.



No. 13.—Lanterne des Morts, La Souterraine.

the most sumptuous Gothic buildings in this part of France, and, from being built of granite, it is impervious to time.

The exterior of the apse is very stately; the north transept of indescribable richness. Its splendid portal has doors adorned by sculptures of the martyrdoms of S. Stephen and S. Valerie. The general effect of the interior is most beautiful, but the magnificent rood-loft erected by Bishop Jean de Langeac, *c.* 1540, loses greatly in effect by having been removed to the provisional west wall of the nave in 1789, when many of its statues were broken. Though still a beautiful work of the Renaissance, it now only retains the frames which once contained the 'Labours of Hercules!' Its columns bear the device of the founder, "Marcessit in otio virtus." On the left of the south choir aisle is a rich frame of the fifteenth century, which once enclosed an 'Entombment;' and on the opposite side of the aisle, forming the screen of the choir, are three tombs, terribly mutilated during the great Revolution, of Cardinal Regnault de la Porte, 1325; of Bishop Jean de Langeac, 1541; and that of Dean Bernard Brun, covered with reliefs, one of which represents S. Valerie presenting her head to S. Martial. To visit the crypt, which is reached through the floor of the north transept, a permission from the architect is necessary. It contains some valuable frescoes of the eleventh century.

Very near the cathedral stands the episcopal palace, "with the gardens which follow the lines of the hill, and are supported by strong walls crowned by balustrades," where Balzac places one of the finest scenes in "Le Curé du Village," when

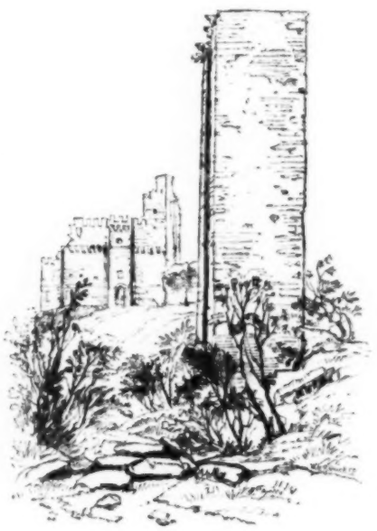


No. 14.—Limoges.

the bishop, taking his dessert "in an arbour of vines at the angle of the lowest terrace," looking upon the river and its poplars in the golden tints of sunset, discusses the affairs of Limoges with his three abbés.

A steep street, Rue des Petits Carmes, containing the birthplace of Marshal Jourdan, leads from the east end of the cathedral to the thirteenth-century Pont S. Etienne, beyond which is a terrace, now a timber-yard, whence the best general view of the city (Illustration No. 14) is to be obtained. The two principal churches of the *Ville* are interesting. Of these S. Pierre du Queyroix (du Carrefour) has a fine tower of the thirteenth century, to which part of the façade belongs, though the main part of the building dates from two centuries later. S. Michel des Lions, higher on the hill, takes its name from three ancient beasts at its south door. The octagonal tower is of the fourteenth century, and supports a spire of 1383. The relics of S. Martial, the first apostle of Limoges, were brought hither from the magnificent basilica dedicated to him, now entirely destroyed.

I found excellent open carriages, at two and a-half francs an hour, on the Place Jourdan, and took one of them to Solignac and Chalusset, which may also be reached by omnibus, and a railway is in progress. After crossing the Pont Neuf, the road ascends the opposite hill, whence there is a fine view over Limoges, and winds—passing the Château du Pré-Saint-Yrieux, flanked by picturesque tourelles—through a richly-wooded undulating country.



No. 15.—Chalusset.

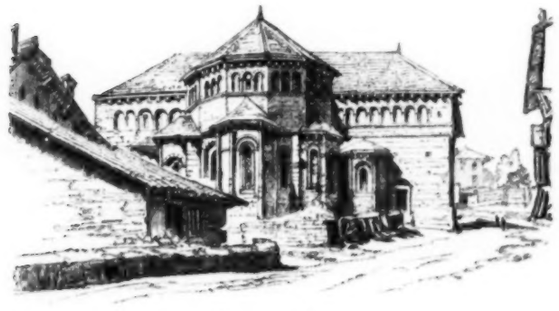
The Benedictine Abbey of Solignac was founded in 631 by S. Eloi, in a royal villa which he had received from Dagobert. Its first abbot was S. Remacle, who became Bishop of Maestricht in 650, and among its early monks was S. Fillon, who united with the founder in establishing the famous Limousin school of goldsmiths' work. Though injured externally by restoration, the abbey church, consecrated in 1143 and rebuilt about the end of the twelfth century, is still most picturesque. Of the interior the first view is intensely striking. A long flight of steps descends to the floor of the vast nave, which is without side aisles, but has arcaded walls, a central position being occupied by the font. There are five domes, after the fashion which the Venetians introduced into France in the eleventh century, two over the nave, one at the cross, one over the chancel, and one over the left transept. The apse (Illustration No. 17), polygonal externally, is flanked by three chapels, of which the largest is also polygonal. Under the chancel is a crypt. Most sweet was the singing of the responses in this church on a Sunday, and most picturesque the scene in the huge gloomy church, where the peculiar head-dress of the women, with its white wings of lawn, gave them the effect of nuns.

There is a wonderful charm in all this district about the simple, kindly, cordial peasantry, who, for the most part, lead easy, happy lives. Each possesses his scrap of land,



No. 16.—Le Dorat.

and the soil is rich, the wine sound, the bread and vegetables excellent; the great variety of produce insures a livelihood to the landowner, to whom everything is seldom wanting at once. A marriage is the great event of their lives, and the peasants will often expend a year's income during the three days of a wedding festivity. Many of the curious ceremonies which attended this season are now extinct, but that of the *chou* is still in full force. On the day after a marriage, the bride and bridegroom, preceded by music, and attended by the wedding guests, proceed to some garden to look for the finest cabbage that can be found. This operation lasts more than an hour. Spectacles on nose, the old people of the village will discuss and dispute the question as one of the utmost importance. At last the choice is made; but great imaginary difficulties are raised in extracting the cabbage from the soil. Ropes are attached to its stem, compasses are used, and plans traced out. Then firing of pistols gives the signal, music strikes up, and slowly, with feigned effort, the cabbage is drawn out of the soil, and placed in a great basket adorned with flowers, fruits, and ribbons. The whole is arranged upon a litter, which four strong young men raise upon their shoulders to carry to the dwelling of the married pair. But then, followed by a crowd of shouting children, a strange couple appear, two young men, of whom one is dressed as a woman—the *jardinier*

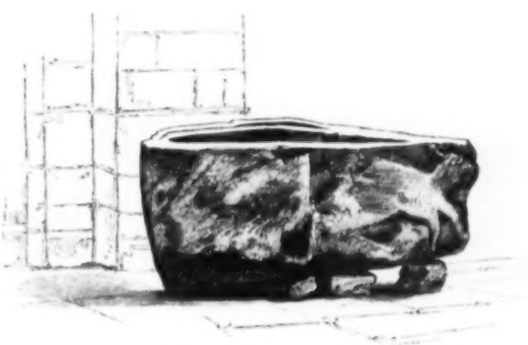


No. 17.—Solignac.

and *jardinière*. Both are dirty and ragged, degraded by vice, but the husband is the worse of the two; the wife has only been dragged down by his disorders. Reeling with wine, he is crowned with vine-leaves like an antique Silenus. With an old sabot slung at his girdle, he begs for more wine, which no one refuses, and which he really pours upon the ground while pretending to drink it, and falling down, as in the last stages of drunkenness. His poor wife runs after him, trying to pick him up, calling for help, and reproaching him pathetically.

Such is the part of the *jardinière*, whose lamentations continue to the end of the performance—an improvised comedy, often lasting the entire day, in which the whole village takes part, and which is assisted by all the accidents of the wayside—the whole evincing the curious natural eloquence and power of repartee which exists among the peasantry.

Eventually the young men of the place are supposed to persuade the unhappy wife to cease her lamentations, and, leaving her drunken husband to himself, to amuse herself with them. Gradually, very gradually, she allows herself to be led away, brightens up, forgets her miserable spouse, sports and dances first with one and then with another. The drunkenness of the husband has now led to the immorality of the wife. At last the drunken wretch wakes up, searches for his companion, and arms himself with a cord and a stick, with which he pursues her. All the bystanders interpose themselves. She hides behind one after another. But eventually



No. 18.—Bénitier (Le Dorat).

the faithless woman is caught and about to be chastised, when the whole society interferes with—"Do not strike her; never strike your wife," a formula repeated over and over again. Then the husband, in his turn, acts the part of the faithless one—runs after all the other girls and tries to embrace them. It is a primitive moral "mystery," like those of the Middle Ages.

At length, with the evening, the *chou* reaches the dwelling of the real bridal pair, and is planted on the highest point of the roof. Here it is watered with wine, and left till the storms carry it away. It is regarded as the emblem of fecundity, and the future hopes of the family are supposed to rest upon its remaining green or withering away within a certain time. After the planting of the cabbage, the festal train feast and dance till night.

Less than three miles from Solignac, passing the village of Le Vigen, stands the glorious castle of Chalusset (Illustration No. 15), which is seen long before you reach it, rising grandly on the summit of a promontory above the meeting of the Ligoure and Briance. At the Pont de Pierre I was obliged to leave the carriage, and to turn back along the further bank of the Briance, to begin the ascent of the hill at its extremity, by the lowest gateway. During this walk,

there was abundant opportunity of seeing the serpents for which Chalusset is celebrated. They were writhing everywhere amongst the flowers, lying asleep in the sun, hustling away from the sound of footsteps into the thickets.

The fortress, which is entirely of the thirteenth century, was dismantled in 1593 by the inhabitants of Solignac and Limoges, who were urged to its destruction by their priests, because it had long served as a refuge to Protestants. The castle had three courts. The first contained a lofty square dungeon tower, with a flat buttress in the centre of each wall. The second closely encircles the third, which is entered by a Gothic arch under a machicolated curtain wall, protected by a barbican. The third court contained the actual castle, with lofty walls flanked by towers, the longest side being occupied by a vast building, divided into three handsome vaulted chambers, lighted by mullioned Gothic windows. Only the pillars which supported the vaultings now remain. In the centre of this court is the principal keep, showing at one angle some remains of a chapel.

Returning to the bridge, I found the carriage waiting at an old mill in a charming spot, where the miller's wife provided an excellent déjeuner of trout and other country luxuries. The clean little guest-chamber of the mill overhangs the



No. 19.—Montmorillon.

sparkling river, and one may see the fish caught from the windows. All looks serenely lovely in summer sunshine, but it is not long since the river suddenly rose and overwhelmed the little dwelling. The housewife just escaped with her life by abandoning all her household treasures, and the miller took refuge on the roof for several days, expecting hourly to be carried away.

From Limoges there are two ways of reaching Le Dorat: both lead through a pleasant forest-clad country. The town of Le Dorat stands on a hill, and retains its walls, which foot passengers enter by a steep road through the Porte Bergère. The magnificent church is said to occupy the site of a chapel founded by Clovis after the battle of Vouillé. Frequently destroyed, it was rebuilt as it now stands between 1088 and 1130, with the exception of the principal spire, which dates from the beginning of the thirteenth, and of the fortified tower, erected over the apsidal chapel in the fifteenth century.

This church is one of the finest Romanesque monuments of central France, and has all the peculiarities which the style exhibits in these districts. The west door has the curious twisted mouldings which we saw at La Souterraine. The heavy tower above it surmounts the first of two great domes only visible from the interior, which forms a Latin cross. A long flight of steps, flanked by huge holy-water basins (Illustration No. 18), leads down to the immense central nave, which has exceedingly narrow but lofty side aisles, widening around the short choir, divided from its aisles and their surrounding



No. 20.—Octagon de Montmorillon.

chapels by narrow stilted arches upon slender circular pillars. A second very lofty dome at the cross is surrounded internally by a graceful arcade, and has eight windows in the octagon: the spire which surmounts it is crowned by a copper angel of the thirteenth century. Two canons of Le Dorat have become celebrated in Catholic church history—S. Israel (1014), author of a poem, and S. Theobald (1070).

The Hôtel de Bordeaux at Le Dorat afforded an excellent luncheon, after which I went on for an hour by rail to Montmorillon, in Vienne, a very picturesque town, rising on either bank of the river Gartempe, in which its old houses, intermingled with foliage, are reflected (Illustration No. 19). On the right bank is the modern Gothic church of S. Martial. An old bridge, recently destroyed, and rebuilt in the worst taste, connects it with the opposite shore, whence the lofty church of Notre-Dame rises in a fine position.

Hence a rambling street leads to the immense building of Maison Dieu, once an Augustine convent, now, for the most part, a seminary. The west front of the twelfth-century church is exceedingly striking, with a fine octagonal tower, and a frieze representing the Infancy of Christ over the portal. In a side chapel, to the right of the entrance, is the neglected tomb of Etienne Vignoles, the brave warrior who was devoted to the cause of Joan of Arc and vainly endeavoured to save her from her murderers, and who derived his surname of La Hire, which signifies the growling of an angry dog, from his fury in battle.

In the principal court is the famous "Octagon" (Illustration No. 20), a low octagonal chapel raised on a lofty crypt, now used as a bone-house. Over the door of the upper chapel are four very curious groups of symbolical sculpture, arranged like mullions of a window. Whilst I was sketching, the priestly pupils were playing frantically at croquet, and very comical they looked, rushing after the balls, with their robes streaming behind them. Their three superiors dismissed the porter, whose business it is to show strangers the universities, and insisted upon doing it themselves, only too thankful for any variety in the monotone of their lives. Afterwards, for the thousandth time, I found the luxury of a French café, where I rested, looking upon the bridge, when the long shadows of the poplars and willows in the limpid water were broken by glints of light from the white towers and gateways.

A late train brought me back, in the dark, to Limoges.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

FRENCH ART.*

BEFORE proceeding further with these notes on contemporary French Art, it may be as well to say a few words of the position it occupied in last year's Salon, to which the majority of our illustrations belong. By professional as well as amateur opinion, the display of pictures was not of a very high order, and the interest they awakened among the great body of artists was exceedingly faint. The *médaille d'honneur* was awarded to M. Bouguereau, chiefly on account of his 'Byblis,' a work already exhibited in this country, and for his 'l'Adoration des Mages;' but although he obtained a majority over all others, he only counted seventy-seven votes out of four hundred and seven voters. The rule observed at the French Salon, however, is that all artists who have been in any way distinguished by medals, prizes, or honourable mention in previous years, are entitled to vote, and the total of the electoral body last year fell very little short of nine hundred and fifty, so that not one-half thought it worth while to record their opinion. A good deal of surprise, therefore, was expressed at the time that M. Bouguereau should have accepted a distinction ratified by such a modest fraction of his artistic fellow-countrymen; and it is not surprising that the verdict thus given was still more grudgingly endorsed by the public.

In the sculpture division no *médaille d'honneur* was awarded; and for engraving, though for a different cause, the balloting was equally abortive, no name obtaining an absolute majority of those voting.

The great question of the *médailles d'honneur* having been thus settled, however unsatisfactorily, the various juries



Les Loups de Mer. Mdme. V. Demont-Breton.

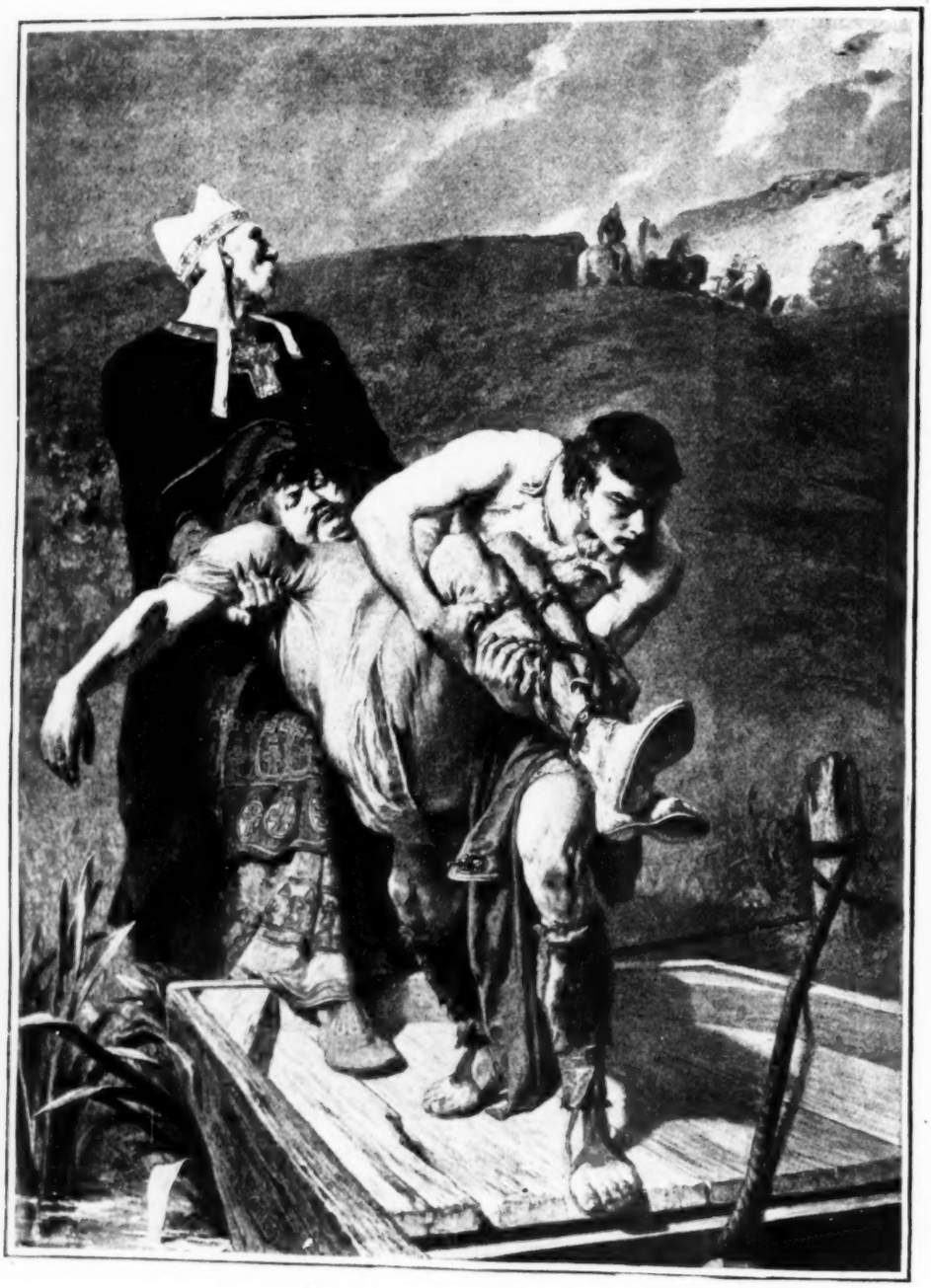
were selected by ballot. That of painting, consisting of thirty members, presided over by M. Bouguereau, by right of his distinction, set about the work of awarding the medals of the year. Six artists' names were put forward as having earned first-class medals—that is to say, medallists of a lower grade in previous years. But it was necessary that in each case the artist should gain an absolute majority of the jury. But this condition each one of the chosen six failed to fulfil, and the consequence was that no *premières médailles* were awarded. Of the second class M. Friant, a figure painter, who sent two works, 'L'Ebauche' and a portrait, obtained the first place out of twelve; C. E. Frère and Pinchard bringing up the rearguard. In the third class were two ladies, Mdlle. Beaury-Saurel and Mdlle. Julia Marest; the best-known names amongst the men being E. Laurent, Morlon, Bloch, and Adolphe Binet. Amongst those "honourably mentioned" the names of a few foreigners appear, as, for example, J. Israels, Weeks, Stewart, Washington, Swan, Halkett, Burgkan, Raffaelli, etc.

The sculpture jury numbered twenty-nine, and having elected M. Guillaume as their president, awarded first-class medals to M. Daillan for his marble statue 'Le réveil d'Adam' and

* Continued from page 23.

his plaster group entitled 'Bonheur!' to M. Dacre, the author of the patriotic group 'On Veille;' M. Croisy and A. Carlis, as well as one to M. Roty, for his exquisite medals and medallions. It is not necessary for our purpose to pursue the analysis of the awards further, but from what precedes it will be seen that the attraction of the year's exhibition was to be looked for in the variety and general level of the works rather than in the special interest of any particular works.

Domestic life, as depicted in French contemporary Art, too frequently errs on the score of over-accentuation. The aim of the painter (supposing him to be not amongst the first flight) to give movement to his figures not unfrequently



Mort du Chiffonnier. *E. V. Luminais.*

tempts him to miss its quieter side. On the other hand, those artists who depict the contemplative side of daily life have a tendency to lapse into sentimentalism. The talent of Mr. Frank Holl, rather than of Mr. Faed, finds an echo in the Champ-de-Mars. Here and there, however, we get glimpses of a school which is to sympathy with much of our own work, as, for example, in Madame Demont-Breton's *Jouets de Mer*, 'Old Salts' enjoying a short spell of home before the rising tide or favourable wind carries them off again to the perilous harvesting of the sea. In this work, which is a very favourable instance of the point attained by women artists in France, one is struck at once by its careful composition. The figures are admirably grouped, and not too crowded; the attitude of the boy between his father's knees, listening to the old man's

story of some miraculous "catch," is excellent, but the management of the light falling *à plomb* on the table is scarcely so skilful, for the face of the centre figure would be in comparatively deeper shade than the rest of the room. We criticised last month M. Henner's work and the picture of 'Fabiola,' which we now give. As we then said, he has in it a congenial subject which appeals at once to the imagination and the intelligence, and we can only add that if, as has been reproached to him, there is want of variety in his treatment, he can retort with truth that within his own line he is unrivalled. In all the types he reproduces we seem to trace the Alsatian temperament, a depth of feeling combined with softness of heart.

Above everything, Henner is the opposite of those who have a "literary" talent in painting. The mere subject of a picture is not with him subordinate to its treatment. What he sees in the works of others, and endeavours to render in his own, is the "painting;" and in that all must admit that he

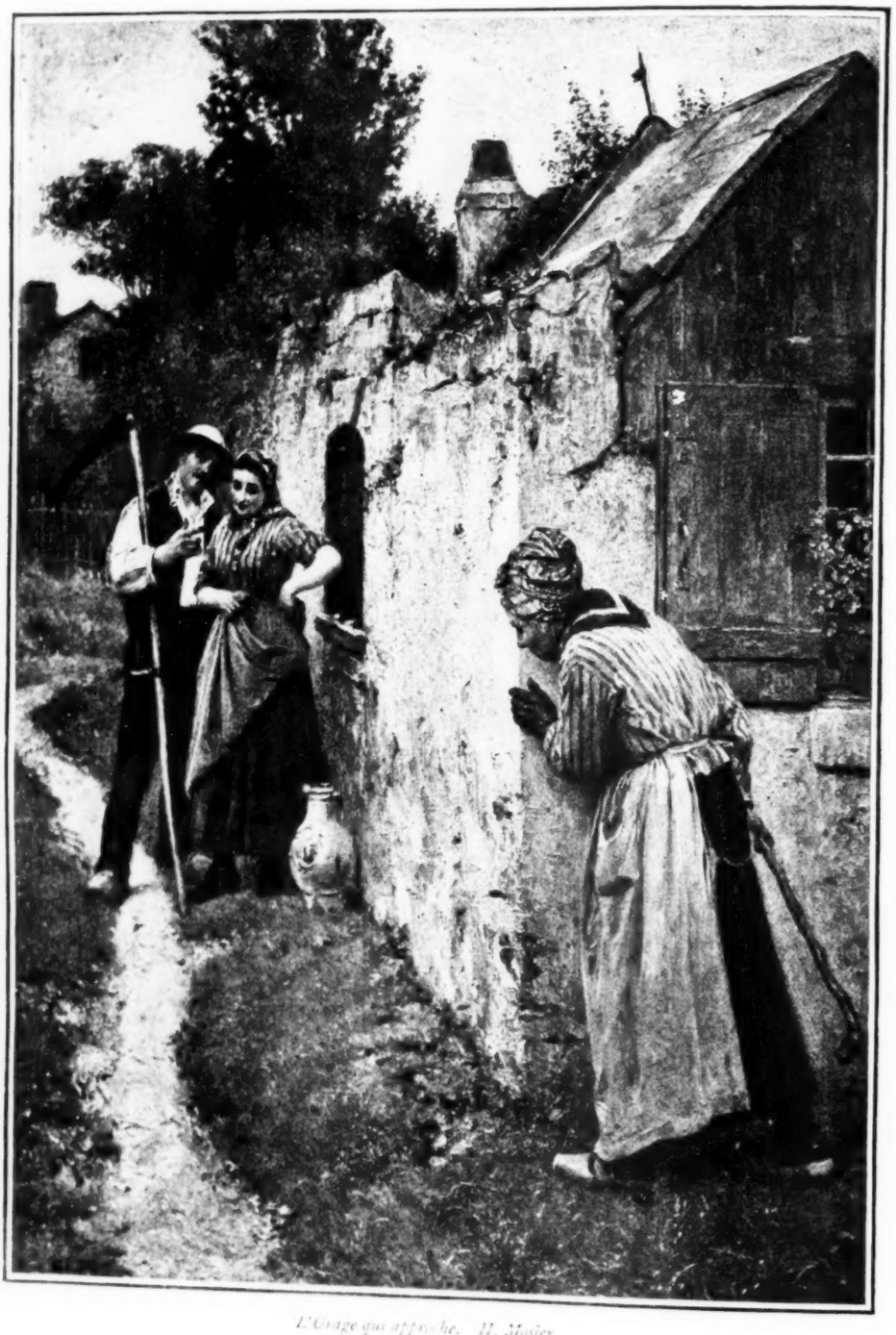


Fabiola. J. J. Henner.

arrives at a pitch of perfection. Who cannot recall the most popular of all his works, 'Alsace,' the girl in mourning, with the French tricolour in her cap—a face into which he seemed to have thrown all his grief and all his power? It was first exhibited at the Alsace-Lorraine Exhibition, but since then has made the tour of Europe in some form or other, without losing any of the interest it originally excited. M. Luminais, on the other hand, is broad, almost to the verge of brutality, in his treatment of Clovingians and Merovingians, since whose time the history even of his native country seems to have no existence. In spite of the artist's enthusiasm for his heroes, one felt somewhat weary of the repetition of those tawny-headed, half-clothed barbarians, attended by church dignitaries in full pontificals. There is no disputing the vigour of the drawing, but a moment arrives in the enthusiasm of even his greatest admirers when these illustrations

to Thierry's history begin to pall. The woes of Chilpéric and the violence of Frédégonde interest us when related by the skilful historian, but the tawny barbarian on canvas scarcely stirs our most superficial emotions. M. Luminais's work, moreover, on the present occasion falls short of many of his previous achievements. The posture of the murdered king is ungainly, without being pathetic; and the setting of his figures, on which he often expends considerable pains, is on the present occasion flat and cold.

One turns with a sense of relief to one of those little dramas of daily life, 'L'Orage qui approche,' of M. H. Mosler—a careful mother who does not hesitate to listen to what the

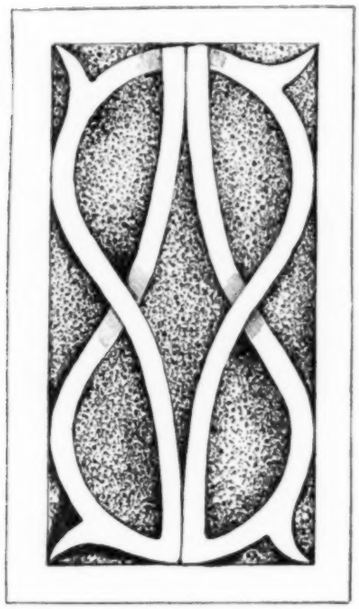


L'Orage qui approche. H. Mosler.

village Don Juan is recounting to her daughter. It fulfils completely the definition of a genre work telling its own story in a few simple touches. Mr. Yeend King or Mr. Frank Dadd is the type among our own artists of those who have most in common with M. Mosler; but in addition to a sense of humour, only slightly marred by the man's somewhat affected attitude, there are qualities in this work which are purely French. The white rendering of the wall, the careful value of its varying tones, as well as the delicately painted background, show a regard for truthfulness which more than doubles the value of subjects of this sort, where the interest is either homely or superficial.

LIONEL S. ROBINSON.

HOME ARTS.—No. I. WOOD-CARVING.



Easy Panel Pattern.

SOME knowledge of design, or at least of drawing, is indispensable for all who would master even the rudiments of wood-carving. Most people who cannot draw or carve, excuse themselves as having no "gift" or "natural taste" for it. This "gift," it is true, exists, but is so rare that not more than one person in a thousand possesses it. Extensive observation in all Art schools has, however, established the fact that any one who can write can not only learn to design and draw, but that the art may be acquired in far less time than is popularly supposed to be requisite. Nor is it more difficult to apply it. Carving is really drawing in wood, with chisels and gouges instead of pencils; and a comprehension of this principle is a key to all the minor arts.

It is important to understand that there are two very distinct rudimentary methods of beginning wood-carving. The one laid down in most of the works devoted to it, is specially adapted to ladies and children. It consists of cutting with the greatest care in a minute manner, so as to remove chips of the smallest possible size. It will readily be understood that to scoop out with a flattish gouge a mere film or scale of wood, not bigger than a grain of rice, is very easy, and that by this method there is little danger of splitting or spoiling the wood, or cutting one's fingers. It is in this manner that Chinese and Hindoo carvers work, which accounts for their instinctive preference for small and delicate patterns. Most persons are familiar with Indian furniture, carved all over closely with leaves and flowers, the largest of which is no bigger than a hazel-nut. This method has its advantages. It familiarises the beginner with the use and nature of tools, and the character of the material in which he works. It has also the advantage, for amateurs, of being very cleanly, and not causing a litter. Gen. Seaton has indicated, in his work on wood-carving, that what is called incised or intaglio cutting (in which the smallest possible quantity of wood is removed at a time) may be executed in a drawing-room, without causing any annoyance by the waste. The minute method becomes to a degree necessary when very hard woods are to be worked, and in which it is impossible to remove large pieces with ease and certainty.

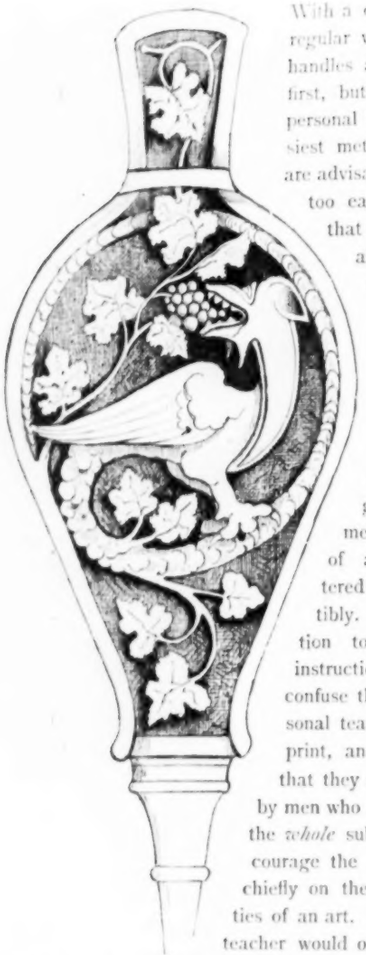
Differing from this is that which may be called free-hand cutting, and which is chiefly developed in workshops where common architectural ornaments, the figure-heads of vessels and the like, are made, chiefly from pine or deal. Here the mallet is used almost continuously, and the pupil is expected to acquire a bold and vigorous method of cutting, so as to turn out as much work as possible, on a large scale, in a short time. With a skilful teacher, and all the proper implements, the free-hand system is to be preferred; but for amateurs, and especially those with limited means, who learn by printed directions, the one just described must be followed. For them free-hand carving is simply a more advanced stage of the art.

Our illustration on page 45 gives the sizes and shapes of the points and edges of the tools most commonly used. From six to twelve tools are all that will be needed for some time by a beginner. It is much better to find out and be able to practise all that can be done with one tool, than to take a new one for every new cut. Master every implement and the qualities of every kind of wood thoroughly as you proceed, and do not begin with a grand and bewildering outfit. Buy only the very best English carving tools; cheap ones break easily, and require constant sharpening. Be wary of ready-fitted chests—the tools which they contain are almost invariably like the razors, etc., in ready-fitted dressing cases.

Beginners, especially ladies and boys, will find it easier to at first use tools with handles not more than three inches in length. As they advance in carving they should take long handles, as they give a firmer hold than the short. Long handles can be sawn off to the required length, the ends may be easily rounded with a chisel or knife, rasp and sandpaper.



Cask or Keg. To serve as Waste-paper Basket or for Clothes.



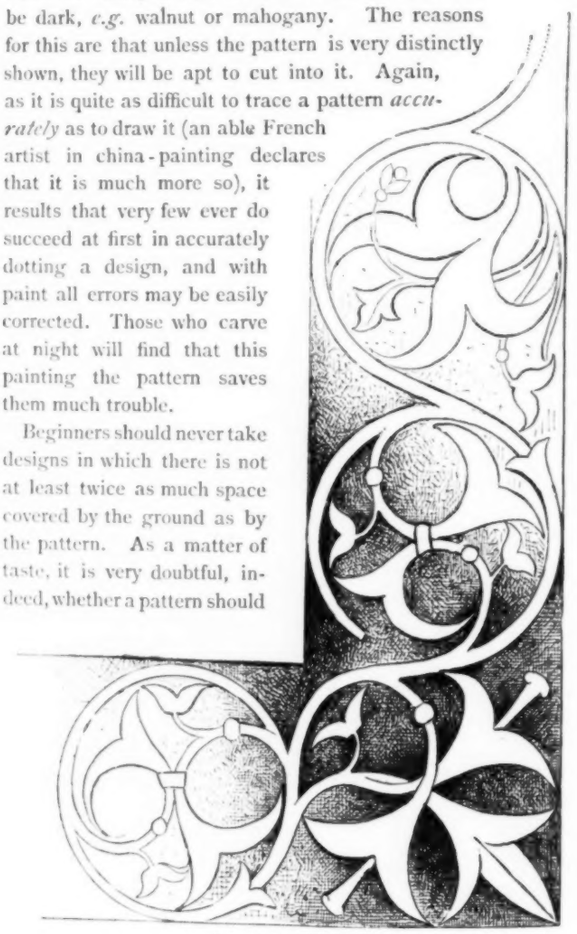
Bellows. Design from Cloister of Mount St. Michel.

With a clever teacher, in a regular workshop, the long handles are used from the first, but without practical personal instructiont he easiest methods of beginning are advisable. It cannot be too earnestly insisted on that wood-carving, and all the arts which consist of applied design, may be mastered by mere children, if special care is taken to teach—or acquire—the easiest possible beginning. By this means the difficulties of an art are mastered almost imperceptibly. The chief objection to most books of instruction is that they confuse the methods of personal teaching with those of print, and what is worse, that they seem to be written by men who are possessed with the *whole* subject, and who discourage the pupil by dwelling chiefly on the highest possibilities of an art. If both pupil and teacher would only begin with the simplest rudiments, as if they never expected to go farther, and only think of them, they would make ultimate success in the higher branches much more certain.

Wood-carving is divided into two kinds, that which is technically described as being in "the flat," and "the round." The former consists of carving in bas-relief on the surfaces of panels; the latter is the sculpture of entire figures, as, for instance, of a man, on all sides. One can make a prettily ornamented panel by merely drawing a pattern on it, and pricking or indenting all the background with a bodkin, stamp, or punch. When the pattern is rubbed smooth with sandpaper, and then with a soft pine stick, and the whole is oiled, the rough or indented part will be dark, and form a relief to the pattern, which will shine in relief. If a very fine or narrow groove or line be run or cut along the edge of the whole smooth pattern (which any one can learn to do in one lesson), the effect will be much improved. And, finally, if the entire background be cut away ever so little with a chisel, so as to leave the pattern in any relief at all, and then indented, we get a true wood-carving. These three successive steps, *if carefully executed* a few times, will be found to be extremely easy, and so much of a command of the tools will be acquired in doing this as to give the pupil perfect confidence. Now from cutting a panel in easy, low relief, to doing the same in alto, or high, is also an imperceptible step, and as easy to effect as to proceed from mere indenting to cutting. Still deeper, and then the deepest cutting will in turn be quite as free from difficulty, if we proceed stage by stage, especially if we cut, as Grinling Gibbons did, from successive layers of board, and glue them together."—("Manual of Wood-Carving," by C. G. Leland. New York, 1881.)

The first practical step is to put the pattern on the panel. Of course it is best when the beginner can draw so well as to simply design at once with a pencil on the wood, to do so. If he cannot do this, let him draw it on paper, and then laying a sheet of black transfer paper on the panel, and the pattern on this, go over the lines with an agate or wooden point, or even a very hard lead pencil. A very easy method of transferring is to draw the outline on paper with a B or soft pencil (Faber, No. 1), lay it face down on the wood, and rub the back with any smooth hard object. Thus it will be printed off very legibly. Or we may take what is called a pattern or prick-wheel, such as is used by shoemakers, and mark out the design, through the paper into the wood. In doing this, guide the wheel with the left hand forefinger and thumb. Do not bear on it too heavily, or the dots made will be so deep as to be difficult to cut out. When you come to a curve, too small and round to be managed with the wheel, lay it down and prick the line with a bodkin, or the sharp-pointed tool sold for the purpose, or even a pin. Beginners will be aided if they draw a fine line of lead pencil or india-ink over all these dot lines, if the wood be white, or with Chinese white if the wood be dark, *e.g.* walnut or mahogany. The reasons for this are that unless the pattern is very distinctly shown, they will be apt to cut into it. Again, as it is quite as difficult to trace a pattern *accurately* as to draw it (an able French artist in china-painting declares that it is much more so), it results that very few ever do succeed at first in accurately dotting a design, and with paint all errors may be easily corrected. Those who carve at night will find that this painting the pattern saves them much trouble.

Beginners should never take designs in which there is not at least twice as much space covered by the ground as by the pattern. As a matter of taste, it is very doubtful, indeed, whether a pattern should ever be so crowded that the eye cannot at once perceive what it is; it is very certain that when it is executed in a mate-



Border or Picture-frame.

rial of only one colour, such crowding only causes confusion. This overloading space with ornament is characteristic of the



Cross in Low Relief. Drawn by C. G. Leland.

weak artist who never knows where to stop, as it is of every period of decadence or barbarism in Art. As regards beginners in wood-carving it simply makes their work very needlessly difficult. *To cut away spaces* is the first task in carving, and to facilitate work these spaces should be large. The digging out of small holes by hammering is not what should be first learned.

Before carving a panel it is necessary that it be made fast in some way. The first object to be secured is a common pine table, the heavier and stronger the better, one into which nails may be driven and holes bored. If this is not to be had, one may lay a board on a table and carve on that. To fasten the panel, the easiest way is to drive three nails into the table so as to form a triangle, and fit the panel securely into these. This method has the great advantage that by means of it one can turn the panel continually in any direction, so as to get the grain of the wood. But in time, as the pupil becomes capable of cutting any grain without turning, a *holdfast* and a carver's screw will be needed. A holdfast is an implement so constructed that by means of it wood can be screwed down or clamped to the table. There are so many kinds of these, varying from a few pence to many shillings in cost, that the purchaser in applying for one at a tool shop had better be guided by his own taste and means.

If you have never carved at all, take a six-inch piece of common smooth white pine board, and with a ruler draw parallel lines on it, about an inch apart from end to end, with the grain. Drive two or three nails into the table for the wood to rest against. Take a gouge. Now observe closely this advice which I have already given in my "Minor Arts" (London: Macmillan & Co.).

I. In cutting, hold the handle of the tool in your right hand, keep the wrist on the wood, and guide the tool with your forefinger, or with the fore and middle finger of the left hand. Be very careful indeed that neither the left hand, nor any portion of it, gets before the point of the tool, for should the latter slip you might cut your fingers cruelly.

II. Remember, especially in the beginning, from the very first cut, to bear on lightly, to remove just as little wood as possible, and to keep a perfect command of the tool.

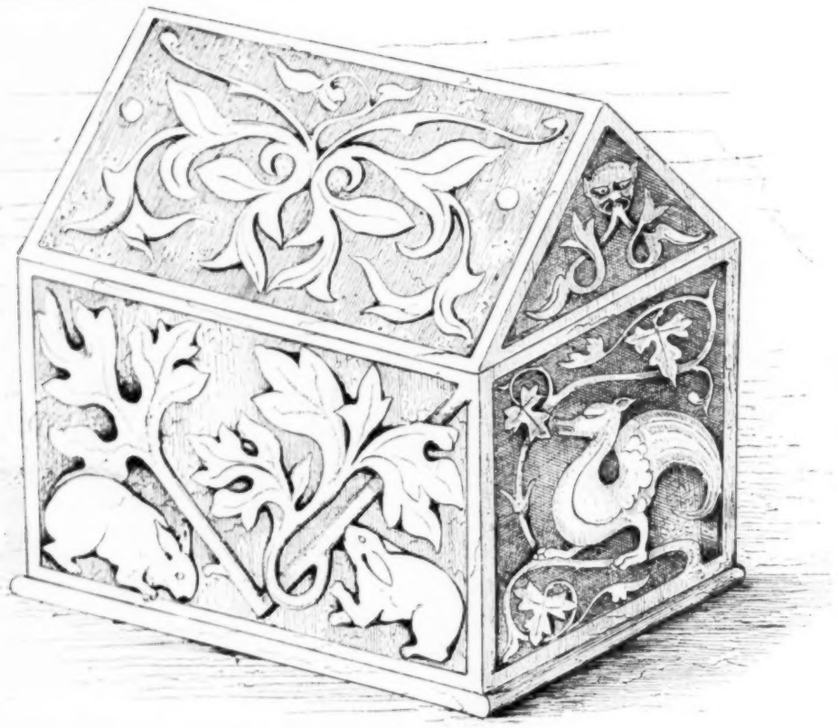
III. The first thing which you are to do, for several lessons, is *to learn to cut*, and not to execute a masterpiece of beautiful work to astonish your friends. It is a rule, with few exceptions, that pupils who have their own way always attempt to execute something wonderful before they are at all qualified to do so.

Then take your gouge, which should be about one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and cut grooves, not deeply at all, but very lightly, that is by bearing on very gently, along the line which you have drawn. You will thus remove a shaving curled round like a serpent. Cut them as evenly as you can, so as to acquire some certainty in what you are doing. Make an uniform straight groove. Then on other pieces of wood draw lines across the grain, and diagonally, and finally in curves and circles. Groove them all out neatly as with the straight lines. Then take a chisel, which is a flat-edged tool, and practise with equal care the removing of shavings from a flat surface. Smooth it down perfectly as if you were planing it. When you can do these two things with accuracy you will have



Plaque or Central Ornament.

learned the entire alphabet of wood-carving. Do not attempt to carve a pattern till you can effect it perfectly.



Reliquary or Casket, Norman Ornaments.

Now take a panel of wood, walnut, deal, or oak, six inches wide, twelve or fourteen in length, and half-an-inch in thickness. Draw on this a simple, easy pattern all in one outline, without *inside lines*. The scales of a fish, the feathers on a bird, are of this kind. Beginners are apt to take patterns as much like pictures as possible. Always leave on every panel a border at least three-quarters of an inch wide. In making up a panel into furniture, or setting it, this border is necessary. Attach the drawing to the panel with drawing pins, small tacks, or gum at the edge. Some carvers paste the pattern on the wood and then cut directly into it.

There are three different ways of beginning to cut the outline:—

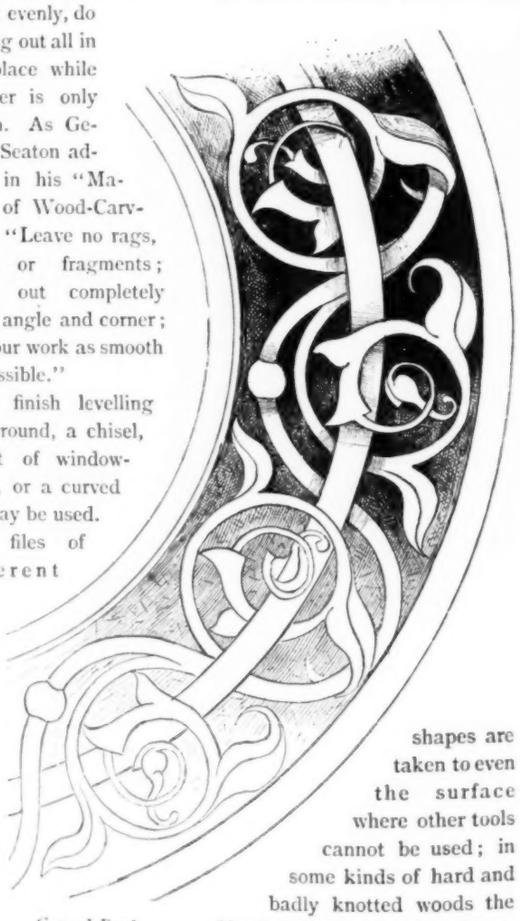
I. We may take a half or third-inch chisel and putting it exactly on the line of the pattern, and sloping it outwardly from it so as to form an angle of 45° (not straight up and down as is generally done), give it either a cutting push with the hand or a blow with a light mallet. Then pushing the chisel on a *little* farther, yet still keeping one side of it in the cut already made, strike or push again. The result will be a continuous line. This process is called stabbing out.

II. Take the V tool (or parting tool), or else a very small half-round gouge (∪), and following very accurately the line of the pattern, touching it, but just outside of it, cut a very light groove. The gouge is the best tool for this purpose for a beginner, as the V tool is hard to sharpen and breaks easily in inexperienced hands.

III. The pupil who has first practised the method on waste wood may take a chisel and cut the outline directly along with it, by running the edge. This requires care and skill, but it is a very expeditious and artistic method of cutting, being, in fact, true carving. When the outline has been thus run or cut, take a chisel, and facing it, cut down against it, removing just so much as will take away the wood to the bottom. That is to say, against the cut \ make another /, meeting in a V. It is as if one had cut slantingly, let us say, with a spade into earth, and then made another cut to meet it. This would remove a wedge-shaped piece of soil. Then, with chisels of proper sizes, slice or shave away all the wood between the outlines. When all the wood to be removed is thus cut away, the work is said to be *bosted*, a term supposed to be derived from the French *ébaucher*, to sketch out, or from the Italian equivalent, *abozzare*.

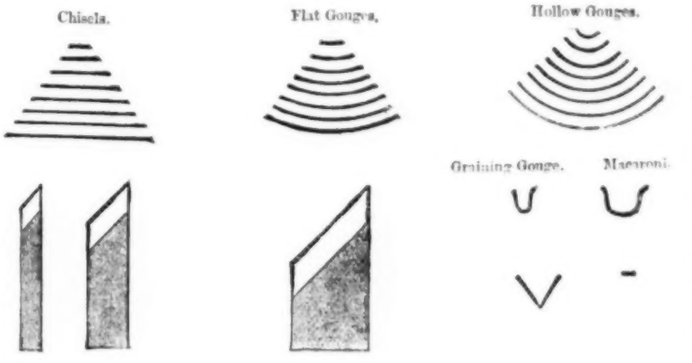
Take great pains in the very beginning to make every cut a true one. Do not break, or tease, or dig into, or nibble the wood. Clear away every chip as you go on. Work evenly, do not dig out all in one place while another is only begun. As General Seaton advises in his "Manual of Wood-Carving," "Leave no rags, jags, or fragments; clear out completely every angle and corner; get your work as smooth as possible."

To finish levelling the ground, a chisel, a bit of window-glass, or a curved file may be used. Bent files of different shapes are taken to even the surface where other tools cannot be used; in some kinds of hard and badly knotted woods the file often takes the place of cut-



Curved Border.

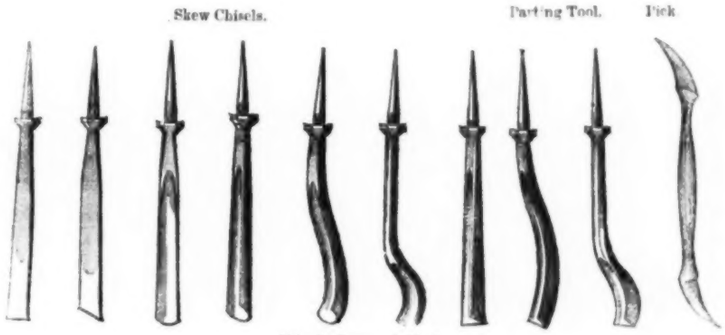
ting tools. Hard-wood sticks, dipped into glue and then into sand, may be used where sand-paper is not available. In most carving, as of leaves, flowers, etc., the clean cut of the edged tool forms the most artistic finish. When ancient and worn carving is imitated, or it is desirable to make a bright relief of light against a dark ground, then the pattern may be carefully polished, first with files, with coarse sand-paper, then the finest, and finally be oiled and again rubbed very carefully with very soft smooth pine sticks. Before oiling (which is done with linseed or sweet oil, if the scent of the former be objectionable), prick or indent the background with a piercer, bodkin, or stamp, such as is sold for the purpose.



In carving leaves, do not aim at literal imitation, or make them thin, or undercut them. The Gothic wood-carvers avoided this. For the bosses and hollows of, *e.g.*, oak-leaves, practise largely on waste wood the making of sweep-cuts, *i.e.* by pushing the gouge on and confidently turning it with a firm grasp as you cut with a curve. This is something like modelling in wood. In making leaves which have several points, first cut out the whole in two lines, and then cut the notches between the lobes.

Sunk carving, or intaglio, is executed chiefly with gouges and curved files. As you go on keep a piece of putty or clay by you to press into the incision, and take proofs of it.

All tools should be kept very sharp, and while working they ought to be honed or strapped at least once in every quarter of an hour. A small grindstone is indispensable. Carpenter's tools are sharpened only on one side, those for carving on both. To grind the inside of gouges and parting tools, "slips" made of Arkansas, Washita, or Turkey oilstone are used. Set the slip in a piece of wood, and screw it into a vice, or fix it in a groove in the table, when using it.



Wood-Carvers' Tools.

If a crack or hole occur in your work, make some dust of the wood with a rasp, convert it into a paste with good glue and fill up. The most utterly worm-eaten and dilapidated old carving can, by this means, be perfectly restored. It makes an artificial wood.

The illustrations, with one exception, are from designs of my own, and when enlarged afford good examples for beginners.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

'THE FAVOURITES OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS.'

THE subject of this remarkable plate is taken from a passage in Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Antonina." Familiar as is the story of Nero's fiddling while Rome burned, this no less pertinent example of the listless, enervated state into which the Roman Empire fell before the Goths gave it the *coup de grâce*, is not so well known an incident. In the midst of a flock of poultry, which seems strangely misplaced on a floor of marble and under a gilded roof, is a thin, pale, debilitated youth, magnificently clothed, and holding on his knees a golden dish from which he distributes the grain to the feathered favourites at his feet. His whole soul seems to be as engrossed by the labour of distributing the grain, as it is indifferent to the needs of those human actors in the drama who crave an audience. When the imperial trifler has exhausted his store of grain, he may find time to cast his languid eyes over objects of Art for which he has no admiration, and to open his unwilling ears to panegyrical orations for which he has no comprehension. Such were the favourites of this feeder of chicken, this Honorius, Emperor of Rome. With just intellect enough to be capricious, and just determination enough to be mischievous, he was an instrument fitted for the uses of every ambitious villain who had succeeded in gaining his ear.

This picture is but the prologue to the tragedy, yet by it Mr. Waterhouse opens the flood-gates of imagination. The immediate story is told with a directness and significance which is altogether admirable. It was at the Royal Academy of 1883 that the public first saw the original, and its author has not remained idle since. His 'Consulting the Oracle' of 1884, and his 'St. Eulalia' of last year, have led the public to endorse the action of the Royal Academy, which last year elected him into the ranks of its Associates. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy in almost unbroken sequence for the last eleven years, but is still young, having been born in Rome in 1849, and has full time to do much good work in the future.

RUSKIN'S CHILDHOOD AT HERNE HILL.

THERE are autobiographies and autobiographies. For the most part they are dull reading. Usually written by persons who have little aptitude or scholarship sufficient for the task, their success depends upon an infusion of scandal, venom, and spite concerning other folks. We take up an autobiography of Mr. Ruskin with far different feelings: we are secure in the certainty of enjoyment of a healthy character from its every line. His life has, by a large number of people, been regarded as one quite out of the common. For instance, there are many who will state that of their own knowledge the Professor has never been known to enter a railway carriage, so great is his abhorrence of that mode of locomotion, and they will even wish you to believe that he scours the country in a yellow chaise with four post horses. There are still more who believe that his life is spent in seclusion in an out-of-the-way corner of the lake district. To such it will be a revelation that from his early youth he has had his residence almost within the "four-mile radius." Great as is his expressed antagonism to the surroundings of his early childhood, and little as Sydenham Hill can compare with Coniston Old Man, or the valley of the Thames in this part with the Vales of Tilberthwaite and Yewdale, yet Ruskin's house at Herne Hill was to him "more precious than all the fervours of wonder in things new, or delight in scenes of incomparable beauty."

Many of us have been enjoying for months past the periodical issue of the outlines of scenes and thoughts "perhaps worthy of memory" in his past life, which Mr. Ruskin has written under the title of 'Præterita,' "for my friends, and for those of the public who have been pleased by my books." From the seven parts already issued we learn that John Ruskin was born in Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, surely as unpicturesque a spot as can anywhere be found; he states that the sole objects of interest to be seen from its windows were a standpipe and the water-carts which it supplied. That when he was four years old his father took a house upon Herne Hill, and in that locality Ruskin may be said to have spent the greater part of his life. Certainly no place about London was so favoured as Herne Hill in his early days; and living upon the very crest of the ridge which, but four miles from London, is one hundred and fifty feet or the ribbants above the Thames valley, the topmost windows of the house commanded a view of the Norwood Hills on the one side, the Thames valley on the other, with Windsor in the distance, and to the north-west Harrow visible in clear weather. Ruskin thus describes it:—"The view from the ridge on both sides was, before railroads came, entirely lovely; westward at evening almost sublime, over softly wreathing distances of domestic woods; Thames herself not visible, nor any fields, except immediately beneath, but the tops of twenty square miles of politely inhabited groves. On the other side, east and south, the Norwood Hills, partly rough with furze, partly wooded with birch and oak, partly in pure green bramble copse, and rather steep pasture, rose with all the promise of all the rustic loveliness of Surrey and Kent in them, and with so much of space and height in their sweep as gave them some fellowship with hills of true hill districts. Fellowship now inconceivable, for the Crystal Palace, without ever itself attaining any true aspect of size, and possessing no more sublimity than a cucumber frame between two chimneys, yet by its stupidity of hollow bulk dwarfs the hills at once, so that now one thinks of them no more but as three long lumps of clay on lease for building. But then the Norwood or Northwood, so called as it was seen from Croydon in opposition to the Southwood of the Surrey downs, drew itself in sweeping crescent a good five miles round Dulwich to the south, broken by lanes of ascent, Gipsy Hill and others, and from the top commanding views towards Dartford and over the plain of Croydon."

Upon the south this Herne Hill ridge declined into the valley of the Effra (Effrena—unbridled river), once a mighty tributary of the Thames (perhaps when Father Thames was but a tributary of the Rhine) flowing down from Croydon and carving out those same Norwood ridges. A river notable even in later days, for Queen Elizabeth was rowed in her state barge upon its waters to the manor-house of then remote Dulwich. In Mr. Ruskin's early years a stream still flowed across the fields from Lower Norwood, down Croxted Lane, between an avenue of elms, passing Herne Hill, spanned both there and at Dulwich by bridges.

The house, which the elder Ruskin had taken upon Herne Hill, was a semi-detached building of commonplace aspect enough (page 48), with "front and back garden in sufficient proportion to its size; the front richly set with old evergreens and well-grown lilac and laburnums; the back seventy yards long by twenty, wide-renowned all over the hill for its pears and apples . . . . and possessing also a strong old mulberry-tree, a tall white-heart cherry-tree, a black Kentish one, and an almost unbroken hedge all round of alternate gooseberry and currant bushes, decked in due season (for the ground was wholly beneficent) with magical splendour of abundant fruit; fresh green, soft amber, and rough bristled crimson bending the spacious branches; clustered pearl and pendent ruby joyfully discoverable under the large leaves that looked like vine."

Especially was this garden, and those also in the immediate neighbourhood, famous for almond blossom—"the first joy of the year." Ruskin's chief prayer, he tells us, in these early days for the kindness of heaven in its flowerful season, was that the frost might not touch the almond blossom (page 47).

His parents were a noteworthy couple and are vividly drawn in the "Præterita." His father was a wine-merchant, the

member of a firm which not only imported their sherry from Spain, but had their own vineyard there. Upon his grave the son has written the epitaph "An entirely honest merchant." Apparently a tranquil-minded, reserved man, yet with a romantic nature; a deep love of the best poetry and prose, and a knowledge of drawing, which he had learnt under the elder Nasmyth, at Edinburgh, at about the time when Dr. Munro was teaching Turner. His mother, the daughter of a "sailor, who used to embark, like Robinson Crusoe, at Yarmouth," had been a girl of great power with not a little pride, and grew more and more exemplary in her entirely conscientious career.

The home was one singularly quiet and exclusive. Little or none of the visiting usual among neighbours, no formal "at homes," stiff dinners, or enervating parties, were indulged in by the Ruskins, for "the society of our neighbours on the hill could not be had without breaking up our regular and sweetly selfish manner of living." The chief characteristic of the household seems to have been its peace.

In this suburban dwelling, with its peaceful associations, it is not difficult to picture the nature of the early education and training of the only son, John Ruskin. Sternly restrained from all luxuries, ignorant almost in his first years of the ordinary amusements of childhood, with scarcely a single toy, with no playmates save during occasional visits to his aunts at Croydon or in Scotland, the isolated life seems at once to



The Garden at Herne Hill. Drawn by Arthur Severn. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

have contented itself with the calm contemplation of what was around it, and could "pass its days in tracing the squares and comparing the colours of the carpet." From this there grew into the child's mind both peace and that habit of fixed attention which Ruskin considers "the main practical faculty" of his life, causing Mazzini to say of him that he had the most analytic mind in Europe. The absolute justice of his parents, who promised nothing that was not given, threatened nothing that was not inflicted, and said nothing that was not true, produced the good fruit of perfect obedience and faith. But it is not to be supposed that this somewhat exceptional mode of training was without its minor calamities. For his parents were but, in a sort, visible powers of nature to him—he had nothing to love; danger and pain were so far removed from him that he had no need to exercise patience, strength, or courage; no temptations came near him, and so his judgment of right and wrong and power of independent action were left undeveloped; and lastly he learnt no etiquette of manners, so that he found it impossible to acquire in advanced life dexterity in any bodily exercise, skill in any pleasing accomplishment, or ease and tact in ordinary conversation. Thus was his character cramped indeed, but not disciplined; and only by protection innocent, instead of by practice virtuous. It has been remarked that he had but few toys; but it is worthy of all notice that of the two or three he possessed the most important was a fine box of bricks; and that a few years later his first sketches were cathedrals and castles.

Ruskin's mother appears to have intended to make a clergy-

man of him, and his father yielded in this, as in most important things, to his wife, and, indeed, seemed to take some pride in the thought, since in after years he remarked to an artist friend, with tears in his eyes, "Yes, he would have been a bishop." Accordingly he was compelled to read the Bible most thoroughly. This, together with the learning by heart and repetition of much of the holy volume, formed the foundation of that splendid literary style with which in his riper years Ruskin has delighted the minds of the reading world. The other chief books of his childhood were some few old nursery rhymes, Miss Edgeworth's "Frank," and "Harry and Lucy," Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, and Defoe and Bunyan. After the age of ten Pope's Iliad and Sir Walter Scott seem to have been his "chosen masters," and from his earliest years he was familiar with the whole of Shakespeare's comedies and historical plays, all Scott, all Don Quixote, as well as Pope, Spenser, Byron, Goldsmith, Addison, and Johnson. On wet days he was left to amuse himself with his bricks or as best he might; but on fine ones the greater part



The House at Herne Hill. Drawn by Arthur Severn. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

of the daylight seems to have been enjoyed in the garden (page 47). Here Ruskin would chiefly pass his time in "watching the ways of plants," staring at them or into them "in admiring wonder," pulling every flower to pieces till he knew all that could be seen of it with "child's eyes."

He had nothing animate to care for, in a childish way, but himself, some nests of ants which the gardener would never leave undisturbed, and a rockable land or two. There was, it is true, a tadpole-haunted pond in Crosted Lane (only within the last half-dozen years filled in and built upon) from which amusement was derived of some rather later period of his childhood. Another pond, "a godsend pond," on Camberwell Green, a few years about sixty years to fifty, seems to have taken from which a boyish joy and fill we watched it with awe from the other side of the way, for we to enter great gates, climbing which we thought it were locked. Here I had fallen [illegible] and bruised the skin of [illegible] and cutting [illegible]

The first book which Ruskin wrote during this quiet uneventful life at Herne Hill was marked by no astounding genius, but is yet remarkable considering the tender age of the author; and the second book ceases suddenly after seventy-six lines, but commences with the apostrophe—

> "I sing the Pine which clothes high Switzer's head,
> And high enthroned grows on a rocky bed,
> On gulphs so deep, on cliffs that are so high,
> He that would dare to climb them, dares to die,"

which for the strength of its last line is worthy of preservation.

Although the chief part of Ruskin's early life may seem to have been dull and tedious, for some two or three of the summer months in each year his father used to travel through a great part of England, visiting his firm's principal customers for business purposes; and these journeys, in which his wife, son, and servant accompanied him, were accomplished in a post chaise (either lent by Mr. Telford, or hired, and specially fitted with numerous conveniences) drawn by a pair of horses. In this comfortable manner the family traversed in time all the roads and most of the cross-ways of England and Wales, and a great part of Lowland Scotland as far as Perth.

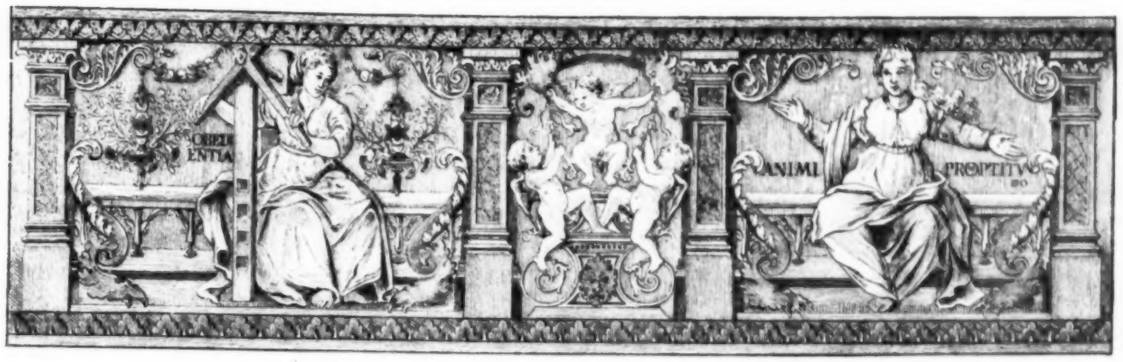
Later on he was taken abroad, and he leaves us to imagine the transition for him from a London chapel, "attended by the small shopkeepers of the Walworth Road, in their Sunday trimmings, to high mass in Rouen cathedral, its nave filled by the white-capped peasantry of Normandy."

From thence, however, he always turned with pleasure homewards, "for very early indeed I found that novelty was soon exhausted, and beauty, though inexhaustible beyond a certain point or time of enthusiasm, no more to be enjoyed; but it is not so often observed by philosophers that home, healthily organized, is always enjoyable; nay, the sick thrill of pleasure through all the brain and heart with which, even after so much as a month or two of absence, I used to catch sight of the ridge of Herne Hill and watch for every turn of the well-known road, and every branch of the familiar trees, was—though not so deep or overwhelming—more intimately and vitally powerful than the brightest passions of joy in strange lands, or even the unaccustomed scenery of my own."

Although he dwells with thankfulness on the many joys and advantages of those secluded years, the vigilant reader will not, "he hopes," have interpreted the accounts rendered of them into praise of a like home-education in the environs of London. But one farther good there was in it, that great part of his acute perception and deep feeling of the beauty of architecture and scenery abroad, was owing to the well-formed habit of nursing himself to happiness within the four brick walls of his garden, and accepting with resignation the æsthetic external surroundings of a London suburb.

To this the world owes that glorious outburst of enthusiasm which more than aught else has kept English Art in the right path during the latter half of this nineteenth century.

Our illustrations are from the pencil of Mr. Arthur Severn, the present occupant of the house, whose connection and intimacy with the Professor are known to everybody.



From Tapestry at Hampton Court. Bernard Van Orley.

SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

No. II.



IN the King's Gallery at Hampton Court (No. 648), hanging near a picture by Lucas de Heere, whose work formed the subject of our last illustration (page 11), is a rare and interesting example of another and contemporaneous Dutch painter, who very greatly influenced the English arts of design. It still bears in the catalogue the quaint old title of 'A Perspective Piece—Christ with Martha and Mary,' and is assigned to J. D. de Vries. This is, however, an error, for albeit that there were many of the talented family of De Vries who painted, none bore the initials here given. It is really by John, or Hans, Vredman de Vries, the first of the family who won a name in Art, and was painted three years earlier than Lucas de Heere's allegorical flattery of Queen Elizabeth.

John Vredman de Vries, or of Friesland, was born at Leeuarden, in East Friesland, in 1527, and was one of the first of a distinguished line of architectural painters who prosecuted deep researches into that marvellous maze of mathematical perspective which flourished in the sixteenth century.

Wonderful were the problems these ingenious men set themselves to solve; not only did they devise, by rule and line, how to represent things as they seemed to be, but also by the strictest scientific truth showed how to distort them from all true similitude by those wonderful anamorphic

> "Perspectives, which rightly gazed upon,
> Show nothing but confusion—viewed awry,
> Distinguished form."—(*K. Rich. II.*, act ii., scene 2.)

And Science and Art, even in those days, did some very strange things. Nothing was too puzzling nor abstruse for these mathematically-minded painters; indeed, the more puzzling the problem the greater the delight in its solution, notwithstanding the fact that the result was almost worthless; that is to say the immediate result, for the ultimate outcome of all this learned trifling was the simplification of the rules of perspective, and when the smoke from the crucible cleared away, the solid product from all this pother was one so fitted for every-day use, that the mystery of its founding is quite forgotten.

But Vredman de Vries has a larger claim on the gratitude of his artistic posterity, he being one of the first of those *petits maitres* who devoted themselves to the comparatively modern craft of "designing for manufacturers," and his design books for furniture and cabinet-work are known to every Art-student who seeks fame and fortune in this now somewhat overcrowded field. In France, his works on architecture, perspective, and applied design were immediately appropriated, and from 1577, down to quite recent times, have repeatedly been republished; but it is a pregnant commentary on the late heedlessness of design in England to find that no English edition of any one of them has ever been issued. Antwerp, it is true, supplied us with the Dutch and Latin originals, and old Hieronymus Cock, Vredman's principal publisher, sent many of them over here, greatly influencing our local and contemporary phase of the arts of design thereby.

Of his pictures singularly few remain to us, he being generally engaged in painting "perspectives" on the walls of the houses of the nobles of Germany and Italy, rather than in painting easel pictures; a loss to us—for his greater works have been obliterated by those two chief enemies of all mural decoration, Time and Fashion.

This little panel has therefore the adventitious interest of being somewhat of a rarity, albeit it is hidden away in one of those dark stalls which disfigure "The King's Gallery" at Hampton Court, and which conceal alike the pictures supposed to be exhibited, and the architectural proportions of the room. Of course, we may smile at the palatial character of the 'House of Mary and Martha,' and that of their domestic surroundings, but certainly the interest of a picture containing evidences of contemporary design is, after the lapse of two centuries, much greater than it would have been had the artist essayed an archæological and antiquarian reproduction after the manner of our day.

Two centuries hence, should our pictures last so long, it is very doubtful if the "Classic," "Egyptian," or other pseudo-antiquarian backgrounds of the pictures of the present will

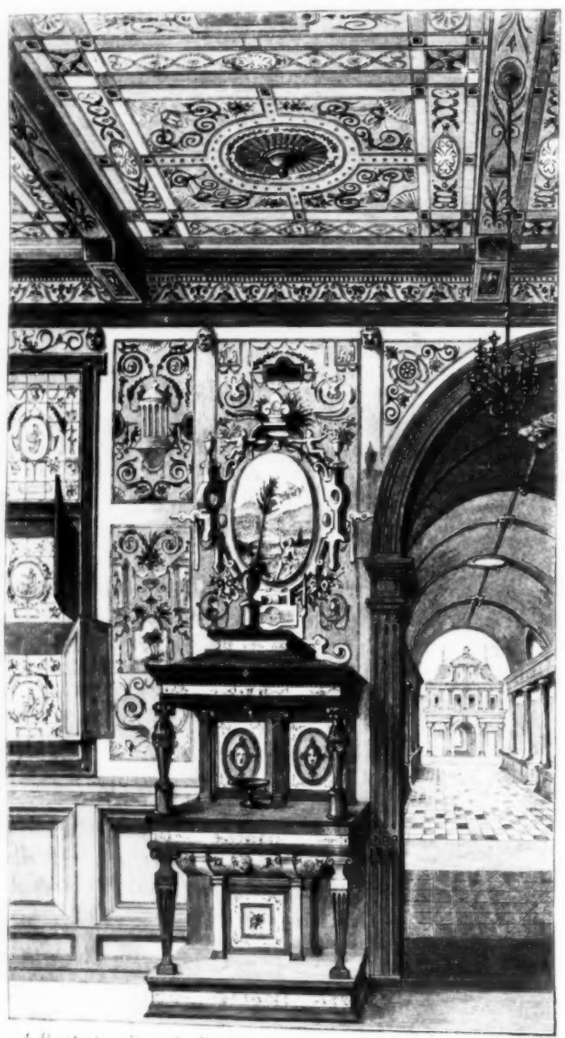
* Continued from page 11.

either teach a lesson or excite much interest in the then beholder; whereas, in this we have a very remarkable and important fact.

It records the earliest illustration of the introduction into Cis-alpine Europe of that classic form of painted decoration popularised in Italy by Raphael and his school. Indeed, the decoration introduced by the Free Frieslander is more purely classical than that of the Raphaelesque artists, and apparently indicates a personal and independent study by Vredman himself of such remains of antique mural painting as then existed.

The ornamentation of the frieze is almost a transcript from a Greek vase, whilst that of the ceiling, by its rhythmic distribution and the fan-shaped ornaments in its corners, foreshadows a scheme of decorative design which, although derived from ancient sources, did not become generally adopted until at least a century after the date of this interesting little picture. The colouring is particularly soft and harmonious, the general groundwork being a delicately pale grey green, reds, browns, and deeper greens being dispersed over the panels by their ornamentation. As for the furniture and the other accessories, they are completely in the character of De Vries' published works; the white painted picture-frame is very typical of the style of the sixteenth century, and very noteworthy, as so few picture-frames of the period have remained to us. In the book illustrations of the time, we find similar framework surrounding the etched or engraved landscapes and portraits, and this painted record suggests that it was then no more uncommon to surround pictures with such cartouches than it has been to surround them in more recent times with such a framework as we find in the engravings of Eisen and other later book illustrators. The hooded chimney-piece and the door case, at the opposite ends of the room, neither of which appears in our illustration, are exceedingly interesting, and well worthy of study by the architect and the decorative designer.

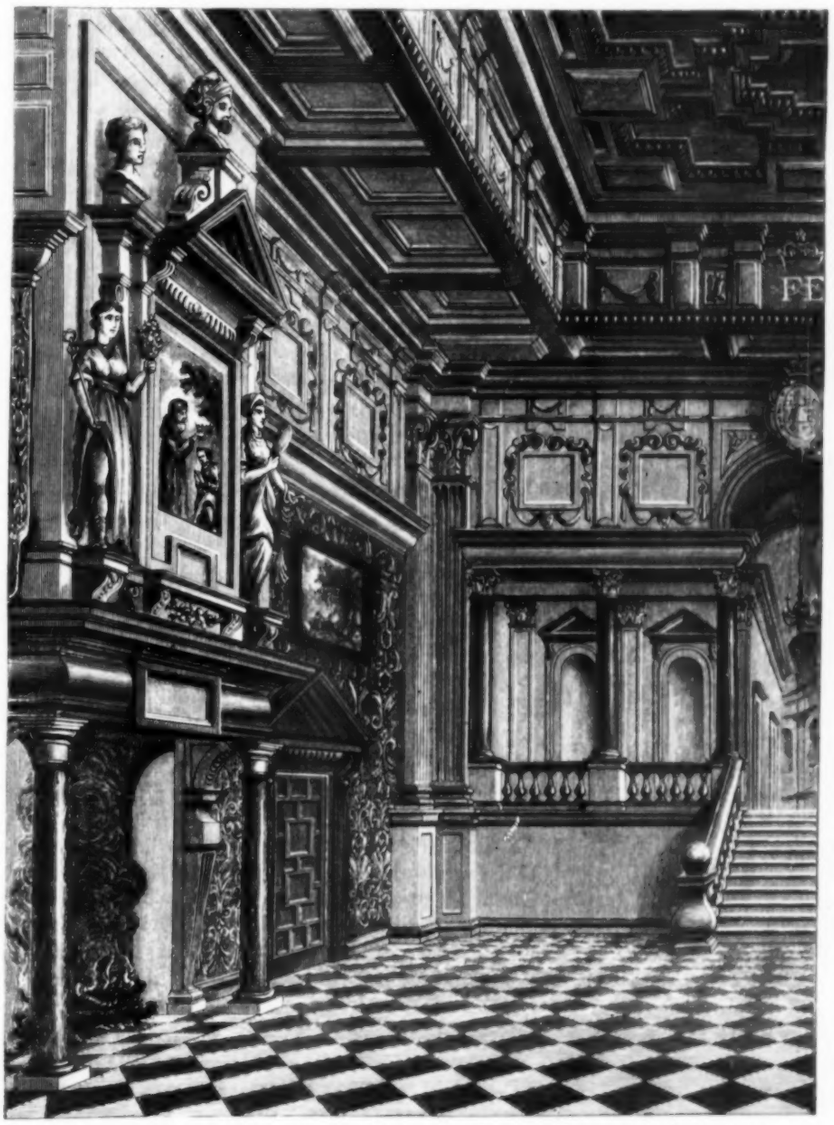
Vredman de Vries died in 1588, leaving many pupils and followers behind him, the most notable of them all being Hendrick van Steenwyck, born in 1550, and generally known as Steenwyck the Elder, to distinguish him from his son Hendrick, who came over here at the instance of Vandyck, and who, like his father, followed in the wake of De Vries as a painter of architectural subjects. It is not often that we find anything in the paintings of the elder Steenwyck that can be regarded as original in decorative design, as he generally compiled his interiors from portions of the larger churches and cathedrals of the Low Countries, yet in such compilations we find much suggestiveness, and they are by no means simply copies of existing work. He took that which he found, and composed something fresh from these elements. We have, however, in the National Gallery a very small but very valuable panel painting (No. 1132), measuring only some twelve inches by nine, which shows how great a master in decorative design he could be when he gave the rein to his imagination. It is the interior of a vestibule which gives access to a staircase, and is a remarkably suggestive piece of grouping and planning, well worthy of careful study by the architect, and reveals how happy a designer could be Hendrick van Steenwyck the Elder, who died in 1603. His son Hendrick painted many "perspective pieces" for King Charles, several of which yet remain in the Royal Collection at Hampton Court; but none of his work shows that inventiveness set forth by this small panel of his father's. Indeed, hardly any of his pupils imbibed this originality of design, for though Peter Neefs compiled with equal skill, but very few of that wonderful school of architectural painters originated by Vredman de Vries exhibited any power as an original designer save the founder, and almost the last representative of it, B. van Bassen, of whose personal history we know so little. He also was employed by Charles I., and it is therefore probable that he was a pupil of the elder and a comrade of the younger Steenwyck. That he was worthy of such a master is shown by two pictures at Hampton Court, both of which were painted for his royal patron, and are very fine illustrations of architectural design.



A Perspective Piece, by J. Vredman de Vries, from Hampton Court. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The first of these (No. 627) represents 'Charles I. and his Queen dining in public,' as was then the royal custom, and, apart from its architectural and decorative qualities, it is a most valuable and faithful record of the customs and costumes of the time. When, however, we come to that portion of the work more immediately pertaining to the subject now under consideration it is evident that the painter had to rely upon his own invention for the noble hall in which he places his

goodly company. No such lofty hall existed in any English palace, nor does it in any way resemble the banqueting-hall of Whitehall, which had been built some sixteen years before this picture was painted, for over the door on the right will be found the date 1637. If, however, any doubt could exist as to whether this were a transcript from actually existing architecture or an inventive background by the little-known but very able designer, it will be immediately dispelled on turning to the companion picture (No. 645), 'The King and Queen of Bohemia dining in public.' In this, as in the former, Van Bassen seizes on an actual incident and paints it carefully. Here is recorded an odd contretemps which occurred on Queen Elizabeth's first visit to her new subjects at Prague, when her favourite monkey sprang upon the nobleman whose duty it was to carve for their majesties, so frightening him that he fled yelling from their presence. Notwithstanding the humour of the subject, and the splendour of the company, the true intent of Van Bassen's work lies apart from this, and is found in his design for the hall, which practically repeats much of that in which he has placed his other royal feasters. A portion of this composition is engraved in the accompanying woodcut. It is a large and lofty room approached by a flight of steps leading down from a colonnaded antechamber, which also serves as a music gallery. The main angles of the room are emphasized by fluted pilasters, whose pedestals are level with the entrance gallery. The walls are divided at about two-thirds their height by a large and salient impost moulding, which in fact forms the cornice to the colonnade placed at the entrance of the hall. The lower division thus formed is hung with gilt leather, a material just then being manufactured and coming into vogue in Holland and making its way into England. The upper portion is panelled in wood or plaster work, with pilasters and richly carved cartouches, and above this comes a very happily designed ceiling. Of timber construction, it has a flat planceer about one-sixth of the whole width of the room, extending all round it; this is trabeated by large beams, having smaller ones between them, so as to divide it into a series of coupled panels deeply sunk, excepting at the angles, and here, because the large pilasters seem to demand some more important duty to perform, a raised instead of a sunken panel is placed, a very nice and careful piece of consideration on the designer's part. From this projecting planceer a panelled tambour rises to a higher plane on which rests the upper ceiling, enriched with carved mouldings dividing its surface into irregular but always rectangular panels. Here also the artist has shown much wisdom by filling the panelled forms with surfaces at varying planes, which peculiar arrangement has the great merit of preventing so large a ceiling appearing to overpower and crush the walls. The *pièce de résistance* of the design is the chimney-piece, which is a very able and noble composition, full of suggestions available for use in these days, when this important feature of a room is once more receiving proper consideration.



From a Picture at Hampton Court (No. 645). Van Bassen. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

The lower portion is composed of columns and brackets carrying a heavy mantel, and the superstructure has a painting in its centre, flanked by statues of Prudence and Temperance—worthy attributes to a banqueting-hall. The whole is crowned by a pedimented cornice on which are placed busts somewhat too large, perhaps, for the rest of the composition. Altogether it is a very remarkable design, and both this and

its companion picture evidence great ability on the part of their almost unknown designer. Works acknowledged to be by Van Bassen are somewhat rare, but in many of the galleries of Europe there are pictures in which the backgrounds seem to be painted by him, the figures often being by other and better-known artists whose names the pictures yet retain, and it is much to be desired that some one would undertake the task of rehabilitating the memory of this almost forgotten painter. Indeed, the architectural painters of the Low Countries would be no unworthy subject for an extensive monograph. Here we have been able only to indicate a few of the most typical ones at varying dates, and those only whose work brought them within the range of decorative design.



Dresden Gallery, No. 87.

The external architecture introduced by many of them into their compositions is eminently noteworthy. How rich some of it is may be gleaned by a glance at Dirk van Deleu's picture in the National Gallery (No. 1010), or his 'Entrance to a Palace' in the Dulwich Gallery (No. 258); but tempting as the subject is, it leads too far away from the immediate purpose of these notes to be followed at present. Still it may be worth noting that from the painters of the Low Countries and of Italy came the larger part of the architectural painters—painters of "perspective pieces" of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; not is the generic difference between the two schools unimportant to mark. The painters from the Low Countries took their inspirations from living architecture—buildings existing in their plenitude, or when they diverged from them guessed at and suggested the architecture of the future. The Italian painters, on the contrary, indulged themselves in picturesque ruins of the past, and piled fragment on fragment, but rarely ever suggested a whole. Naturally there is much more to be learned from the former than the latter, and the student who will pursue the pleasant path now pointed out will find his wandering very profitable.

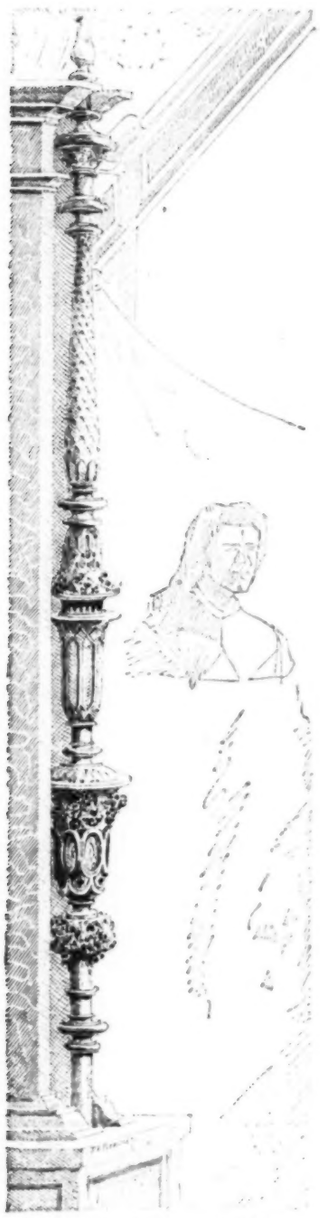


Brussels Gallery, No. 88.

This excursion has led us to consider the painters of "perspective pieces" only; but architectural design formed a very large portion of the study of the painters of the Low Countries, a very much larger portion than with the Italian painters. How this came to be so is that the painters of the West learned their art from the miniaturists, whose works in tempera allowed them to work as leisurely as they pleased, and to devote whatever time they wished to the elaboration of their detail, whereas the painters of Italy learned theirs from the mosaicists and the painters in fresco, whose work had to be begun and finished in a limited space of time. The one school induced finish, and the other breadth. Again, the prevalence of gold backgrounds—a legacy of the mosaic worker, which lasted long in Early Italian Art—absorbed the necessity of any detailed accessories, hence they were not so much a matter of study with the Italian as with the Low Countries painter, whose vehicle of oil painting further enabled him to carry his finish to the utmost point.

We see this tendency to exalt architectural detail in the

works of the earliest painters of Flanders, and the wonderful canopies and shrines of the brothers Van Eyck are such as never existed in more obdurate material than paint. Full of ingenious device, the architecture of the Early Flemish painters flourishes until it runs to seed; it is, however, in the dawning of the Renaissance in Flanders that the most useful lessons may be learned from the architectural and sculpturesque details invented by her painters, and there is hardly one of them whose work will not amply repay careful study from this point alone. Most of these painters were in some way or another attached to the household of the Dukes of Burgundy, and their Court duties brought them into contact with the leading personages in Art and Literature, who congregated round the Maecenas of the day, and they who prosecuted any form of Art or Science or Literature, provided it was orthodox, were always welcomed at the Court.



Pilaster from a Picture by Mabuse. Brussels Gallery.

The oldest technical appliance of man—the loom, the newest—the printing-press, alike sent their masterpieces there, and though, if there had been an Augustus in those days, he would have stigmatized the ever-ready board of Burgundian halls as *parasitica mensa*, it was still an admirable place for a young painter "varlet of the Court." It was in such a school that Jean de Maubeuge, or Mabuse, or Gossaert, or Jennyn van Henegouwe, for he bore all those names, was brought up, and to him is greatly due that alliance of Italian detail with Gothic forms which brought about the Renaissance of the West. Born about 1470, he accompanied Philip of Burgundy to Italy about 1508, and became profoundly impressed with the new ideas which were then growing in that country, and which, on his return to the Low Country, he propagated by his work. The union he effected between the two somewhat opposed styles was a very fruitful one, and foreshadowed, if it did not initiate, an architectural style which bore admirable results in after years. In the Brussels Gallery is a very noble work of his, probably painted soon after his return. The subject is 'Christ in the House of Simon the Pharisee' (No. 24), the central panel of a triptych. In a large hall, of a curiously-composed architectural character, between two staircases which lead to an elaborately flamboyant gallery, are seated at table Christ and his host. The tables are tressel tables, with cleverly-designed supports in metal-work, and the whole of the accessories of the picture have received the most careful attention of the designer and the elaborate manipulation of the painter. To several of these reference will again be made in the course of these articles, when they bring themselves within the range of the particular class of design then treated on. At the present it will suffice to show one of the pilasters which bound the picture, and which reveals a new element in Flemish Art. No longer have we the prevailing column shaft of Gothic Art; nor is it replaced by the panelled pilaster which would have supplied its purpose in an Italian picture, but its place is occupied by a baluster form which did not make its appearance in actual architectural decoration for nearly a century afterwards. The finesse and elegance of its detail is very remarkable, and seems to be almost genealogically arranged, for the moulded annulets and sculptured knop from which the later vase-like forms spring are of thoroughly Gothic character, whilst the upper part is, æsthetically speaking, of the latest period of Renaissance Art. It achieved at once that which Fancis I. and the artists of his Court were slowly endeavouring to cultivate by the aid of Primaticcio, Cellini and others, and Mabuse may certainly be styled an epoch-making decorator, even if judged by this picture alone. To other examples of his skill as a designer further reference will hereafter be made; but he gave an impetus to a new movement in design which has carried forward all his contemporaries, great and small. Of the work of Bernard van Orley our next article will treat, but the two pillars here engraved show how well the lesson Mabuse first taught was learned. These two pillars show as being sculptured in red marble from portions of the screen-like accessories which divide two pictures in the Brussels Gallery into two compartments each. They are by an unknown painter whose merit is much more enduring than his fame. The first of these two (No. 87) separates S. Gertrude from S. Scolastica, and bears the date of 1530, with the initials of the donor, P.T., united by an interlacing cord in the disc placed on the pedestal. The companion (No. 88) fulfils the like function between S. Walburge and S. Cunegonde, and bears the initials W.V.G. Originally these pictures no doubt formed the volets of a triptych, formerly in the abbey of Aywiere, between Waterloo and Villers, the centre portion of which is at present lost. Possibly it yet exists in some museum or collection, and if found would probably help to solve the mystery which as yet hangs over the name of the designer.

G. T. Robinson.

HOPPNER AND WILKIN.

CONSIDERING his great vogue as a painter, and his wide personal popularity, Hoppner has been less discussed and less written about than almost any of his equally famous contemporaries. The annalist of the day records his death with unaccustomed brevity:—"Feb. 21, 1810. In Charles Street, St. James' Square, aged fifty-one, John Hoppner, Esq., one of the Royal Academicians. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has been pleased to appoint W. Owen, Esq., to be portrait-painter to His Royal Highness in his room." The portrait-painter to His Royal Highness is dead: long live the portrait-painter to His Royal Highness! Hoppner deserved a better fate than this, as the annalist himself decided on second thoughts; for in the following month he recurred to the subject in the following terms:—"The late John Hoppner was one of the most eminent portrait-painters since the time of Reynolds. He might, indeed, have merited the praise of being the first if he had not been so close an imitator of the style of that great master, as it related to the spirit and elegance of his touch, and especially the richness and harmony of colouring, in which he certainly excelled all his contemporaries." The judgment of to-day will not ratify that of the Chronicler of three-quarters of a century ago. It is exactly a certain lack of spirituality and distinction which separates Hoppner from Reynolds, and which in that particular places him, if anything, below Charles Wilkin, his favourite engraver, and a painter besides of much skill. But by his other qualities Hoppner has earned the rank of a master. Lawrence may have outdone him in posthumous glory; but for eighteen years the two painters maintained a neck-to-neck rivalry. If Hoppner, living almost at the gates of Carlton House, wrote himself "Portrait-painter to the Prince of Wales," Lawrence at twenty-three was "Portrait-painter in ordinary to His Majesty." Lawrence had certain advantages in the race, and Hoppner had others. Lawrence was first to be admitted to the Royal Academy—forced upon it by the King. But Hoppner had this as a set-off, that he was the Prince's favourite, and that the Prince had better taste than the King. At any rate, all the younger generation thought so; and it is with the younger generation that a portrait-painter is mostly concerned. The Prince kept a court of his own, which outdid his father's in brilliancy; and its beauties sat to Hoppner, until a saying of Hoppner's own drove them—so the story goes—into his rival's chair. The homely ideas of the King were not likely to render his patronage of a painter any passport to the favour of women of fashion. But at last Hoppner broke with bitter speech the bitterer silence about his foe. "The ladies of Lawrence," he said, "show a gaudy dissoluteness of taste, and sometimes trespass on moral as well as professional chastity." For his own he claimed purity of look as well as of style. It was one of the paradoxes of fate if the sedate dames of the correct court at Windsor went down with gay looks to posterity; while the beauties at the court of a Prince who, as Allan Cunningham properly says, "loved mirth and wine, the sound of the lute, and the music of ladies' feet in the dance," lived on canvas with an air of quaker-like sobriety. From the date of that saying the ladies of the Prince's court found their disloyal way to the studio of Lawrence.



Lady Catharine Howard. From the Engraving by C. Wilkin.

But Hoppner, as long as he lived, had full employment for his brush; and when he died, Lawrence paid an unconscious tribute to his powers by forthwith raising his prices to sitters. He had diligently called to inquire after his rival during his last illness; saying at the time to a friend, "You will be sorry to hear that my most powerful competitor—he whom only to my friends I have acknowledged as my rival—is, I fear, sinking into the grave—I mean, of course, Hoppner. He has always been afflicted with bilious and liver complaints, and to these must be greatly attributed the irritation of his mind; and now they have ended in a confirmed dropsy. But though I think he cannot recover, I do not wish that his last illness should

appear to be reported by me. You will believe that I sincerely feel the loss of a brother artist, from whose works I have often gained instruction, and who has gone by my side in the race these eighteen years." In language, if not in paint, it was certainly Lawrence who was demure, and Hoppner who was somewhat wanton. He could not have composed the cautious sentences just quoted; and when he heard that Lawrence had called to make "kind inquiries," he said it was only that he might have the first joyful news of his rival's dissolution. But the rival by this time was only too plainly bilious and dropsical too.

Hoppner's portrait of himself is one of his finest works, and rarely had he so fine a sitter. There is a grave dignity about him which puts to shame the mere conventional prettinesses he imported into all his faces, his own included, and his sweetness of expression (before the days when he was bilious) is not dependent on the tricky effect of the eyes, the rendering of which he had caught from Lawrence. It was a spiritual face, and one which belied the scandal currently suggested by those who told the story of his origin—how his mother had been one of the German attendants at the Windsor court, and how the king's coffers bore the cost of his nurture and his education. His manners were as good as his looks, and gave him an advantage over many of his contemporaries, though not over Lawrence, an advantage for which they at once consoled and revenged themselves by the relation of more or less apocryphal anecdotes. "I once went with Hoppner," says Northcote, "to the hustings to vote for Horne Tooke, and when they asked me what I was, I said 'a painter.' At this Hoppner was very mad all the way home, and said I should have called myself a portrait-painter. I replied the world had no time to trouble itself about such distinctions."



Lady Charlotte Duncombe. From the Engraving by C. Wilkin.

But it was as painter of the portraits of ladies that Hoppner made his name. Of these the best known are those which were engraved by Wilkin and published at intervals between the years 1797 and 1803, under the portentous title of "A Select Series of Portraits of Ladies of Rank and Fashion." These consisted of ten plates, seven of them after portraits by Hoppner and three after portraits by the engraver himself. The prospectus of the "Series" was issued so early as 1797 by Mr. Wilkin. "In the execution of this work," he says, "it will be the aim of the proprietor to unite the high finish of painting with the spirit and freedom of drawing." The numbers were issued more slowly than had been anticipated; but they appear to have been fairly successful, and they are now sold only at fancy prices. Of the ten portraits, two of the most characteristic are here chosen for illustration—Lady Charlotte Duncombe, by Hoppner, and Lady Catharine Howard, by Wilkin.

The portrait of Lady Charlotte Duncombe was painted in the year preceding her marriage, before she bore that name. This lovely woman had a dignity which Hoppner did not always supply when his sitters lacked it. As a rule his pencil "improved their faces" in a manner different from Sir Joshua's. That master assuredly must have conveyed into man and woman some of the distinction which he loved; Hoppner's way, on the other hand, was to mend the faces before him by minimizing mouths and magnifying eyes, for the taste for the more *banal* beauties of feature was beginning in his time. But Lady Charlotte Duncombe has a queenly bearing. She came, indeed, from days when an "air" was accounted a woman's greatest charm, though she lived into a time when the *bourgeois* tone was universal. Her marriage took place in the days of George III., when England was waging her indignant war against the French Revolution, when the world was still but recently startled out of its minuets and powder, its gaiety and grace, out of that egotism of which we hear so much, and the many noble if exclusive virtues which are buried with the bones of the last century. And she lived until 1848, bridging over a more complete and immense change, outward and inward, than any single lifetime compasses in other ages.

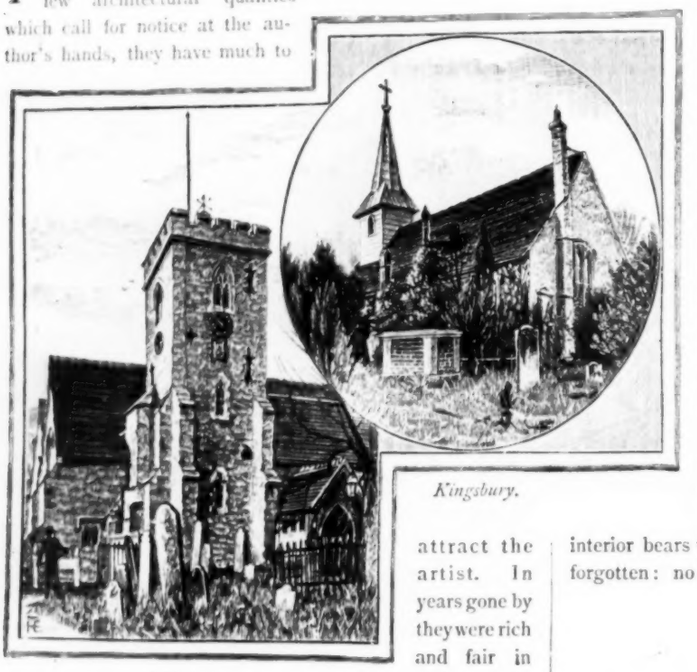
The Lady Catharine Howard, of whose beautiful face, with its young and artless locks, Wilkin made so charming a picture, was the only daughter of the fifteenth Earl of Suffolk and eighth Earl of Berkshire, and married the Rev. George Bisset. She, too, lived long, leaving her first youth behind her in the last century, and she, too, had a long widowhood.

We have to thank Mr. R. Griffin for the loan of the Wilkin proofs, from which these engravings have been taken.

W. Meynell.

CHURCHES OF THE LONDON SUBURBS.

IF the sacred edifices of the environs of the great city have few architectural qualities which call for notice at the author's hands, they have much to attract the artist. In years gone by they were rich and fair in their proportions, for they mostly date from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; but almost without exception they have passed under the ban of the restorer of half a century ago, and "churchwarden's Gothic," for which even the most ardent preacher of a Preservation Society would disavow his love, is everywhere conspicuous. Still to the artist they are oases of shelter which he can reach in a short hour from his studio, and from which he can get a sufficiency of subject to afford him an excuse for relaxation and fresh air. Most of them need no turning or twisting, but compose themselves into pictures which always command interest and respect from their quiet and homelike surroundings.



Kingsbury.

Willesden.

At Pinner the village street contains more than one old half-timbered house in juxtaposition to neighbours with respectable red brick Georgian casings. The church tower is surmounted with a mighty wooden cross, which, until 1879, carried a weather vane on its summit. It is said to have been built in 1321, and has at intervals been so thoroughly restored as to leave few traces of its original aspect.

Kingsbury is even more a place whereat to spend a quiet hour than Pinner. There one may roam and meditate for hours together undisturbed except by a casual visitor, and uncared for even by the village children fresh from school. The laurel trees and other shrubs make the churchyard so green that even in winter one might almost suppose it to be summer; its paths are all unkept, and only an occasional funeral disturbs the tender green of its turf. The church, small and poor in itself, but very ancient, is much dilapidated; it is, however, full of beauty of a quiet type, and one can find around it a hundred sweet bits of colour, and peeps of light and shade. When the new church down in the distant village of "the Hyde" shall be completed, the building will either be carted away or, we may hope, left as a haven of rest where wearied folk may stay awhile and muse undisturbed, except by the distant rush of water over the weir of the Reservoir, and the cry of the wild fowl on its margin, or the song of the linnet in the leaves above. Willesden, its neighbour to the south, only thirty-three years ago was also a haunt beloved of artists, but the restorations of 1851 and 1872 have driven them away, for, to meet the requirements of this rapidly growing neighbourhood, it has been much enlarged, and doubtless improved, but with a sad loss of picturesqueness.

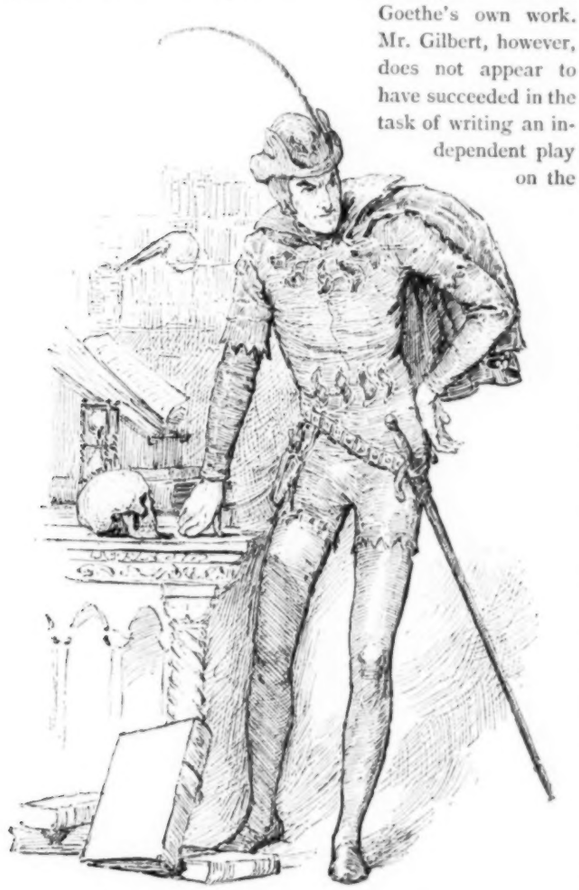
The large burying-ground attached is the scene of several funerals every day; the churchyard constantly echoes to the tread of hurrying feet and prattling voices, and the well-kept interior bears witness to active work. The past is altogether forgotten: no memorial of the miraculous "Our Lady of Willesden" exists, and even the more modern Jack Sheppard is sinking to like oblivion.



Pinner.

APROPOS OF THE LYCEUM "FAUST."

WE have said that Mr. Wills's adaptation of Goethe's *Faust* is of unequal merit. Its defects are more apparent in action than in the book; but, regarded as a basis for the taste and fancy of a daring stage-manager, it is possibly as useful a translation as could be desired. A playwright, untrammelled by Goethe's immortal treatment of the original legend, might be expected to do better than is possible when the object is an English presentment of Goethe's own work. Mr. Gilbert, however, does not appear to have succeeded in the task of writing an independent play on the original lines of the legend, though his book of "Gretchen" has many excellences and much poetic strength and beauty. The story certainly lends itself to the requirements of the theatre. It has all the variety necessary for a stirring romance: its heroine, a village maiden, whose innocence and beauty are her ruin, and whose misery melts the hearts of angelic hosts. The leading incidents are set forth on a dark background of magic and superstition, and in the atmosphere through which the action moves there is the sunshine of summer landscapes, the perfume of town gardens, the bustle of old cities, the chimes of cathedral bells, and the distant echoes of stormy war. But if with these materials a modern playwright could work out a better acting play than one who is tied to a close adaptation of Goethe, he would not then appeal to the motive which is the *raison-d'être* of the latest of Mr. Irving's achievements—a representation upon the stage of the Goethe tragedy constructed as nearly as possible on Goethe's lines, and written, so far as our language will permit, in Goethe's own words.



Mr. Irving as Mephistopheles. By W. H. Margetson.

It is not only the humanity of the story that has attracted Mr. Irving, but the witchery and magic of it; the challenge it seems to offer for carrying the imagination captive right through the gamut of human life, with even a suggestion of the life hereafter; its weird glimpses of the supernatural, its traffic with demonology, and its witches and spectres of the Brocken. It would not have been sufficient for the manager of the Lyceum Theatre that Mephistopheles offered him a fine acting part, or that he had in his company an ideal Margaret; he is an artist as well as an actor, and he has more than once, in the past history of his management, sacrificed himself as an actor for the artistic delight of mounting and adorning dramatic themes which have given him no special opportunities of histrionic distinction. It is in respect of this devotion to the pictorial branch of his theatrical work that he commends himself more particularly to the conductors of this periodical. Mr. Irving has opened up new ground in the broad field of Art. He has given a reality to stage illusion and a new pleasure to the artistic perception that finds a sensuous delight in the beauties of composition and colour, in the harmonies of dyes, in well-balanced contrasts of light and shade, and in the lines of perfect architecture. Those who are acquainted with the actor-manager of the Lyceum Theatre know that his work in this direction is not only the outcome of a taste for Art, backed by much study and experience of the exigencies of stage-effect, but it has its spring in that absolute unselfishness of the true artist who is above private interests, who does not count the cost of things, nor value his reward in money. Every argument that could be used in favour of a national subsidy for the theatre in England might be found in the history of the Lyceum; and if Mr. Irving is to have successors in the work he has established, many a manager must be consumed in his own artistic fervour unless beneficent municipalities come to the aid of the theatre, as they do in the other great cities of Europe.

It is surprising in how brief a space the Lyceum story may be told. An old man laments his lost youth. The devil gives him rejuvenescence in return for his body and soul. To encompass, with the ruin of Faust, the destruction of Margaret, he brings about the girl's ruin. At the last moment, when both appear to be in his power, Heaven interposes, and the soul of Margaret is wafted by angels' wings to Paradise; while Faust is the prey of the devil. But we touch here the entire range of human hope, happiness, misery, and despair, and offer to the painter a long lifetime of absorbing work. Mr. Irving has said that he will consider himself well rewarded if, in his attempt to illustrate this great theme, he draws fresh attention to the beauties of Goethe's poem, and stimulates a more general study of its beauties and its lessons. That he

* Continued from page 28.

has done so is already very apparent in the newspaper and periodical press, and in the new editions that are promised of the great German's work. But he would have accomplished very little in this way had he not made his new production a financial as well as an artistic success. His managerial instincts have served him here. The day may come when the dramatic poem can be given in its integrity. Meanwhile popular sentiment and feeling, and the exigencies of the stage as it is, must be considered. Even Shakespeare cannot be acted from the original books. The *Hamlet* of the stage is a modification of the *Hamlet* of the book; so also is *Othello*, and that in a remarkable degree; but their representation on the stage, while promoting the study of Shakespeare, has popularised his works among the people, and assisted the general understanding of them. The acting of *Faust* in Germany has had a similar influence upon our neighbours, and the Lyceum tragedy will open up a new world of poetry to thousands of English people who had never heard of Goethe, though they were in a vague way acquainted with Mephistopheles and the man who sold himself to the devil. How little the poem had filled even the minds of cultured readers and scholars, is shown in more than one otherwise masterly critique of the Lyceum *Faust*, which took for granted that the vision, which did not appear on the first night, would, when it disclosed itself, prove to be an apparition of Margaret. This is an unconscious tribute to the popularity of the opera, but a confession of forgetfulness in regard to Goethe. We point it out with all humility, simply to show how little the German poet is really known in England, and not to arrogate to ourselves any special or profound knowledge of the subject.

The first scene of the Lyceum play strikes the key-note of the Albert Düreresque and Early German feeling with which Mr. Irving has inspired his artists. If occasionally they fall away from it, they always at least catch the higher spirit of the Dutch school, deftly avoiding that want of realism which "smites the imagination in the mouth and bids it be silent." 'Faust's Study' and 'The St. Lorenz-Platz, Nüremberg,' by Mr. Telbin, are pictures that fulfil all the master's requirements. The study is essentially painted and arranged on the lines of Albert Dürer. The details of books and hour-glass, of skull and phials, the implements of magic and its weird symbols are admirably put in, and the old man as he sits in their midst revives in one's memory many a half-forgotten picture, illustrating ancient books of alchemy, witchcraft, and demonology. Here are all the well-known tokens of the magician, and yonder, with a glow about it, is the potent phial from which we might expect a second *diable boiteux* to be released. The red figure of Mephistopheles, which is presently posed at the philosopher's elbow, brings into the situation, however its highest dramatic significance, and at the same time completes the composition and colour of the picture. Our pen-and-ink sketch was drawn from this opening scene. In his costume Mr. Irving adheres to stage tradition; in his interpretation of the part he is Goethe's devil, "anti-sentimentalist, cynic, Philistine humorist." His physical limp is reflected in his mind. He is a fiend, a mocking fiend, but there is at times a spiritual dignity in face and figure which lifts the character into the front rank of intellectuality. There is one scene in which Irving looks like a fallen Dante, and there is more interest in the play when he is not equal to the serious aspects of the character.

Although the scene of Faust's meeting with Margaret is not indicated by Goethe, the St. Lorenz-Platz at Nüremberg is just the sixteenth-century street and place one can well imagine to have been in his mind's eye. It is well understood that in his description of his encounter with the hound he indicates his native city of Frankfort; while the student's cellar, Auerbach's Vault, was no doubt at Leipzig. The witches' kitchen may have been there too, or at Nüremberg. Wherever it was, in the same city Faust met Margaret, and it is fair dramatic license, and in perfect harmony with the poem, to lay the scene in the interesting city of Nüremberg, which even to-day is famous for its remains of mediæval architecture, its picturesque gabled houses, its fortified walls, its Gothic churches, and its quiet old-world manners and customs. The Platz is a typical example of the sincerity of the Lyceum work. It is a most pleasing and characteristic picture. On the right the noble front of a Gothic church. On the left an old inn with men drinking and waited upon by a woman you have seen over and over again in pictures of the Early German school. The church gates are opened, the citizens come in groups to worship. They are broken up into a series of pictures, all indicating design and intention of composition, the local colour of the dresses being arranged with artistic thoughtfulness. The stage-manager has this great advantage over the painter; his figures are alive, they breathe and move. In this Lorenz-Platz we are transported to the veritable Nüremberg of Albert Dürer and Gabriel Weyher. We see the people as they lived, hear them talk of the wars, and we see Goethe's Margaret coming from confession to meet her desperate fate at the hands of her lover. We know that the pensive girl is Ellen Terry, but we can take her right into our fancy as the Gretchen of old; for in her interpretation we find all the grace and sweet naturalness of the original. She will go down to posterity the inimitable Margaret, in artistic companionship with Irving's matchless Mephistopheles. Ellen Terry never looked less the Ellen Terry of the stage than she does in Margaret, never more the semblance of a poet's ideal. Her dresses are more than becoming, they fit the time and character, the air and manner of the part; and for this generation at least when it reads *Faust* (and Goethe is to have his society of English students now) it will have for its mental ideals the Faust of the Lyceum prologue, and the Mephistopheles and Margaret of the entire tragedy.

We engrave drawings of two of the lightest and most fascinating of the scenes by Hawes Craven — Martha's Garden and Margaret's. The latter was drawn from the painter's model before the scene was set. That it is at all a successful realisation of the stage-picture says much for the definite character of the lines upon which the pictorial features of the play have been carried out. Martha's Garden is an illustration from the stage itself, and with the play in action. The incident is immediately consequent upon Margaret's declaration:—

"Oh, thou King of all the World! I love thee!"

After the embrace that follows on these words, Mephistopheles, who is in hiding, indicates his presence with a mocking cough. Faust starts, and asks "Who's there?" "A friend!" says the devil. "A friend!" repeats Faust, which brings the cynical rejoinder:—

"Then King of all the World, 'tis time to go;"

upon which the curtain falls.

The composition and arrangement of colour in this scene

are admirable, pictorial in composition, realistic in colour; quiet red-brick garden walls with climbing roses; an old moss-grown apple-tree with an ancient bench; a rustic cottage porch; a background of city towers; the whole a characteristic town garden. As to the placing of the figures, if they pause, during the action of the story, they pause near the tree, forming a foreground group, Margaret in a dress of pale yellow and white brightened by a slight touch of black; then Faust in a costume of rich brown, a connecting link of colour, leading up to Mephistopheles, the antithesis of Margaret; forming as it were a second focus of colour in the picture, the splendour of it relieved by the sombre tones of the gateway against which it is massed. Over all there is a rich glow of summer evening colour deepening towards twilight. In itself here is a stage picture that might be successfully transferred to canvas. It is earnest and interesting in composition, pleasing in colour, tells its story, has good lines in it, is well grouped, and might be criticised from the standpoint of a cabinet painting. Viewed in the cold light of day, or in the harsh rays of ill-regulated gas-burners, this beautiful garden would appear but a poor daub; it is painted for appropriate lighting, in which Mr. Irving is an adept. The Lyceum footlights and borders are artfully supplied with artificial sunshine, as well as with cool shadows, with yellows and browns and greys. These are supplemented with silk-cased lights in the flies, and with lime-light lamps in the most unlikely places;

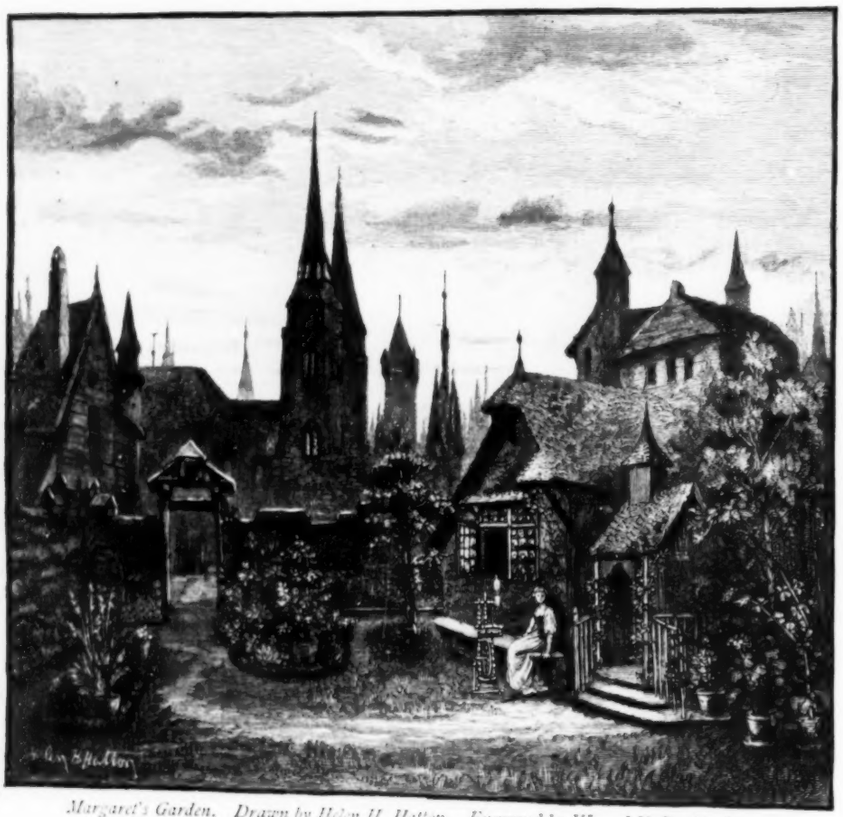


In Martha's Garden. Drawn by W. H. Margetson. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

so that the crudest colours or the daintiest effects of the painter can be regulated and toned with lights which, in combination with the artist's brush, mimic nature so well that even in close proximity to the scene the illusion is maintained, while at a distance it is perfect, as in the one under notice. At the same time if you look deeper into the painter and stage-manager's art, you will find that the artist has painted for the particular effect of light which the scene is to bear, and that the costumes have been selected to harmonize with both; that all the proper gradations of colour have been observed in every object; and that the general harmony of tone is as keenly regarded as the most fastidious critic could desire. What strikes one also as so deliciously suggested in these town gardens is the lovely atmosphere of Nüremberg, "the formal sweetness of domestic peace" they convey to the spectator, and which is borne out by the clean white diapered chamber (a harmony in white and grey, as Mr. Whistler might call it) of Margaret later on in the play.

No more remarkable example of the possibilities of stage grouping and lighting has probably ever been seen than the Rembrandtish effect with which the incident of the death of Valentine is illustrated. The fight, with its interposition of the devil's flashing blade, wielded with Satanic joy, is over; Valentine is stretched upon the ground in the dark street; the alarmed citizens and soldiers come on one after the other, group after group, with torches and without. They gather round the dying youth; Margaret is there, and Martha. The focus of light is on the half-prostrate soldier; the eye is naturally

led to the kneeling figure of Margaret; the well-placed torch-light adds intensity to the dark background of the street, and falls in ruddy flickerings upon the eager faces of the crowd. But the new *Faust* is full of pictures; they abound, not only in the matter of painted scenery, but in artistic incidents and in the grouping of figures. The Goethe country affords plenty of opportunity for the artist who has a true feeling for the happy combinations of Art—he could not well go wrong in selecting subjects from Nüremberg and the Hartz. At the same time there is always a temptation to exaggerate in stage scenery. But the Lyceum artists have gone straight to nature. They have sought to interpret and exhibit, working on the principles laid down by the great Art-critic, in a humble and self-forgetful desire to record facts, to show what they have seen and felt. This is the secret of the Lyceum successes,



Margaret's Garden. Drawn by Helen H. Hatton. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

and it is the secret of all that is lasting in every branch of the arts.

'The Summit of the Brocken,' which we engrave from an original sketch by the painter himself, depicts the scene when it is first exhibited to the audience. A simple broad effect of rock and tree and cloud, it might have been expected to pass for what it is—the mere foundation of the great sensational act of the play. But the audience, affected by its solemn true spirit, welcomed it with applause. Illuminated with a cold effect of stormy moonlight, the scene is singularly impressive. It is a study in black and white and grey. A [illegible] rock on one hand, two weather-beaten [illegible] between them a misty valley, the distance [illegible] cloud. But how deftly laid in for the [illegible] stage-manager! No effects of form or colour to compete with the supernatural incidents of which it is the scene; no straining of the landscape painter to be in strong evidence with the figure artist; it is only the summit of the Brocken, cold, weird, desolate, with a couple of ragged pines that had staggered in tempestuous winds, barely keeping their roots in the rocky soil and snow. Presently the luminous shadow of the red Mephistopheles shows a cleft in the mountain, whence he appears leading Faust to the summit. The devil is accompanied by thunder and lightning. There is a big hazy moon with a watery halo. A sudden flight of witches on broomsticks crosses its yellow disc. A flock of owls flap their solemn wings through the stormy night. Strange nameless beings and goblin spectres, half men, half beasts, chattering imps, old bearded men and ghost-like women, hooded things, and winged fiends swarm out of the mountain sides with unearthly shrieks and cries and deep grave chaunts and songs. Mephistopheles joins their infernal revels and leads the mocking laughs that greet the complaining wails of those who suffer; for it is a weird mixture of hellish joy and fiendish torment. Strange calls from the rocky clefts below are heard and answered.

"Oh, take me! I'm full of aches and fears,
I'm climbing now three hundred years;
I cannot go on and I cannot stop,
And I think I'll never reach the top,"

cries one, a bleached uncanny thing (played by Mr. Mead), at which the entire crew yell their delight, and Mephistopheles seizes the climber and thrusts it (or him or she) aside; but it staggers on and complains again, and the same fiendish laugh responds, while ever and anon the witches' choruses sing—

"The broom and the branch in the air will float,
And a goodly steed is an old buck goat;
He who cannot find mount to-night
Can never join in the witches' flight."

Faust is lured away for a moment by three weird women, while Mephistopheles still encourages the wild dance and joins in the ghost-like revels, the flashing lightning and the rolling thunder giving occasional accompaniment to the orgie. The devilish arrivals continue until rock and valley are crowded with the ungodly company, the last chorus giving out the lines—

"When round the summit whirls our flight
Then lower and on the ground alight,
And far and wide the heather press
With witchhood's swarms of wantonness!"

Then there is a momentary pause, the throng settles down into a surging mass, Mephistopheles calls to Faust, way is made for him, and across the distant mountain is seen a vision of Margaret.

"*Faust.* A moment! seest thou—lo, yonder, yonder!
Alone and far a girl most pale and fair,

With slow and trailing feet she comes to us,
Methinks——— 'tis———— Margaret!
Mephis. Illusion! Heed it not—born of a dream.
It is a frenzy—lifeless phantasy.
Avoid its stare—'twill work upon thy
Thy brain, 'twill make thee mad.
Faust. Those eyes have ne'er been closed by loving hands.
Dead!—Yet those the lips I once have pressed,
That is the form I clasped———
Mephis. Fool, 'tis but magic!
Faust. The grief, the rapture conquers me.
Thy semblance is enough! I care not, I,
If it be like thee I must love it too.
Ah! what means that slender scarlet line
Around her throat—no broader than a knife?
Margaret!—Margaret!"

"Vanish!" cries Mephistopheles, rising to his full height, in the centre of the scene. Amidst a peal of thunder the stage is cleared as by magic. Mephistopheles is alone, a red, solemn, spirit-like figure; a dark mystery all around him, no moon, no rocks, no trees, no sky, only darkness made visible by the cloaked figure with its pale frowning visage and its flashing eyes, a veritable prince of darkness and every inch a prince. All suddenly, with a curse upon his lips at the departed vision, he invites his ghastly subjects to a renewal of the revels:—

"The curse of hell upon it!
Swell your throats now with music wild!
Hellish! infernal! and then mad!"

The command is obeyed. The Brocken is crowded once more, but the orgie goes on *staccato*, swelling in ferocity of shout and motion to the end. Mephistopheles, with laughing approval, reclines upon a rock which gives forth



'The Summit of the Brocken.' From a Drawing by W. Telbin. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

flashes of electric light, a pair of apes fondling him, until once again he leaps into the centre of the throng, and the world of the Hartz is ablaze. Earth and air are enveloped in a burning mass. The rocks seem to melt like lava. A furnace of molten metal has broken loose. The clouds shower down fiery rain, the thunder rolls away into the distant valleys. The ghost-like crew of fiends and witches and beings of nameless shape cower beneath the fiery hail and raise their withered writhing arms in shivering protest. It is a scene from Dante's "Inferno," and there is Dante in the midst, if the actor only put into his mobile features an expression of pity instead of a sense of fiendish delight. Although the orthodox critic who knows his Goethe through and through will of course dwell upon the "Walpurgis Revels" as a mere *intermezzo*, the introduction of them at the Lyceum emphasises the supernatural character of Mephistopheles and will help general and unsophisticated audiences to realise its full significance, and to understand the secret of his power over Faust and his evil capacity for destruction.

The closing pictures of the new *Faust* are two short scenes in the last act, the dungeon and the apotheosis of the dead Margaret. The struggle between the powers of good and evil suggested in the chants of unseen spirits, is realised in the acting of Margaret, Faust, and Mephistopheles. The Margaret of Miss Terry in this last scene furnishes a worthy companion to her mad scene in *Hamlet*. As she falls dead at the foot of the cross, in the last glance of the red light of the fiend, a flight of angels hovers over the prostrate form; the white wings and angelic faces, a heavenly throng, half shut in among the groinings of the prison's Gothic roof, yet suggesting the calm spirit-world beyond.

JOSEPH HATTON.

THE MILLAIS EXHIBITION.

AFTER the exhaustive way in which the career of Sir John Millais has been so lately treated in this Journal,* a detailed notice of the exhibition now open at the Grosvenor Gallery would be out of place. But there are some points in his work on which a wider light has been cast by some of the one hundred and sixty works brought together, and on these I propose to say a few words. The exhibition as a whole is singularly representative. It is, perhaps, a pity that one or two of the things he did in his ante-pre-Raphaelite period were not brought up against him, just to show from what a depth of conventionality the famous movement snatched him. A year or two ago a small landscape with figures, a sort of glorified Collins, was on loan at Bethnal Green, which would have answered the purpose. It was a warm-in-colour, deftly-handled little canvas, but from every inch it breathed the unconscious satisfaction with things as they were, which was leading English Art into such depths forty years ago. It was painted most likely in 1848, when Millais was nineteen, and displayed a great advance upon the heavy-handled Wilkieism of the famous 'Pizarro,' which had been at the Academy two years before. In the absence of anything more decisive, a comparison of the portrait of Mr. Hugh Fenn, painted also in 1848, with the half-length of the late Mr. Combe, painted in 1850, will show how enormous was the change wrought by what I may call the principles of 1849. The portrait of Mr. Fenn is a very fair example of the kind of work with which the now-forgotten George Harlow won his fame. It is well drawn, the head is broadly painted in orthodox flesh tints, the clothes and the background are put in with a full brush of opaque colour over a transparent brown ground. The whole thing is full of a thoughtless dexterity, and as we stand before it we are conscious that very few glances at the model would go to its completion. The portrait of Mr. Combe is a very different affair. It is about the same size as the other and not unlike it in arrangement. The colour scheme, however, is different and much more ambitious, that is to say, it attacks a more difficult problem. In the one case tints are used with which it is hard to make a discord; in the other such as will yield a harmony only to a true colourist, and all the rest is in keeping with this. The flesh is built up by a searching manipulation which records every colour accident of the aged skin; the hands and the hair are marvels of minute painting. The clothes, too, betray an effort at realisation of which there is no sign in the other portrait. Finally, a sort of declaration of faith is made by a coat-of-arms up in the corner, which seems to proclaim that Holbein or, to go back even further still, Van Eyck himself was the young painter's chosen saint while he worked. Of all the productions of Sir John Millais's first five years of activity, this is, on the whole, the most satisfactory. The 'Return of the Dove to the Ark' is equally coherent and artistic in its arrangement and still keeps its colour, but without in some the action of it seems at once too [illegible] and too [illegible], it is not quite well drawn [illegible]. It was [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

In conclusion, I must say a word or two about the landscapes. Of these 'Chill October' is no doubt the best. Its only rival, to my mind, is the background to 'Sir Isumbras,' which, like so many backgrounds to figures, breathes a poetry not often found in landscapes proper. 'The Sound of Many Waters,' 'The Fringe of the Moor,' 'Winter Fuel,' and 'Scotch Firs,' are magnificent transcripts from nature, but they lack individuality. It is not until we reach 'Over the Hills and Far Away' that we come upon anything which approaches 'Chill October,' but even there we get rather the materials for a great landscape than the thing itself. Its distance is lovely, and its foreground is a marvel of interpretation; but it is only in 'Chill October' that Sir John Millais has quite succeeded in compelling nature to express his thought.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE honour of a baronetcy has been conferred upon Sir F. Leighton, P.R.A. The Government have certainly taken some time to dispel the slight which was offered to the presidential office by their predecessors, when similar titles were bestowed elsewhere.

Mr. Oswald W. Brierly, R.W.S., has been knighted. The reasons for this are not apparent, unless it be that he holds the post of marine painter to Her Majesty, and has travelled round the world in the suite of the Duke of Edinburgh.

Fresh from adoration of the Turner drawings at Burlington House we turned into St. Paul's Cathedral to worship at the tomb of the great water-colourist. We were wonderstruck to find that our former recollections of the statue erected to his memory had vanished. Here was no ideal representation, as we imagined, of the man, but a feeble figure stretching out his arms in a most inanimate manner. A closer inspection revealed the reason. From the effigy's right hand had been broken off both ends of the pencil or brush which it once held, from the left the palette or notebook which it once grasped. From the height of the statue above the ground it was evident that this injury could not have been caused by the wantonness of an outsider; it could only have arisen from the carelessness of the cathedral authorities upon the removal of the organ which some years ago was reared hard by. This disfigurement must have long ago come to their knowledge, and should have been long ago made good by them.

The Union League Club of New York has been ascertaining the sentiments of American artists, art institutions, and teachers of art in the United States on the subject of the art tariff. The result of the canvass was as follows:—

Number of artists in favour of	free art	1,197
,, ,,	10 per cent. duty	26
,, ,,	30 ,, ,,	7
,, ,,	a specific duty	33
,, ,,	partly free art	18
Whole number of artists heard from		1,281

Of the 154 art teachers and art institutions that responded, 148 were in favour of free art, 3 in favour of partly free art, 2 of a 10 per cent. duty, and 1 of a specific duty. The result should be gratifying to all who have the true interests of art and artists in view.

A pleasing and novel subject has just been reproduced in photogravure by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co. The artist, Mr. G. W. Joy, has depicted, in 'Thirty Years before Trafalgar,' young Nelson, apparelled in his middie's uniform, a handsome stripling taking leave of a fine old lady, presumably his mother. The anxiety on her face is well rendered, and her whole bearing is imbued with nobility. The lad's countenance, with which one is most specially interested, gives little insight into his future, and is the weak point of the picture. The process has rendered the original almost too faithfully, for alterations in the artist's design, flaws in the canvas, etc., are altogether too much *en évidence*.

The first of a series of "Studies from Nature of British Foliage" has been issued by Mr. Heywood. The artist, Mr. Tom Kelly, has been engaged for several years upon the original drawings. We had the pleasure of seeing them a short time ago, and we then felt that it would be an almost impossible task to perfectly reproduce their delicate pencilling. The process of lithography has succeeded, in some cases, as well as could be expected, as for instance, the Larch Tassels and the Cut-leaved Maple. The publication, which is sold in folio parts, each containing five plates, should become a standard work in schools where faithful transcripts of nature are required.

Mons. Quantin, of Paris, has evidently long been of the opinion that every literary subject, no matter what its character, is capable of artistic adornment and should receive attention at his hands. He has this season invaded the very different spheres of English classics and children's books. "Gulliver's Travels," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," on the one hand, and "Ali Baba," "Don Quixote," and "Robinson Crusoe," on the other, have been singled out as the first subjects to attack. "Gulliver's Travels" (which has also been issued in an English edition by Mr. Nimmo) has been most cleverly, thoroughly, and artistically illustrated; no less than one hundred and eighty coloured and sixty plain illustrations are scattered broadcast throughout its pages. Mons. Poirson (whose name is, by an extraordinary oversight, omitted in the English edition) has not only entered into the spirit of the author but has treated his subject in a thoroughly novel manner. He has localised Lilliput in China, for which his warrant is the fact that it lies to the north-west of Van Diemen's Land in latitude 30 deg. 2 min. south! This has afforded him scope for an infinite variety of costume and of colour in the pigmy crowds which environ Gulliver. It is certainly one of the books of the year. The same author has not been so happy in his delineation either of English life or of England a century and a half ago. Few will recognise the worthy vicar or his lovely

daughter in the effigies here presented to us, and as to the portrayal of the scenery, domestic architecture, or interiors, it teems with faults and absurdities which must be present to the most casual observer.

Mr. Quantin's "Encyclopédie Enfantine" and his "Albums" should commend themselves to every schoolroom where an easy way of learning French is desired. The series starts with the baby's A B C, and passing through a variety of coloured volumes, which range in price from three-halfpence to a shilling, and in which every endeavour has been made to impart an "aspect le plus attrayant et le plus flatteur," closes with the "Bibliothèque de l'Education Maternelle," of which the "Récits de l'oncle Paul" (published at two shillings) is a good example. In each the illustrations are remarkable both for colour and design. The productions of Walter Crane and Kate Greenaway have for some time past been popular in France, and now, as a result, we see "Les Bébés des Jardins de Paris," and other volumes, capitally designed, but undoubtedly inspired by the works of the artists just mentioned.

"THE YEAR'S ART, 1886" (London: J. S. Virtue & Co.).—The seventh volume of this vade mecum for all who have to do with Art is as replete with information as its predecessors. It differs from them in containing a complete list of the members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, supplemental to that of the Royal Academy, Scottish Academy, and Old Water-Colour Society given in previous years. It also finds room for an interesting report of Professor Ball on the Art Museums of the United States.

"CHANTREY'S PEAK SCENERY." By James Croston, F.S.A. (Derby: F. Murray).—We are afraid that were the 'English Phidias' to visit this earth again and step round the annual exhibition of the institution at Burlington House to which he bequeathed, it is said, no less than £100,000, he would hardly have desired that these Derbyshire sketches of his should be submitted to the critical eye of an age which looks at nature in so different a way to that in which his own did. Artist as he was, he would have felt that a system which fettered him with such strict rules of composition, which refused to accept a sketch unless it had the regulation dock-leaves in its foreground, stones in the stream, and sheep in the meadow, all correctly disposed, could not have been the right one. That being so, we fail to understand where the public is to come from which will render the publication of this handsome book a remunerative one. For the contents can neither be recommended for their artistic qualities or as accurate records of the Derbyshire of the past.

"A JOURNAL KEPT BY RICHARD DOYLE IN THE YEAR 1840." With an Introduction by J. Hungerford Pollen (Smith, Elder & Co.).—The reproduction in fac-simile of the MS. journal of a boy of fifteen is an act of hero-worship; yet not too affectionate an act to offer to the memory of the good and gay childhood of Dicky Doyle. It will certainly not seem an extravagance to the appreciators of the true Doyle spirit, for to appreciate Doyle is all is to hold him in singular affection. We are glad to say that the journal is in no way remarkable; writings it shows a mind rather wholesomely [illegible] its years, their promises [illegible] and [illegible] and cleverness [illegible] and [illegible] but no vanity and no affectation. A glimpse of the interior of the Doyle household it is full of charm. The father, celebrated as the HB of political sketches, is never once referred to as their author, for he really cared to keep his secret, and his family respected the wish. But as regards his five boys and two girls, James Doyle had musical and artistic ambitions, and a most felicitous manner of encouragement. The boys held a weekly "show" after the Sunday morning mass, when their drawings—battles, compositions, series of illustrations of English History and of Sir Walter Scott—were offered for the fatherly and family criticism. And in addition to these shows there was a Christmas presentation of drawings to the father, the subject of great thought, long preparation, much hope and misgiving. For James Doyle it was that this most pleasant journal of a boy's life in London was written and illustrated, with its brief and dashing allusions to public events, its delighted descriptions of the opera and of the first Monday in May at the Royal Academy—a longed-for day, its candid rebellion against the dancing master and the dance ("that revolting species of amusement"), its rash spelling, and all the other unmistakable signs of a boy's perfect confidence in his father. The drawings are singularly mature, as the artist's late work was singularly young. In fact, his manner changed little. With a something more of free fun and fancy the illustrations of the journal might have been dated ten or twenty years later.

"SYMBOLS AND EMBLEMS OF EARLY AND MEDIÆVAL CHRISTIAN ART." By Louisa Twining. New Edition (John Murray).—Like Lord Lindsay an old student of religious art, Miss Twining has done well to republish her admirable manual. It holds a place of its own, for it is faithful to the limitations of the title. Those who look in it for the legends of Art will not find them; for this reason, there is very little of the Madonna in the volume, her history being treated in Art literally and not by symbols. Nor has Miss Twining attempted to include those accessories of certain saints, such as St. Catherine's wheel (whence our popular figure in fireworks), St. Barbara's tower, St. Dominic's star, St. Joseph's lily, and the like, which are so useful for the recognition of the personages of a religious picture. For these are not emblems in the parabolic sense in which the Lamb and the Dove are emblems, complete in themselves. Miss Twining has confined herself to the collection of such symbols as those of the Trinity, of the Mysteries of Christ, of death and the soul, the Church and the Sacraments, the Evangelists, Heaven and Hell. Her research has been done at first hand, and her authorities are tabulated at the end, with an excellent index, most of her references being to the very early MSS. that relate to the symbol-loving ages of Christendom. As Art advanced, the practice of emblems declined, and the greater number of the illustrations, which accompany every page of the book, refer to the artistic dark ages succeeding the fall of the Roman Empire. The author has fallen into an error worth pointing out, in confusing Hell and Purgatory. The demure figures in some of her cauldrons are undergoing a temporary affliction, and are not among the "condemned." Representations of Hell are rarer than she thinks. Her explanations are otherwise always much to the point; they are also brief and distinct.

In our review, last month, of Lord Brabourne's "Friends and Foes from Fairyland," it should have been stated that the publishers are Messrs. Longmans.

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FRENCH ART.*

IT is hardly possible to imagine within the limits of the same school a greater contrast than that presented by Jules Breton and Jean Béraud. In one we have the painter of an ideal country life—in the other the keen analyst of city excitement; on the one hand restful contemplation, on the other febrile excitement or its natural outcome. Jules Breton has, however, left far behind him, if ever he had to traverse it, the phase of revolt against life and its burdens. His first two works, exhibited at the Salon in 1849 and the following year, are now as almost completely forgotten as they were at the time neglected. 'Misery and Despair' was the title of the one, 'Hunger' of the other. France was at that moment passing through a period of revolution, and in judging of an artist's work one should endeavour to bear in mind Fromentin's remark, "The art of painting is beyond all others the most indiscreet. It is the unerring testimony of the painter's moral state at the moment he takes up his brush." Acquiescence in a repressive form of government having been obtained, Jules Breton retired to the country, and all his great successes have come from his renderings of country life. Picardy, his native county, and afterwards Brittany, attracted him by their patriarchal ways and simple habits, but of late the Artois has been to him the unfailing source of inspiration which George Mason, with whom he has many points in common, found in the vales of Staffordshire. By education the pupil of Devigne and Drolling, Jules Breton at a very early date associated himself to the school of which J. F. Millet was the leader; and, although striking a softer note, he was admitted on an almost equal footing with his chief as the recognised painter of rustic life. When, however, one considers such a work as the 'Chant d'Alouette,' one cannot but feel the truth of Millet's criticism on his young *confrère*. "Jules Breton peint toujours dans le village des filles qui n'y restent pas." The peasant girl in this is far too pretty, and far too conscious of the beauty of the nature around her. In the treatment of the listening girl, we can trace to what extent M. Jules Breton has thrown aside his early manner, which consisted in indicating in broad lines the outline of the figure, filling in afterwards the colours and details. He now errs, if possible, too much in the other extreme, giving to the roughest peasant a softness of contour and grace of limb which are too often absent in real life. It is, however, in his treatment of landscape that his reputation chiefly rests. No living French artist can, with more truth and poetry, reproduce "the tearful glimmer of the silent dawn," or the soft solemnity of the break of day, ushered in by the skylark's hymn of praise. In another picture, 'Le Dernier Rayon,' we have the more devotional aspect of M. Jules Breton's talent, but in his effort to be simple and harmonious the artist overshoots the mark: and one is made to feel that the cottage, the poplar-trees round the field, and even the dull grey ground sympathize with the old couple watching their little grandchild as she totters to meet her parents on their return from the long day's work. In M. Jules Breton the poetic nature, for he is a poet of no little merit, too often expresses itself with almost literary distinctness in his work, and there seems



Portrait de Mdlle. C. F. By L. Comerre.

* Continued from page 40.

S. MUSEUM

to be constantly before his eyes as he paints his own delicate description:—

"Dans le crépuscule que dore
Un dernier rayon incertain,
Sur l'horizon qui vibre encore,
La brume chaude du lointain."

It is not, therefore, wholly without cause that M. Jules Breton has been classed as a realist poet in painting.

'Les Communiantes,' however, of which a reproduction is here given, marks a more distinctive phase of M. Jules Breton's art, in which he too rarely indulges, and shows that his sympathy with nature in no way weakens his more human feelings. The 'First Communion' in every French village is an important ceremony, marking often the first step in active life for those who have to begin bread-winning betimes. Here the young girl has just stepped out of the procession on its way to the village church, and receives the blessing of her aged grandparents. The old man has almost reached the last stage of a hard life's journey, and has been led out to a seat outside the cottage gate to see his grandchild start upon her road, bright with hope and pure in spirit as in dress. Her grandmother gives her an old woman's blessing. The play of the sunlight on the white dresses of the "communiantes," the delicate gradations of colour, the bright sunlight glinting through the trees and breaking sharp shadows on the ground and walls, are managed with rare skill and truthfulness. It may be recollected that some years ago our own fellow-countryman, Mr. P. R. Morris, who for a time seemed likely to follow the

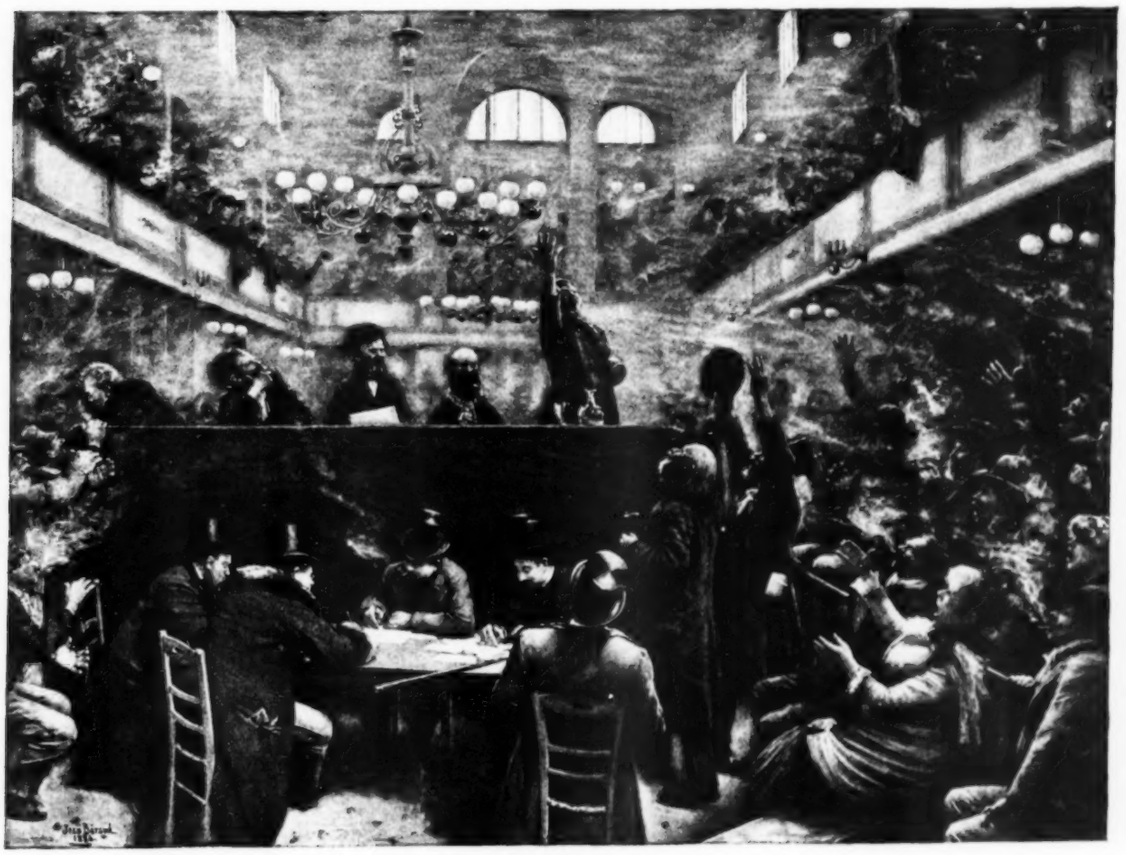


Les Communiantes. By Jules Breton (1884).

footsteps of George Mason, dealt with a similar subject. In his picture the "communiantes" were going in procession across the wet sands, surrounded by sunburnt, weather-beaten sailors and fisher-folk. There was something more than mere cleverness in Mr. P. R. Morris's work—he had grappled boldly, and in some respects not unsuccessfully, with the mass of white muslin which occupied so large a space in his canvas; but it must be admitted that he failed just where M. Jules Breton has succeeded in rendering the lightness—one might say the filminess—of the muslin veil and dresses without the least appearance of monotony. The latter, however, to accomplish this result, has somewhat broken the line by the figure of the mother and her boy, and it may be fairly questioned whether the prominence given in the picture to two figures which are subordinate in its conception is not from the French standpoint somewhat at variance with the canons of Art.

Whatever poetry underlies M. Béraud's talent it is of the tragic sort. In the heat of political strife, in the noise and movement of Paris, in the strongly accentuated contrasts which street life is constantly bringing to the surface, M. Jean Béraud has made his reputation. Ten years ago his 'Return from the Funeral,' clever, hard, and incisive, first attracted attention at the Salon. Since then he has sought inspiration in more realistic scenes—subjects for a brush which he does not scruple to use also as a scalpel. In the 'Brasserie' (1883), we have the first phase of political ardour which enters largely into the Parisian character. Confined to café discussions and debates it is harmless, and in a way

useful, as many a politician who has fought his way to the front rank will testify. The next step—the fatal one—is that which leads the self-conscious orator to haunt political meetings. In the 'Réunion à la Salle Graffard,' here reproduced, and originally exhibited in 1884, M. Béraud shows us a number of these unhappy, overstrung politicians, whose sole bond of union is their hatred of all established law and order, boiling over with the lava of their eloquence, and sweeping away with one hand the rights of property, and with the other the detested and despised *bourgeoisie*. From time to time the paving-stones of the barricade form the theme of their apotheosis, and of this M. Boutet de Monvel, another realist of the same school, furnished a biting satire last year. This work attracted more notice than it perhaps would otherwise have obtained, from the fact that after a few days it was removed from the walls of the Salon in deference to the feelings of those who saw in it an unflattering reference to the Communist rising of 1871. To return, however, for a moment to the Salle Graffard and its smoky, heated atmosphere, nothing is more effective in the composition than the calm indifference of the reporters to the thunderbolts of eloquence which are flying over their heads. They have heard over and over again these regenerators of society pouring out their vials upon the *bourgeoisie*, vindicating the claims of the proletariat, and proclaiming their right to compel, even at the point of the bayonet, all mankind to be brethren. The most fervid appeal to universal love or universal slaughter leaves these journalistic Gallios wholly unmoved. The little



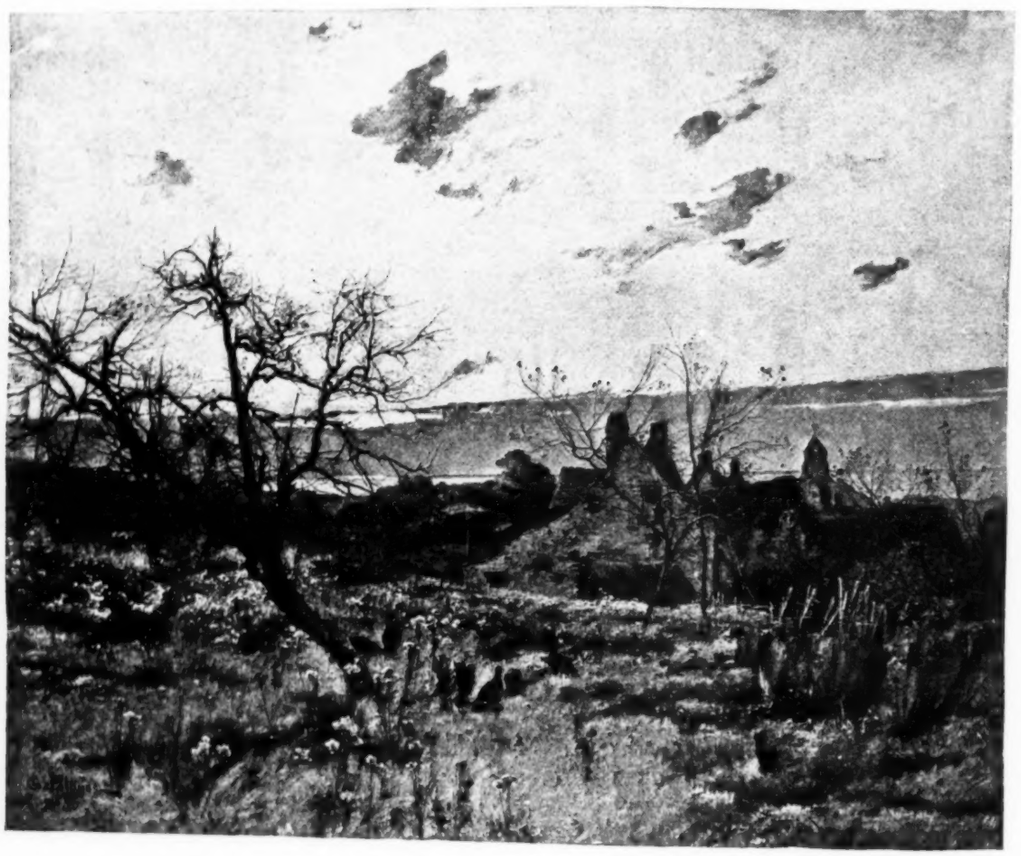
Réunion à la Salle Graffard. By J. Béraud.

talk is an oasis in the howling desert, where every form of raging philanthropist is to be found primed with the last discovered specific for the solution of "La Question Sociale." For some who frequent the Salle Graffard and similar establishments, of which Paris and many other towns possess numerous specimens, the next step is that suggested in M. Boutet de Monvel—but the path to the barricade, like the road to Corinth, is not traversed by every one—and many a one passes from the noisy meetings of his club to the quiet retreat of Charenton, where the State against which he thundered and conspired is content to receive him and to offer him an audience, if he can form one of his fellow-reformers. But in that sad company each one is wholly engrossed by his own illusions, and cannot think of listening to those of others. As a picture M. Béraud's view of the garden within the walls of Charenton is not without a sense of poetry, the soft rich sunlight under the leafy trees speaks of peace and hope to these "nevropathes" of politics which he had previously shown us only by gaslight.

M. Léon Comerre touches a brighter key, and although still young, having been born in 1850, he has already achieved a reputation in the Art world as a careful draftsman and a delicate, though often bold, colourist. A pupil of Cabanel, he carried off the Prix de Rome in 1875, and the same year obtained a medal of the third class at the Salon. He continued for a time to treat history and mythology in the semi-classical method of his master, neither gaining nor losing ground in the opinion of the small public which noticed his

work. His first real success was in 1882, with his 'Etoile,' a marvellous study in pink fleshings and white muslin, representing a figurante resting between her dances. The work had enough merit and originality to make it remarked, and it set imitators to work who showed that if they could not equal M. Comerre in delicacy of touch, they might at all events succeed in attracting notice by extravagance of pose. Two years later his 'Pierrot' in white satin, and his 'Japanese Lady' in red silk, showed M. Comerre to be a skilful master in the art of reproducing subtle refinements and delicate shades of colour without having recourse to the ordinary tricks and expedients so much in vogue amongst his brother artists. In his portrait of Mdlle. C. F. (reproduced on p. 65) one traces the painter's sympathy for the costumed side of life, for although Mdlle. F. wears her blue satin Louis XV. dress and holds herself as coquettishly as any "petite marquise" of that monarch's court, the truthfulness of the portrait is preserved in spite of the first claims which the dress seems to have had upon the painter's care. This work, however, is wanting in the more bold effects of light and shadow displayed on the white satin of that of 'Pierrot,' whilst the sitter did not lend herself to that delicacy of facial expression which distinguished the "character" dancer.

Of the most successful followers in the Vallerina school, of which M. Comerre may be said to be the recognised chief, if not the originator, M. Pelez is by far the most distinguished. His picture, 'La Misère à l'Opéra,' representing three orphan young girls emerging into their butterfly ballet costume, whilst



Le Soir. By M. Pelouse.

around them were lying their ordinary dresses, was as powerful a bit of realistic painting as was to be seen in last year's Salon. 'La Danseuse' of M. Berthier and M. Chairin's portrait of Mdlle. Lucchi caught these sylphs in gauzy costume in the full exercise of their art. The latter, especially, deserved notice from its vigorous treatment of the lines of the body, showing that the artist, in spite of his acquiescence in contemporary taste, was fully alive to the dormant claim of classic art, and would, had he courage to lead public taste instead of consenting to follow it, be a powerful ally in the event of a revulsion of taste against *les draperies de Paris*.

The remaining work reproduced on this occasion is M. Pelouse's 'Le Soir,' a work which perhaps causes more surprise than admiration. The qualities are excellent, the idea poetic, and the scene so truthful that every one can say that he has seen it in real nature. But it is with M. Pelouse as with Guillemet—another of Jules Breton's pupils—and many of the new school of landscape painters. They have skill, power, and perception; they reproduce what they see with dexterous exactness, but they are wanting in the higher qualities of a true master; they would succeed admirably as photographers were science suddenly to fail to provide operators in that branch with the necessary apparatus, but as interpreters of the unseen beauties of nature and as revealers of her secrets, they are only French varieties of a cosmopolitan type.

LIONEL G. ROBINSON.

THE DOURO AND ITS BOATS.

IT has been observed that the form and proportions of sea-going vessels in all parts of the world vary but slightly within certain limits. Stability, flotation, and the power of progression are necessary attributes, and go to limit closely the form of the vessel. The Norseman crossed the German Ocean to invade England in craft whose hulls differed in little but size from those in which calico and ironware are carried back now by his descendants across the same northern sea. It is only when we come to river navigation that we can afford to sacrifice any one of the three attributes already mentioned, that we obtain any marked variation of hull form. Let us, for instance, nearly give up stability and flotation in favour of more rapid progression, and we get the single sculling outrigger; on giving up something of the latter quality, let us seek for excess of stability and floating power, and we have the barge and the lighter.

Having crossed the bar of the river Douro, the observant traveller cannot fail to be struck by the singular variations of boat form which occur in the three miles of river water before reaching the city of Oporto. These variations are due not only to the particular kind of navigation required, but also to the character of the Douro itself. Few navigable rivers in the world have a current which changes so often and so suddenly. Its source is in Spain, where it begins as a mountain torrent; farther on it becomes an impetuous rushing stream in a rocky trough, of enormous force and volume and rapidity; anon it broadens into a shallow lagoon, bordered by reedy marshes, where the heron's image is reflected as in a mirror

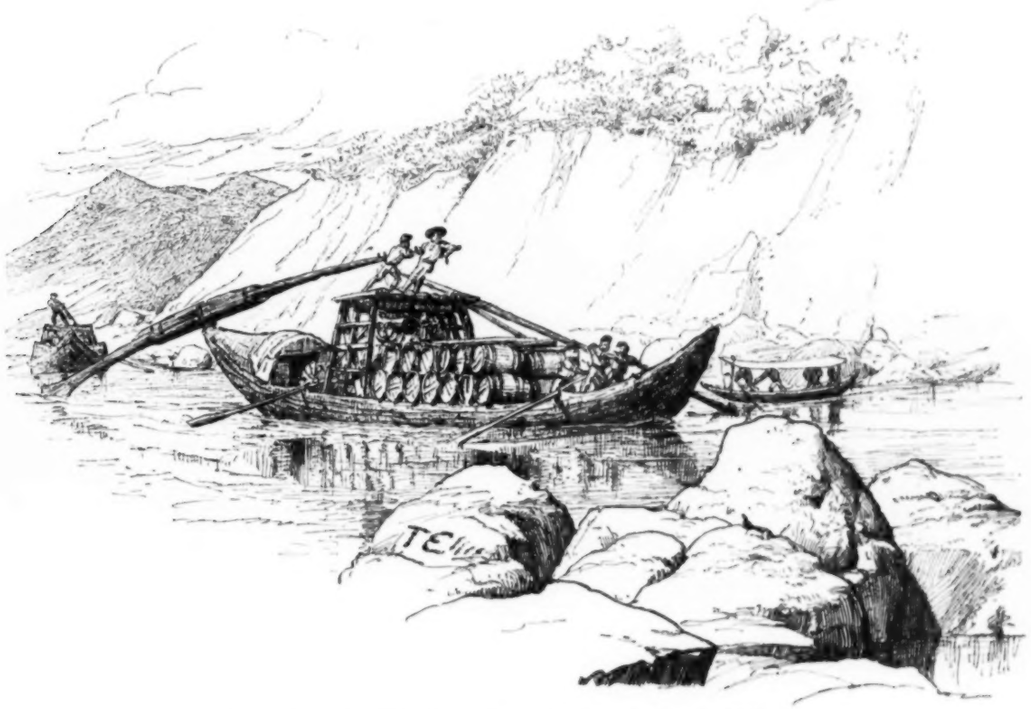


Fig. 1.—Wine-boats on the Upper Douro. Drawn by Tristram Ellis.

on the calm surface. When it reaches Portugal its course is marked in places by dangerous rapids, but for the most part it is a broad deep stream flowing through rich pastoral valleys, almost always possessing a certain current force, and many eddies, whirlpools, and backwaters, but on the whole fairly navigable.

On a stream having such vicissitudes, as it were, from the time of its birth in the distant mountains of Leon to its tumultuous ending at the formidable bar where it meets the sea on the coast of Portugal, it is easily seen that the boats must be as varied as the conditions of navigation to which they must adapt themselves. The main traffic is in port-wine, brought down stream about sixty miles from the district on the banks of the Douro where it is produced. The boats employed to convey the wine have not only to travel over these sixty miles of a very swift river, with many rapids, many awkward turns and twists, amid dangerous rocks and sunken reefs, many long stretches of shoal water where the sandy bottom changes its depth with every flood; but they have to reverse the process, and must be so contrived as to return empty up stream with as little labour and friction as may be. This problem has been solved, and the result, known as the Douro wine boat, is shown in our first illustration (Fig. 1). A more extraordinary-looking craft cannot be found anywhere else in Europe. The hull for a 50-pipe* boat is about

* A pipe holds about 115 gallons of port-wine.



Fig. 2.—Sailing before the Wind. Wine-boats at Oporto. Drawn by Tristram Ellis.

70 feet long, and about 15 feet in the beam. It tapers towards both ends, but the broadest part is rather behind the middle. The rudder consists of a kind of long fixed oar balanced on the tip of the high stern. In length the oar-rudder is quite two-thirds that of the boat. It is worked from a high platform, placed about one-third of the boat's length from the stern. On this platform one or several men stand and work the rudder, according as to whether the steering is easy or difficult. When a very rapid twist has to be given to the boat, it is worked like an oar, being lifted out of water between each stroke, and the boat, having no keel, spins round with a very few strokes. This rudder is made of several bits of wood—from four to six pieces—lashed together, for a single piece that is strong enough cannot easily be found in the upper reaches of the river, where the boats are built. One end tapers to the handles, which are a mere row of pegs sticking up vertically. The other end terminates in a broad, square-shaped, upright blade, that readily takes a firm grip of the water.

For a short distance from the stern the boat is covered in with a curved roof, and the cabin so made contains stores and cooking utensils, and may even be used at a pinch for sleeping in. The men, however, except in the very worst weather, prefer to sleep on the deck outside, covered with blankets and sails. There is a short space of deck between this house and the platform, and on this deck two rowers stand to work the long sweeps that propel the boat. Under the platform there is a beam across the vessel on which ropes and sails and odds and ends are hung on pegs and nails. In front of this the ship is without a deck for some distance, and here the pipes are stored. The fore part is partially decked again, for the men to stand upon in working the foreward sweeps. Thus all the great weight is in the middle, and that contributes to make the ship answer the helm very readily. The men row standing, and as the boat comes slowly towards us, we often hear above the click of the oars and the creaking and groaning of the heavy helm upon its clumsy pin, the weird, long-drawn, Arab-like song of the rowers. Sometimes these songs are sad, sometimes comic, interrupted by the laughter of the listeners; but they are always wild. As they come closer, we see that there are two men to each oar, and they give short, sharp, quick strokes, with a slow return. This is contrary to the English mode, but they prefer it themselves, and can row many hours at a stretch without fatigue. A great deal of power is lost, as the oar bends with the sudden push, and springs back again as the men come to the end of their stroke. They always feather as they row. Our first illustration shows a boat holding about thirty-five pipes, in one of the upper reaches of the river, where the banks are rocky. In these parts there is scarcely any natural vegetation. The sides of the hills are covered with the vine only, and in spite of their green foliage the hills have a most desolate aspect. The second boat, with an awning, shown in Fig. 1, is used for the conveyance of passengers.

The largest of the Douro boats are constructed to hold eighty pipes of wine. These larger craft can navigate the whole length of the river up to the Spanish frontier, but only when the water is high. During drought, or in the rainless autumn, the river becomes so low that nothing larger than a twenty-five pipe boat can pass, and even these have to be partially unloaded at the shallows. The hull of the boat is made of a number of small planks roughly nailed to the frame, with the joints often gaping, and filled in with rubbish of all kinds—bits of wood, cork, rope, etc., and the whole well pitched over. With some of the poorer craft it seems a wonder that they continue to float; they are always leaking, and being constantly baled out.

The wind is nearly always either up or down the Douro, as with most rivers that lie in a valley. Luckily the wind is often against the current, so the boats that have floated down with their cargo can sail up again. A very beautiful sight it is to see a fleet of Douro wine-boats that have been toiling slowly up stream, when a westerly breeze suddenly springs up (Fig. 2). One after another the huge white sails are spread, and in a few minutes the whole fleet is sailing merrily against the current, each vessel throwing up a sepa-



Fig. 3.—A Passenger-boat of the Douro. Drawn by Tristram Ellis.

rate wave of white foam at its prow. The sails are enormous, square in shape, with a yard at the top; thus they are only made for a wind coming directly astern, as the flat-bottomed boats without a keel do not permit either of tacking or of sailing within points of the wind, or of any other nautical manœuvres.

The lower part of the sail is cut in a huge curve, to enable the steersman on his platform to see ahead. In the background of the sketch is the town of Oporto, with the new road bridge at present building, almost on the site of the old suspension bridge that connects the two parts of the town on opposite banks. To the right hand (the south part) the port-wine stores, or "lodges," as they are called, are situated; on the left (or north part) lies the town proper. The bridge is a high-level one, with a low-level road also slung beneath the arch, and will probably be completed this year. The design is a huge iron arch that crosses the river in a single span, and it is being erected without scaffolding by means of wire ropes, which form a sort of suspension bridge above, from which the different pieces are lowered to their places.

It is remarkable that though the wine boats are rowed exclusively by men, many other river boats are managed entirely by women and girls. Small, light, flat-bottomed boats, used as ferry-boats, or for passengers going up and down the river, or for carrying market produce, are not only worked, but often owned, by women. With white awnings spread over the heads of the passengers in hot weather, these boats are picturesque objects seen from the high shore, as they flit about on the deep green water of the Douro where it flows through the town. The boat girls always push the oar instead of pulling it. They seem incapable of fatigue, they are buxom and not ill-favoured, and they wear the becoming Portuguese costume. When they desire smartness, as on market-days, the correct number of petticoats is fourteen, many old and of thick material. These stick out all round in a manner rather perhaps curious than pleasing, and the effect is further heightened by a form of padding that goes all the way round just below the waist. This heavy costume is completed by a sort of bodice, usually made of stout linen covered with some bright-coloured material, laced up the front and tight-fitting. It stops short about an inch above the waist, and the white under-shirt bulges out all round. This sort of white shirt, with large loose sleeves, is a real and most effective work of Art. Round the neck and on the shoulders it is caught into numerous gageings, and some fine needlework is inserted in front; over this a handkerchief is crossed. Another handkerchief is put on the head, on the top of which is placed a round felt pork-pie hat (Fig. 4). The bright silk handkerchief and the black hat are the objects on which all the rustic wealth is lavished. The hat is trimmed with velvet, and between the brim and crown is a row of little black silk tufts. A hat is made to last two years amongst the well-to-do peasants. Its construction is very solid, the felt being nearly a quarter of an inch thick, heavy, and hot. These picturesque Portuguese costumes can be seen at their best in the numerous rowing boats that come down the Douro to Oporto on market-days. The women then put on all their jewellery, fine gold ornaments that have descended from mother to daughter for generations. A large gold heart, from an inch and a-half to six inches in length, and finely wrought, is one of the oldest forms of these ornaments. The heart is suspended to a string of gold beads, light, and well wrought on their surface with a design of clearly Moorish origin. The beads also are heirlooms, and some lucky individuals have as many as twenty rows, each strung on common string. Crosses of filigree work of ancient design are also worn, together with modern cheap lockets of poor German gold.



Fig. 4.—Sisters of the Oar.

In gay procession the lines of boats come down the river on Tuesdays and Fridays, the two market-days, the women singing and laughing and rowing with a will in their best costumes. In the early morning it is often cold and misty on the river, and many women passengers, sitting still, wear short black jackets, forming a contrast and throwing out the gay colours worn by the girls who are rowing. They use a sharp short stroke, into which they throw all their energy, and put the boat forward with a wonderful rapidity, and often a great deal of splashing.

In the background of Fig. 3 is the well-known Maria Pia, or railway viaduct that crosses the Douro with a single arch near Oporto. It is the largest railway arch in existence, being 525 feet in clear span. It traverses the entrance of a rocky gorge that after three-quarters of a mile suddenly opens out into the basin where Oporto is situated. It is on the site of the celebrated battle of the Douro.

On the wooded banks above Oporto there are villages whose inhabitants are as much employed in deep-sea fishing as those that live in the villages on the coast; and, therefore, regular fishing-boats often pass up and down from them past Oporto to and from the sea. They nearly always look new, for from four to five years is the usual life of such a boat, and after that time they are sold by the fishermen to watermen of the river. The joints are calked and tarred, and quaint sentences painted in tar upon the bare boards at the sides. The shape of the boat is like a Deal fishing-smack, but of much rougher construction (Fig. 5).

Our sketch shows one of these "Valbouro" sea boats—so

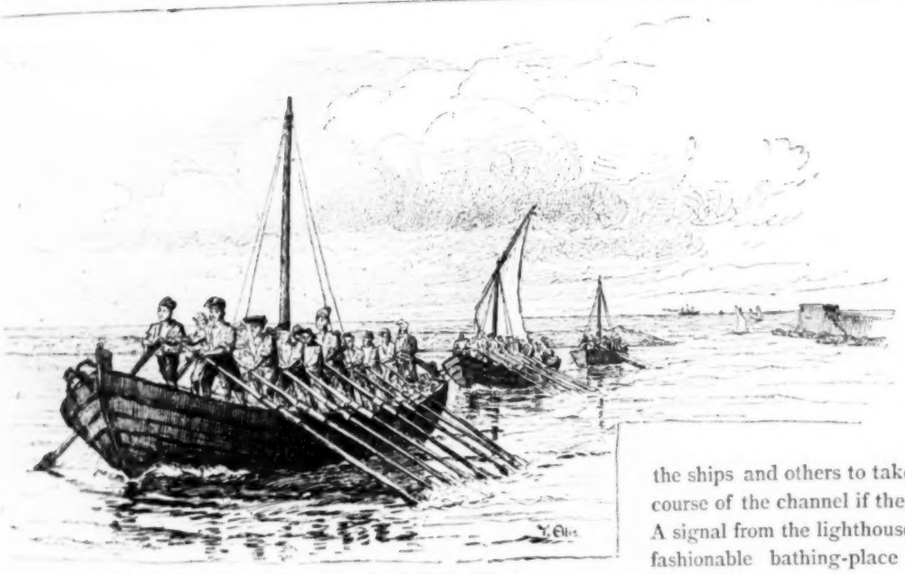


Fig. 5.—The Return from Fishing off the Douro Mouth. Drawn by Tristram Ellis.

called from their all hailing from the picturesque up-river village of Valbour—on its passage from the sea. On these occasions the whole of the crew stand on the thwarts, perhaps two dozen rowers pushing their sweeps in perfect time. One can often hear the click of the oars against the thole-pins when the boat is far off and still invisible round a bend in the river. The men are a fine stalwart set, and remarkably English in type though darker in colour. In wet weather they wear oilskin hats, jackets and trousers, entirely English in cut, but in fine warm weather their bright sashes and knitted caps give a gay buccaneer look that is quite foreign to our fishermen.

The passage of the bar by such frail craft is always an exciting moment; the opening is very narrow, barely 150 feet at low tide, and not much over double that at high tide. The river spreads out very much towards the mouth till it is a mile in breadth, and a sand bar stretches right across ten feet above high-water mark (shown in the background of Fig. 6), with the narrow opening at the north-east end. Outside a long white line of surf is visible even in calm weather, broken only by the deep water at the opening. Inside all is calm, and only a few wavelets pass the opening and expend themselves against the jetty at the north side (Fig. 6). During the winter for days and even weeks at a time, the bar is covered by long unbroken lines of foaming breakers, one behind the other, for a considerable distance out to sea. Ships bound for Oporto cannot enter, and must lie to outside until the weather abates or they run to shelter at Lisbon, Vigo, or other ports.

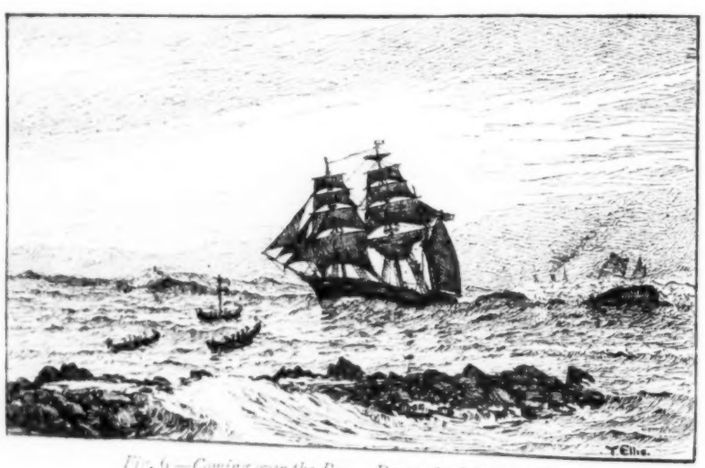


Fig. 6.—Coming over the Bar. Drawn by Tristram Ellis.

An average of three steamers and four sailing ships, mostly British, come into Oporto every day; and, after a continuance of rough weather, many vessels are sure to be tossing about outside the harbour. When the waves have ceased to break over the deeper part opposite the opening in the bar, a crowd of pilot-boats and steam-tugs go out, some to the ships and others to take fresh soundings of the course of the channel if the storm has been severe. A signal from the lighthouse at Foz, the village and fashionable bathing-place at the mouth of the Douro, gives notice of the departure of the pilots, and not till then do the ships make towards shore.

The coast of Portugal is defended from invasion by forts of castellated form set along the shores wherever a landing might seem convenient, or where an important point had to be protected. Most of these strong places date from before the introduction of gunpowder, and were afterwards restored and received their present extremely picturesque form long before guns and gunnery practice had attained modern perfection. One of the largest and strongest is the castle at Foz, at the entrance to the river Douro. It is in such an important position that at one time it mounted at least fifty guns, though probably little more than toys, if we judge by the size of the embrasures. A curious old custom is still kept up of firing at vessels which try to pass the bar without a pilot or when the red flag is not flying at the fort. Luckily blank cartridges are used in modern times. The first gun is fired when the vessel is outside the bar, and if it at once turns and gives up its attempt to get in, it is fined only a small sum. However, if it continues its efforts, the gun is loaded and fired again and again as quickly as possible during its passage, and for every discharge another fine is imposed on the ship. A skilfully handled ship escapes without heavy fines, but a badly managed vessel has to pay dearly; or, in other words, the greater the danger they have risked the greater the fine demanded in punishment.

It is very interesting to see the ships come in, and there are always a number of spectators standing on the jetty that protects the northern side of the entrance channel.

For each ship at least two pilot boats go out, rowed by ten

or twelve men, and furnished with a large and heavy anchor. Another boat, with a flag on a tall pole, also rows out, and remains stationary over the deepest part of the channel; the ship then steers straight for this flag, as the sailors can hardly tell where the passage may be without it to guide them, for it is extremely difficult to tell from outside where the waves may or may not be breaking. When the ship has passed the flag boat, the other two pilot boats hook on to ropes flung from the bows, one on each side. The entrance is always made when the tide is rising and there is a current inward. This time is chosen for two reasons: first, for the sake of the current; and, secondly, because if by any chance the boat ran on shore, the rising tide would help to get it off. The most critical moment is when an unusually large wave strikes the stem of the ship and twists it round, so that it runs on shore and gets wrecked. This is the dreaded end of very many of the sailing ships that work this traffic. The ship's course is often altered by a small wave striking her, and then every nerve is strained to get her back again into position. The large anchors of the pilot boats are thrown out and attached to the ship, to prevent her from drifting; both pilot boats go round to the same side, and any other that happens to be near comes to the rescue. Fortunately these strenuous efforts are generally successful, and the ship is brought back to her bearings and rides safely into the smooth waters of the haven. TRISTRAM ELLIS.

CUIR-BOUILLI, OR STAMPED LEATHER-WORK.



THE leather-work which I intend to describe is very different from the manufacture of flowers and fruit from scraps, generally applied to picture frames, and on which several works have been written. The kind now in question belongs to what is known as *cuir-bouilli*, or boiled leather. When this material (leather) is steeped in water, hot or cold, according to its thickness or hardness, it becomes so soft that it may be moulded or worked in the mass, or stamped in sheets. When dry it will be as hard as wood. This hardness may be greatly increased by dissolving alum, and, to a lesser degree, salt in the water. It can also be stiffened with size-fluids or varnish. Hammered or subjected to pressure, it will become so hard that helmets and cuirasses may be made of it.

Sheet leather stamped in patterns, plain or coloured, is used to cover the seats and backs of chairs, tables, the panels of doors, dados, boxes, books, albums; in short, any flat surfaces which require ornament. It is of all the minor arts perhaps the easiest and most profitable in proportion to the time, labour, and expense involved. The material to be used by a beginner is the leather known as *basil*, or russet. A good skin, costing about four shillings, will do for a beginning. There is *skiver*, or split sheep-skin (much thinner and cheaper) which is used for certain work, thick russet and thin sole leather (much more expensive) for more advanced artists; also scrap-leather and waste, all of which have their uses. In selecting skins, pick out with great care those without holes, flaws, or discolourations, since a trifling defect will greatly injure any but the coarsest work.

TOOLS.—All bookbinders' tools are useful in sheet leather-work, but for beginners, who cannot incur great expense, a few simple ones may suffice. I have seen a very pretty piece of work executed with only a pointed paper-knife and a stamp made from a piece of kindling wood. But for regular cutting and stamping the following are indispensable:—Firstly, wheels for outlining. These should be made to order for half-a-crown; one the size of a silver twopenny piece but of brass, and set in a handle.



This is used to mark out small curves in a pattern. Add to this another the size of a sixpence. The edge of the wheel should not be quite flat, but slightly rounded, though this is a matter of minor importance. The pupil may obtain at shoemakers' furnishing shops for a shilling what are called *dot-wheels*. These are wheels with very fine, dull saw teeth. When run along on a piece of wood or leather they make a dotted line ..... These correspond precisely to the *border tool* of repoussé work, just as the smooth-edged wheel does to the *tracer*. At the same shop one can also buy what are known as flower tools. These are wheels, also sold for a shilling, with edges of different widths on which very narrow ornamental patterns are cut. These are useful borders. The next "indispensable" is an ivory or horn paper-knife. The best I have ever known was an American article made of gutta-percha, and in this shape—



When a mistake has been made in a pattern, all that one has to do to correct it, is to smooth it over with the blade of a paper-knife, and then with the fingers, alternately, till it disappears. So long as the leather is not cut through, the worst errors may be corrected. Even if pierced it may be mended by applying a piece of "skiver" with a little thin glue, and smoothing it in. When the smoother has a point at one end, and a rounded handle, the latter may be sharpened to a dull edge. With this single tool one can both outline and smooth. The next tool is the *stamp* or *mat*; used for indenting or roughening the ground between the outline of the patterns. This is almost identical with the *mat* used

for the same purpose in sheet-metal work and wood-carving. That for leather-work should be, however, large, where broad spaces are to be stamped, and with a point to enter small places in an ornament. One which will produce or print a surface exactly resembling very rough morocco will be the best for a beginner. But anything which will stamp, indent, or roughen the ground may be used.



These stamps may be made of any shape suitable to entering the curves, corners, or recesses of a pattern. Wood-carvers' punches, which are made of different kinds, costing sixpence each, are suitable for the work. These tools, with compasses, a hammer, ruler, scissors, and a pencil, will suffice to begin with.

Draw a pattern, say of twelve inches by twelve, leaving always a margin of from two to four inches or more. This is indispensable, for in making up all of this is frequently required. For a beginner, the design should be entirely in outline with no *inside lines*, such as are required by feathers in a bird, fins in a fish, etc. Neither should a leaf lap or lie upon a leaf or stem if it can be avoided. Shun all "picture-making" details. Draw the pattern on thin but tough paper. There is a kind of cheap note paper called Parchment Bank paper which is perfectly adapted to the purpose. Then shape the leather, and soak it for a quarter of an hour in hot, luke-warm, or cold water. The harder and thicker the leather, the longer it must be soaked, and the hotter the water must be. One can experiment with waste bits to ascertain the proper degree of softness. Then get a board; a bread or kneading board or drawing board made in three pieces is best, since it will not warp when wet. Wring the leather out, or dry it between towels, lay it on the board and tack it down with drawing pins or tacks to the edges. Do not draw it *very* tight, nor let it be at all loose. Wipe it dry again, lay the paper on it, and mark the pattern through on the leather with a wheel, a smooth agate, or an ivory point. A tracer with a point like a screw-driver may also be used for this, as well as for cutting on the leather. When it is all marked out remove the paper.



A Chair Back. Drawn by C. G. Leland.

Now take a wheel, say the one the size of sixpence, and outline the pattern with a firm pressure on the lines at first marked. Do this with great care and neatness. The simpler and easier the pattern the more accurately you can wheel. (Nine times out of ten this is done at first carelessly.) Then take the stamp and hammer and indent all the ground. This will pull the outline away, therefore keep renewing it with the wheel as you go on. If there are any very small enclosed surfaces into which the stamp cannot go then take the ivory, bone, or agate point, and dot it rough or ragged with that. Finish with "tooling" the whole with the dot-wheel. When all is done let it dry gradually. If you know how to gild, *i.e.* to apply gold-leaf, you can improve your outline very much by gilding, and then go over it with the same wheel, when it will be all over in gold dots. To learn how to do this it would be worth while to take a lesson or two from a bookbinder.

When the work is dry draw the tacks, fit it to a seasoned deal or other board, and tack it down again; this time more carefully. It will look something like a carved wood panel, but has a character of its own. It will soon grow dark, and will, if the leather be hard and good, last for centuries, even as the seat of a chair. If it has been soiled or stained during working, it may be cleaned with a weak solution of oxalic acid and water. This is a strong poison, and great care should be taken, if the fingers or hand are scratched or have sores, that none of it gets into a wound.

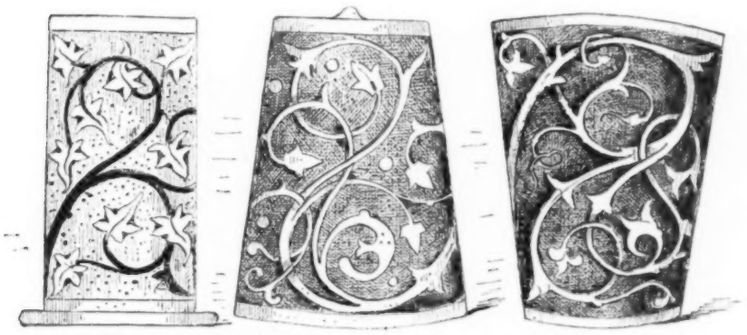


Flaque, or Lid of a Box. Drawn by C. G. Leland.

A black pattern on brown looks well. To make one, paint the pattern with ink, india-ink, or any black paint. Then cover it with two or three coats of flexible or "ebonizing" varnish. Or use any good dyes, brown or red, or even paint. On leather, as on wood or plaster-of-Paris, it makes a great difference whether paint is applied with a brush in coats or rubbed in with fingers or a sponge. *Glitterine* paint, which has a metallic lustre, is also applicable.

It does not require more than a few days' practice to learn to cut incised or intaglio patterns with two or three gouges in a panel. For this, beech-wood, or pear or apple, is quite

suitable. When the mould is cut, press the soft leather into it with the fingers and a sponge. If the relief is very deep, fill up the hollows on the back with putty, or soft leather or paper pulp, mixed carefully with glue. Then paste over all with glue-paste a sheet of skiver (cheap thin leather) or two or three coats of strong paper. Then go over the face with the stamps and



Tankards covered with Sheet Leather and Worked. Drawn by C. G. Leland.

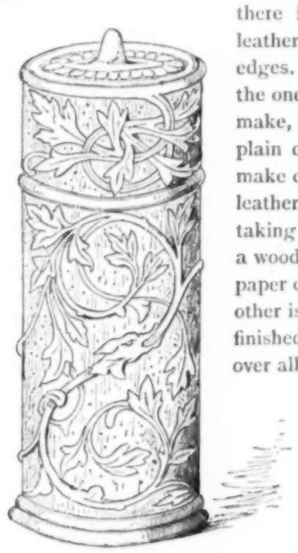
wheels. Where a great number of the same panels or plaques are wanted, this method of painting the outlines will save much time. A row of leather disks or plaques, hung around a room, just below the ceiling, or a series of square panels, makes an attractive frieze. Leather may be very well cast in plaster moulds. They should be well oiled and warmed and rubbed some time before using them. In moulding always use a sponge, or a pad of raw cotton, or a piece of muslin, to aid the fingers, and occasionally a stick pointed or rounded to suit the hollows.

Leather may be so much softened as to admit of working almost like clay. It can be boiled till it is a mere pulp, which, however, if pressed, will, when dried, become as hard as mahogany. Therefore it is easy to work sheets or pieces into high relief. Take a board, and cut out from wood, or make from cardboard or *papier mâché*, any ornaments in relief. Fasten them to the board with glue or pins. If a soft damp sheet of leather be now laid on these, and carefully pressed down and worked into all the cavities with fingers and a point, it will of course look as if it had been moulded. In doing this you will soon find that the leather, however soft, draws out of place, that is to say, while pressing it into one spot you pull it from others. To avoid this, lay the sheet rather loosely on the board and press with the palm and fingers broadly over all. Two broad stiff brushes may be so used, one in each hand, as to set the leather. Scrubbing brushes can be applied to this purpose. If the leather dries while working it, moisten it with a sponge. If you cannot finish the whole at one sitting, let it dry, and moisten at the second working with the sponge, which should be perfectly clean. An excellent way of making the patterns is to fret-saw them out of thin board. If a higher relief is wanted in certain places, glue wood on to these and shape it. Round all the edges a little, or bevel them with a fine file and sand-paper. This will make the leather much easier to press down, and improve the general appearance of the work. Remember that almost anything in relief can be cast in plaster.

Wheels or cylinders may be made from the dot-wheel in size up to an inch or more in width, and so on up to any size. Thus an ordinary cook's rolling-pin may be incised and used to stamp large surfaces. These are specially useful to cover a ground with diaper pattern. The spaces for the larger pattern may be smoothed with the horn knife and re-worked. In making covers for books and albums, where broad borders are very much used, several cylinders set in handles will be useful. If you have a book in an ordinary plain strong binding, cut with care a piece of leather which will exactly fit and cover it, fastening it on with strong mucilage. That made of dextrine is the strongest and cheapest. When the book is thus re-covered, damp the outside carefully, and work it according to the directions previously given. Strong, vigorous, original handwork of this kind is far preferable, to any person of taste, to the mere machine-work of ordinary binding, however "elegant" it may be.

If the artist will now take a piece of thick russet-calf, wet it well, wipe it dry, and then draw on it any picture, he will find that with a tracer which has a point like a small screw-driver, and another with one like that of an oyster-knife, it is perfectly possible to indent the picture perfectly. The process is something like modelling in clay. It will very soon be found that while it is easy to stamp or press a line on damp leather, it would be difficult without practice to *draw* lines on it with a pointed implement, on account of the fibre, which would "catch" and "pull," and produce either a ragged line or else an imperfectly marked uneven one. A wheel acts by even pressure, therefore, in working with a point, the iron must be perfectly smooth.

Patterns may be cut from very thin leather of any colour, such as is sold to bookbinders. Paste these on to the brown ground of the basil, and then tool or wheel the edges very carefully. This is called, by bookbinders, mosaic. To do this perfectly, it is advisable to take lessons from a binder. To be perfect the edges should be gilt. In Russia and the East there is much of this variegated leather-work made by sewing the edges. "German chain stitch" is the one adapted to such work. To make, let us say, a tankard, take a plain one of glass or tin, or else make one of *papier mâché* or waste leather. This latter is effected by taking a common glass tankard, or a wooden or glass cylinder. Paste paper or leather scraps on it till another is made on the first, and when finished paste a sheet of basil neatly over all, and work a pattern on it. Make the bottom with a disc of wood or sole-leather.



Cylinder Box, of Strong Cardboard covered with Leather. Drawn by C. G. Leland.

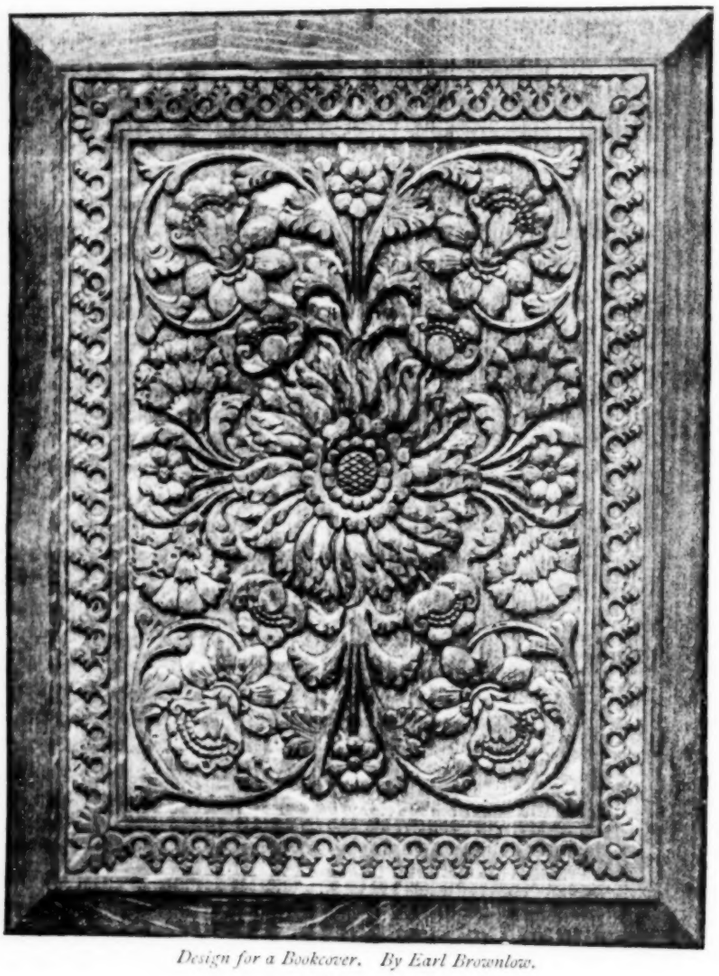
Papier mâché is made by simply pasting one sheet of soft common paper over another. Any object can thus be covered with it, let us say, to the thickness of half-an-inch. Cut it away by slits, and reunite it with slips of paper and paste. Then cover this, which is called the *core*, with leather, and work it as required. Bookbinders' waste consists of scraps of thin leather of all kinds. This, or shoemakers' clippings,

can be steeped in hot water till it is a very soft pulp, and used for cores. When it is all of one colour, such waste can be made into sheets with paste, and worked up into anything for which a very fine surface is not required, as, for instance, borders for a frieze. Any flat sheet of stamped leather, as, for instance, a panel, may be worked flat, and then pasted on a cylinder or tankard, or a round box for music. Such boxes were very commonly made in Italy of *cuir-bouilli* to keep deeds, charters, etc.

The following articles may be made of softened leather. I. *Bowls* and *Cups*, to be made on any bowl. II. *Plates* or *Plaques*. III. *Shields* and *Quivers*. IV. *Horns* to be hung with cords and tassels. V. *Shot Flask* or *Drinking Flask*. VI. *Helmets* or *Morions*. May be modelled on a bowl. VII. *Boxes, Shrines*, or *Caskets*. VIII. *Small Boats* or *Canoes*. IX. *Bonbonnières* may be made in the shape of cylinders, canes, horns with lids, vases, barrels, cocoa-nuts, ostrich shells (of white parchment), fruits, shells, books, fish, animals, boots, shoes, cups, houses, hats, or covered baskets. Any ordinary basket may be covered with leather, which should be thin and pressed deeply into the interstices. Any plate, saucer, box, or boat fitted with a handle becomes a basket. X. *Panels*, useful for many purposes. XI. *Tankards*. XII. *Cigar Cases* and *Caskets*. XIII. *Brackets*.

Any shoemaker will tell the applicant where a general dealer in leather or one who sells tools may be found. From the latter one can obtain dot-wheels costing about a shilling a-piece. Any smith or jeweller can take the wheels from these handles and adapt to them others with smooth edges. With a little practice the beginner will find it perfectly easy to trace the patterns and do the wheeling with a tracer or a pointed very dull-edged knife. For this purpose a common oyster-knife may be used. Grind it down till it is very dull yet still keeping a point, and smooth it with a file and fine sand-paper. A common skewer, also smoothed and dulled, will be found very useful. Small chisels and ordinary gouges, also made dull and smooth, are useful in many cases. The true artist, who would produce work like that of the Middle Ages, must do as all workmen did then, and learn how to get the utmost out of every tool. I have been astonished, in studying Burgundian carved panels of the fourteenth century and Italian *cuir-bouilli*, to find how very few tools were used; but how much the artists who used them got out of them! At present there is a tendency to have an inconceivable number of tools (I once knew a brass-worker who had 2,500 mats and tracers), but there are few who really know what can be done with one. For, to make the most of a small outfit stimulates ingenuity, and ingenuity is the genius of the minor arts, which, unlike the higher arts, have their limits.

The pupil, if at all ingenious, will soon find that almost any ordinary outline picture can be drawn with the point or wheel and knife, on the damp leather. It is best to take this just as it is beginning to harden, for when freshly wet it will not retain fine lines. Draw, let us say, a head or a nude human figure, or an animal, with as few inside lines as possible, in outline. Having done this, smooth down the leather a little outside the outline, and then go over the lines and make them a little deeper. Do this with an ivory or horn paper-knife—iron *worked flat* is apt to colour the leather. Then just as one draws lines to shade in relief, draw them with the edge of the knife, instead of stamping with a mat. Very beautiful pictured effects may thus be produced.



Design for a Bookcover. By Earl Brownlow.

When the leather is quite dry the wheel or tracer or knife may be heated and drawn along in the groove of the outline. This will slightly scorch the leather and make a brown mark. It is in this way that bookbinders make the beautiful brown ornaments on ordinary leather. They heat a brass stamp, on which an ornament is engraved, and then *brand* the surface. Of course this requires some previous practice on waste leather. And here I must observe that beginners all appear to have a great antipathy to making experiments, or practising merely to acquire skill. Instead of scorching these lines they may be painted of a rich umber-brown or black colour, with a finely-pointed brush and dye, or even in water colours. Dyes of all kinds may be bought for sixpence a packet. These are in the form of powder, and are guaranteed

when put into boiling water to make half a gallon of dye for silk. For ordinary Art-work I have found that instead of half a gallon one should take about half a pint. Very good inks, including a real scarlet, may be made in this way.

It may be observed that the working of pictures in low relief on a surface of really good leather, which must be of the more expensive kind, is quite an art by itself, and not imitative of any other. Here we begin on "Vienna-work." There are several different branches of the art, which may be generally classed as *cuir-bouilli*, and by far the easiest of all is bookbinding and Vienna leather-work. A set of tools for the latter may be had from Germany for thirty shillings. The last-named is very beautiful, but there is often in it a tendency to over-work, or to what may be called "filigree," and to produce results which will not bear handling. In *cuir-bouilli* everything should be as durable as a book-cover, which of course is destined to be in continual contact with hands. Even the most delicate pictures should be such as might be put on book or album covers.

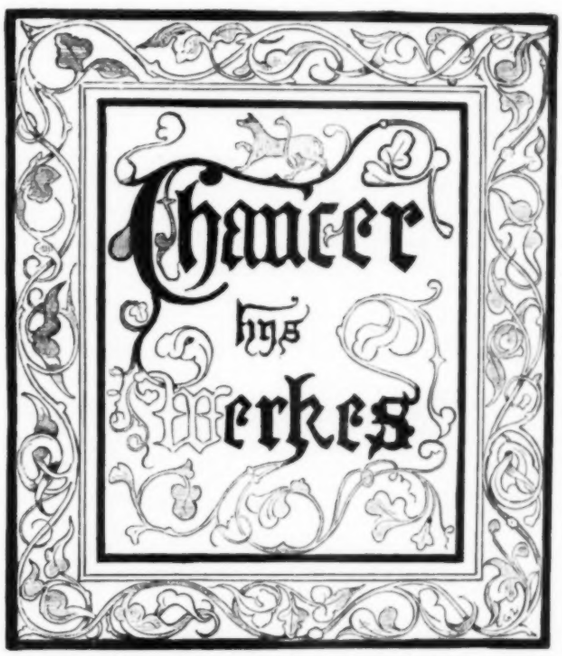
The reader may bear it in mind that where a tolerably high relief is required, he may begin by laying two or three *couches* or beds of cheap leather, wet, one on another. This may be made of bookbinder's waste, or even of soft newspapers and paste, or the two mixed. When a paste is made with paper and glue and plaster-of-Paris it is called *carton-pierre*. Roll this underbed well with a common bread-roller, and then the outside sheet, or it will be too soft.

Any book which is strongly bound may be neatly covered with skiver or thin leather, to be glued or pasted on. Then, after carefully damping with a sponge, you may work a pattern on it.

The illustrations which are here given are, with one exception, drawn by me as simple examples of work well within the reach of the amateur. Of the back for a chair, and the plaque for the lid of a box, there is little to be said, as they may be easily attached to the flat surfaces which they are designed to cover with strong glue or brass-headed nails.

I have found that glass, tin, cardboard, or sole leather are all suitable for the body of tankards. This groundwork should be covered with sheet leather, and then worked. Any vessel of any shape may be utilised for this purpose.

The cylinder box may be made of very strong cardboard covered with leather, or of waste leather, or paper and paste rolled on any large round body. The bottom and top should be turned from wood, and the lid made to lift out.



Cover for a Copy of Chaucer's Poems. Drawn by C. G. Leland.

The illustration on page 76 is from a carved oak panel belonging to the Editor. This fine piece of workmanship was executed at the Ashbridge branch of the Home Art Association, and was the best piece of work shown at the exhibition of that society held last summer. It was adapted (we believe) by Earl Brownlow from an old book cover in his library, and the design has also been used in the leather-work classes held by that flourishing branch of the association.

Our last illustration, a Cover for a copy of Chaucer's Poems, offers a suggestion for a little more elaborate treatment, since the lighter ornaments may be dyed in red or other colours. The whole, further, if the worker prefer, may be cut out of thin leather and *appliqué*, or pasted on with glue. Appliqué is, however, difficult for beginners.

CUIR-BOUILLI, or soft leather-work, is in many respects allied to repoussé, with which we shall shortly deal, and wood-carving. The three may be very well learned or taught together. In all of them the object is to obtain a relief, and some of the tools used in any one are applicable to the others. All of these minor arts are easily learned, and those who are capable of teaching them readily obtain employment.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

'THE SILVER'D WAY.'

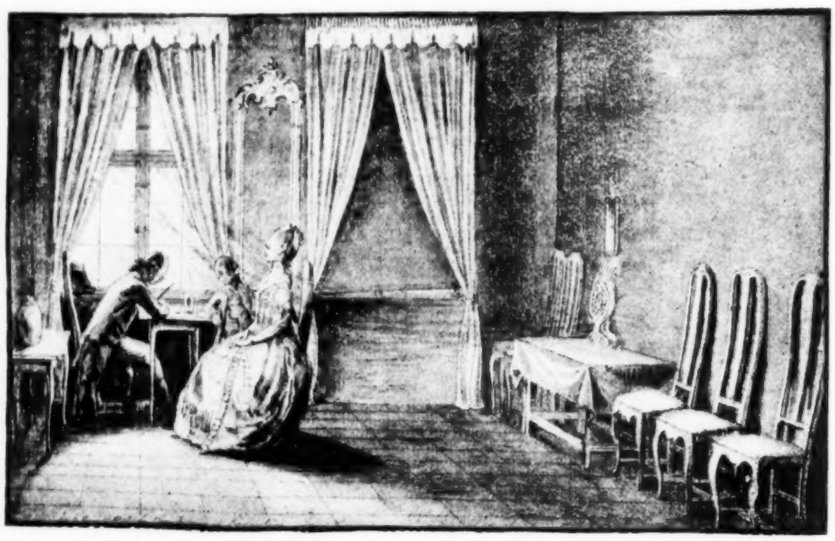
FEW scenes are more fascinating, and few more difficult to transcribe, than the snow-clad landscape. There is generally an unreality, a stageyness, in truth, about oil paintings of such subjects; and when success is achieved, it is more usually through the simple medium of black and white. Such a scene as this recalls vividly Shelley's lines:—

> "Though now no more the musing ear
> Delights to listen to the breeze
> That lingers o'er the greenwood shade,
> I love thee, Winter! well;"

lines which strike a chord of conflicting feelings in the thoughts of many. It is a noticeable fact that while the poet never tires of singing the praises of spring and of summer, he is comparatively reticent respecting the rude charms of winter. The season is too robust, the beauty too severe for the poet's sensitive nature. And yet to the sturdy frame and the fearless imagination of the dwellers in temperate climes, there are few sights more picturesque and beautiful than 'the silver'd way.'

FROM BERLIN TO DANZIG; AN ARTIST'S JOURNEY IN 1773.

AMONG the "Little Masters" whom the eighteenth century called forth, none is more useful as a recorder of life at that period than the German-Pole, Daniel Chodowiecki, of whom a clear-visioned contemporary left the testimony that he was "a man healthy to the marrow in an unhealthy age." The three thousand two hundred and fifty illustrations which this artist furnished to contemporary books and calendars have always been highly prized by connoisseurs, but it is only quite recently that an equally, if not even more, valuable series of sketches from his pencil, affording authentic glimpses into the life of the eighteenth century, has been made available to the public. It was in the year 1773 that Chodowiecki, after a thirty years' absence from his native town of Danzig, at that time still a dependency of Poland, determined to visit his aged, widowed mother, whom he had not seen since he had become the fashionable portrait-painter and book-illustrator of his time. A journey from Berlin to Danzig in those days was no trifle, and Chodowiecki, a tender husband and father, was resolved that those he left behind should share, as far as might be, in his pleasures and adventures. He therefore kept a most careful journal of all he did, saw, heard, expended; no diffusive or sentimental diary, but a practical and careful record. To this he appended a series of sketches, more or less rough and rapid, that would give those left at home a graphic survey of the situations in which he found himself. This journal has been a treasured possession of the Chodowiecki family, descending in the direct line to a grand-daughter, who expired in Leipzig a few years ago. Rightly recognising that such an heirloom should be housed in a national collection, she gave the one hundred and eight sketches that adorned her grandfather's Diary to the Royal Academy of Berlin, of which he had been director from 1797 till his death in 1801. The written portion remains in the hands of the family, but we are promised a printed selection. An enterprising Berlin firm, seeing the value of the sketches, has, with permission of the Government, reproduced them in photo-lithography, and a most interesting and unique collection they make. As *documents humains* it is hardly possible to overrate their worth, since they furnish us with representations of German domestic life in the latter half of the last century, of which literature gives us chiefly the marrowless dreams of a morbid sensibility, or the empty inflations of pseudo-Anacreontic dallyings. As works of Art, too, they are excellent; so true of touch, so blunt almost, in their veracious directness, a quality rare in those days, and valuable at all times. Of course no one can quite stand outside his age, and even in Chodowiecki's sketches we come across some of last century's mannerisms; thus the proportions of his figures are almost always too long, their heads too small. But this does not affect their human value, while their artistic merit is far from mean.



Chodowiecki painting Frau von Keyserling.

Stage by stage, then, do we follow the artist upon his tedious journey, all undertaken on horseback, often through roads almost impassable from mud and neglect; now ferrying across a river, now leading his horse by the bridle to give it a rest, now grooming it himself in the miserable sheds that formed the only kind of inn-accommodation for man and beast in those days. The series begins with Chodowiecki's departure from his own house-door; we see him kiss his wife and many children. His horse with its ample saddle-bags stands awaiting its rider. It was a very need of Chodowiecki's nature to sketch all he saw, whether on a journey or merely looking out idly from the windows of his house in the Thiergarten at Berlin. He relates that he often held his horse's reins with his mouth while he rapidly put to paper some scene or incident. Certainly travelling, as depicted by him, was not luxurious in those days. The taverns had rarely beds to offer their guests. These were forced to sleep on the bare boards of the single parlour, their saddles as a pillow; a mode of rest often broken by roysterers, as shown in one of the sketches, where at midnight, by the sheen of one tallow candle, two gentlemen, accompanied by noisy musicians, enter the room and execute for their private delectation a stately minuet. The world of crass contrasts presented by that stately, overdressed, be-wigged, be-powdered, be-patched eighteenth century, that now



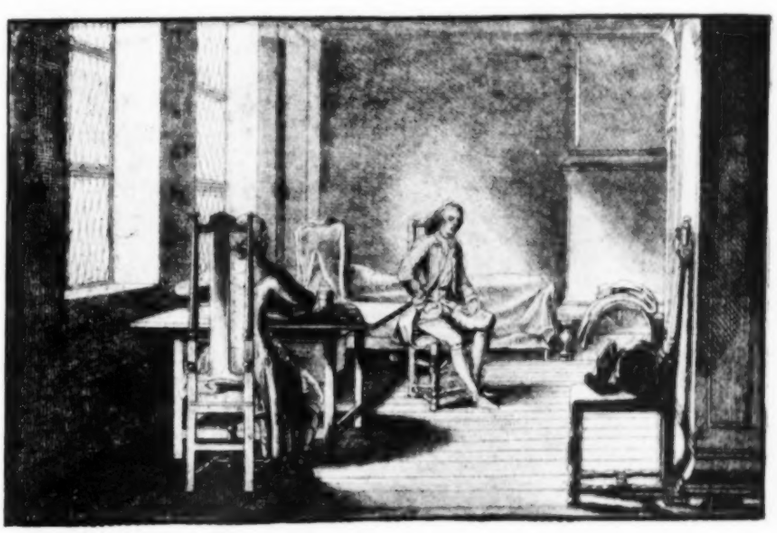
Damoiselle Metzel.

swaggered in clothing unfit for working folk; now enveloped itself in loose wraps and nightcaps; that affected grand airs and lived in the rudest and barest of rooms and houses; all this and more is put before us in a masterly fashion by Chodowiecki, who quite unconscious of the historic value of his pictures, merely jotted down what he saw. Arrived at Danzig after many adventures by flood and field, that seemed to have struck him as nothing unusual, Chodowiecki found that his stay would be unexpectedly prolonged by the desire felt in his native town that he should paint the portraits of its aristocracy. For nine months did the artist linger in Danzig, until he forcibly had to tear himself away. By means of his journal we see him painting the Prince Bishop and his "*amie de cœur*," a clever, corpulent, loose-lived lady; the rich patricians, the Polish magnates, and many other great and little people; we assist with him at banquets and family scenes, and ever and ever we are struck with the modesty, not to say bareness, of the domestic appointments. Thus, for example, in the sitting-rooms of even the rich stands a little dressing table; sometimes the former is curtained off, but more frequently Chodowiecki would be asked to paint the portrait of a grandee while his wife would lie in bed, his domestic discharge the most intimate functions, and his children play about, while tailors took orders and measurements for new gowns, and visitors chatted in the window niches.

Carpets are unknown, even on the floors of princely mansions; a tall looking-glass and console-table form the chief elements of decoration. Sometimes a clock will occupy a conspicuous place, but ornaments, knick-knacks, books, pictures, in a word, all those cultured elements that go to make our modern rooms look habitable and comfortable, are strangely absent. Few are the glimpses that Chodowiecki gives us of the life of the streets, his time being so entirely spent indoors, but there are two or three pictures in which we get a peep at old Danzig. The same crass contrasts that distinguish the indoor life of the period are evident in the outdoor also. Highly decorated carriages, drawn by four horses, and surmounted by gorgeous flunkeys, plough through the unpaved streets, one mass of deep mud, while a narrow little path, hedged in by a wooden paling, is set aside for foot passengers, and known by the contemptuous name of the people's gangway. In the street of the patricians we behold those curious outdoor terraces the wealthy were permitted to build, jutting far out into the road, which indeed they blocked. Here the owners would spend the sunny afternoons, taking their post-prandial coffee, gossiping with passers-by or neighbours over the way. Each terrace was shaded by the two trees every householder had a right to plant; in the case of Chodowiecki's last house, they had been planted by his father at the birth of his sons, and bore their names, Daniel and Gotsfried. We see them in the former's sketch as tall spreading trunks, an evidence of how much time had passed since they were first placed in the earth.

In our age of sumptuous studios, with special arrangements for light, we can hardly credit that an artist could have worked in the modest bedroom that was Chodowiecki's atelier while under his mother's roof. In the sketch we reproduce he is painting in it the portrait of the merchant Texier, who poses with all the self-consciousness of a sitter. Chodowiecki's trunk stands beside the tall china stove. On a chair lie his saddle-bags and hat; his list coat is hung over a stretcher that stands beside the sitter. Would not a touch of this simplicity be to the advantage of our age?

Such, briefly, are the impressions of his century left for posterity in the artist's journal. Always a careful draughtsman, with keen, observative, quick powers of reproduction, much quiet humour, Chodowiecki's "impressions" are always amiable, and often really beautiful, unpromising as were many of his themes. Altogether, in these sketches which have been kindly placed at our disposal by Messrs. Amsler and Ruthardt, of Berlin, "the father of modern book illustration," as Chodowiecki is styled in Germany, has added another laurel to his rich, full-leafed crown.



The Artist painting Herr Texier.

HELEN ZIMMERN.

THE ARTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE.*

MORE than a quarter of a century ago Paul Lacroix (Bibliophile Jacob), the Curator of the Imperial Library of the Arsenal, Paris, gave to the reading public and the Art-students of France five large quarto volumes treating in detail the manners and customs, the sciences, the literature and the arts of these two epochs. Since then the work has undergone several changes. A second French edition, simplified, abridged, and classified, was published some twenty years after the first. The attention which the work has attracted on all hands has led to the publication at the present time of an English edition which demands no little notice. The great difference which exists in this present edition from its English forerunner of ten years back is that the chapter on Music, formerly issued as a separate supplement, and a chapter on Musical Instruments, find a position between the same covers as the rest for the first time. It is, in fine, the first complete English edition. This, however, is not quite all. The present editor has wisely thought fit to revise the text with a view to bringing it down to the present time, testing it by the light of recent archæological research, if not by modern theoretical dicta. The number of the chromo-lithographic illustrations, good examples of their kind, has been diminished by a process of weeding quite justifiable. As they at present stand, they are twelve in number; those which had but transient interest having been omitted. Passing by the sections devoted to furniture, tapestry, ceramic Art, fresco-painting, engraving, sculpture and architecture, quite well known, the chapter on Manuscripts arrests attention. We pass from the writings of the Greeks, by the Slavonic and Latin Manuscripts, the Tironian, Lombardic, Gothic, Runic, Visigothic, and Anglo-Saxon, until we reach Irish achievement; and, of Miniatures in Manuscripts, the French school of Louis XII.



A German Musician playing upon a Portable Organ. From Lacroix's "Middle Ages."

The new chapters on Music and Musical Instruments have peculiar and special interest at present, when the recent loan collection at South Kensington, very fully treated at the time in these pages, has awakened public interest in a wide and engrossing subject. The chapters are, however, not so full as we could desire, and we almost think that the survey is too wide a one, ranging, as it does, from the time of the Emperors to the end of the sixteenth century. The editor, moreover, misses a chance when the music of Palestrina is referred to, inasmuch as he fails to point out that Palestrina was not the inventor of harmony—as the Council of Trent would have us believe—but that counterpoint, harmony, and part music existed in the Netherlands many years previous to the date of the composition of the "Mass of Pope Marcel." Nevertheless the chapters are as full of fact as they will hold, and are a valuable addition to the volume. The illustration which we have selected from this chapter is a fac-simile of an engraving, executed towards the end of the fifteenth century by Israel van Mecken, and represents a German musician—a race illustrious even then in the art—executing a piece of music upon a portable organ.

* London: Messrs. J. S. Virtue & Co., Limited.

UNTRAVELLED FRANCE.*

THE line to Angoulême facilitates another delightful excursion from the Orleans Railway Station at Limoges, through the district which is called by the natives "la petite Suisse," so beautifully wooded is the undulating country, so clear are its rivers.



No. 21.—Castle of Chalus.

We pass Aixe, connected with its station by a bridge over the Vienne at its junction with the Aixette. The town, on the opposite steep, has a restored Romanesque church, fortified in the fifteenth century. The Chapelle du Dognon dates from 1330. In the Château de Berry, near the bridge, the poet-academician, Beaumont de S. Aulaire, was born. In early times the inhabitants of Aixe were constantly at war with those of Limoges. Passing S. Victurien, where the Romanesque church contains the tomb of that saint, we see a fine specimen of an ancient Lanterne des Morts in a cemetery on the right of the railway.

The steep narrow streets of S. Junien are full of thirteenth-century houses, with heavy arches in the lower story, and widely overhanging roofs. The splendid church dates from the end of the twelfth century, of which it is a most valuable specimen. In plan it is a vast rectangle, intersected near the centre by a transept. The central tower has scarcely any windows. Above the Gothic portal of the west front rises a massy tower, each face of which is broken by a gable enclosing two windows. A picturesque Romanesque stair-turret rises against the north transept.

A flight of steps leads down from the west door to the interior, which is indescribably solemn and striking, partly from the huge bases of the lofty columns, partly from the varied outlines caused by the domes under each of the towers. The nave and its aisles have simple cradle vaulting, and so have the transepts, from which square chapels, rudely vaulted, project, and are open towards the choir. The choir itself, which is less ancient than the rest of the church, has a roof with Gothic vaulting in the central, but with herring-bone work in the side aisles: at the east end is a fine rose window. Huge ribbed twelfth-century *bénitiers* stand on either side of the entrance: on the right an oak screen encloses a well. Behind the high-altar is the huge marble altar-tomb of S. Junien, brought hither from the famous abbey of Grandmont in 1819, when its treasures were dispersed and its buildings dismantled. At the east end of this curious tomb, which dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, we see the Saviour represented in glory, with the emblems of the evangelists. On either side are statuettes of the twenty-four elders of the Apocalypse, holding instruments of music and vases of incense. In the midst of these, on the north, are the Virgin and Child in a nimbus borne by angels; on the south is the Lamb of God. Tiny columns, richly sculptured at the base, divide the figures.

The refectory, of the twelfth century, which belonged to the chapter of canons attached to the church, still exists. The town is busy and industrious, and prints its own newspaper, *L'Abeille de S. Junien*.

I arrived famished at Rochouart, by the line which branches southwards at Saillat-Chassenon, the station beyond S. Junien, and never was luncheon more welcome than that which I obtained at the humble Hôtel Faure, where an artist might make a charming picture of the old-fashioned garden with its wealth of lilies and iris, and the twisted spire of the church beyond. Hard by, quite at the end of the town, rises its magnificent château of grey stone, with huge round towers bearing pyramidal roofs, built on a promontory ending in a rocky precipice above the meeting of the Graine and the Vayres. The interior is now used for public offices, but they fail to fill half the building, and the Department is too poor to restore the rest. One of the rooms is surrounded by frescoes, which represent the events of a hunting day at Rochouart in ancient times, from the departure from the castle to the cutting up of the stag, and the open-air banquet which followed. The immensely long carriage filled with ladies attending the hunt, and the buffoon riding with might and main, are exceedingly quaint.



No. 22.—S. Junien.

* Continued from page 36.

On the left of the castle gate is a great lion in a niche, which commemorates a real lion kept here by former Barons de Rochouart. One of these was jealous of his wife's intimacy with his cousin, M. de Cremière, a jealousy increased by her accidentally saying that M. de Cremière had a beautiful hand. It is said that he desired his cousin to leave the castle, and, as he was mounting his horse, cut off his hand at one blow. Bringing it to his wife, he flung it into her lap, saying, "Here is the hand you admire so much." Then he seized her and let her down through a hole in the floor, which is still shown, into a dungeon, where she was shut up with the castle lion for three days and nights. At the end of that time, upon the servants announcing that the lady was still alive, the baron allowed her to be drawn up, and the sculpture on the castle wall attests the clemency of the lion.



No. 23.—Château de Rochouart.

The best view of the château is from the wooded valley below.

A few stations farther on is Chalus Chabrol (No. 21), to which I made a separate excursion from Limoges, a spot interesting to all Englishmen as that where Richard Cœur de Lion died. The large rambling village has two castles on different heights; both have round keep-towers. To the upper a Romanesque chapel is attached; the lower, nearer the railway, rises from other massive buildings of the thirteenth century. It was in this castle that Richard was besieging Aymar, Vicomte de Limoges, who refused to account to him for a treasure he had found, when, from one of its windows, a knight, usually described as Bertrand de Gourdon, but whom the monk Geoffry de Vigeois, the chronicler who lived nearest the time, speaks of as Pierre Basile, shot the fatal arrow from his cross-bow. The king lingered twelve days, during which time the castle was taken, when he magnanimously ordered that the life of the knight should be spared, and that he should be set at liberty. But unfortunately soon after giving the order the king died, and his infuriated followers roasted the knight alive.

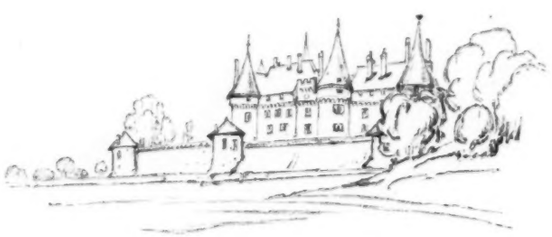


No. 24.—Castle of Uzerche.

At the end of the fifteenth century the castles belonged to Charlotte, daughter of Alain d'Albret, Comte de Perigord, who brought them as her dowry to Cæsar Borgia, Comte de Valentinois. The daughter of Cæsar Borgia married Philippe de Bourbon as her second husband, and since that time the castles of Chalus have belonged to the family of Bourbon-Busset. In the sixteenth century they were ruined by the inhabitants of Limoges, to expel the armed bands who had taken refuge there and were ravaging the country from thence.

Between the castles a brook, the Tardoire, tumbles towards an old water-mill in a rocky hollow, where an artist may find a delightful subject, and flows out into a rich water-meadow, in the midst of which uprises the large grey stone called Rocher de Marmont, upon which Richard is said to have been standing when he received the fatal blow.

At an angle of the village street is a remarkably fine thirteenth-century house, with low heavy arches enclosing the shop on the ground-floor, and huge projecting beams of timber supporting the upper story.



No. 25.—Château de Pompadour.

The line from Limoges to Perigieux is joined at Bussière-Galant. Trains seldom fit very well, but there is a café close to the station, and a wood hard by full of nightingales in spring.

On leaving Limoges for Brive, I spent a few hours at S. Yrieux, where the little town contains a very fine early Gothic collegiate church. The porch dates from the beginning of the twelfth century; the rest was all built, as it now stands, in twenty-seven months, May 17, 1181—August 25, 1183. The church forms a Latin cross, having a nave without aisles, except in the first bay, but three parallel choirs, that in the centre ending in a three-sided apse, which was added or rebuilt in the middle of the thirteenth century, those at the sides terminating in flat walls.

A Gothic portal opens from the south wall beneath a frieze which is half Romanesque, half Gothic, with a figure of Christ throned in the centre. Above this is a triple lancet window of great beauty. The nave, choir, and transepts are surrounded by an arcaded gallery resting upon corbels. The tower, at the west end, has a story of three-lobed Romanesque arches. Two windows, each divided into two lights, adorn all of the four faces of the upper story. In the sacristy are three beautiful reliquaries, one of the twelfth, the two others of the thirteenth century. On the right of the dark entrance stands a miraculous image of the Virgin, the railing in front of it being covered with ex-votos of the oddest kind. In the

French restorations of these ancient churches, the old pavement is always wisely left untouched, so that the appearance of age, the human interest, is not destroyed, as in the terrible "restorations" which have extinguished all the character of the old churches of Northern Germany.



No. 26.—Gate of Uzerche.

A few stations farther on the railway passes close to the Château de Pompadour, a grand fifteenth-century castle with huge towers and conical roofs, preserving its outer bastions intact, with a complete circle of bastion towers, all still inhabited by dependants. Antoinette Poisson, the butcher's daughter, who became the mistress of Louis XIV., for whom Pompadour was erected into a marquisate, never lived here. At her death the estate was inherited by Choiseul, who made a *haras* near the castle, which is still kept up. A little farther is the station of Le Burg, whence there is a public carriage to Allassac, which is only three kilomètres from Le Saillant, a most attractive place, where the Vézère rushes between granite rocks near an old manor-house where Mirabeau used to stay. This is one of the most beautiful spots in the Limousin.

The excellent old-fashioned Hôtel de Bordeaux at Brive, in Correze, is a capital centre for excursions, as several railways meet at its station. It is a pretty place, with boulevards of plane-trees, lined by handsome houses of the last century, each having its little garden full of lilacs and magnolias. These enclose the old town, a labyrinth of narrow streets of rugged pavement, converging at the market-place,



No. 27.—Church of Uzerche.

which contains the huge church of S. Martin, dating partly from the twelfth, partly from the sixteenth, and altered in the eighteenth century. It has an immensely lofty nave, divided from its narrow side aisles by huge circular pillars. There are many admirable old houses and tourelles in the winding streets. The Seminary has a beautiful Renaissance screen of slender columns, with the portal in the centre. The church of S. Libéral is of the fourteenth century. Statues commemorate Marshal Brune and Dr. Majour, benefactors of the town. Two kilomètres distant on the Toulouse road is the pilgrimage chapel and grotto of S. Anthony of Padua.

A pleasant drive of four hours, through wooded upland country, leads to Uzerche, passing through the village of Donzenac, which has a fine church spire. At the farm-houses along the road, and in all this part of France, we see how the pigs and goats are completely part of the family, the former often lying asleep with their heads in the lap of the housewife, who sits with her knitting by the wayside, to be amused by a chance carriage. From solitary houses huge dogs usually spring out and follow for some distance; they are often dangerous from seizing horses by the throat, but they seldom attack foot passengers. There is a steep descent before reaching Uzerche, which covers the opposite hill. The little Hôtel Sargat has a charming view from its



No. 28.—Rocamadour.

garden, and is exceedingly comfortable. Its economy may be imagined from the *menu* of its excellent table-d'hôte dinner at two and a half francs:—1. Bread and butter, radishes, sardines, sausage. 2. Pottage. 3. Pig's head and beans. 4. Mutton cutlets. 5. Meringues. 6. Cheese, cream cheese, and dessert, with unlimited excellent Bordeaux.

The town, which occupies a promontory surrounded by the Vézère, retains its old walls and gates, and has streets which are a history of domestic architecture from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. There is no end to the picturesque subjects which might occupy an artist for months. At the summit of the hill rises the noble cruciform church of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with a gabled tower like that of S. Junien. Several parts of the church are fortified, and retain their great machicolations, but those on the western tower have been recently destroyed. A boy with a lanthorn shows the crypt, which is entered from the exterior and where a number of priests took refuge during the Revolution, this part of the town, defended by its own walls, belonging entirely to the clergy. At the end of the crypt is a tomb, the sanctity of which is supposed to cure lunatics, who are often shut up

On the left of the castle gate is a great lion in a niche, which commemorates a real lion kept here by former Barons de Rochouart. One of these was jealous of his wife's intimacy with his cousin, M. de Cremière, a jealousy increased by her accidentally saying that M. de Cremière had a beautiful hand. It is said that he desired his cousin to leave the castle, and, as he was mounting his horse, cut off his hand at one blow. Bringing it to his wife, he flung it into her lap, saying, "Here is the hand you admire so much." Then he seized her and let her down through a hole in the floor, which is still shown, into a dungeon, where she was shut up with the castle lion for three days and nights. At the end of that time, upon the servants announcing that the lady was still alive, the baron allowed her to be drawn up, and the sculpture on the castle wall attests the clemency of the lion.



No. 23.—Château de Rochouart.

The best view of the château is from the wooded valley below.

A few stations farther on is Chalus Chabrol (No. 21), to which I made a separate excursion from Limoges, a spot interesting to all Englishmen as that where Richard Cœur de Lion died. The large rambling village has two castles on different heights; both have round keep-towers. To the upper a Romanesque chapel is attached; the lower, nearer the railway, rises from other massive buildings of the thirteenth century. It was in this castle that Richard was besieging Aymar, Vicomte de Limoges, who refused to account to him for a treasure he had found, when, from one of its windows, a knight, usually described as Bertrand de Gourdon, but whom the monk Geoffry de Vigeois, the chronicler who lived nearest the time, speaks of as Pierre Basile, shot the fatal arrow from his cross-bow. The king lingered twelve days, during which time the castle was taken, when he magnanimously ordered that the life of the knight should be spared, and that he should be set at liberty. But unfortunately soon after giving the order the king died, and his infuriated followers roasted the knight alive.

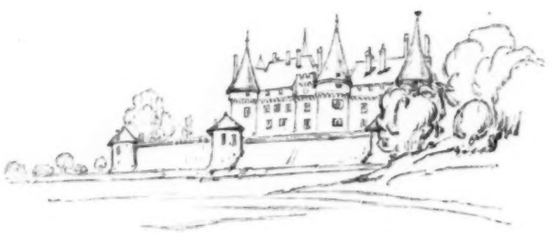


No. 24.—Castle of Uzerche.

At the end of the fifteenth century the castles belonged to Charlotte, daughter of Alain d'Albret, Comte de Perigord, who brought them as her dowry to Cæsar Borgia, Comte de Valentinois. The daughter of Cæsar Borgia married Philippe de Bourbon as her second husband, and since that time the castles of Chalus have belonged to the family of Bourbon-Busset. In the sixteenth century they were ruined by the inhabitants of Limoges, to expel the armed bands who had taken refuge there and were ravaging the country from thence.

Between the castles a brook, the Tardoire, tumbles towards an old water-mill in a rocky hollow, where an artist may find a delightful subject, and flows out into a rich water-meadow, in the midst of which uprises the large grey stone called Rocher de Marmont, upon which Richard is said to have been standing when he received the fatal blow.

At an angle of the village street is a remarkably fine thirteenth-century house, with low heavy arches enclosing the shop on the ground-floor, and huge projecting beams of timber supporting the upper story.



No. 25.—Château de Pompadour.

The line from Limoges to Perigieux is joined at Bussière-Galant. Trains seldom fit very well, but there is a café close to the station, and a wood hard by full of nightingales in spring.

On leaving Limoges for Brive, I spent a few hours at S. Yrieux, where the little town contains a very fine early Gothic collegiate church. The porch dates from the beginning of the twelfth century; the rest was all built, as it now stands, in twenty-seven months, May 17, 1181—August 25, 1183. The church forms a Latin cross, having a nave without aisles, except in the first bay, but three parallel choirs, that in the centre ending in a three-sided apse, which was added or rebuilt in the middle of the thirteenth century, those at the sides terminating in flat walls.

A Gothic portal opens from the south wall beneath a frieze which is half Romanesque, half Gothic, with a figure of Christ throned in the centre. Above this is a triple lancet window of great beauty. The nave, choir, and transepts are surrounded by an arcaded gallery resting upon corbels. The tower, at the west end, has a story of three-lobed Romanesque arches. Two windows, each divided into two lights, adorn all of the four faces of the upper story. In the sacristy are three beautiful reliquaries, one of the twelfth, the two others of the thirteenth century. On the right of the dark entrance stands a miraculous image of the Virgin, the railing in front of it being covered with ex-votos of the oddest kind. In the

French restorations of these ancient churches, the old pavement is always wisely left untouched, so that the appearance of age, the human interest, is not destroyed, as in the terrible "restorations" which have extinguished all the character of the old churches of Northern Germany.



No. 26.—Gate of Uzerche.

A few stations farther on the railway passes close to the Château de Pompadour, a grand fifteenth-century castle with huge towers and conical roofs, preserving its outer bastions intact, with a complete circle of bastion towers, all still inhabited by dependants. Antoinette Poisson, the butcher's daughter, who became the mistress of Louis XIV., for whom Pompadour was erected into a marquisate, never lived here. At her death the estate was inherited by Choiseul, who made a *haras* near the castle, which is still kept up. A little farther is the station of Le Burg, whence there is a public carriage to Allassac, which is only three kilomètres from Le Saillant, a most attractive place, where the Vézère rushes between granite rocks near an old manor-house where Mirabeau used to stay. This is one of the most beautiful spots in the Limousin.

The excellent old-fashioned Hôtel de Bordeaux at Brive, in Correze, is a capital centre for excursions, as several railways meet at its station. It is a pretty place, with boulevards of plane-trees, lined by handsome houses of the last century, each having its little garden full of lilacs and magnolias. These enclose the old town, a labyrinth of narrow streets of rugged pavement, converging at the market-place,



No. 27.—Church of Uzerche.

which contains the huge church of S. Martin, dating partly from the twelfth, partly from the sixteenth, and altered in the eighteenth century. It has an immensely lofty nave, divided from its narrow side aisles by huge circular pillars. There are many admirable old houses and tourelles in the winding streets. The Seminary has a beautiful Renaissance screen of slender columns, with the portal in the centre. The church of S. Libéral is of the fourteenth century. Statues commemorate Marshal Brune and Dr. Majour, benefactors of the town. Two kilomètres distant on the Toulouse road is the pilgrimage chapel and grotto of S. Anthony of Padua.

A pleasant drive of four hours, through wooded upland country, leads to Uzerche, passing through the village of Donzenac, which has a fine church spire. At the farm-houses along the road, and in all this part of France, we see how the pigs and goats are completely part of the family, the former often lying asleep with their heads in the lap of the housewife, who sits with her knitting by the wayside, to be amused by a chance carriage. From solitary houses huge dogs usually spring out and follow for some distance; they are often dangerous from seizing horses by the throat, but they seldom attack foot passengers. There is a steep descent before reaching Uzerche, which covers the opposite hill. The little Hôtel Sargat has a charming view from its



No. 28.—Rocamadour.

garden, and is exceedingly comfortable. Its economy may be imagined from the *menu* of its excellent table-d'hôte dinner at two and a half francs:—1. Bread and butter, radishes, sardines, sausage. 2. Pottage. 3. Pig's head and beans. 4. Mutton cutlets. 5. Meringues. 6. Cheese, cream cheese, and dessert, with unlimited excellent Bordeaux.

The town, which occupies a promontory surrounded by the Vézère, retains its old walls and gates, and has streets which are a history of domestic architecture from the twelfth to the seventeenth century. There is no end to the picturesque subjects which might occupy an artist for months. At the summit of the hill rises the noble cruciform church of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, with a gabled tower like that of S. Junien. Several parts of the church are fortified, and retain their great machicolations, but those on the western tower have been recently destroyed. A boy with a lanthorn shows the crypt, which is entered from the exterior and where a number of priests took refuge during the Revolution, this part of the town, defended by its own walls, belonging entirely to the clergy. At the end of the crypt is a tomb, the sanctity of which is supposed to cure lunatics, who are often shut up

here with that object. Corpses are still often laid in its hollow for six months before being buried elsewhere.

The people of Uzerche are very proud of their antiquities. "Old indeed," they say, "since they existed in the time of Cæsar." Some tradesmen in the little shops hard by remonstrated with me for not having given sufficient dignity to the church in my sketch, by not having made enough of "la rampe."



No. 29.—Ascent of the Sanctuaries, Rocamadour.

My next excursion was on the Toulouse line, to Rocamadour (No. 28), the most striking spot in the department of Lot. This bit of railway is one of the most interesting in France. Soon after leaving Brive, the great castle of Turenne appears on the right, with its circular tower of the thirteenth, and its huge square dungeon of the fourteenth century—the castle of Viscounts who held an independent jurisdiction over the surrounding country. Facing the station of Turenne is the old château of Linoire; then, on the right, the restored Château de Couze; on the left, Cavagnac, with a thirteenth-century castle. After passing the station of Quatre Routes and an open plain, the plateau of Puy d'Issolud, the ancient Uxellodunum, rises on the left. Leaving S. Denis, the railway begins to perform an extraordinary curve, and to ascend perpetually. On the right are the sixteenth-century château and the fifteenth-century church of Floirac. Then the castle of Mirandol appears above the precipices over the Tourmente and the Dordogne. At the summit of the pass, which is ascended by the railway, we reach the station of Montvalent, and, above the gorge on the right, see the village of Gluge, with an old Romanesque church and the fortified cavern of Taillifer. Then we cross a stony plain, the waters of which are all lost in rocky chasms, recalling those of Calabria.

At the station of Rocamadour a number of omnibuses wait, and for ten centimes (!) convey us over three kilomètres of desolate country, which give no idea of what is beyond, till we reach a little Gothic chapel and the ruins of the Hospital of S. Jean, close to the first gate leading to the "bourg." Hence the town is seen hanging over the edge of the opposite precipice, piled house upon house, with its sanctuaries wedged in half way up the cliffs, and, at the top of all, the castle. We descend into the valley of the Alzou, a deep gulf of green, known as La Vallée Ténébreuse, and the pilgrims, who have arrived by our train, descend with us in a crowd, all the more numerous because it is Ascension Day; but every day there are numbers. Many of these take a rocky path to the right—"the Pilgrims' Way" (No. 29)—which leads direct to the sanctuaries. A second and a third gate open from the lower road to the little town, which is full of fifteenth-century houses, one of them very rich. The artist may find a glorious subject in the tall yellow gate and the quaint houses, with their oleanders in tubs, in the cool shadows beyond, and in the foreground vines clustering over the time-stained walls, and clinging in festoons from a terraced parapet which supports a number of flowering plants in old vases—green, yellow, and red. A flight of two hundred and fifteen steps leads hence to the churches. Near the top these are intercepted by a group of buildings, relic shops, the Hôtel des Templiers, and the excellent restaurant S. Marie, which supplies comfortable lodging to travellers.

More relic shops, a Gothic gate, and a most picturesque winding stair under heavy Gothic arches and a gallery in the convent, conduct us to the extraordinary court which recalls the Cappucini of Amalfi, overhung by stupendous rocks and surrounded by the buildings of the sanctuary. These, with a quaint tourelle on the side towards the valley, belong to the palace of the Bishops of Cahors. We next enter the Chapel of S. John—the Baptistery, containing the beautiful tomb of Arnaldi de Valon, Knight of S. John of Jerusalem, with his figure at eighty, the age at which he died. Then comes the Chapel of S. Blaise, then that of S. Anne, with a beautiful rose window.

A flight of steps now descends into the lower Chapel of S. Sauveur, dating from 1166, and covered with frescoes, one of which represents the finding of the incorruptible body of S. Amadour, and another the visit of S. Saturnin of Toulouse and S. Martial of Limoges to the saint, when he lived here as a hermit. In this chapel there is an admirable stone pulpit. Above the entrance to the lower, a stair leads to the upper church, which retains its rough pavement—a vast vaulted rectangle, frescoed all over with representations of illustrious pilgrims, including, on the left, S. Louis, Robert d'Artois, Charles d'Anjou, Alphonse de Poitiers, Alphonse de Boulogne, who came here in 1245, and Louis XI., with the date 1463. On the right are Charles le Bel and Marie de Luxembourg, his wife, with John, king of Bohemia, pilgrims in 1324; and John, then Duke of Normandy, in 1344. The chapel would be gaudy if it were not for the dim light from the stained windows, in which the figures of the nuns gliding in and out are mysteriously visible. A huge crucifix stands in the centre.



No. 30.—Entrance to the Miraculous Chapel, Rocamadour.

A graceful open gallery takes us from the chapel of S. Sauveur to that of the Virgin, "La Chapelle Miraculeuse" (No. 30), rebuilt by Denis de Bar, bishop of Tulle, in 1479. It is entered by a beautiful Gothic portal, above which S. Joseph appears on one side, on the other the Annunciation, with God the Father in benediction above. At the side are curious remains of a fresco of the 'Dance of Death.' On the west, the Chapel of the Virgin is walled by the living rock; but this and the

other walls are covered with crutches and other votive offerings, and a little ship, offered by a naval captain, hangs from the rocky roof. The walls also are incrusted with marble tablets of "Reconnaissance à Notre-Dame de Rocamadour," of "Merci à ma Bonne Mère." One of them is very interesting, as offered by M. et Madame de Lamothe-Fénelon, for the cure of their son, then an infant, afterwards the famous Archbishop of Cambrai. On the altar is the statue of the Madonna, said to have been brought to these solitudes by Zacchæus, the publican of the Gospels, who is affirmed to have lived here in a hermitage, before going to Levroux, where he died, and is honoured under the name of S. Sylvain. The number of banners hanging from the galleries, the pictures, cases of jewels and other offerings to the Madonna, and the votive candles ever burning in a girandole, give splendid effects of colour and the picturesqueness of an Italian sanctuary.

On emerging from this chapel, we find on the right a cavern containing the tomb of S. Amadour, the first pilgrim to the hermitage of Zacchæus, and founder of the Madonna shrine. The venerable figure of Amadour is seen through the bars of a grating, between which the peasants throw sous, so that, at the end of a great day of pilgrimage, the reclining statue is almost covered with copper pieces. A monument in the wall close by commemorates Benjamin Caillac, by whom the pilgrimage of Rocamadour was revived in recent days.

Opposite to the Chapel of the Virgin is that of S. Michel, more entirely a cavern. A great sword preserved here is said to be that of Henri Court-Mantel, eldest son of Henry II. of England, left here in exchange, when he took away the famous Durandel of Roland, vowed to the sanctuary when he passed it on his way to Spain, and sent hither after the battle of Roncesvalles. Hence galleries wind along the edge of the precipice, every projecting ledge being occupied by oleanders and other flowers. Two hundred and sixteen steps lead to the castle, which may also be reached by a Chemin de la Croix, winding through thickets of cytisus and laburnum. Here the missionaries of Rocamadour have their residence, and thence they go forth on the excursions of piety and charity.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

TITIAN.

I.

WHEN, in the year 1477, Titian was born at Pieve, in the Cadovan Hills, Art was far less advanced in the city with which the new-born child's name was destined to be so closely associated than in the other capitals of northern and central Italy. In Florence the names of Masaccio, Ghiberti Angelico, Lippo Lippi, and Donatello were then as now names of the illustrious dead. Luca della Robbia was a man of sixty, Botticelli already famous; the rising artists of the day were Ghirlandaio and Filippino, and Lionardo was a man of five-and-twenty. In Perugia, Pietro Vannucci, who had already finished the decoration of the Palazzo Pubblico, was busy on the now ruined frescoes of Cerqueto; Luca Signorelli was in Rome, about to begin the 'Death of Moses' for the wall of the Sistine Chapel; while near to Venice, in Padua, Andrea Mantegna had lived and painted for five-and-twenty years. Yet at this time Venetian artists were only struggling to free themselves from the Byzantine influence, though for more than a century there had been in Padua a magnificent example of modern Art in the frescoes of Giotto. That model had somehow remained unheeded, the silent teacher had had no Venetian pupils; but with Mantegna it was different. In his day the heads of the two great families of Venetian painters, the Vivarini and Bellini, were intelligent men, seekers after something new, and Mantegna, by his marriage with the sister of Jacopo Bellini, had a special influence with that family; thus it came to pass that in 1477 the painters in both families were striving to master the new medium of oil which Andrea da Messina had introduced into Venice seven years earlier. The Academy of Venice is rich in Art of this period, and we need go no farther than our own National Gallery to see how far Venice was behind the other cities of Italy; but our own gallery does not bring home to us as Venice does the extremely rapid growth of Venetian Art, for when, nine years later, Gregorio Vecelli brought his little son to learn the trade of painting at Venice, he found all the city talking of the altar-piece which young Gian Bellini had painted in oil for the church of the Frari, and which all who know Venice remember as a most beautiful and impressive masterpiece.

Thus the art of Venice which the boy Titian studied was quite other from that which had been practised in that city when he was born, nine years before. Both Gentile and Gian Bellini had great workshops in which they received pupils and assistants, and it is likely that Vittore Carpaccio had already students under him. Little is known of Titian's student days, and there is no romantic legendary history of the young painter to atone for the absence of fact, but it is supposed that he worked first in the studio of Gentile and afterwards of Gian Bellini, whose workshop he left for that of Giorgione. All that is certain is that he, like other Venetian boys of his time, was taught to paint in the good old medium of tempera, since oil was still held to be a dangerous medium for beginners, as by its possibilities for corrections and alterations it was supposed to foster a careless and slovenly habit of drawing, just as the use of charcoal is prohibited in many schools.

At this early period Titian's love of realism, though apparent, was less strongly marked than it became later; his choice of types was more select—in a word, he was under the influence of Giorgione, and of that admiration for the antique which had done so much for the revival of Art in Italy. From her position and circumstances Venice was less well supplied with antiques than were either Florence or Rome, but Gentile Bellini, the most learned painter of the day, had a fine collection of Greco-Roman sculpture, which was much studied by the artistic youth of Venice. A very beautiful example of Titian's manner in these his early days, and one which shows strongly the

influence both of Giorgione and of the antique, is the well known 'Sacred and Profane Love,' now in the Borghese Palace at Rome. The subject of this picture, the two maidens of the fountain, has caused much discussion. That the figures are symbolic of love is hinted by the presence of the little Cupid who seeks his arrows in the waters of the fountain. Crowe and Cavalcaselle call the nude figure Artless, and the draped maiden Sated Love; or may it not be that the sweet dignity of the clothed woman, with her background of fortress-crowned hill, signified to the painter's mind the pure life and self-restraint of his mountain home, while by the more seductive grace of the nude damsel he typified the free and luxurious life of Venice?

More likely the meaning of the allegory is quite lost to us, if, indeed, the picture has any meaning at all. Most of us are, I think, content to admire it for itself, for the quiet charm of the composition, the grace and repose of the figures, the glowing, yet subdued brilliancy of the colour as of the warm afterglow of summer twilight. The technique shows nothing of the wonderful ease and *brio* which Titian was later to acquire; there is no *tour de force* of execution, lighting or drawing—which last, indeed, is in places not quite above criticism—nor do we note a suggestion of that mobility and spontaneity of pose which were so soon to revolutionize the Art, not only of Titian but of all Italy. The charm is in the dignified repose and calmness of the figures—above all in the glow and harmony of the colour. For this is a thoroughly Venetian picture—Venetian in its tone and colour, as well as in a certain laxity of drawing, for like almost all colourists the Venetians often fell under the temptation to neglect accuracy of drawing and refinement of form.



The First Sketch for the Pesaro Madonna.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century the new school of painting in Venice was dangerously fond of broad effects, to the prejudice of other qualities; but in the year 1506 this tendency received a wholesome check, for Dürer visited Venice, and inspired the younger artists with a passion for detail and for high finish. Titian, then about nine-and-twenty years old, was deeply impressed with the grandeur of Dürer's style and in imitation—or at least, while under the influence—of it, set himself to paint the 'Christ of the Tribute Money,' now in the Dresden Gallery. The finish is as high as Dürer's own; when we come near to the panel we see the hairs of the beard and the pores of the skin, and yet the tone is so perfect that at a short distance all details fade into the harmony of the whole; nor is the finish the only, or even the great merit of this picture, for in it Titian has exercised a selection of type much more careful than was his wont. But Dürer's style was foreign to the large, full, luxurious genius of Titian, who having proved that he could, if he pleased, finish as highly as the German master, did not choose to repeat the laborious experiment, though all his early painting is of high finish compared to his later work; even thus early he and Palma Vecchio were forming Venetian Art in a new line, substituting for outline touch and modelling, and making the exact imitation of nature, both as to form and texture, their chief aim.

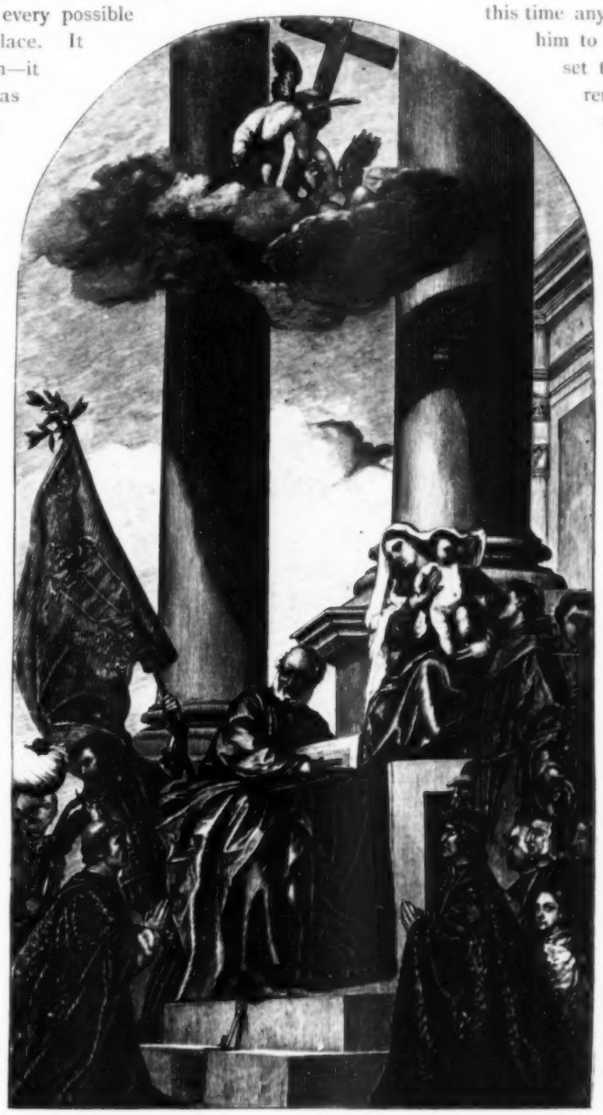
Ideal Art was upheld by Gian Bellini and Giorgione, and until the death of the latter in 1511, Titian was accounted by his countrymen inferior to both. Giorgione's death greatly changed his position, and the S. Mark of the Salute, which might almost be taken for a Giorgione, raised his fame so high that the government employed him to work with Bellini on the decorations of the Hall of Great Council; and about the same time he made his first visit to the Duke of Ferrara, for whom he painted many portraits and subject-pictures, of which the 'Venus Worship' in Madrid is the earliest, and the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' in the National Gallery one of the best.

It was the usual custom in those days for the patron to supply the artist both with the panel or canvas and the frame for any picture he ordered. These were sent to the master's shop, where the composition was set out by the artist, and worked on by himself and his assistants till, when the painting was well advanced, the master took it to the place it was to fill and finished it with due regard to light and position. In his later years Titian took his own assistants about with him, but in his younger and poorer days he, for economy in travelling expenses, employed local artists, not always to the improvement of his work. The relative amount of master and assistant depended on the price given, on the painter's liking for his patron and his subject, and on the place in which the picture was to hang. From time to time we hear murmurs from patrons, generally clerics, who having ordered a picture by Titian considered they got only a school production, and unfortunately such murmurs were sometimes justified.

A short time after Titian's first visit to Ferrara the death of Bellini left him without a rival in Venice. He was appointed painter to the government and obtained the best public and private commissions. First among these came an order to paint the 'Assumption of the Virgin' for the high altar of the Church of the Frari, and on this Titian's chief thoughts and energy were centred for two years, though at the same time he had a whole studio full of smaller paintings, among them the beautiful 'Noli me Tangere' and 'Virgin's Rest,' in the National Gallery. A glance at these pictures

shows us how completely the master had by this time shaken off the influence of the antique; the statuesque dignity and repose which we noted in his early work have given place to a lifelike spontaneity and freshness of action, and the compositions have a dramatic quality expressed by the lighting of the picture as much as by the gesture and expression of the figures. Thus in the Frari Assumption the figure of the Virgin, though more distant and consequently smaller than those of the apostles, becomes through the scientific concentration of light the centre of interest and importance. We, who have seen the work only in the Academy of Venice, have seen it under every possible disadvantage of light and place. It was painted for a high position—it now stands on the floor; it was meant to be looked at from a great distance—it is now impossible to see the whole panel at once, and the lighting of the gallery in which it hangs is utterly unlike that for which it was painted.

The colossal apostles, whose sketchy and not very correct proportions should have been partly concealed by the lights and flowers of the altar, are now the most visible part of the picture, and the attitude and expression of the Madonna viewed at such close quarters is as overacted and theatrical as the passion of a *prima donna* seen from the front row of the stalls. Yes, there is no doubt of it, Titian's Lady of the Assumption is an actress, not the Queen of Heaven and Mother of God, as Bellini's Madonnas are, for all their simplicity and homeliness. But granted this fault, the picture even now is a masterpiece, and as a *tour de force* immensely in advance of anything Venice had yet produced. When we consider the difficulty of the composition and of the light and shade, we wonder that there are so few drawings or studies for this subject. There is a drawing of the Virgin in the collection of Mr. Malcolm of Poltollach, and a rough sketch for the group of apostles among the Louvre drawings, but I know of nothing approaching a serious study or cartoon, nor have we any description of Titian's technical method at this time, but as he was now turned forty it was probably only a little less formed than when Palma Giovini describes it some years later.



The Pesaro Madonna. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

"Titian," writes Palma, "prepared his pictures with a solid stratum of pigment which served as a bed or fundament upon which to return frequently. Some of these preparations were made with resolute strokes of a brush heavily laden with colour; the half tints struck in with pure red earth, the lights with white, and modelled into relief with touches of the same brush dipped into red, black, and yellow. In this way he would give the promise of a figure in four strokes. After laying this foundation he would turn the picture to the wall and leave it there perhaps for months, turning it round again after a time to look at it carefully and scan the parts as he would the face of his greatest enemy. If at this time any portion of it should appear to him to have been defective, he would set to work to correct it, applying remedies as a surgeon might apply them, cutting off excrescences and superabundant flesh there, redressing an arm, adjusting or setting a limb regardless of the pain which it might cause. In this way he would reduce the whole to a certain symmetry; put it aside and return again a third or more times till the first quintessence had been covered with its padding of flesh. It was contrary to his habit to finish at one painting, and he used to say that a poet who improvises cannot hope to make perfect verses. But of 'condiments' in the shape of last retouches he was particularly fond. Now and then he would mould the light into half tint with a rub of his finger; or with a touch of his thumb he would dab a spot of dark pigment into some corner to strengthen it; or throw in a reddish stroke—a tear of blood so to speak—to break the parts superficially. In fact, when finishing he painted much more with his fingers than with his brush." That brush, by the way, was a particularly large one, for he once said to the Imperial Envoy, Vargas, "who saw him use a brush as big as a birch broom," that he wished to paint in a manner different from that of Raphael or Michael Angelo, because he was not content to be a mere imitator. Titian, however, was not a man whose word could always be believed: his originality was strong enough to assert itself with a small brush as much as with a "birch broom," and he probably used the large one merely because it came easier to him and got him more quickly over the ground.

It must have been the fate of the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' to

remain much with its face to the wall, and its turn to be painted on seems to have come very seldom; for when in 1523 the Duke of Ferrara, hearing from the mendacious painter that the picture was at last finished, sent Tebaldi to see it, the astonished agent reported that a car was there with animals yoked to it, and that two figures were completed, but that the rest of the canvas was utterly and entirely bare! So this scene, which looks as though the master had entered into it heart and soul; this composition in which the classic fables have new life; this masterpiece of harmony, and tone, and colour, is after all merely a piece of patchwork painted in a way that one would imagine must destroy all harmony and keeping. Unless, indeed, Titian's imagination was so keen that field, and lake, and sky existed for him where others saw only plain canvas. There is so much charm and fancy in the treatment of the details that it would seem as though the master had given much loving thought to the creation of this masterpiece. It is at least certain that while he was painting the 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' the 'Madonna di San Niccolo,' and other important works, his chief thought was for a votive picture which he had been commissioned by the Pesaro family to paint for the church of the Frari. There is in the Uffizi Gallery at Florence an unfinished group of Madonna and Child, which seems almost as though it might have been a study for the Pesaro Madonna. The Madonna is seen in half-length only, but as in the Pesaro picture holds the child on her left arm. It is, however, less its subject than its unfinished condition which makes the Florentine picture so interesting. The flesh is laid in broadly, and in places very thickly, with an undertone which is now almost the colour of the canvas; the features, which are very beautiful, are drawn in with transparent colour and Venetian red; every brush mark is well defined, and as the canvas was evidently abandoned after only one painting, it is an invaluable and, so far as I know, unique example of Titian's method of beginning what was meant to be a finished picture. But to return to the Pesaro Madonna. The first sketch for this is a slight red chalk drawing, at present in the Albertina Museum at Vienna. With a few lines the pose of the Madonna and the attendant saints is indicated, a most graceful and dignified composition, closely adhered to in the finished picture. On



Sacred and Profane Love. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

this Titian worked for seven years. And, indeed, though time, restorers, and preservatives have ruined the flesh tones cruelly, this picture still strikes one as being almost perfect. The Infant Saviour lacks that touch of divinity with which some few painters have been inspired to paint the Holy Child; but the Madonna is pure and loving, gentle and dignified, queenly, yet motherly, full of sweet tenderness, and sympathy, and pity—such a Madonna as every worshipper in the Frari loves and venerates; such a Madonna as Titian painted rarely in his earlier years and never in his old age.

St. Francis stands on the steps of the throne and intercedes to his Lord for the Pesari, who are kneeling at his feet. This group of portraits is perhaps the most perfect bit of the picture; from old Benedetto, whose lifelike face was painted from a portrait, he having been dead three-and-twenty years, to the young lad who turns his face irreverently towards the spectator and away from his God, each head is a magnificent portrait, individual, characteristic, and yet a Pesaro, with the true Pesaro face. Only less wonderful than themselves are the gorgeous dresses of these devotees, which, though dimmed by time and blackened by candle smoke, are still astonishingly true and real. In the left-hand corner of the picture, apart from his family, the warlike Bishop "Baffo" Pesaro kneels at St. Peter's feet. To him the Madonna turns her gracious head with a sweet, easy movement so natural that one forgets that it makes the balance of the composition perfect. The lighting, as in the Assumption, is masterly, and contrived to fall most brightly on the Madonna and Child. The kneeling family and saints on the steps of the throne are naturally less brilliantly illumined than the higher figures, and the space above these, which would otherwise have been bare and light, is darkened by the shadow flung from a bank of cloud, which supports two boy angels bearing a cross. When Titian finished this great picture he was forty-nine years old; yet he had half his life before him. The work of that second half was destined to differ from that of the first to a more marked extent than the work of youth usually differs from that of age. Great changes were taking place in Art in Italy, and the changes were accelerated at Venice by the influence of Michael Angelo, who at this time spent some months in Titian's city.

F. Mabel Robinson.

ROYAL ACADEMY—OLD MASTERS EXHIBITION.

THE present Exhibition possesses two special features of very different degrees of importance: a selection from the works of Joseph Wright, of Derby, A.R.A., and a collection of water-colour drawings by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. No doubt a certain amount of interest attaches to the work of a painter who, at the time when Art was first beginning to show signs of development in England, enjoyed a reputation certainly superior to most of his compeers. But we cannot help thinking that this reputation was purely a relative one, and that the experiment of introducing him to the public as a candidate for undying fame is not likely to result in a favourable verdict. Wright's admirers have sought to enhance his claims by making much of the differences between him and the Academy, but an impartial examination of the facts of the case hardly warrants the assertion that he was badly treated by that body. He first exhibited at the Academy in 1778, having entered the Schools in 1775, and gained a Silver Medal there; and was elected an Associate on November 5, 1781, receiving 14 votes out of 19. On December 7 the secretary reported to the Council that he had acquainted Mr. Wright with his election as an Associate, but had received no answer; and on January 7, 1782, a letter was read from him thanking the Academy for having chosen him an Associate, and mentioning that he should most probably be in town at the Exhibition. On March 26th in the same year he asked the Council for "indulgence" for his two pictures, meaning that he should have leave to send them in after the specified date, which was granted. On October 11, nothing having been heard of him in the meantime, the secretary was instructed to write to Mr. Wright, and, that there might be no further delay in his signing the Obligation or Roll of Institution as an Associate, a copy of it was ordered to be sent to him for signature. This brought the following letter to the secretary:—



Portrait of Miss Fleming, afterwards Countess of Harrington. By Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

"Derby, 21st Oct., 1782.

"SIR,—I take the liberty of troubling you with a letter previous to my signing the Obligation, to know why in the last Catalogue I stood Academician elect, and now on the list of candidates as an Associate?

"When I wrote you in February last it was my intention to have been in town at the ensuing Exhibition, but was prevented by business which was not to be delayed. I did not then know the necessity of either appearing or writing, otherwise if I could not do the one I should not have omited (*sic*) the other.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"JOSEPH WRIGHT."

The secretary replied as follows:—

"R.A., 8th November, 1782.

"SIR,—I am favoured with yours dated 21st October, which should have answered but have been prevented by absence for a few days.

"If you will please to refer to the last Catalogue you will find at the beginning that the Academicians are distinguished by the letters R.A., the Associates by the letter A.

"After your name you will find A. Elect, and in the list of the exhibitors at the end of the Catalogue you will find Joseph Wright, *Associate* Elect, Derby.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"F. M. Newton, R.A., Secretary.

"Mr. JOSEPH WRIGHT, Derby."

He appears to have been satisfied with this explanation, as we find the secretary reporting to the Council on December 31st, 1782, that he had received the copy of the Obligation from Mr. Joseph Wright, duly signed. The first vacancy that occurred in the ranks of the Academicians after Wright's election as an Associate was filled up on February 11, 1783, when Edmund Garvey was elected by 10 votes against 8 given for Wright. Garvey, it may be mentioned, had been an Associate since 1770, and was not, as has been lately asserted, merely a painter of gentlemen's seats. The next election of an Academician took place on February 10, 1784, and Wright was elected by 8 votes against 7 given for J. F. Rigaud. At the meeting of the Council on March 26th following, however, a letter was read from Mr. Joseph Wright, wherein he declined being an Academician, and it was resolved "That his name be erased from the List of Associates according to his desire." The Associate's Roll of Institution contains the following entry in the space where Wright should have signed his name:—"Mem. Mr. Jos. Wright, elected 5th November, 1781, *resigned*." Wright therefore ceased to be an Associate of the Academy, and the letters A.R.A. ought not, strictly speaking, to be appended to his name. This is further proved by the fact that when he again began exhibiting at the Academy in 1788, his name is not printed as that of a member. The best of the twelve pictures here exhibited as representative of his work is certainly the portrait of his sister, 'Nancy Wright' (14), painted when he was 19. It bears strong evidence of the influence of his master, Hudson, and still more so of Hudson's more famous pupil Reynolds. It is a pity that that influence did not lead on to better results than the feeble 'Edwin' (9) and 'Maria' (13), and the portrait group of 'Lady Wilmot and Child' (5), an ugly and pretentious imitation of Sir Joshua not at his best. As to his landscapes, of which there are three examples here (8, 11, 12), Peter Pindar thus ridiculed them in 1785:—

> "O'er wooden hills where gold and silver moons
> Now mount like sixpences, and now balloons;
> Where sea-reflections nothing natural tell ye,
> So much like fiddle-strings, or vermicelli;
> Where everything exclaimeth—'How severe!'
> 'What are we? and what business have we here?'"

language perhaps as unduly severe as the terms of eulogy in which Hailey sang of his performances were extravagant. 'The Orrery' (10), lent by the Corporation of Derby, one of his best-known works, is certainly clever, but the execution is hard and dry and the subject uninteresting.

Far different in importance is the other special feature of the Exhibition. No such collection of Turner's water-colour work has ever been seen, certainly within recent years, as that now hung in the handsome new water-colour gallery designed by Mr. Norman Shaw. Every one of the fifty-three drawings is a masterpiece, and yet such was the untiring industry of the man, and so "constant" was he "in a wondrous excellence," that half-a-dozen equally good collections might be got together; and we are glad to hear, on the best authority, that the Academy intend this to be the first of a series of such exhibitions, to be continued in future years. With the exception of the drawings belonging to Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Fawkes, most of those in the present collection have appeared from time to time in the sale-room, and it may be interesting to note the prices which some of them fetched on the last occasion. The 'Righi at sunrise' (3), £661 10s. The 'Splugen Pass' (22), £1050. A curious story connected with these two drawings and the 'Righi at sunset' (5), is told by Mr. Ruskin in the notes which he wrote for the catalogue of his drawings exhibited at The Fine Art Society in 1878. They formed part of a set of ten for which Turner asked £1000 and received seven hundred and twenty guineas net cash in 1842. Mr. Ruskin obtained two (not here) at eighty guineas each, and thirty years afterwards sold one of them ('Lucerne Town') for £1,000, wishing, as he said, to get *dead* Turner for one drawing his own original price for the whole ten. 'The Chain Bridge over the Tees' (9), £1102 10s. 'The Village of Heysham' (11), £787. 'The Lake and Town of Geneva' (12), £871 10s. 'The Crook of Lune' (14), £1155. 'Knaresborough' (15), £1218. 'Lancaster Sands' (17), £882. 'Rivaulx Abbey' (23), £1029. 'Dartmouth Cove' (24), £892 10s. 'Marrick Abbey' (26), £745 16s. 'Ashby-de-la-Zouche' (44), £525. These figures give some idea of the value of this collection, which illustrates nearly half a century of work, and which might, as we have said, be repeated on the same scale for many years to come. After all that has been done—we might, and without being guilty of treason, whisper, more than done—by Mr. Ruskin, to attempt to criticise Turner would be "wasteful and ridiculous excess;" we will leave that to those who are fond of "seeing in Homer more than Homer saw." He who can see as much as Turner saw may well be satisfied. It is reported that a would-be buyer who once managed to get into the house in Queen Anne Street, began to criticize some of the pictures he saw there, and pointing to one, exclaimed, "Now, really, Mr. Turner, I never saw anything like that in nature." "Very likely not," said Turner grimly, "but don't you wish you could have?"

For those who wish to study the various phases of the artist's genius at different periods of his life, the catalogue gives a date to each drawing, approximate sometimes, but sometimes certain, for the painter himself has inscribed it on the work. This seems a far better plan, all things considered, than the arrangement in chronological order which is so much clamoured for by some critics. These exhibitions of a painter's work are after all not exclusively intended for the benefit of critics, or even of Art students, pictorial or literary. They are for the general public, and the general public does not go to an exhibition for the purpose of study, but to be pleased and amused. Now the harmonious aspect of an exhibition as a whole has a great deal to do with the effect produced on the visitors to it: and no exhibition could be arranged to look well if strict chronological order were adhered to. Following the catalogue, which in the main is correct, the earliest drawings here are 'Llangollen' (43) belonging to Mr. Abel Buckley, painted before 1800; the two splendid Swiss views belonging to Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, 'Falls of the Reichenbach' (34), and 'The Devil's Bridge, Mount St. Gothard' (36); 'Snowdon' (25), Mr. William Leech; 'Lake and Town of Geneva' (12), Mr. Ruskin; 'Plymouth' (16), Captain Meeking; 'Dartmoor' (28), Mr. Holbrook Gaskell; and 'Chryses on the Sea-shore' (4), Mr. R. C. L. Bevan. The latest are the two Righis (3 and 5), Mr. J. E. Taylor; 'The Lake of Lucerne' (6), Mr. A. Haworth; 'The Splugen Pass' (22), Mr. Ruskin; and 'City and Lake of Constance' (18), Mr. R. Brocklebank. Between these periods come some of the finest drawings in the collection, such as 'Llanthony Abbey,' and 'Derwentwater' (1 and 2) lent by Mr. J. E. Taylor; 'The Chain Bridge over the Tees' (9), Mr. A. Haworth; 'The Crook of Lune' (14), Rev. W. McGregor; 'Knaresborough' (15), Mr. J. F. White; 'Lancaster Sands' (17), Mr. J. Irvine Smith; 'Rivaulx Abbey' (23), Mr. A. G. Kurtz; 'Vale of Pevensey' (30), Sir Alex.

Acland Hood, Bt.; 'Upper Falls of the Reichenbach,' and 'Mount Cenis in a Snow-storm' (33 and 37), Mr. Fawkes; and the 'Eight Views in Scotland' (45), Mr. R. Brocklebank.

The arrangement of the other portions of the Exhibition is the same as we have been accustomed to during the last few years, and those who delight in the very old masters will find some fairly good examples, hung, as usual, in Gallery IV. Many of them have been lent by the Earl of Wemyss, who has indeed been a liberal contributor to the Exhibition, no less than forty-five of the two hundred and ten pictures being from his collection. Unfortunately, too many of them show signs of considerable touching and repainting, and some are obviously not what they profess to be; but the 'Virgin and Child' (189) by Mantegna bears every appearance of being the undoubted work of the master, and a similar subject (191) by Botticelli, in which the scene is laid in a garden of roses, is a more than usually pleasing specimen. The palm, however, must be assigned to the same artist's 'La Bella Simonetta' (196), belonging to Colonel Sterling, a really sumptuous rendering of Botticelli's favourite model and Giuliano de' Medici's mistress, whose untimely death is lamented in the verses of Pulci and Politiano. Colonel Sterling is also the fortunate possessor of another interesting early picture, 'St. Sebastian and St. Roch' (174), by Cima da Conegliano, and Lord Wantage contributes a signed panel, 'Virgin and Child' (194), by the same artist. Pictures by Vittore Carpaccio are almost unknown in England, and indeed he is a painter who can hardly be studied out of Venice; all the more welcome therefore is Lord Berwick's example, 'The Nativity' (206), which is a remarkably fine one, and exhibits very strongly this master's "deep observation of nature, and his power of continuing various incidents on one stage." Other Italian pictures worthy of note in this room are 'St. Augustine' (195), by Borgognone, lent by Mr. H. H. Gibbs, part of a triptych formerly in the Certosa at Pavia, the other wing of which, representing Peter Martyr, is now in the Louvre; 'Temperance' (204), by Giorgione, belonging to the Royal Academy; 'The Virgin and Child enthroned' (186), ascribed by the owner, Mr. Heseltine, to Bramantino; and 'A Young Man' (161), by Marco Basaiti, lent by Colonel Cure. Of the few examples of the early German schools, the most remarkable is the exquisite little panel lent by Lord Heytesbury, representing 'St. Francis receiving the Stigmata' (198), attributed with every probability to Jan van Eyck; its miniature-like finish could hardly be surpassed. To the same owner belongs another interesting picture, 'Descent from the Cross' (210), ascribed to that somewhat abstract personality, the Master of Cologne.



Lady Hamilton. By George Romney. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

The pictures attributed to the great Italian masters in Gallery III. are not of very first rate quality. Recent criticism has thrown much doubt on the authenticity of Lord Monson's Leonardo, known as the 'Madonna del basso rilievo' (123); and those severe critics, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, say of Lord Wemyss's 'St. Sebastian' (132), that it was one of the

numerous replicas by Titian and his scholars of a portion of the famous Brescian altar-piece; while the sketch of the same subject (113) is set down by them as a free copy by a later painter. Better copies of the 'Venus and Adonis' (109) have been seen in these exhibitions from Leigh Court and Cobham. 'The Birth of Jupiter' (104), by Schiavone, also belonging to Lord Wemyss, is a fine piece of colour, but has been sadly repainted. The same owner's Bassano, 'Moses and the Burning Bush' (120), is a fine work; and so is Lord Wantage's 'The Prodigal Son,' also ascribed to Bassano. The most attractive works, however, on the north, east, and west walls of this gallery are by the Spaniard Velasquez, 'The Water-Seller' (119), belonging to the Duke of Wellington; the Frenchman Claude (129, 133, 145), of which the two last, belonging respectively to Mr. James Knowles and Mr. R. C. L. Bevan, are incomparably the best; the Dutchman Sir Antonio More, whose 'Burgomaster's Wife' (105), belonging to Mrs. Cavan, is an admirable specimen of what a portrait should be—truthful, well drawn, carefully painted, and excellent in colour; and the last-named's fellow-countryman, Van Dyck, whose sumptuous 'Duchess of Arenberg and Child' (148) is one of the glories of Farnley Hall.



Mrs. Abington as 'Roxalana.' By Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

Of the Dutch pictures in Gallery II. it is not necessary to say much. There are some good examples, but the general average is below what has been seen here in many preceding years. The four lent by her Majesty from Buckingham Palace are all fair specimens of the respective masters, especially the Hobbema, 'A Water Mill' (95), and the De Hooghe, 'Afternoon' (98); we much prefer, however, Mr. Pritchard's landscape by the former master (93). Jan Steen is represented by two characteristic examples, of which the best is undoubtedly that lent by the Duke of Wellington (90): cleverness and vulgarity could go no farther. The same owner's Tenier's 'A Village Fête' (53) is the best of the four attributed to that artist, though Mrs. Cooper's 'Skittle-Players' (91) is a fine example, and Mr. Hughes's 'Fish-Salesman' (67) derives a special interest from its unusual size, and from being supposed to be a portrait of the artist himself. It is well matched by Snyder's 'Dead Game' (78), belonging to the Earl of Dartmouth. The exquisite finish of the Duke of Wellington's and of Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's Van der Heydes, 'View of a Town in Holland' (52), and 'The Gate of the Palace' (83), should not escape attention; and the same may be said of Mr. Knowles's Ruysdael, 'The Bleaching-Ground' (56). The Flemish flower painters, of whom Segers was the chief, are well represented by two capital pieces by Verendael, belonging respectively to Mr. Rohde (54) and Mr. M. Huish (99).

We have left ourselves but little space to speak of the English pictures, other than the Wrights, in Galleries I. and II. Reynolds, as usual, is foremost both in numbers and attractiveness. Of the eighteen works here shown, the Earl of Fife's 'Mrs. Abington as Roxalana' (33), and Lord Monson's 'Mrs. Payne Gallwey and Son,' better known as 'Pick-a-back,' are the best. None of the full-lengths in Gallery III. are of the first quality, except, perhaps, Lord Berwick's 'Lady Broughton' (149), the Earl of Harewood's 'Miss Fleming' (157), and Lord Rothschild's 'Master Braddyl' (160). Mr. Knowles's beautiful little landscape (42)—Reynolds is said to have painted only two—should certainly not be overlooked. Gainsborough is represented by eight pictures, chief among which is the portrait of Mrs. Sheridan (103), lent by Lord Rothschild. The same painter's bust of 'Miss Rowley' (47), belonging to Major King, and the full length of 'Lady Brisco' (150), lent by the present Baronet, are very characteristic works: pity that the colour in the face of the last named should be so washed out. The only Romney to be noticed is 'Lady Hamilton' (3), belonging to Mr. Fawkes; who also lends Turner's 'Pilot Boat' (156), a fine work, which suffers however by contrast with his water colours, and by its proximity to such magnificent specimens of landscape Art as Constable's 'Hay Wain' (153), and 'Stratford Mill' (158), the former belonging to Mr. Henry Vaughan, the latter to Mr. C. F. Huth. The 'Hay Wain' was the picture which received the gold medal in Paris in 1825, and created such a sensation among French landscape painters, who, as Constable himself said, had hitherto "studied pictures only," "and," quoting Northcote, "know as little of nature as a hackney-coach horse does of a pasture." This notice ought not to conclude without a mention of Wilkie's famous 'Reading the Waterloo Despatch' (37), belonging to the Duke of Wellington, which forms the principal attraction of the first gallery.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

QUITE pre-eminent amongst the surprises of the present Art season will rank Mr. Herbert Marshall's collection of drawings illustrating the 'Scenery of London,' which are at present on view at The Fine Art Society's rooms. Few people would have believed that the metropolis was so thoroughly paintable, had not Mr. Marshall proved it beyond a doubt. Not alone are these water-colour drawings full of local interest, but there are disclosed effective possibilities hitherto unapproached in pictures of London. Taking his way for the most part in the early morning, the artist has found subtle atmospheric effects, and a wealth of colour seldom noticed in this grim city. Ever since the days of Hogarth artists have found much food for the exercise of descriptive faculty in the London streets, but not until to-day, we think, have the beauties of London, hardly suspected by most, been done justice to. As an old Westminster scholar, Mr. Marshall's early associations lead him to paint most frequently the great Abbey of the West-end and its surrounding cluster of picturesque buildings, and in these he finds at once his most congenial and most successful subjects. But he does not stop here. From London Bridge to "The Inventions," from Chelsea to Lord's Cricket Ground, he has assiduously laid under contribution the ever-recurring points of interest. Whilst we must give the palm to his drawings of Westminster, with its Abbey, the Victoria Tower, and the Houses of Parliament, the drawings of Smithfield Market, St. Magnus, London Bridge, St. Paul's Cathedral, the New Law Courts, Whitehall, St. Mary-le-Strand, and the Tower are each full of good qualities. In fact, in this collection of over one hundred drawings, Mr. Marshall very amply displays, with a spirit which reminds us forcibly of some of the best work of the Dutch school, but is at the same time characteristic and individual, the great pictorial resources of this city of ours "in the beauty of the morning; silent, bare," in so happy a way that we are tempted to congratulate ourselves on the temporary affliction that induced him to give up the profession of architecture for that of painting.

The question of the duty on works of Art in America has elicited from Mr. Hubert Herkomer a spirited letter. Explaining some recent experiences, he writes: "I tried to arrange to have Miss Grant's portrait in my studio here, and wrote to the Secretary of the Treasury about it. No, it could not be done; must go to an association, or I must pay duty on it, although it is not for sale. He wrote to me in the usual red-tape manner, although personally he, with the rest of Americans, East at least, abominate this law. It is something at least to get a direct reply from the Secretary, for, unfortunately, everybody has got into the habit of thinking this law outrageous, and that seems to suffice. It will not be altered for years. Nobody moves, and it is accepted comfortably as something *too* absurd and wholly wrong. The Congress men are so widespread. We might as well have in our Parliament men from Constantinople and the East, and expect them to be interested in a little law concerning the National Gallery alone. A great change will come over the growth of American Art in the next five years if this law continues. A fine plant will die and rot before it is ripe, for want of proper nourishment from outside air."

On the 18th of last June an article appeared in a contemporary entitled "A Reform Bill for the Royal Academy," in which the very real and admitted grievances of "outside" contributors were duly set forth and the remedy propounded. The scheme of reform was a simple one—namely, the limitation of the number of works sent in by each contributor to two, and of each Academician to four; and it was claimed for it, that not only was it perfectly practicable, simple of adoption, interfering but to an exceedingly slight extent with the rights of those within, promising varied advantages and the best results, but that it was also ardently desired by the great body of English painters, contributors to, though not members of, the Royal Academy. No interference at all with the rights of the members of the Academy would have been proposed had it not been understood that the Academicians considered that they could not properly restrict the privileges (?) of outsiders while retaining intact their own.

"While claiming that this scheme of limitation is such a cure," says the writer in a recent article on this subject, "I must repeat what I said before, that it is no 'pet idea' of my own alone; on the contrary, it is the embodiment of the views of the great mass of outside contributors to the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Feeling, however, that it would be extremely desirable that my statement should be supported and corroborated directly by the exhibitors themselves if it were to carry due weight, I determined to ascertain their views distinctly and accurately. A list of exhibitors (of works in oil only) was first carefully prepared. A copy of the article of the 18th of June, together with a circular letter and voting paper, was then sent to every name on the selected list. No less than 279 voting papers were sent in, of which 273 were approvals and six were disapprovals. Of these six three were but partial disapprovals; and two of the objectors were ladies. An analysis of the voting papers becomes even more interesting than the bare record of the numbers given above, as it shows how deep is the interest taken in the question by the voters. Fifty-four sent separate letters along with their voting papers, while sixty-five more accompanied their votes with observations and suggestions of various kinds; all of which go to emphasize the fact that the scheme of limitation of number of works sent in by each contributor is the one phase of reform on which there is practically absolute unanimity. Nineteen suggest that as a matter of polity the proposal as to limitation should be confined to 'outsiders' only, leaving the members of the Academy 'a law unto themselves,' while ten would have the limit raised to three. A few would gladly see certain principles of the Paris Salon adopted—the re-arranging of pictures to take place after the first six weeks, and the choice of the selecting committee to be decided by ballot of exhibitors. Others merely add expressions of strong approval and sometimes of deep gratitude." As a more clear summary of the result, the writer gives the following comparative statement of votes:—Approvals, 273, equals ·97 of total;

disapprovals, 6, equals '02 of total; votes marked "private," 68, equals '32 of total; votes not "private," 211; with observations, 65; without observations, 214; letters, 54. Total votes sent in, 279.

The new National Art Gallery just erected in Sydney, or rather the first instalment of what will in the course of years be developed into a grand structure worthy of so imposing a title, has been formally opened. In the course of a long address Sir Alfred Stephens said:—The Gallery owes its existence to a small society formed in 1871, of which the late Thomas Sutcliffe Mort, Mr. Montefiore and Mr. Du Faur, its vice-president and secretary, and seven or eight more were the sole members. Its means were very limited, it possessed no settled habitation, and during the first three years it had neither Parliamentary aid nor recognition. On the motion of Mr. Combes, however, a member of the Assembly, a grant of £500 was then made in its favour; and in 1875, at the instance of Mr. Watson, the Assembly voted £1,000, which was declared to be 'in aid of the society, and towards the formation of a Gallery of Art.' In the following year its present national character was imposed on the society by the appointment of trustees, all being members of it, to superintend from time to time the Parliamentary expenditure. Thus, from a humble beginning, arose the grander institution of to-day, and the transition from the struggling 'Academy of Art' to its now permanent and appropriate name. In the meantime, an Art training school had been established, casts from the antique and other models procured for Art study and sundry water-colour drawings purchased, all that could then be afforded, but among which are some of the best examples in that department. The more generous Parliamentary votes of succeeding years enabled the trustees to add materially to their collection in other walks of Art. To individuals, also, and to some public bodies and foreign Governments, the Gallery has been indebted for many interesting works. The casts of the more celebrated statues, the Venus of Milo and of the Medici, the Apollo, the Boxers, the Dying Gladiator, and some others were the gift of Sir Charles Nicholson. But the most extensive and still among the most attractive of the acquisitions, were the pictures purchased by the trustees in 1879 at the International Exhibition in Sydney in that year, comprising selections from the Austrian, Belgian, French, German, and English courts. A few other Art treasures, also, were bought by Sir Henry Parkes from the International Exhibition of the same year at Melbourne. All these were, in September, 1880, at a meeting presided over by his Excellency, Lord Augustus Loftus, formally thrown open to the public. The intervening period has witnessed the increasing interest taken by all classes in the work, the steady support of Parliament and the consequent yearly additions to the Gallery. "In 1880 we had 44 oil paintings—we have now 88; there were then 33 water-colour drawings—the number is now 79. Other Art works have increased in the same or a similar proportion. The state of the building recently occupied, which in 1880 and until this erection was the only available one, had been for some years found to be not objectionable merely, but dangerous. It was exposed to the risks of fire and destruction by the white ant, while the pictures were gradually (some of them rapidly) being ruined by atmospheric changes, and by damp. It was, therefore, necessary to provide without delay a solid structure, where these works of Art should at least be safe; where, moreover, they could be viewed with advantage equally to the works themselves as to the spectators. The result is that which we see around us. With the limited means at his command, the Minister presiding over this department could not have effected more. The interior walls alone, therefore, are here. Necessary extensions, with external ornamentation, may be the work of to-morrow. All this will depend, of course, on Parliament. We submit them with the one sole desire that such a structure will finally be here raised as shall be worthy of its object and of the city and colony to which we belong."

At the church of St. James the Less, Vauxhall, a reproduction in Venetian glass mosaic of one of the early frescoes executed by Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., has just been completed. It appears that the original fresco subject, the 'Ascension,' was carried out by Mr. Watts some twenty-five years ago, and, in the interval, had, like all similar works in this country, succumbed to the deleterious effects of our climate, which had so completely obliterated the fresco that it was not without considerable difficulty that Mr. H. L. Moore (a pupil of Mr. Watts), to whom the task of preparing the cartoon had been entrusted, could determine the precise position of some of the limbs of the figures forming the composition. The reproduction in mosaic has been carried out by the Venice and Murano Glass Company, and has afforded complete satisfaction.

This year's exhibition of the Berlin Association of Lady Artists includes nearly three hundred works of Art. The collection is shown in the rooms of the Academy of Arts, and its variety is well-nigh infinite—oil-paintings, water-colour and pencil drawings, plaques, panels, and silk painting, all helping to demonstrate the versatility of the artists. German nobility is largely represented among the exhibitors.

The Corporation of Frankfort-on-Main has resolved to enrich the artistic contents of the Council House by the addition of figures of all future German Emperors. There are already here figures of the Emperors from the time of Charles the Great to the dissolution of the Empire in 1806. The statue of the present Emperor is to be added at once.

The award has been made in the prize competition in designs for the frescoes which are to adorn the staircase of Berlin's imposing town-hall. The subject is the historical relationship of Berlin to the Prussian State and the German Empire. It cannot be said that the result of the competition is strikingly successful. Many of the designs are, it is true, marked by power and true artistic feeling, but others are very indifferent. The first and second prizes—of 15,000 and 10,000 marks—have fallen to the painters Mühlenbach and Louis, and the third, of 5,000 marks, goes to Eberlein, the sculptor. Noteworthy work was also sent in by Professor Knackfuss, of Cassel, and Hermann Kaulbach. It may, indeed, be open to question whether the jurors have come to an altogether indisputable decision.

The committee of the Birmingham Art Museum are starting on the right tack in issuing such a *catalogue raisonné* as that by Mr. T. Rathbone on the Tangye collection of old Wedgwood, which contains a succinct account of the ware, the life of its inventor, and illustrations of the principal pieces

and marks. We trust that the authorities will further see their way to issuing an edition of it at a more popular price than one shilling.

American artists seem determined to leave no stone unturned to give their English brethren the go-by in book illustration. The latest evidence of this appears in "Rudder Grange," recently issued by Mr. J. C. Nimmo. Here, Mr. Stockton, the author, and Mr. A. B. Frost, the artist, have gone hand in hand to produce the most humorous of stories with the best results. We know of no one on this side of the water save Mr. Charles Keene who could have improved upon



Rudder Grange.

Mr. Frost's figures, and in the matter of delineation of landscape we think that the latter would have the best of it. The story deals with the trials of a young and energetic couple in search of a home within the compass of their limited means, and the pitfalls which beset these tyros. Our illustration shows their first effort at economical housekeeping in leasing an old stranded barge (hence the title of the book), which very shortly got adrift in a gale of wind and carried all their chattels to the bottom of the river.

ANCIENT ROME IN 1885. By J. Henry Middleton (Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black). So much has been done within the last few years in the work of excavation in the soil of Rome, that another book on the antiquities of the city needs no apology. But Mr. Middleton's undertaking is justified by his method, which is one of personal enquiry and verification. He has given special and technical attention to the details of construction, "points," as he says, "which are usually passed over too lightly by those antiquaries who are without any practical acquaintance with the actual processes and the materials employed in building." Moreover he has re-measured and planned the Forum, and has defined the important discoveries recently made in the House of Vestals, keeping also a vigilant eye upon the accidental revelations which have attended the making of new quarters within the ancient enclosure of the walls. The chapters on materials have a distinctive value, but the work throughout is done with a conscientious completeness. Among the engravings of reconstructions—most carefully checked in every case—may be specially mentioned the restoration of the Tepidarium in the Baths of Caracalla, which the visitor to Rome should take with him into the ruins. The illustrations are abundant and good, but still better are the plans. Although the work is a treatise in library form, it is presented as a compact volume, which should make an excellent advanced and technical guide-book to the ruins of Rome.

"THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT" (London: Hodder and Stoughton).—The days of these well-intentioned volumes, so copiously illustrated, so handsomely bound, but containing so little of lasting interest, must surely be numbered. The one before us is evidently of transatlantic origin, save and except as to its preface by the Bishop of Ripon, which is certainly the most valuable portion of the book. The illustrations are, for the most part, by artists who have adapted themselves to better-known styles, and we have reminders of the work of Doré, Boughton, and others. In this category must not, however, be confounded the illustrations by Harry Fenn, which do not, we believe, make their first appearance here.

"THE HERMIT." By Oliver Goldsmith. Illustrated by W. Shirlaw; engraved by F. Tuengling (London: J. B. Lippincott).—There is little that emerges from the press of these renowned publishers but calls for laudatory remarks, whether our attention is directed to the printing, engraving, or binding. And this volume is no exception. It is true that the ballad is so short that the work has to be (to use a vulgar expression) "bumped" out with many sheets of blank paper at either end, but when the body of the work is reached, one cannot but praise the dexterity of the engraver in the branch of wood-cutting which he affects, and the manner in which it has been set before the public. We wish we could say the same for the artist's work. His head and tail pieces, which play with the cherubic forms which mark the tombstones of the Goldsmithian epoch, are novel and clever, but Edwin and Angelina can never have been present to the poet's eye in such a mien as Mr. Shirlaw has here presented them. Ugly in countenance, and dressed in a variety of garbs, dating from the times of rudest barbarism almost to yesterday, they never assume the slightest interest or in any way illustrate the ballad.

"THE LIFE AND WORKS OF JOSEPH WRIGHT, A.R.A., COMMONLY CALLED 'WRIGHT OF DERBY.'" By William Bemrose (London: Bemrose and Son).—There is no painter, unless it be Sir John E. Millais, whose merits are more discussed at the present moment than "Wright of Derby." From the most carefully balanced criticism to the pleasant inanity of the comic prints—one of which considered it "Wright of Derby, but wrong of Academy"—all have had something to say about the artist whose works at present share with Turner much of the wall space of the Royal Academy. At a period like this one is apt to feel the value of such a work as Mr. Bemrose has prepared. In the preface Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse endeavours to aid in drawing Joseph Wright out of those depths of semi-oblivion into which he has, "during the last half century and more, sunk altogether undeservedly." "It will," he says, "be generally acknowledged that between such names as Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, and such as West, Northcote, Barry, and Hamilton, there is a gap—sensibly to be felt. In this gap, but nearer to the greater than to the lesser men, a place has of late years been found for Romney. It is but a modest claim for Wright that the same distinction should be accorded to him." Now this is all very excellent as a prefatory oration, but we do not trace Mr. Monkhouse the critic in it. And to his reasons.

As a painter, we are told, his practice was nearer Van der Helst, and a host of other illustrious artists to whom clear, clean work was dear, than to Franz Hals. As a colourist he was "a naturalist," and "did not allow a preference for certain harmonies to dominate his work; but though his colour missed the charm of inspiration, it never failed in harmony." More than this, we are told that he had the colour sense, and a command of the whole scale; that what reputation he now has is founded upon his effects of artificial light; that unsophisticated by fashion or affectation, his portraits are history in its simplest and truest form; that Sir Joshua painted children with more spirit and with a livelier eye for fleeting charms of expression, but no artist has painted them more freshly and truly than Wright; and that he was an original and able landscape painter. Such a catalogue of goodly qualities cannot fail to rouse the dormant respect for Wright which must, we think, exist in other breasts besides this kindly critic's. For our own part, we are willing to believe much in the greatness which is thus thrust upon Wright of Derby. He may have had most of those qualities which Mr. Monkhouse claims, but however high these may raise him, it ever seems to us that his work lacks vitality, imagination, and culture. It is ofttimes the work of a clever painter, but seldom that of a great artist.

Leaving the controversial side of the matter, we find it impossible to express anything but high admiration for the purely useful portion—by far the greater one—of the volume. Born at Derby in 1734, Wright obtained his first instruction from Hudson, the portrait painter and master of Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mortimer. From 1765 to 1791 we find him exhibiting at the Society of Artists; and from 1778 to 1782, and again from 1788 to 1794 at the Royal Academy. The story of his secession from the Royal Academy is told at fair length, and it will be instructive to compare it with the particulars given in another part of this journal. Mr. Bemrose refrains, we think wisely, from fighting Wright's battles over again, and confines himself to a simple statement of the accounts given by J. L. Philips, the authors of the "Century of Painters" and Anthony Pasquin (Williams). The succeeding pages are occupied with the usual mainstay of biographers—letters, descriptions of important pictures, and such family details as may be of interest to his admirers, leading down to the last days of August, in the year 1797, when he died. The whole is supplemented by a priced "Catalogue of the genuine collection of pictures, being a selection of the most capital performances of that esteemed artist, John Wright, of Derby, deceased," sold by Mr. Christie on May 6th, 1801, and forms a volume of special interest at this time.

"English Caricaturists and Graphic Humourists of the Nineteenth Century." By Graham Everitt (Swan Sonnenschein, Le Bas, and Lowrey). — The art which Mr. Ashton touches upon, Mr. Everitt traces in an elaborate volume handsomely produced. He has allowed his decided animus as an historian, and even as a theologian, to mar now and then the serenity which is desirable in an Art-critic, and in fact he proclaims what he frankly calls his "bigotry" so loudly that he will not complain of an allusion to it here. Sooth to say, a study of humorous Art which stops, where Mr. Everitt stops, just before the rise of Mr. du Maurier and Mr. Caldecott, leads us through a hideous and ignominious world! Among the European nations laughter is a sane exercise, and in it lies a "criticism of life" which we could ill do without. And Art should have its share of the quality of wit, the quality of humour, the gay criticism of life, and of the grotesqueness which has its analogy and its justification in nature with her toad, her chameleon, her pelican. But the comic artists of this century who preceded Leech (and Leech himself, though we must give him infinite credit for the prettiness which he introduced into comic drawing, was always inelegant and unspiritual) abused the licence of ugliness. Early in the century they delighted in the coarse; later in the vulgar. Contortion, grimace, were their research, a scorn of the human figure was their motive. Who can deny it, after looking through Gillray, Paul Sandby, Rowlandson, Robert Cruikshank, George Cruikshank, Seymour, and "Phiz" in his earlier years? Now and then we have a frank laugh, puerile but genuine, as in the really irresistible "Deaf Postillion" of George Cruikshank. But generally it is violence, contemptuousness, a pleasure in the ignominious rather than in the gay facts of life and human nature. And the comic literature matched the comic art; witness the vulgar cruelties of Douglas Jerrold. Mr. Everitt's book would have been the better for more abundant illustration. He makes a long study, for instance, of the work of the elder Doyle (HB), but is able to give no example of his work. His essay on Leech is affectionate, but too insistent upon the fact of his death. The other artists treated in the book have died as well as Leech.



The Deaf Postillion. From "English Caricaturists."

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HENRY WOODS, A.R.A.

AMONG those painters who in recent years have made modern Venice the object of loving study, Mr. Henry Woods fills the foremost place. If one may employ the term, fallacious though it be, and speak of the modern "Venetian school," then to that school he undoubtedly belongs. Home-staying Englishmen, if they were years ago contented with such indistinct impressions of Venice as they received from Turner's pictures or the stanzas in "Childe Harold," are now familiar with another Venice, quite as poetic, quite as suggestive of romance, the Venice of to-day. Following the bent of modern Art, which makes the real its aim and end, this clever Venetian school has carried us beyond Venice the romantic to Venice the actual, and has created our present interest in the delightful comedy of her streets and people. No European city is richer in those advantages which painters prize, the advantages of light and of colour.



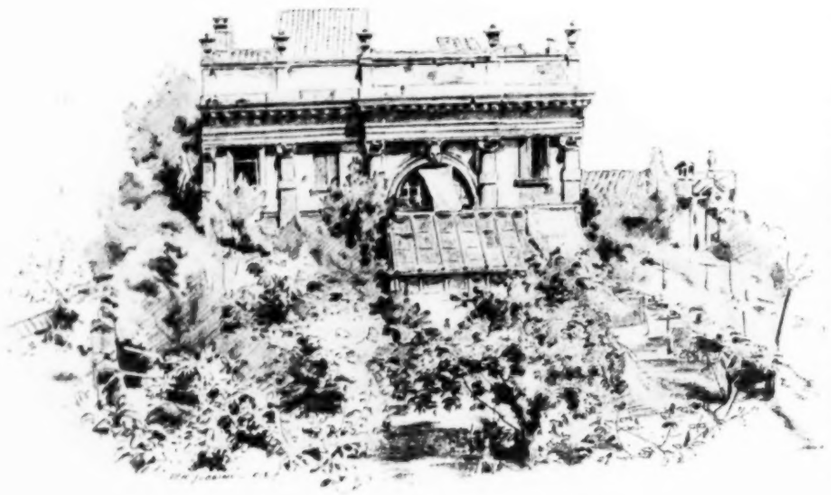
Cupid's Spell. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

Venice at all seasons presents a perpetual feast of colour. She knows no months of gloom and greyness, nor aught of the harsh monotony of an English winter; whether in June or in December, the sun is ever kind, and helps to glorify her beauty. Artists in Venice have, indeed, no mean privilege in being able to paint in a beautiful place, in a beautiful climate, among beautiful people. As the city inspired Carpaccio and the many after him, so now she inspires this group of latter-day artists; yet they are not content merely to reproduce the noble beauty of her architecture or the lustrous hues of her landscape. They use these, yes; but as a background against which to set some scene of human interest, trivial at times, but always true. Before M. van Haanen, who now takes the highest place, Zezos and Ludwig Passini were well known as skilful painters of Venetian street scenes. With these are now reckoned other foreigners, Wolkoff, Ruben, Tito, Blaas; while among the Englishmen who, in a way, are joined to this group, we count Fildes, Logsdail, and Henry Woods.

Born at Warrington, in Lancashire, on April 23, 1846, Mr. Woods was educated at the local Grammar School, and at an early age became a pupil of the Warrington School of Art. After eight years' study, he won a national scholarship, and so could pass to the National Training Schools at South Kensington. The scholarship was for one year only, but, on the head-master's recommendation, it was renewed, and Mr. Woods worked on assiduously at the branch of study he had chosen—design in stained glass—giving his mornings to that in the Museum, while painting every night in the life school. His interest, however, in stained glass proved to be no very deep one, and when the time came for him to leave Kensington, he felt less inclined than ever to follow up his studies. Just then an introduction to the present director of the *Graphic*, Mr. W. L. Thomas, brought him work as an illustrator of various magazines. It was an undoubted advantage, this, of beginning his career as an illustrator. A common charge against English artists is that they paint before they can draw; that they want that thoroughness of training as draughtsmen which Continental schools give. So, then, Woods, like Walker, Fildes, and others before him, was fortunate in this respect. He gained long and varied experience as a draughtsman on wood,

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illustrating novels by Trollope, Wilkie Collins, Charles Reade, Victor Hugo, and others, while he was attached to the staff of the *Graphic* newspaper from its commencement. His first



Mr. Woods's Studio. From a drawing by W. H. Jobbins.

picture of any importance shown at the Royal Academy was called 'Going Home,' a country scene, painted near Hurley, on the Thames. It was followed by 'Haymakers,' 'A Good Bargain,' and 'Good-bye.' These and other careful pieces of genre work, while marking a firm advance in his craft, did not yet draw from artists or from the public particular regard. When, in 1876, yielding to the persuasion of his brother-in-law (and in art) Luke Fildes, Mr. Woods left England on a visit to Venice, his name had yet to be made. His case was that of so many other Englishmen: he came, he saw, he was conquered. The Syren City held him and continues to hold him her willing captive. From Venice, in 1878, he sent to London his first successes, 'The Ducal Court-yard,' and 'Street Trading, Venice,' bright pictures of Venetian life and sunlight, showing great sense for colour and atmosphere. These brought him definitely to the front, and in each succeeding year he continued to establish himself in popular favour by clever outdoor scenes chosen and painted in the street. From the first his pictures had this distinguishing feature, that they were all produced in the open air. Not only to figures does Mr. Woods look for effect; he cares for their setting also; and is never neglectful to infuse into all his compositions something of the deep poetry of Venetian landscape. As a painter of Venetian sunlight he certainly excels. One has only to remember his 'In the Sun,' 'A Zucca Seller,' and 'Il mio Traghetto,' if one would be assured of this. It was in order to secure for himself a means to paint light truthfully and with continual ease that Mr. Woods built his present picturesque studio. The building was once a summer-house, a kind of garden pavilion attached to the crumbling, forsaken Palazzo Vendramin—not Wagner's last home, but another Vendramin palace, which stands in a less conspicuous part of Venice. Vine-leaves and pomegranate boughs spread their green beauty about the studio in summer, and through the high glass roofing rich sunlight ever strikes. The plan of a glass-house in which to paint met at first with ridicule, but later with imitation. There are others now who have seen the wisdom of Mr. Woods' choice; one can only hope that they may construct a studio as spacious, as well lighted, and as picturesque. The little sketches we give show it from without, as seen across the Vendramin garden, and from within, where, at an arched window, some fair model has chosen a cool waiting-place.

This studio which Mr. Woods now inhabits is full of interest, not only on account of its associations with the Vendramin, but by reason, also, of its individual character and contemporary history. It was decorated many years back, but even now the past grandeur is indicated by the marble pillars which are so prominent a structural feature. The effect of these is heightened by the peculiarly brilliant "stucco," itself almost as smooth and brilliant as marble, with which the house is faced. The top studio runs the whole length of the house, as we see it in the sketch, the



Inside the Studio. From a drawing by W. H. Jobbins.

windows on the left of our picture forming the side lights, whilst the window to the right, which stands open, is that of the costume-room. The upper studio has a fine north light also, the back of which we see in our sketch rising above the

parapet. This is Mr. Woods' own contrivance, and descends to the floor of the first story. Here Mr. Woods works on wet days in the summer when he cannot get out. The semi-circular window, over part of which a small blind is stretched, is the same at which the "model" is contentedly sitting as indicated in the second sketch, and from it a pleasant view over the garden away into the blue distance is to be obtained. Below this was originally the grand entrance, which Mr. Woods has availed himself of to form the entrance into the "glass house" which serves him as a winter studio. So popular has this winter studio become, that no painter in Venice now considers himself properly set up until he also has his glass house. The entrance to the studio proper is from the other side, and not from the side we see, which is that of the garden, full of the hundred-and-one luxuriant and flowering shrubs which abound in this favoured corner of the sunny south.

It must not be supposed, however, that such pleasant places are common in Venice. Quite the contrary; and Mr. Woods himself had no slight trouble to secure his present pleasant quarters. He found it in the occupation of a firewood dealer on one floor and a maccaroni maker on the other, and got the owner's permission to take possession on the condition that he could evict the tenants—a task which was eventually and peacefully accomplished, after a severe encounter, by a bribe of fifty francs. The old garden of the palace had undergone a change from its palatial days, and had fallen to the indignity of "tenements," chiefly cultivated as vineyards, and on one of the slips Mr. Woods built his glass studio.

Its position is a good one, lying in what are called the



'Bargaining for an Old Master.' Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

suburbs, that is, about a mile from the Campo di Marco, not far from the church of San Sebastiano, one of the churches in Venice which Paul Veronese (Cagliari) has made immortal by his work. It may seem strange that this is the "suburbs," but so imbued with the importance of his town is the true Venetian that he will tell you quietly that Paris is "in the country." To return to our church, however, it was here that Paul Veronese fled for sanctuary and spent fifteen years of his life. The result is wonderful, and the church one of the best monuments to his greatness that exists.

Besides this the spot is, even for Venice, picturesque, and you are on to the Lagoons and into your gondola in a very short time. It is a part, however, very little visited in the usual course, and this suits Mr. Woods admirably, for he has his models at the door and his subject without the trouble of far seeking. This is not, however, his home, any more than the back by-ways of the Fulham Road are the homes of the artist-chiefs of Hyde Park. Mr. Woods is at home in a different quarter—what might be called the Regent Street of Venice. It is only for the purposes of work that he comes thus into his studio, where he is in the midst of his subjects, such a subject, for instance, as we engrave on this page.

'Bargaining for an Old Master' was first exhibited at Burlington House in 1882, when it became the property of Mr. Holbrook Gaskell. All the while Mr. Woods was painting the manifold details and accessories of this elaborate picture, he met with no sort of interruption, but was able to sit daily before the quaint little curiosity-shop and finish his canvas

unhindered by the displacement of a single object. But this, while an advantage for him, proved the reverse for the garrulous proprietor. Alas! the little shop with its confused array of rarities and rubbish, Bellinis and bottles, no longer exists. It seems that so few cared to bargain for pans or pictures, that, as the *padrone* later avowed to Mr. Woods,



'*Returned from the Rialto.*' *Engraved by Carl Dietrich.*

he "got too thin over it all." So now, perhaps, instead of old masters, he is selling new wine, and has thus found a swifter and more certain way to fill his purse.

A picture that contributed much to improve Mr. Woods' position with the English public was his 'Preparations for the First Communion,' a cleverly chosen subject, and remarkable for its effects of light and colour. For this picture the facsimile we give on p. 101 shows the first study in black and white which the artist made for two of the leading figures. 'Returned from the Rialto,' the delightful study of a little girl in blue, was upon the Academy walls last year. Any rambler through the maze of *calle* and *fondamente* in Venice may meet just such a soiled little piece of picturesqueness, just such a tousled "marchioness" returning from her daily search for salads at the Rialto. Not one girl, but many, would never make the effort this one is making to pull the bell-rope. Rather than drop her wooden sandal over the business of getting the door opened, she would ask you frankly to do her the favour of tugging at the bell-handle that is all too high for convenience. "El diga! Mi faza sto piazer da sonaret campaneo," and you would comply, for such a saucy *tosa* gets round you with her eyes. Venetian eyes are ensnaring things.

Comment and praise were not wanting to Mr. Woods' other canvas, 'Cupid's Spell,' which had a conspicuous place given to it in the last Academy show. To us this picture always seemed a trifle artificial, a trifle made-up; as though the young lady had arranged to sit in her smart clothes at the foot of an obliging stone Cupid all ready to hold her lover's nets, and as though the tree had conveniently bent its boughs "by special arrangement, for this time only," in order to give the picture a pretty frame. But then, if we carp in our ignorant way at the composition, and quarrel with the girl's dress, which looks more like a Neapolitan costume than that of any fair daughter of Venice, can we not find compensation in the delightful vision which the painter has given us of the sea-city as she lies in distance under the white light of some morning in July? With this background alone, Mr. Woods has made his picture valuable and "a joy for ever."

In the autumn of last year Mr. Woods was at Serravalle, or Vittorio, as you may know it from map or railway ticket. In an hour or little more it is to be reached from Venice, so in summer the place is filled with Venetians flying from scirocco and mosquitoes, and eager for a breath of Alpine air. Serravalle, as the name hints, closes the valley through which the Piave, coming down from Cadore, issues to the plain and the sea.

It is a charmingly picturesque little spot, and Mr. Woods was able to get a subject to which he has done abundant justice. Green water, churned to foam by broad mill-wheels; stone stairs with figures; light on foliage and cool shade; all these elements of charm are in his picture. The tumbling water is painted with surprising skill. These are secrets, though, which dare not be disclosed until the month of May. Or, if regard for this did not stop our pen from writing freely, we could tell how Mr. Woods has been working of late upon a genre picture where the scene is laid on the Zattere. And if some readers get no clue to a just conception of what the Zattere is, then we can only bid them come to Venice and discover it themselves. For the Zattere is such a fascinating place, that they will find it cost them a hard wrench to get away.

"Nous étions bien là," said De Musset of the Giudecca and S. Biagio; of the Zattere one could still say as much and more. Poor De Musset! what poem, if alive, could he write now about the Giudecca, hideous with Hungarian polenta-mills, lime-kilns, and factory-chimneys!

Though Mr. Woods is a rapid and industrious worker it is not to be supposed that he can complete his pictures with regular speed. Planning them is one thing and finishing them is another. 'In the Sun' was kept for three summers before it could be completed; 'Cupid's Spell' had to remain as long a period in a backward state. These delays are, of course, due to the climate. Certain hot effects of light, certain cool gradations of tint in landscape, can only be caught at certain seasons; February and early March, for instance, bring exquisite opaline tints that must be seized then or not at all. And as all Mr. Woods' work is open-air work, he is greatly dependent upon the climate; a fortnight's dismal weather may often serve to keep him waiting. When painting in the streets he has a skilful device for damping the

curiosity of the loungers that throng round his canvas to watch and criticise. It is to place a cigarette-paper over each of the faces of his figures; this serves to make his work as uninteresting to the bystanders as if a cloth were hung before it. But all the onlookers, *facchini, gondolieri,* and the like, are respectful and intelligent. "Ah! what lots of foreigners come and take away our city piece by piece," one will say. "Yes," rejoins another; "that's because the *forestieri* are so clever and such good painters." "Well, but wasn't our Paolo Veronese a good painter too?" inquires the first, with a touch of defiance in his accent. "So he was," is the lofty answer, "and so was our Tintoretto." The use of that word *our* gives a wonderful charm to such simple dialogue: it shows how even the poorest Venetian proudly remembers and holds himself linked to those glorious ones that lived before him on the lagoons.

While the artist was painting 'Il mio Traghetto,' a priest who passed across the ferry every morning never failed to stop and speak to him. He would chat about the weather, tap his snuff-box, praise the picture, and then pursue his way rejoicing. This little morning-interview was regularly repeated for weeks. And then, one day Mr. Woods told his friendly visitor that he was going back on the morrow to England. The good priest showed some concern, shook him cordially by the hand, and asked as a parting question (for priests are fond of questioning) was he a Catholic or a Protestant? While Mr. Woods was mentally framing an answer, to the effect that he was of the religion of his country, a gondolier, sharp of ear as of wit, called out from his boat hard by: "No xe ne l'un ne l'altro, perchè xe un pitor!" (He's neither one nor the other, for he's a painter!)



A Study for 'Preparations for the First Communion.'

It is not our aim to mar the pleasure of speaking in this journal of Mr. Woods and his work by any fruitless debate about the so-called Venetian school. That "school" has been created by certain critics and we left them to define it and fix upon its members. Whether it deserves the reproaches flung at it of want of dignity and want of imagination; whether it be trivial, debased, too clearly occupied with breasts and ankles; all these charges shall neither be discussed nor refuted here. Mr. Woods no more belongs to this school than to any other in which industry, talent, and artistic perception must be demanded from the scholars. "L'ouvrage, est-il bon, ou est-il mauvais?"

If there is one thing more than another that would seem to contribute to this peculiarity of artistic Venice of to-day, it must be found in the fact that every painter can find subjects after his own heart, be they marine, genre, architectural, or rural. And, again, Venice is always painted, but seldom stayed in. Every one goes to Venice to sketch, but the choice of subject is so varied, the race of artists so cosmopolitan, that a "school" has no limits wherein to confine itself. For Venice, brimming over though it is with old-world associations, is yet a new discovery; the plaintive and ideal prettiness of the facile pencil has been exchanged for a stern, picturesque reality at once broad and true. Not that Venice is any the less pretty than it used to be, but Mr. Woods, and a few kindred spirits, have discovered the wealth of subject the every-day life of the people affords.

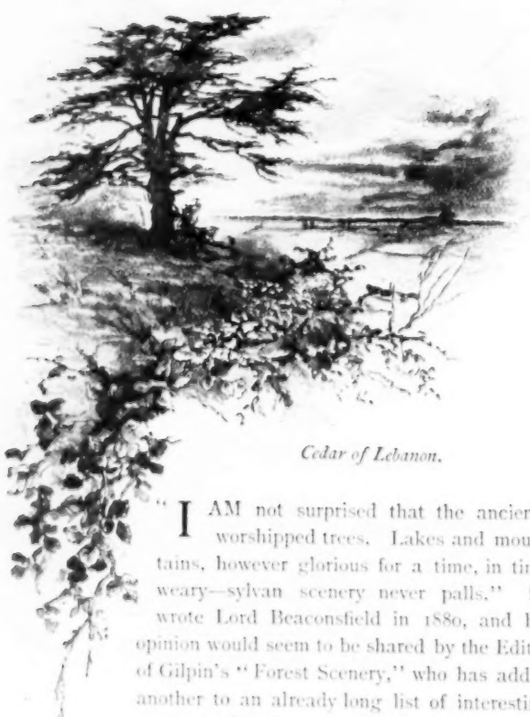
Herein, perhaps, lies the difference between M. Van Haanen and Mr. Woods. We all know and admire the work of the former master; many are prone to regard Mr. Woods as his competitor. But it is not so. They have, it is true, much in common up to a certain point, but beyond that are essentially distinct. M. Van Haanen goes into the cabinet, the boudoir, of the Venetian, there to gather the models for his pictures; Mr. Woods into the streets, there to study the people as they are, and, as it were, to take the portrait of a place. He is in this a stern realist, and,

happily, his lot has been cast in a healthy and quite pleasant atmosphere.

As Mr. Woods is the first resident English artist of note, we hardly expect to find him as yet gathering around him any particular and definable "set." There can hardly be said to be any artistic circle in Venice, for the Italian artist is prejudiced, the French and German painter studiously individual, and the American too self-contained. The various nationalities haunt each their own particular café, and no cosmopolitan Art club exists. There is, indeed, the "English Club," composed of English-speaking residents and visitors, but as yet the proportion of these to other nationalities is but small. The life of the café is so universal, moreover, that social reunions and "at homes" are all but unknown. Yet with it all, the Venice of to-day has the most varied and special attractions to the artist of any European city. Its situation, six miles out at sea, as it were, produces, in a slightly less degree, the peculiar social relationship which prevails on an Atlantic steamer. To an earnest worker this has its advantages, and to the many-sided man, who is fond of a succession and a variety of subjects, the "silent city" is irresistible. The canals at one time are bright with gaily-clad *gondolieri*, at another hour busy with the market boats bringing fruits and vegetables from the mainland, and occasionally with the festive splendour of a "fresco"—a procession of boats hung with lanterns of blue and red and yellow paper, and carrying industrious musicians scraping fiddles and tinkling guitars. Around the shore loaf the fisherfolk, and San Bartolomeo swarms with traffic and the Rialto market with strange bargainers. In the square the countrywomen are conspicuous in bright costume and spangled head-dress, the military "swagger" in picturesque uniform near the Piazza, and itinerant vendors of baked Indian meal, pedlars, jugglers and barrel-organists are plentiful. This curious mixture of town and coast life is leavened with a sprinkling of peasants from the campagna. In spring, summer, and autumn this motley throng ebbs and flows in ever-changing proportion; in winter—a pitiless, inhospitable, though still sun-lit season—the gay colours are sobered by a fur-clad and becloaked populace. The men who bake chestnuts, and sell hot pumpkins and pears, and roast coffee berries over an open fire, belong also to this season. Of the variety of the architecture, and the "stones of Venice," we need not treat here; and the picturesque craft of the Lagoons and the great boats of the river Po are familiar to most.

With such variety in the every-day life of modern Venice, it is little wonder that Mr. Woods finds ample scope for his particular achievements; and it is not the least satisfactory thought amongst all this to remember that its faithful portraiture is entrusted in his hands.

"SYLVAN WINTER."*



Cedar of Lebanon.

"I AM not surprised that the ancients worshipped trees. Lakes and mountains, however glorious for a time, in time weary—sylvan scenery never palls." So wrote Lord Beaconsfield in 1880, and his opinion would seem to be shared by the Editor of Gilpin's "Forest Scenery," who has added another to an already long list of interesting works on English flora and fauna. It is not so much that there is anything especial in the present treatment of the subject by Mr. Heath, but the subject is one which is not very commonly selected. The full beauty of sylvan scenery is generally associated with the leafiness of the seasons that precede the fall, and the charm of the stern wintry aspect of the monarchs of the woods is too little understood. The "sacred hunt for the venerated mistletoe," says Mr. Heath, "was a winter rite—that curious parasite evergreen could not have been discovered amongst the summer mass of green leaves, and the 'sacred fire' of the Druids, communicated from the burning Yule-log, gleamed amidst the sylvan scenery of the cold season." The aim of the present writer is to point out the especial charm of out-of-door winter, and his success, if not unqualified, is great. The wintry outlook is not always a scene of barrenness and frost, but also of blue skies and graceful leafless forms, when the forest has thrown its rich mantle aside, and stands majestic in the variety and contrast of wondrous forms. At no period can the different tints of the spray be so easily distinguished. Never does the grandeur and robustness of the oak form such striking contrast with the graceful symmetry of the beech, the light-hearted elegance of the ash, the delicate beauty of the silvered birch, and the sombre grandeur of the cedar of Lebanon. All this, and much more, the present author tells us of, until we feel that "Sylvan Winter" no longer is "the winter of our discontent."

Of the illustrations to the book we can hardly speak so unreservedly. Mr. F. Golden Short, as the artist, has striven hard within a range of subjects which lose nearly all their grandeur when reproduced on the present small scale. His chief successes, however, are with the smaller vignettes, such as we here give.

* "Sylvan Winter." By F. G. Heath. London: Kegan Paul.

AN ARTISTIC TREASURE-TROVE.

THERE are few chapters in the history of Art of greater interest than those which unfold to us the discovery of forgotten treasures, and reveal the existence of works which had long ago passed out of remembrance. The intimate connection between the invention of engraving and the art of the silversmith, or rather that branch of the silversmith's work which consists of the chasing of an outline into a plate of precious metal to be subsequently filled up with dark-coloured enamel, the so-called Niello work, was never appreciated until, at the close of the last century, the Abbé Zani found among some old Italian engravings, in the National Library at Paris, a print which he recognised as similar in subject to the famous Pax, decorated with Niello work, made by Maso Finiguerra for the baptistery of St. John, and paid for, as is proved by the records, in 1452. This Pax or Assumption was subsequently transferred to the cabinet of bronzes in the gallery at Florence, where it is now preserved, and it was proved, on comparing with it the engraving, that the latter had actually been printed from the silver-plate, before the enamel was fused into the outline, prior therefore to 1452. On the strength of



Triumph of Love.



Man with Thorn in his Foot.

this discovery, Finiguerra has, ever since the year 1796, been credited with the invention of producing engravings on paper from metal plates. There seems little reason to doubt, as has been often pointed out, that many silversmiths of the fifteenth century may have been in the habit of obtaining trials of their work in progress, as did Finiguerra, perchance, when he produced this historical print, representing Christ crowning the Virgin, from his work on the Florentine pax. It may indeed have been, together with the well-known sulphur casts, a recognised mode of obtaining a record of the Niello work, which had been practised for many years previous to the time in question, though no such paper impressions of an earlier date than this have been handed down to us. It was a common practice to take proofs of the work by means of sulphur casts long previous to 1452, as numerous specimens of such casts* have been preserved to us, but it is difficult to say who was the first bold innovator who substituted a piece of paper for the sulphur, and thus originated the precious art of engraving. The story of the wet linen, which accidentally gave the idea to Finiguerra, is generally treated as fiction by those who have studied this subject. All we can say is that the credit is given to our artist on somewhat slender evidence, though we will not seek to rob Finiguerra of the honour of this invention. Strangely enough, many years afterwards, a second print from the same pax was discovered in another Paris library. M. Dumesnil, in turning over a volume of engravings by Callot and Leclerc, found among them a still finer impression from the famous Niello, which, owing to the greyness of the ink, M. Duchesne, who had devoted much attention to the subject, and whose "Essai sur les Nielles" is of standard authority, considered to have been printed before the plate was completed. But it has now been denied that it was printed from the Niello, and this latter engraving has come to be regarded as a mere copy.



Portrait of a Lady.

This brief disquisition serves, however, only as a preface to our subject, which is to relate the good fortune of M. Alvin, the Curator of the Brussels Library, in his discovery, so far back as 1857, of twenty-nine Niello engravings in an old volume of notes, stowed away in the reserved shelves of the Bibliothèque Royale. M. Alvin, as would seem from the account he himself gives us of his find, was a firm believer in the existence of many unsuspected treasures within the pages of old books, and he appears to have set to work most diligently and methodically to ransack the volumes under his charge. That some of them did indeed contain treasure was proved by the discovery of eighteen gold pieces, which dropped out of the back of an old pharmacopœia, while from the covers of another volume were taken sixteen fragments of early engravings, wholly unknown to connoisseurs. Some rare manuscripts also rewarded his search, but his greatest success was with a certain little note-book, which had served a law student attending the lectures given by Gérard de Coursèle, a professor of law at the University of Louvain, in the year 1600. This student, Jean van Sestich by name, had subsequently converted his note-book into an album for a print collection, and, as M. Alvin considers, somewhere between the years 1614 and 1620 (he died in 1634) he procured a very large number of choice proofs of Niello work. He was not content with single specimens, but had in some cases as many as four proofs of a plate, of which no other European cabinet possesses more than two. The records of the library do not enable us to trace how the "Student's Note-Book," which in time became the professor's album (for Van Sestich was Professor of the Decre-



Frieze of three Dancing Cupids.

* Two sulphur casts of Finiguerra's Pax are still in existence.

tals of Justinian, and Canon of St. Peter), passed into the possession of the nation. There is no mention of it in the earlier catalogues, and it is first found recorded in a list of works which, at the peace of 1815, were restored by the French



Three Dancing Nymphs.

to Belgium. Strange as it may seem, while the Abbé Zani was spending day after day in exploring the wealth of the Paris library, this little volume, with its undreamed of treasures, was sojourning at Paris among the spoils of war. It is first mentioned in a catalogue of 1842, drawn up by M. Marchal, who observes that it contains portraits.

The book seems never to have been noticed by any previous librarian as containing matters of value, until Alvin examined it and found the Niello prints. It was apparent that two of these had been detached from the places to which they had been gummed, and a search of the registers, which extend as far back as 1830, proved that no reader had borrowed the volume for removal from the building within that period.

The majority of the engravings contained in Van Sestich's collection were early Italian and French portraits, about one hundred and thirty in number, of distinguished lawyers and statesmen, and were of comparatively little value, but among these were twenty-nine Niellos, many of which were of great rarity. There were, however, only fourteen different subjects, as several of the prints were duplicates, and in some instances, as already mentioned, there were three, and even four, proofs from the same plate. Of the fourteen subjects, eleven had been already described by Duchesne, and three only were, at that time, entirely new to collectors. Some of them have subsequently been discovered, either in the Salamanca or other famous collections, but, writing in 1857, M. Alvin was able to speak of them as unique.

Those which he places in this category are: firstly, the charming little engraving named by him the 'Triumph of Love,' of this a single copy was found in Van Sestich's note-book. It is an upright composition of five amorini, recalling some of the fanciful and beautiful illustrations in the Hypnerotomachia. M. Alvin attributes the work to Francia, and points out the similarity that exists between certain details of this composition and other works believed to be by this artist. As will be seen from our illustration (Fig. 1), the subject consists of a large vase with a group of five Cupids, two of whom are seated on the base, two stand in the cup itself, and the central figure, with his wings extended and his eyes bandaged, stands in a calyx above the vase. Another previously undescribed Niello, of which Van Sestich had three copies, was the 'Woman with Five Amorini.' A female seated beneath an orange-tree holds in her right hand a cornucopia and in her left the winged hat of Mercury; around her, in various attitudes, are sporting five little Cupids. This work M. Alvin attributes to Peregrini.

The third hitherto unknown Niello was the 'Man with Thorn in his Foot.' This exactly resembles an engraving by Nicolas Rosex, described by Bartsch, and is a subject which has frequently been illustrated. It is claimed by M. Alvin as an undoubted Niello. Our illustration (Fig. 2), will give a good idea of the composition of this engraving. Above a seated figure, who holds his right foot across his left knee, is a shield suspended to the branch of a tree, on which are the letters TENPV SNO SE (*Tempus nosce?*). The fact that the letters read aright in the print has been held by some authorities to militate against the possibility of this being indeed a Niello, but Duchesne proves that this is no real objection, as many undoubted Niellos read in a similar way. We have selected from among the illustrations of the monograph from which we have been quoting, in addition to those already described, four other beautiful Niellos for reproduction: the 'Portrait of a Lady,' which is a very characteristic work of the kind, is No. 347 in Duchesne's list. It has been described by Bartsch from a copy of a Niello plate in the Durazzo collection. In the Van Sestich album were two proofs from the Niello plate itself. We believe that we have discovered the name of this lady, for, in a rare little volume of biographies, printed at Ferrara in 1497, and entitled "De Claris Mulieribus," a portrait, which agrees in many very remarkable ways with our Niello, is entitled 'Damisella Trivulcia.' This talented and beautiful daughter of Giovanni Trivulcio was the last of the ladies whose lives were written by Fra Jacopo Filippo, the author, and the woodcut illustration, which recalls the celebrated portrait of Beatrice d'Este, must surely represent the lady we see here. Fig. 4, the 'Frieze of Three Dancing Cupids,' described by Duchesne from an example in the Malaspina collection, bears the mark of Peregrini, and recalls the school of Raphael in the beauty and purity of the forms and design. Mr. G. W. Reid has given a copy of this Niello in his work on the Salamanca collection. There were no less than three proofs in the Van Sestich album. The 'Three Dancing Nymphs,' of which we have also given a copy (Fig. 5), was described by Duchesne, No. 287; this Niello is likewise the work of Peregrini. Our last illustration is from another of the gems of the Brussels cabinet, and formed part of M. Brisard's col-



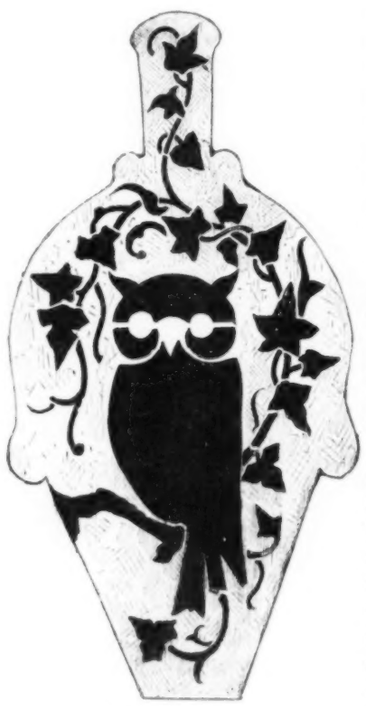
Woman with Three Men and a Satyr.

lection: it has been attributed by Ottley to Francia. A copy of this Niello, in a second state, sold in the Sykes collection for fourteen guineas. M. Alvin considers the seated figure to represent Venus.

G. R. R.

STENCILLING.

THERE are certain truly honest and original decorative arts which, so far as general appreciation is concerned, particularly that of amateurs, might as well be called lost or sham. Leather work was, till very recently, one of these. I have heard a clever woman speak of it with contempt, as a mere imitation of wood-carving, which at best produced only trumpery leaves and flowers, and "she knew all about it." But in fact she knew next to nothing about it, and much less of *cuir bouilli* and stamped work. *Papier mâché* is another of these outcasts, which are condemned by fashion and Art-priggery as lacking in "truth," simply because very few are acquainted with its remarkably varied forms or capacity. A third is STENCILLING, the subject of this present paper, which is very little practised save by workmen, principally because it ranks as a merely mechanical method of ornamentation, and such as is quite unworthy the attention of the painters of flowers or mirrors, or of aquarelles, which as regard any ideal are, perhaps, not one whit beyond Berlin wool-work. The reader who has ever seen a dozen average pupils under a third-rate teacher, all painting together with the idea in common of simply attaining a uniform and identical manner of mere execution, will agree with me when I say that it is all quite as much mere "fancy-work," as the making wax-flowers or sealing-wax coral baskets. Now it is characteristic of this age that, as regards the amateur, it is substituting the minor arts for mere fancy-work. Such feeble painters as those of whom I have spoken, who attempt in vain some mere imitation of higher Art, simply because they have not gone through such a preparatory training as the minor arts in a great measure supply, would find it impossible to produce a good vigorous piece of stencilling, because they would be deficient in the eye for effect, and the peculiar inventive power which such work demands and develops.



Stencil for Bellows.

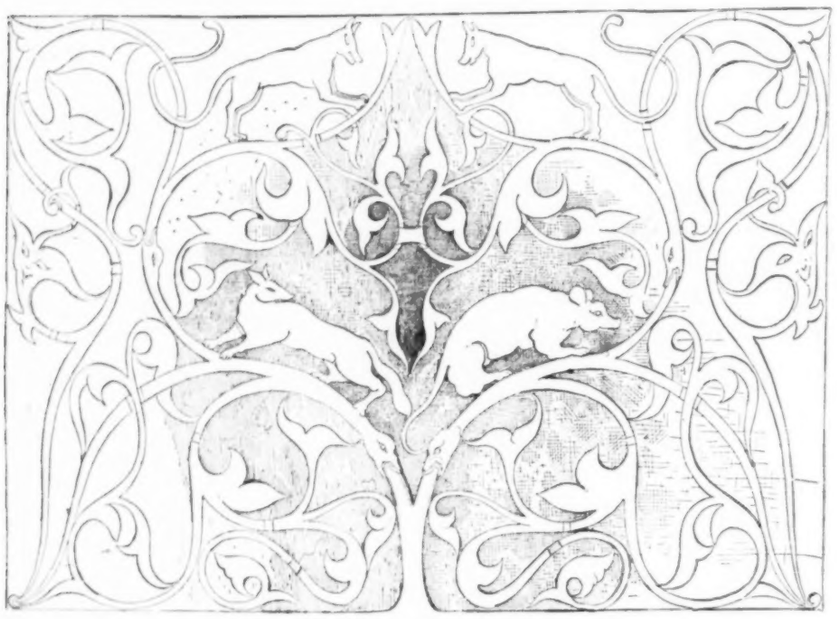
Stencilling may be defined as the art of painting on any surface by passing a brush over the interstices of a pattern cut out of thin sheet-metal or card-board. It requires for its higher effects a more complex and varied execution—not only more knowledge of design than any of the minor arts, but some skill in selection, and inventiveness as regards working. It is not, as generally assumed, a merely mechanical and clumsy imitation of hand-painting, for it is not every painting which can be imitated by means of it, while as regards an even distribution of colour, and in one division (that of Theorems) a peculiar blending of colours, it possesses effects which only a skilled artist can at all equal. Therefore stencilling is really an original art, and it was recognised and extensively practised as such during the Middle Ages.

The degree to which stencilling might be practised will appear to those who reflect that there is not in the kingdom an inhabited house in which there are not somewhere bare walls which it would not be well or wise to adorn. The time is not as yet, but it is rapidly coming, when beauty will be duty. We shall consciously carry out what early ages developed instinctively, that man needs to have the beautiful near him, about him, in him, and with him, in every way at all times, and not as an occasional recreation or harmless permitted sin. Now there is probably no art which is capable of giving so much satisfying and gratifying effect for so little expense of money and work as this. "Decoration is half-furniture. I was once in a room in Sorrento, Italy, and that room, whenever I entered it, gave me a feeling of gratification allied to real happiness. It was because it was a very cheerful room, and its cheerfulness was caused by its being beautifully, though cheaply frescoed. There was very little furniture in the place, yet I did not miss it, because walls and ceiling and doors were all really well decorated."—(*Manual of Stencilling*, by C. G. L., New York, 1882.) Now I hope to convince the reader that any person of ordinary intelligence who will devote a



Central Ornament in Stencil.

short time to learning simple outline decorative design, "only this and nothing more," can learn to stencil well and decorate well, and that if people can do this they can obtain paid employment at it. There is much unemployed labour everywhere, which might go along the roads, from house to house, practising stencilling and other decoration, as was done in old times in England, and the ugly blank walls, in doors or without, which form a subject of complaint with so many writers, might be covered with tasteful and interesting patterns, inscriptions, etc., at no very great expense. Now be it borne in mind that there is rapidly springing up a demand for the hand-made in ornament, and that the world is beginning to recognise the great truth that *no* work, however beautiful or perfect it may be, is a work of Art or "artistic" if it simply be ground out by machinery. A work of Art to be such, must be made by hand, and bear, even though it be in little imperfections, some expression of the character of the maker. A fac-simile of the Sistine Madonna so perfectly executed by machinery that I cannot distinguish it by means of a microscope, is not a work of Art, any more than a printed fac-simile of a signature is an autograph. And it is not "just as good," to anybody except an ignoramus. Ever since the public have been educated on the "just as good" principle artists have been painting just as bad, or rather worse than they did when originality prevailed.



Mural Ornament in Stencil.

Boxes of goods are generally marked by stencilling. The name and address of the manufacturer are cut out of a piece of sheet-copper, iron or tin, and painted through with liquid blacking or paint, and a broad brush. In better work the stencils may be made of paste-board or card-board, which should be thin, strong, and glazed. There is a kind sold expressly for the purpose, which Art shops and many stationers supply. It is advisable to varnish this well after cutting the patterns out, if moist colours, *i.e.* those mixed with water, are to be used. For oil paint this is not necessary. Stiffened cloth may sometimes be substituted for card-board; zinc, copper, or very thin brass sheets are preferable for small fine work, as they are very durable and easy to manage, not warping or absorbing paint. There are in all towns professional stencil cutters who will supply the metal and tools for work or cut patterns to order in metal.

Patterns are cut through card-board with penknives, gouges, chisels or punches; through metal with fret saws, punches, hammers, and files, etc. A penknife will suffice for the beginner, with some cardboard. He can make the latter for himself of good quality, by pasting writing-paper or thin drawing-paper together, say three or four thicknesses, with good flour paste containing alum, or gum dextrine dissolved in hot water.

After drawing any pattern involving cross-lines or interlaces, or intersections, it will occur to the beginner that unless his work is to fall apart he must leave many uniting bits or little pieces, like isthmuses which connect certain islands, so to speak, with the continent or main body of a design. These isthmuses are called by workmen "stays" or "ties." There should, of course, be as few of them as are consistent with the general strength of the pattern, and some ingenuity is required to judge where they should be placed. Should they break away during the cutting or painting, they may be easily repaired with strips of parchment, or strong paper backed with muslin, and glue.

Now the art of stencilling consists in making the patterns. In selection let it be borne in mind that beginners and all who have but little true taste invariably prefer difficult, crowded, complicated, and, above all, minute or petty ornament. As a rule, simple and very easy designs on a large or "broad" scale are more effective than those with too much work. There is a limit in all merely decorative Art, beyond which elaboration is thrown away in proportion to the distance at which it is to be viewed. Draw the design on thin, strong paper, then lay a sheet of transfer paper on the card-board which is to be cut. Transfer paper may be bought at all artists' shops, or it may be made by rubbing lampblack on paper. Now, if you take an agate or bone point such as is sold at most stationers, or even a very hard lead-pencil, and then put your pattern on the transfer paper, and go over it all very carefully with the point, you will find it marked or transferred to the card-board. It is best to fasten the papers down at first with drawing-pins to prevent shifting; or the pattern may be pricked through with a marking-wheel, which is like the rowel of a spur set in a handle, and then drawn over with a lead-pencil. In this process the transfer paper is not used. Perhaps the easiest way of all is to draw the pattern on thin, strong paper with a very black lead-pencil (say 5 or 6B), and then laying it on the board, rub the back with any hard, smooth object (*e.g.* the end of an ivory paper-knife); then lay the card-board on a smooth piece of wood, and with penknife and gouges or punches cut out the pieces.

In doing this, brass rules and curves will be found useful. Where large designs are needed, as for walls, paste or cardboard is preferable to sheet metal, as the latter is apt to crumple or "buckle" up. The varnish best adapted to protect these stencils from wet is made of shellac dissolved in naphtha, and is called "patent knotting;" common varnish may, however, be used.

It is a question with artists whether the "stays" should be painted out by hand. I think not. It may be observed that whenever a leaf, a band, or arm crosses another, as in interlacing vines or ribbons, there is always a shadow cast on the lower one. It is a very remarkable fact that a "stay" always occurs just where such a shadow would be cast, the result being that in most cases it looks exactly like an intended shadow. "In fact, there are no designs, however elaborate, in which almost every stay or tie cannot be so placed as to produce a good bit of shadow. An experienced artist seizes on this intuitively, and turns it to account."—(*Manual of Stencilling*, pp. 5, 6). This is so generally recognised that artists who paint designs in monochrome by hand, often exactly imitate mere stencilling.

The beginner will do well to practise stencilling on paper, before attempting mural surfaces. Common wall-paper, which is very cheap, is best adapted for this purpose. To stencil in two or more colours, such previous practice is absolutely necessary, in order to acquire perfect accuracy in exactly adjusting one pattern to another. There is this great advantage as regards the art, that every house-decorator can give information as to its practice, and where to obtain materials and tools. It may be observed that of all the minor arts stencilling is the one which requires the least outfit and the most originality. In wood-carving, *repoussé* work, etc., everything may be supplied for work; but to know what to put on a wall or ceiling that will be bold and vigorous, yet in good taste, requires something more than second-hand plodding.



Plaque in Stencil.

Where house decoration of a cheap, coarse kind is attempted, it is not necessary to use oil colours. In fact, coloured earth and lime-washes may be used with effect to produce rough relief on a smooth surface. A very good and durable whitewash for walls exposed to the weather may be made as follows:—Take half a bushel of very good unslaked lime, slake it with hot water, keeping it covered to retain the steam, strain through a fine sieve, add one peck of dissolved salt, three pounds of rice boiled to a thin paste, stirred in boiling hot, and one pound of good glue in solution; add five gallons of water and let it stand for a few days. This ground is very brilliant and extremely durable. Different tones may be given to it by admixture with umber, coloured clays, or ochres, single or mixed. For a good, cheap ground, simply add two ounces of glue to every four pounds of lime or whiting. Indigo or blue vitriol gives a good blue colour. Use a different brush and stencil for every colour. Green should be used with great caution, as it too often contains arsenic. It is better to make your greens by mixing blues and yellows.



A Panel for a Door.

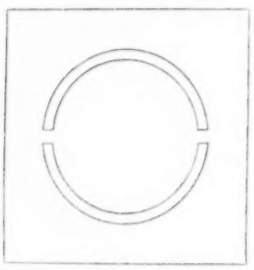
When a background is to be painted in diaper or dotted pattern, it is an interminable labour to do it by hand, while with a punch a stencil may be easily cut. In fine work, boxes, china, plates, etc., may be beautifully stencilled. Old English, Arabic, and other inscriptions may be stencilled as friezes in rooms. I once selected and superintended the ornamenting a dining-room with Arabic inscriptions, all referring to guests and the table. Red and black old English letters, about a foot long, between narrow black bands on an orange-brown ground, look very well. They may be executed letter by letter.

So-called Theorem stencilling is executed on drawing-paper or white wood. Moisten the surface to be stencilled with clean water, taking great care that it does not spread beyond the edge of the pattern. Lay on it a piece of clean blotting-paper, if it be very wet, but before it is quite dry apply the colour with a brush. It will present a shaded or softly blended surface, according to the degree in which the paint is put on. This may be applied to leather-work, boxes, or any bright wood surface. Some wood-carvers stencil their patterns and then cut away the white. When there are many duplicates of panel-work to be made, this saves much time. If the reader will get a smooth block of pear or apple-wood, stencil a picture on it, and then cut the blank wood away, he may have thousands of copies printed from it.

There is a curious and easy process by which "stays" are

avoided. Take a fine wire cloth like a sieve, or a piece of lace net or tulle; stiffen it with gum water. Cut out the pattern and stitch it to the net; of course this may be either ground or pattern, as you please. Then apply the colour. Colour in all stencilling except this may be either "sprayed" from a tube or thrown from a brush. One way is to take a stiff brush—*e.g.* a short, stiff clothes brush—fill it with colour, and draw the back of a knife or a stick along it. This will cause the colour to spatter off in fine dots. With a sponge remarkable effects may be produced. Sheets of perforated zinc or brass, containing dotted patterns suitable for stencilling diapered grounds, are extensively sold in London, but not for this express purpose. There is still another method which is very useful at times. Cut out the pattern in pieces (stays are here of no consequence), and fasten it to the surface with drawing-pins. Then paint the ground, leaving the design of the original colour. By using the pattern in pieces one may obtain an endless variety by simply transposing the pieces. This method is particularly adapted to wood.

To stencil a winding line border, take a paste-board, say 18 inches square; cut out of it two semicircular strips, as seen in this figure. With this stencil, painting first one curve and then the other, make a waved line. Then with another stencil, or by hand, fill this in with spiral ornaments, as seen in the next illustration.



A head in full face, and a wreath, make a good frieze. Patterns can be obtained by taking wall-papers and copying them in whole or in part, or by pasting them on card-board, strong paper, or muslin, and cutting them out.

Talc powder, metallic bronze, the waste grindings of glass cutters when washed free from sand, or common powdered glass, coloured sand, and the filings or sawdust of coloured woods, with ivory or bone dust, etc., may all be used to produce beautiful effects. To do this, simply stencil with glue in solution, and then blow or throw the dust upon it. A relief of any thickness may be obtained by laying successive coats of glue and powder on the pattern.

Stencilling is nearly allied to designing, and its practice by beginners develops that bold and large manner which is so suitable to decorative Art. It is to be particularly observed that in no designs (with rare special exceptions) should patterns *crowd so as to touch*, and that it is best to leave at least half the space for ground. It is only the vigorous and truly original designer who knows when to stop adding details. Three-fourths of the real beauty of a design should be in the general lines of construction, not in the mere ornaments, and lines are lost altogether when the latter predominate. There are very few beginners who realise that when a design is given, as, for instance, the second in this paper (a central ornament), it may be developed almost *ad infinitum* by simply repeating or adding its branches to themselves according to the principles of growth. In this way, a round ornament is easily made to fill a square by adding one of its own sprays to each corner. Therefore, if we have a central ornament, and will put it in the centre of a square, a double square, a triangle, or a larger circle, etc., it will be found easy to develop it so as to fill the whole space. Those who are unaccustomed to design may effect this in the following way: Draw the central ornament referred to on paper, and then tracing it again, cut out the



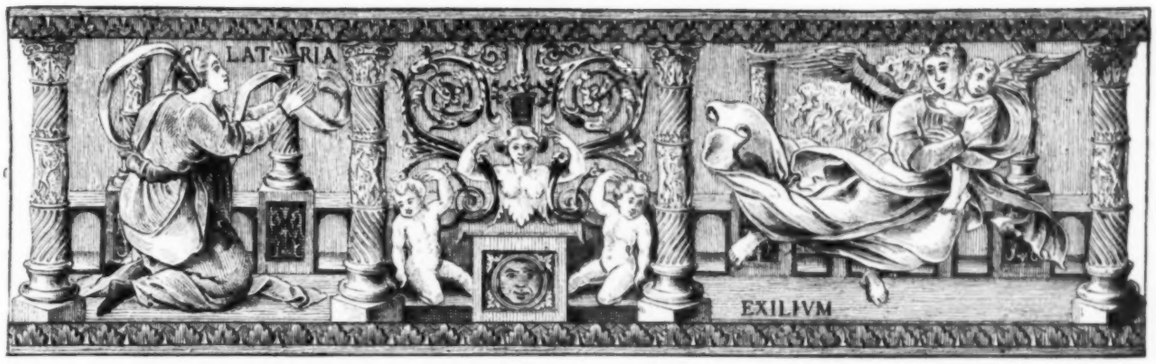
branches separately, also the smaller finials, or end ornaments. Then by turning and changing them, and affixing them to the centre-piece, it will be found easy to develop it to any extent. Simple as this may seem, the great majority of amateurs engaged in decorative Art are ignorant of it. One who is a proficient in more than one, objected lately to a collection of designs that they were all too large and difficult. I remarked that as they were mostly in outline they seemed to me to be remarkably easy, and that one could combine portions of them. "Ah, yes," was the reply, "but I do not know how to do that." Yet, as I have found by many experiments, there are no children ten years of age who cannot at once, on trial, combine leaves, sprays, or flowers, cut out in card-board, into wreaths or borders. I dwell on this, that those who wish to stencil may not be deterred by any apprehension that there is any great difficulty in making simple designs. The ease with which simple spiral ornaments may be added to circles, volutes, or winding lines, is not known to thousands who toil at tracing or copying when they would be much better employed at original invention.

The proper way to learn to draw is to learn outline decorative design with it from the beginning; and to develop this in turn, it should be accompanied with the practice of other arts. In this way the pupil feels and understands from the beginning what drawing is for. Modelling is perhaps the first art which should go with drawing-design, but stencilling is really the nearest of all to it, since it consists of the design itself, cut out of card-board, and painted through. It is not always possible for beginners to practise modelling, but stencilling can be carried out wherever writing-paper, paste, cheap colours and brushes, or even sponges, are to be had. As regards mere cheapness, and the extent to which it can be applied, it is far in advance of all the minor arts.



Those who wish to learn an easy system of outline design suitable for stencilling or other decorative Art work, may study the "Manual of Design" published by the Art Interchange Company, New York. The author is now engaged on a large edition of this work. For Stencilling, see the Manual of that subject published by the same Company, and also an excellent little work by Lewis F. Day.

C. G. LELAND.



From Tapestry at Hampton Court. Bernard van Orley.

SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

No. III.

ALTHOUGH the initiation of Renaissance feeling into the later phase of Mediæval Art in Flemish painting may be, as stated in the preceding chapter, accorded to Mabuse, yet it is to the life's labour of his great contemporary, Bernard van Orley, that the Renaissance of the Low Countries and of Western Europe generally owes its cultivation and establishment; for Bernard van Orley may be styled the Raphael of Flanders, and his name be used to mark the dividing line which separates in Cis-Alpine Art the old traditions from the new in like manner to that of Raphael in Trans-Alpine. In fact, he and his labours made of Brussels, during the first half of the sixteenth century, a Western Rome in matters of design, a radial point whence the Art influences emanating therefrom effected changes in style throughout Spain, France, and almost all Northern Europe.



Interior. By H. van Steenwyck the Elder. National Gallery, No. 1132.
(See page 50.)

Born in the last decade of the fifteenth century, Bernard was the second son of Valentine van Orley, a painter of fair repute, and one much engaged in the preparation of cartoons for tapestry; for tapestry was even then the staple Art production of Brussels, and, as the works of the great painters of Italy were being sent there for translation into textile reproduction, there could hardly be a better technical school for a young painter to commence his career in than that held by Bernard's father.

In this school, with his elder brother Philippe and his younger brothers Everard and Gommaire, Bernard received his early training, and outstripping his fellows he, some while between 1509 and 1515, was sent to complete his studies in Italy. Once at Rome he soon became the friend or, perhaps, as some say, the pupil of Raphael, but whatever may have been the relationship between them, it is certain that to Van Orley was entrusted the custody of Raphael's cartoons for his celebrated series of tapestries from "The Acts of the Apostles," and most probably the oversight of and responsibility for their due translation. Indeed, it is probable that these cartoons were a personal gift from Raphael to his friend, for they remained in the possession of the Van Orley family until they were purchased by Charles I. and brought into this country. There can be but little doubt that Bernard's great technical knowledge of the requirements of cartoon drawing, acquired in his father's

* Continued from page 53.

studio, had a considerable influence in gaining Raphael's confidence, and the confidence thus gained enhanced very greatly Bernard's reputation, so that on his return to Brussels he was soon charged with commissions for cartoons; and for such, says Karel van Mander, "they paid him very largely"—a valuable suggestion to manufacturers in these days when in search of designs for reproduction.

That his work was worthy of being paid for largely is shown by the very noble series of tapestries setting forth "The History of Abraham," designed by him, and now for the most part hanging in the great hall of Hampton Court. In these there is manifested a dignity and breadth of figure treatment and a simplicity of distribution of the masses which is quite reminiscent, yet not plagiaristic, of the manner of Raphael, but which, until their time, was foreign to the treatment of tapestry design, whilst the magnificent borders which surround the principal subjects have quite lost the "Gothic" treatment that have heretofore prevailed. It is these borders rather than the woven pictures they enclose which bring this portion of Bernard van Orley's work within the scope of these notices. Each of the ten "cloths," of which eight hang in their original place and two in the Banqueting-hall at Windsor, and which form the series, has a separate and specially designed border divided into eleven compartments by charmingly designed and ever-varied architectural and ornamental framework. In each space thus formed is a figure emblematic of some portion of the lesson or warning conveyed by the major subject, so that apart from the principal composition there is an enormous mass of individual design to be found there.

Nor is there only artistic thought bestowed upon these, but the analysis of the principal subject is prosecuted with much learning and subtlety. The subject of the "cloth" from a portion of the border of which the cut which heads this chapter is taken, is 'The Departure of Abraham,' as set forth in the twelfth chapter of Genesis; and the border contains reference to the appearance of the Lord to Abraham (*apparitio*); to the Blessing promised (*Benedictio*) attendant on obedience (*obedientia*); to Abraham's building an altar for worship (*latria*), and to his departure (*exilium*) with promptitude (*animi promptitudo*); to his innocence (*innocentia*), simplicity (*simplicitas*), goodness (*bonitas*), and his gentleness (*mansuetudo*). So that it will be seen Van Orley was not one who considered ornament for ornament's sake only, but adopted a truer estimate of its value, and imbued it with as much meaning as he could compress into it. Ornament without meaning is but bedizenment, and bedizenment is the prevailing vice of the modern decorator.



From a Picture by B. van Orley. Brussels Gallery (No. 41.)

Of the richness of this treasury of Early Renaissance Art the head-pieces to these chapters, which are taken from the lower borders of these tapestries, will give a slight indication. Unfortunately three centuries have told somewhat severely on their colour and condition, and the darkness of the hall in which they hang renders it almost impossible to gain more than a suggestion of their original composition from them. For the delicacy of Van Orley's detail and the beauty of his colour we must go to his better-preserved paintings in oil, the absolute work of his own hand, unadulterated by the tapestry worker. Yet sufficient remains to render these purely decorative designs of his a most valuable episode in the narrative of Art and an invaluable mine to the thoughtful designer.

The precise date at which these designs were made and the tapestries woven is not quite certain. They are reputed to have belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and if so were probably given him by the Emperor Charles V. on the occasion of the Cardinal's embassy to him, or perhaps (as they do not appear in the inventory of the Cardinal's possessions taken at his death, but do in the royal inventory of King Henry VIII.) they may have been a gift to the King from the Emperor on his visit to this country in 1529, to which event Wolsey's embassy had paved the way. These tapestries would take some five or six years to weave, and as Raphael's series was finished in 1519, it would place the date of the cartoons on the Life of Abraham very close on the termination of that great work. Meanwhile, Bernard van Orley was rapidly advancing as a painter in oils, and in the Hampton Court Gallery (No. 333) is perhaps the earliest dated oil picture of his yet known—it bears the date 1517, not 1511 or 1577 as suggested in Mr. Law's excellent catalogue, the one date would be too early and the other too late; it is on canvas, and is not improbably a study for a larger picture, or for a cartoon, as his finished pictures are chiefly on wood. To such repute did he now attain that in 1518 he was appointed painter to Margaret, Archduchess of Austria, the then governor of the Netherlands, and soon afterwards we find him sumptuously entertaining Albert Dürer during his stay in Brussels; and who in return made a charcoal portrait of his young host, the which is unfortunately lost

to us, unless indeed it be reproduced in Lempsonius' "Pictorum aliquot Germaniæ inferioris effigies," published in 1572, where we find a thoroughly Düresque-looking study of an intelligent young face crowned by a broad folded cap, engraved by Hieronymus Cock, the engraver and publisher of the works of De Vries referred to in our last chapter. According to the engraving, Bernard van Orley was about twenty-five or twenty-six years of age when this portrait was taken, which would place his birth, of which the date is uncertain, about the year 1495, and his somewhat noble air bears out the supposition that on his father's side he was descended from the Counts of Seneffe. In Lampson's eulogium Bernard is commended—

> Non tam pictoris, si quis me judico certet,
> Arti debetur, quamquam debetur et Arti;

and of course Apelles has bestowed his golden pencil on the painter.

The friend of Raphael and Albert Dürer was, however, worthy of praise, and his noble picture of the 'Trials and Patience of Job' (No. 41 in the Brussels Gallery), painted in 1521, shows to what a pitch he had attained. It is a work of the highest class, painted for the Archduchess Margaret, and was placed over the chimney-piece of the room she occupied in the Château d'Hoogstraeten, where doubtless she, as ruler over a somewhat turbulent people, had often need to meditate on the virtues of patience. The picture, a triptych, is most elaborately wrought and is full of the most exquisite architectural detail. The subject of the centre panel, which gives the title to the whole, is the destruction of the sons and daughters of Job whilst feasting in their eldest brother's house. The banqueting-hall wherein they are assembled is a vast vaulted room, the arches of which are supported by square pilasters of richly coloured marbles and ornamented by beautiful sculpture. Our woodcut on the opposite page shows one of these where the mixture of Mediæval feeling with the new Renaissance detail is most happily arranged. Of course, square supports for arches had not then become facts in the architecture of Western Europe, the clustered column or moulded pier were yet the prevailing forms, and we see here how cleverly Van Orley combines the old and the new features. To the angles of the Renaissance pier highly polished shafts of coloured marble are attached, interrupted in their length in just such proportion as would enable such material to be actually used, a sculptured head replacing the moulded annulet a contemporary architect would have used for such a structural purpose.



Pillar Capital. Flemish painter unknown. Brussels Gallery (No. 96).



Pilaster Capital. By B. van Orley. Brussels Gallery (No. 44).



Pilaster Capital. By Carlo Crivelli. National Gallery (No. 739), date 1486.

Each of these little shafts has its own base and capital, the former being strictly Mediæval in its form and detail, whilst the capitals are of the newer mode. The square pier to which these are attached has sunk panels in it, filled with the most delicate low relief of such purely Italian character that it might have come from the hand of Giovanni da Udine, who designed so much for Raphael. Midway, medallions with sculptured heads surmounted by cupidons occur, and the pier caps and shaft capitals are united by garlands issuing from rams' heads in a truly classic manner. Above all this comes a general capital of very composite character and peculiar design, which in its turn carries the base of a super-pier of marble, around which cupidons of bronze disport themselves. All this sounds like the wildest fantasy of a disordered brain, but the effect is extremely elegant and has very great suggestive quality; it is indeed in this new treatment of Italian or pseudo-classic forms by men to whom the idea contained in these forms was new, that the great value of their works as suggestion in design lies; they grew new corn from the old grain and were not content to glean from fields already harvested. As has been said above, the square pier was a new factor in architectural design, and the manner in which the artist tried to fit a capital to it is often remarkably ingenious and frequently extremely elegant. An illustration of this is given above, where will be found a sketch of another example of Van Orley's skill in architectonic design. He, in common with most of the designers who had not been brought up on classic traditions, felt that the junction of the shaft and the capital did not satisfy an eye accustomed to the more salient mouldings and more rapid outward sweep of the Gothic cap. In the capital taken from the 'Trials and Patience of Job' (p. 110) he places volutes at the lower part of the bell of the capital to emphasize this part, and in the capital taken from the wings of a triptych in the Brussels Gallery (No. 44), painted in 1528, he endeavours to effect the same result in a more elegant manner by supposing an additional neck moulding and panelled interval between the shaft and the capital proper. This capital has much grace, and the profile of the mouldings has, as in all Van Orley's detail, received great consideration. The same additional neck-mould will be found on the columns and pilasters which separate the compartments in the borders of the Hampton Court tapestries, and which afterwards became of frequent use in the Renaissance architecture of the West. It is interesting to compare these two capitals with two others

here engraved. That taken from the picture, No. 96, in the Brussels Gallery, is the design of one of the many unknown Flemish painters, whose works have outlived the maker's name. It is taken from one of the wings of a triptych, representing the legends of St. Thomas and St. Matthew, painted about the same date for some guild of carpenters. It is an excellent work of the period, still retaining a good deal of the feeling of the earlier school, but into which the sentiment of the Renaissance is importing itself, and the capital here sketched shows a curious and suggestive combination which presents an idea capable of many modifications. The lower part of the cap has the same peculiarity as that noted in Van Orley's one from 'The Trials of Job,' and the same exaggeration of the abacus which is noticeable in well-nigh all the works by Flemish artists at this time, the result of an endeavour to reproduce the wider spread of capital to which



From a picture by Bernard van Orley. National Gallery (No. 665).

they were so accustomed. It is very interesting and instructive to compare these two capitals with one by an Italian painter, Carlo Crevelli, taken from his picture of 'The Annunciation,' No. 739, in the National Gallery, which was painted in 1486. Here we have the evidence of tradition prominently marked yet not unalloyed with considerable individuality; and the whole of the decorative architecture of this brilliant picture is well worthy of study, and particularly so the open loggia which surmounts the dwelling of the Virgin. Reverting once more to Bernard van Orley, his talents were such that in spite of the fact that he and his family had to do public penance in the Cathedral of S. Gudule at Brussels for his leaning towards the Lutheran doctrine, he became painter successively to Charles V. and Mary of Hungary, and was generally esteemed throughout Europe. To him we owe the designs for the stained-glass windows of S. Gudule and much other glass in Flanders and Holland, whilst his pictures can be found in most of the galleries of Europe. Even the most minute detail inserted as an accessory bears a strongly-marked individuality, and the accompanying woodcut, taken from the only picture by this very fruitful artist our National Gallery possesses (No. 665), shows his infinite care for little things. It is a very small example of his work, only 16½ inches by 14½ inches, representing 'The Magdalen reading,' and it is much to be regretted that we do not possess a more worthy illustration of his power. We have here a delightful little covered cup in ivory and gold, symbolizing that box of precious ointment the Magdalen offered to her Lord, and it is designed and painted with the most loving care.

Notwithstanding the supposition, and probable supposition, that he visited England, this country possesses, in its public galleries, but very little of his work. The Liverpool Gallery has 'A Riposta' of early date, but beyond those at Hampton Court, and the two above noticed, no others are available for the English student. Our private galleries contain a few examples, notably the fine one at Kiddlestone Hall, near Derby; but, as is befitting, it is in his native city that the best of his work is to be found. All that he did will repay examination even from the narrow standpoint of the subject of these articles. Mixing with the foremost artists of the day; receiving the Art embassies which came to Brussels with or for cartoons for tapestries; knowing Raphael, Dürer, Primaticcio, and the chief leaders of Art intimately, he learned something from each, but copied none, and maintained throughout his career his individuality and originality in a marked degree, deserving honestly and well the right to bear the motto which he signed himself on the great picture so often referred to here, ELX SYNE TYT—each for his time. He truly represented his own time in Art, forestalling by his motto, his life, and his work, Scheller's aphorism, "That which does not relate to its own age will never belong to posterity."

Now Van Orley's time in many respects resembled our own. It was a yeasty period of mental fermentation, and in politics a changeful one. Old creeds, religious and political, were disintegrating, that new ones might be formed from the intermingling of the fragments hitherto kept apart, and the somewhat tumultuous rush of the new waves of thought the Renaissance brought with it were levigating and laving the crude elements into a homogeneous whole. The regulation of such a change was greatly assisted by Van Orley's working, and this because he thoroughly thought out his detail, and thus rendered it historic of his time. All good design must record its own history, and there is perhaps no more subtle record of the many changes of man's fitful moods than that contained in the decorative design of the various periods through which he has lived, nor are the periods of radical change the least interesting to posterity.

Bernard van Orley died in 1542, leaving a numerous family behind him, most of them winning a name in the staple art of Brussels, and even down to so late a date as the middle of the last century the Van Orleys held the premier place amongst the designers for and the weavers of tapestry.

G. T. Robinson.

AS FRENCHMEN SEE US.*

M. VILLARS' book on Great Britain and Ireland has nothing in common with the exciting little works which make their periodical appearance for the amusement of Paris and the unconfessed irritation of London, describing the accessible and familiar ways and places and manners of the English with all the zest and confidence, and some of the irresponsibility, of discovery. Books of this kind are always a sure success. It is only necessary to allow one to be fairly forgotten before the appearance of another; this condition observed, there is room for all, and the mixture of unwelcome truths, cheerful banalité, and extravagant over-statements which go to make up the ordinary Parisian book on England, will always command the easy sensation at which it aims. Then there is the no less familiar guide-book, replete with maps and stuffed with brief but big statistics, which is modestly intended to pilot the novice from Hammersmith to Whitechapel, and to give him an intelligent interest in the English birth-rate, death-rate, and postal service, in the constitution and the defences. M. Villars' is a work no less serious but far more important than the guide-book, and no less interesting but far more veracious than the voyage of discovery.



Town Hall, Manchester.

Though he begins with London, he does not limit himself to this nation-city on the Thames, but fulfils the promise of his title by a combination of valuable essays on the manufactures, the agriculture, the towns and villages of that other nation which we call the Provinces. Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands, occupy a proportionate space; one of the fullest sections treats of the seaports, their history, their rise, and their commerce, and another of the Black Country and the "Hives" of the nation.

English readers—who cover their share of international sensitiveness with the mask of self-satisfaction, and do so, unfortunately for our hold upon alien sympathy, with all the success of a shy man who has a reputation for ferocious independence—are more interested in the social than in the public matters of a book of this kind, and in this respect there has seldom been a simpler or truer representation of insular ways as they impress the continental intelligence. The French commentators on English manners have generally been unlucky in the class, if not necessarily in the character, of the people they have dwelt among. It is not yet many months since "Max O'Rell" described tea-parties which could have been held, dinners which could have been eaten, and old maids who could have been met, only in the shades of the back-shop parlour. But he rashly represented these proper but dreary persons and things as part of the educated, wealthy, and privileged life of the country. The rashness is not altogether unintelligible in a writer accustomed to the comparative *rapprochement* which exists between the habits of one class and those of another in France, in such a matter as the small one of the dinner hour, for instance. It was hasty, doubtless, to assume that fortunate and leisurely people in England dined at early hours of the afternoon, and dined with beer, and that they sat towards evening round a table to take their tea, "all silent and all"—but no, we cannot finish the quotation here. The hasty conclusion, however, is, as we have said, pardonable, for the sprightly author who jumped at it was used to seeing the elegant and the dowdy of his own capital taking at much the same hour meals that differed in elaboration rather than in character. He had evidently not been fortunate, in a worldly sense, in his introductions; and he certainly did not guess at the impassable barrier which this one trivial little difference—the difference of the dinner hour—makes between the strata of society amongst ourselves. He was invited to meals moistened with

* "L'Angleterre, l'Ecosse, et l'Irlande." By P. Villars (Paris: A. Quantin, 7, Rue Saint-Benoit).

copious ale, at the close of which he was plied with plum-pudding so strong with ardent spirit that he was obliged to hold on to the table in swallowing a mouthful of it; moreover he sat round the cheerful urn among four or five silent unmarried ladies with ringlets and long front teeth, and ate muffins in their company; and having made a note of these wonderful ways, he uses it airily in his descriptions of English society—or of such society as the insular people can boast of.

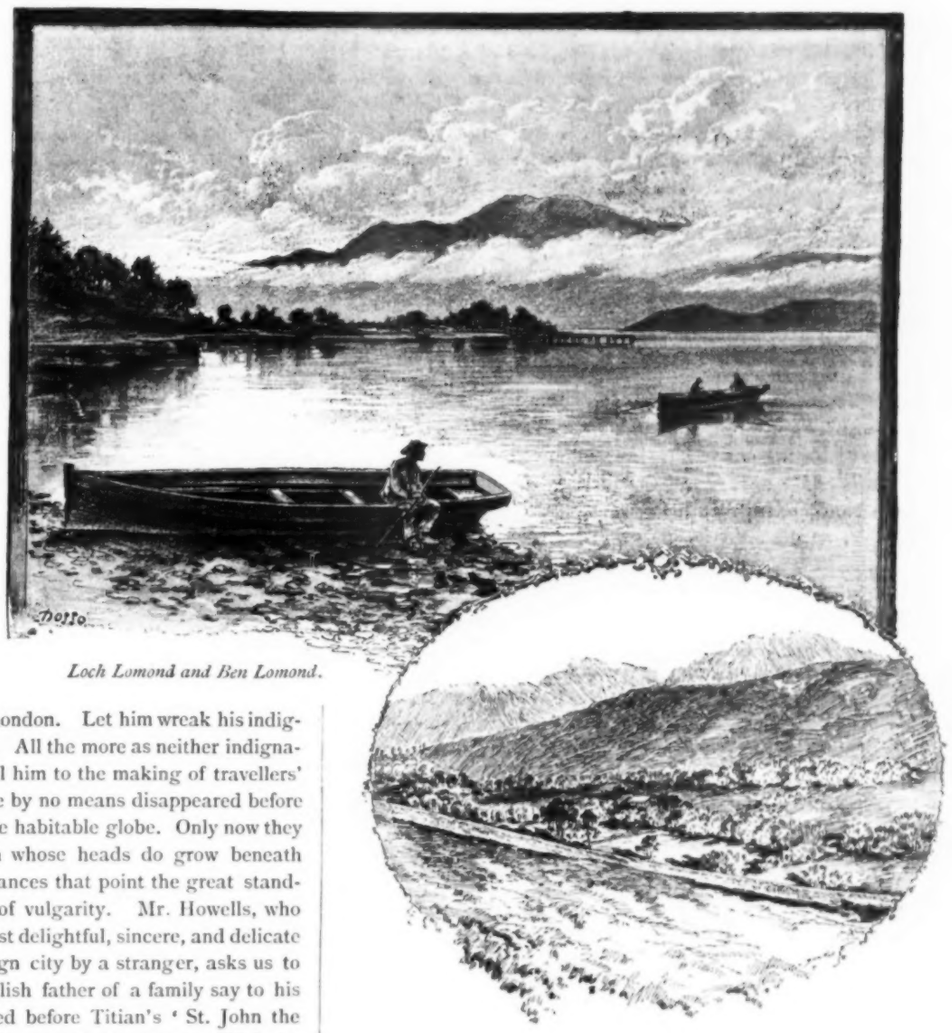
M. Villars has a double advantage, inasmuch as he has not aimed at writing a sprightly book, and has obviously had entrance to graceful, if not ambitious, households. He is able to draw a pleasant picture of an interior, neither pretentious nor vulgar, where the prettiness, grace, and finish at the command of the family are concentrated upon a careful dinner-table, where neither silence among the diners, nor beer and spirituous plum-pudding in the *menu*, oppress the mind of the French guest. M. Villars, like others of his nation, must have found the subdued voices of men and women somewhat lowering to the spirits, but he does not complain; and the candid English reader will be inclined to think that he gives the speakers, taken as types, rather too much credit as regards the matter of the conversation. The manners of the world outside, manners of men on the pavement of the City and on 'Change, he very intelligibly notes as unceremonious. But English roughness, which is the result of pressure of business, finds a great tolerance among French observers. Just as a traveller from sunnier and idler lands bears with unexpected cheerfulness the inky rain of a low London sky, so he endures to be elbowed. He has not come to England expecting sunshine or politeness, and he rather admires the soot and the energy that speak of business. Thus, much as we may regret the fact, all of us who have had the pleasant task of doing the honours of our country to tourists from the Continent, have found among them a lack of interest in the natural beauties which we have been eager to show, and a vivid pleasure and curiosity in the matter of coal-pits, pins, pens, and buttons. The last-named object of industry once kindled the enthusiasm of an Italian of the progressist school. The dedication, nay, the consecration, of a little population of men and women to buttons struck this fiery and fervid Garibaldian with reverence. "That," he said, "is greatness, moral greatness."



Castle Howard.

With regard to the other remarks on English society made by the present moderate critic of our peculiarities, there is little or nothing of the all but inevitable misunderstanding that arises as much from the Gallic confidence in forming judgments as from that to which Mr. Matthew Arnold has pointed as our chief national characteristic—anomaly. There is certainly a little confusion in the passages relating to the professions open to younger sons, in which M. Villars distinctly contradicts himself as to the calling of medicine, declaring it in a breath to be and not to be a career approved of for men of family. But the state of English opinion on such a point is itself so contradictory and so difficult either to state or clearly to understand, that it is not to be wondered at that the stranger should be in doubt. The whole passage, however, is out of date now, for M. Villars would assuredly find men of family in employments which he would least have expected to find so chosen, if he had taken his impression from old formulated rules. It is in dealing with the East End of London and with rough life that M. Villars suffers himself to be excited into something like culpable exaggeration. For in treating of this particular phase of society, he gives an enormous percentage of the feminine companions of the roughs as having an eye missing, or an ear torn away! About Englishwomen of a different grade he says unexpected things of a milder kind—for example, that they are all lacking in originality in dress. After enduring much keen reproach from abroad for being not only original but eccentric, our countrywomen will perhaps take the change of accusation as equivalent to acquittal on both charges. Mr. Howells (for Americans are becoming quite as dogmatic as their French idols as regards the offences of English costume) loses no opportunity of alluding to the queer individualities as well as to the cabbage-rose cheeks and broad backs of our ladies, to their rowdy hats and their exaggerated adjustments; and in doing so he but echoes an old criticism. But M. Villars will have it that Englishwomen

dress alike, under the command of the milliner, and show none of the invention that makes for character and variation. We are inclined to permit ourselves an intolerant denial of a Frenchman's right or faculty of pronouncing on masculine costume at all; so when M. Villars, after paying us a good general compliment on our elegance of outline, says that we are apt to spoil all by ties too bright in colour, we may, if we will, take the opinion as that of a deaf man on music! On the other hand, we abandon to him without reserve our poor—the abominable system of second-hand clothes for men, and of cotton gowns, slatternly boots, flowers and feathers for the unwashed women of London. Let him wreak his indignation upon these as he will. All the more as neither indignation nor other emotions impel him to the making of travellers' tales. Travellers' tales have by no means disappeared before the growing knowledge of the habitable globe. Only now they are concerned not with men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, but with instances that point the great standing international accusation of vulgarity. Mr. Howells, who is the author of one of the most delightful, sincere, and delicate books ever written on a foreign city by a stranger, asks us to believe that he heard an English father of a family say to his domestic train as they paused before Titian's 'St. John the Baptist,' "quite my idea of the party's character." With the single exception of the missing eyes and ears of six out of ten of the women of the East End, M. Villars gives us no such mouthful to swallow.



Loch Lomond and Ben Lomond.

As permanent dwellers in a great city are proverbially negligent of its lions, so are they too often of its history, of the teaching of its members, and the conditions of many among its populations. And assuredly the several nations in England are ignorant as to one another. The diminishing peoples in England whose labour deals directly with nature, on the fields or on the sea, know little of the peoples who lead at the loom and at the wheel the drearily single and simple life made for them by the complexity of mechanical production. And though the amateur looker-on knows somewhat more of both than they know of each other, there is much, both of thought and of fact, to be learned from the simple recital of an outsider. Such thought and fact are to be found abundantly, intelligent and accurate, in "L'Angleterre, l'Ecosse, et l'Irlande."

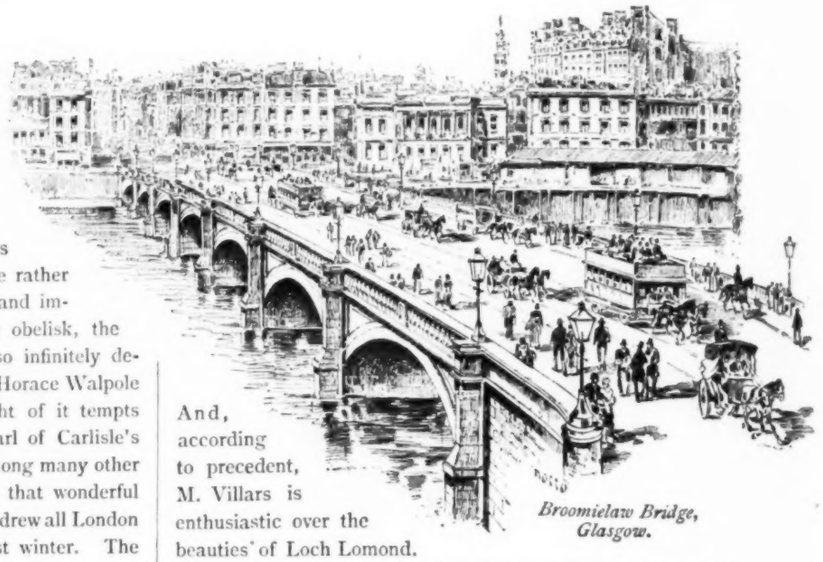
The illustrations are thickly set, almost every page having upon it some bit of England, whether the portrait of a pretty village and a country house, of a life guardsman, of a hansom cab, of an underground railway station, of a postage stamp, or of the front page of a daily paper. The street scenes are particularly good, figures and vehicles being put in with life and movement. There are few things more difficult to draw with felicity than an omnibus or a cab, and few things of their kind—why, it would be difficult to say—pleasanter when drawn felicitously. M. Villars' work has evidently been much assisted in its illustrations by photography, but it has had the help also of clever draughtsmen.

The first illustration to this article reproduces the view of Manchester Town Hall, one of the most notable architectural achievements of the North. Our French observer notes that modern England has far more reason to boast of her civil than of her religious monuments, which is a truth well exemplified at Manchester, where, considering the importance of the see, the cathedral is something more than modest. But the peculiar quality of Mr. Waterhouse's work (and this Town Hall rivals the South Kensington Natural History Museum, as the masterpiece of this architect) is that its Gothic has in its central features something of the feeling of ecclesiastical design. Not that the effect is imitative of that of a church—as emphatic an error in building as snatches of blank verse are in prose composition; but that Mr. Waterhouse raises the civic idea to a loftiness of its own, treating it with a stateliness of mass and tenderness of detail generally associated with Gothic churches. As is the case with the Museum, a special feature here is the brilliantly beautiful and inventive staircase; but a town hall is a more

organic structure, if we may so use the word, than a museum with its galleries stretching out in lengths to be determined by the quantity of specimens on exhibition rather than by the individuality of the building. A town hall has more cohesion, a more necessary centre, and more definite members; accordingly, if we except the beautiful middle at Kensington, Manchester, as a whole, may be decided to bear off the palm. It is to be hoped that England will revive still more generally a care for the monumental perfection of these civic buildings, the Netherlandish types of which are so important in the cities of the Low Countries.

For Vanburgh's noble pile of Castle Howard—noble pile is the inevitable formula for a work of Vanburgh's—M. Villars has nothing but praise. He even admires the rather heavy and dreary park with its lifeless lake and immense avenues of blunt English trees, the obelisk, the temple, and the mausoleum—efforts of Art so infinitely delightful to amateurs in the last century that Horace Walpole says of this latter structure "that the sight of it tempts one to get buried alive." It is in the Earl of Carlisle's gallery at Castle Howard, by the way, that among many other treasures of Art—principally Italian—dwells that wonderful Mabuse, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' which drew all London to the fourth room at Burlington House last winter. The Greek and Roman collection in this lordly pleasure-house is no less noteworthy.

If, as we have already hinted, our French visitors are not eager in their research for the natural beauty of England, they are the most enthusiastic appreciators of the lakes and hills north of the Tweed. London for all the human activities, Liverpool for trade, Manchester and Birmingham for production, Scotland for scenery; this is generally the itinerary of a French tourist who is guided by tradition—and no one is more cheerfully devoted to tradition than a Frenchman. Our visitors from across this narrow but all-important Channel generally bestow the last of the fine days of waning autumn on Scotland, arranging so that all their expectations of London may be preserved and fulfilled by a visit to our capital in November. As a wise English traveller will go to Russia in the time of frost, and to Italy in the time of heat, and thus get the spirit of the place, so a wise French traveller will come to London in the time of fog, with the same object.



Broomielaw Bridge, Glasgow.

And, according to precedent, M. Villars is enthusiastic over the beauties of Loch Lomond. The greenery, the full colouring of the showery land—a land as effective in tint as a wet pebble, according to the apt comparison of Sir John Millais—are described with delight; and this lovely Scottish lake, as the greenest and most garden-like, is the favourite. Some of its charm is doubtless due to the national character which belongs to its banks, their buildings, and their people; and some also to the excellent service by land and water which makes the course of tourists pleasant to them. But there are busy cities as well as scenic lakes in Scotland, and M. Villars' laborious task takes him through all the principal of these. The last illustration is from the view of the broad Broomielaw Bridge at Glasgow.

WILFRID MEYNELL.

'CHERRY EAR-RINGS.'

MR. BOURNE has had a pleasant task in the engraving of this plate, so full of possibilities is it for the graver's work. The great merit of the picture, as we remember it in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1883, was its brightness, and this quality is ever after the engraver's heart. As a painter Mr. Fred. Morgan is not so well known, mayhap, as the sympathetic nature, the directness of subject, and excellent manipulation of his many canvases merit. On the lines of poetical genre he finds his chiefest delight in child-life. Who that saw it does not remember his 'Little Nell and her Grandfather' of three years ago, the child 'Besieged' by goats of the year after, or the spirited 'Ring a Ring of Roses,' which hung near to Stacy Marks's 'Good Story' in the first gallery at Burlington House last year? To these bright pictures of "childhood's happy hours" must be added the 'Merry as the Day is Long' and 'A Summer Storm' of 1882—a year which saw Sir Frederick Leighton's 'Wedded,' Mr. Reid's 'Homeless and Homewards,' and Briton Riviere's 'Una'—'An Apple Gathering' of 1880, 'Midday Rest' in the hayfield of the year before, and 'A Summer Holiday' of 1877. Of more importance in subject are 'The Emigrant's Departure,' 'The Haymakers,' 'The Parting Shot,' 'After the Reaper's Work is done,' and 'Nature's Mirror;' whilst a note of genuine pathos is struck in 'Whither?' with low sunset light upon the snow-covered ground and upon a beautiful woman who is setting out with her household gods. It bore as sub-title the lines—

> "And now across the moor my steps I bend,
> Oh, tell me, whither?" . . . .

This was followed the year after (1877) by a graceful composition entitled 'School Belles,' and in 1881 we find Mr. Morgan returning to his poetical genre in 'Not of the Fold.'

These are necessarily but a few of the works of this painter, and yet they serve to show how through all his work runs a vein of poetry worthy of all recognition.

UNTRAVELLED FRANCE.*

A BEAUTIFUL bit of railway through mountain-forests or along the banks of the sparkling Corrèze connects Brive with Tulle. On the right we catch a glimpse, on a hill-top six kilomètres from its station, of the ruined château and splendid twelfth-century abbey-church of Aubazine, which contains the tomb of its founder, S. Etienne, and has a variety of treasures in its sacristy. Tulle itself is not seen from the railway, but lies in a hollow of the hills—a long



No. 31.—Chapter-House, Tulle.

narrow town, divided by the clear Corrèze, rushing under many bridges. It is said that Christianity was first preached at Tulle by S. Martial, the apostle of Aquitaine, in the first century, but its religious history really dates from the foundation of its monastery of S. Michel, *c.* 360, by S. Martin of Tours, after whom it was afterwards named. This monastery continued to exist till its conventual church was made episcopal by Pope John XXII. in 1318, and its last abbot, Arnold de Saint-Astier, became the first bishop.

The cathedral, of the beginning of the twelfth century, has a beautiful tower and lofty stone spire, and is celebrated in modern times for its miraculous image of S. Joseph. Its plan is that of a basilica, without choir or transepts, and its interior, of Romanesque, changing into Early Gothic, has little beauty. But the cloister, now used as a mason's yard, forms the approach to a monastic chapter-house of the twelfth century, adorned with rich zigzag ornament. In the square behind the cathedral is a very interesting fifteenth-century house. The handsome modern Evêché looks down upon the cathedral from the opposite hill.

High into the hills of the Corrèze, and into the masses of the chestnut forests, ascends the railway after leaving Tulle, and on one of the high ridges is the little station of Gimel. It is a wild forest country, only here and there an old farm-house, each with its own little shrine and stone crucifix, and, about a mile from the station, one rambling village, intensely picturesque, possessing two lofty ancient stone crucifixes and a church with a peculiar flat west tower pierced with four arches for bells, and a curious twelfth-century reliquary. Just below this is a stone bridge at a beautiful point amongst rocks, where the river Montane leaps down to the valley (No. 32). A tiny path just beyond the bridge leads through the garden of a peasant to the finest view of the upper fall, which is perhaps the most beautiful, though there is a second and a third fall lower down.

On leaving Brive, the next good centre for excursions is the excellent Hôtel de France at Périgueux, the chief town of the province of the Dordogne. Most strange and Eastern, as the railway crosses the Isle, is the effect of the many domes of S. Front, recently set free from the high roof which has long concealed them.

Nothing remains of the first Vesunna, capital of the Petrocorii, which occupied a site on the left bank of the Isle, a little to the south of the existing town; but in La Cité, the part of the town nearest to the railway station, are considerable remains of the second Vesunna, which the Romans, after the conquest of the Petrocorii, built on the right bank of the river. Turning to the right from the station, the Rue Papin, Rue de la Croix Blanche, and Rue de la Faïencerie lead to the Rue Turenne, a back alley which is crossed by the Porte Normande, a simple arch resting upon walls of massive masonry. Immediately beyond the Porte Normande a gate on the right leads to Château Barrière, the base of which is of Roman date, though it has been used as foundation for a great square tower of the tenth century, to which other buildings, ornamented in the sixteenth, were added in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. A beautiful foliated door is of the latest date. In the garden are many broken pillars and other ancient fragments. Turning to the right from hence, and crossing the railway by the next bridge, we find the Tour de Vésone, a massive circular building, recalling the Torre dei Schiavi at Rome, supposed to have been dedicated to the tutelary gods of Vesunna, and to have been the point where all the streets of the ancient city met. The small masonry, divided by bands of brick, of which the tower is constructed, was formerly faced by slabs of red and white marble, secured by iron bolts.



No. 32.—Falls of Gimel.

Returning to the Porte Normande, the Rue de la Cité

* Continued from page 85.

leads to the oval Amphitheatre, capable of containing 40,000 spectators, of the skeleton of which—for all the ornamented part is torn away—there are considerable remains in a garden.



No. 33.—Church of La Cité, Périgueux.

Close by rises the ancient cathedral, the church of S. Etienne de la Cité, dating from the end of the tenth century. Only the western half of the present structure, however, is of that date. It once had three domes—now only one remains. The eastern portion, with a larger cupola, is a careful restoration of a structure of the twelfth century, destroyed by the Protestants, with some additional height and enrichment. The altars are formed from the huge altar of the Jesuit Laville, turned out of S. Front during the recent changes.

Hence, a few steps take us to the Place Francheville, with the Tour Mataguerre in the corner, a remnant of the fortifications of the later town, Bourg du Puy S. Front, built round the abbey which arose in the tenth century, enclosing the little oratory which contained the tomb of S. Front, by whom Christianity had been preached at Périgueux in the sixth century.

A block of buildings containing the Hôtel de France alone divides the Place Francheville from the Place Bugeaud, whence the handsome Cours Michel-Montaigne and Tourny, adorned with statues of Daumesnil, Montaigne, and Fénelon, extend for some distance, bounding the narrow streets of the Puy S. Front, in which, especially in the Rue Taillifer, are many curious old houses. Passing these, we find ourselves at the



No. 34.—Cathedral, Périgueux.

extraordinary church of S. Front, which has been the cathedral since 1669.

To the unspeakable regret of all archæologists, this most curious building has been nearly rebuilt since 1865 to carry out the ideas of its architect as to what its design originally was—in fact, under the name of "restoration," one of the most remarkable churches in France has been almost entirely destroyed. Bare, white, and unsympathetic, the modern church is utterly without beauty, and has nothing of interest but its architectural features.

The destroyed church, built 984—1047, is supposed to have been copied from St. Mark's at Venice, with which it was almost contemporaneous. Its form and plan were the same, a Greek cross with five great cupolas supported upon pointed arches resting on massive square pillars. It is supposed that it was in this cathedral that Gothic architecture—here very obtusely pointed—made its first appearance in France. The ancient tower, which still remains, is described by M. de Verneilh, the great authority on Périgueux, as the only Byzantine campanile in the world, and the most ancient monument of the kind which exists in France. Perhaps the best view of the cathedral is from the other side of the river, where it is seen rising above a fifteenth-century house on the quay.



No. 35.—Abbey of Brantôme.

It is a drive of about two hours from Périgueux to Brantôme. The road passes under the fine old deserted castle of Château l'Evêque, once the abode of the bishops of Périgueux; then it ascends from the valley of the Isle into a barren limestone upland, on the other side of which it descends into the valley of the Dronne. This river, always full in summer, and clear even in winter, flows through the little town of Brantôme, its farther bank lined by the buildings of the famous abbey, behind which the limestone cliffs rise abruptly and are full of caverns, some of them still used as habitations, one of them containing a spring. This cave is said to have been a Druidical resort before it became renowned as the hermitage from which the abbey had its origin, and it contains rude sculptures of the Last Judgment and the Crucifixion.

The abbey buildings are approached through a low machicolated gateway, beyond which rises an eleventh-century tower, considered by Violet le Duc to have been the model of a new school of architecture which has left abundant works in

Limousin, Touraine, and Orleanais, and which is characterized by a square base and an octagonal upper story, with gables on either side, at the point where the change of form takes place. The whole is crowned by a pyramidal roof. The lower story



No. 36.—Bourdeilles.

of the tower, which is detached from the church, formed a hall, open on three sides, and of which the arches supported a curious elliptical vault. Internally the church has been spoilt by a recent restoration under M. Abadie, and has no longer any interest except from its form, a vast vaulted nave, with two cupolas; the east window was filled in to the form of a cross in the sixteenth century. A beautiful Gothic west door opens into the remains of a cloister, built here in the fifteenth century by Cardinal de Bourdeilles, to connect the church with the abbey. On the outer walls of the church are some quaint thirteenth-century sculptures.

The huge white façade of the abbatial buildings of the eighteenth century faces a pretty terrace upon the river, ending in a sixteenth-century bridge, of which the three farthest arches are at a right angle with the other six. A beautiful avenue of limes ends at the remains of a second gateway. On the farther side of another bridge opposite the church, is a curious fortified chapel of the fifteenth century, of which the lower part is used as a market. One of the streets contains a curious house, partly Early Gothic, partly Renaissance. On the road to Thiviers, two kilomètres east of the town, is the most important dolmen in the department of the Dordogne, known as La Pierre Levée. An excursion may be made from Brantôme to the Renaissance château of Puyguilhem, built in the reign of Francis I., and recently restored by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld.

A delightful drive of an hour brought us from Brantôme to Bourdeilles. The road passes under the fortified caves of Rochebrune, three chambers, partly artificial, in the rock. The first has several openings upon the river; the second is only lighted from the first, and circular openings in its floor open towards lower caverns. The third chamber, in the depth of the rock, is only lighted from above. A stair cut in the rock leads to a little path to the platform above.

Passing under the fourteenth-century castle of Ramefort, and by the village of Valeuil, and leaving to the right the range of cliffs which contain the cavern called La Chambre Noire, we reached, on high ground, the beautiful terraces which form the promenades of Bourdeilles, and beyond which its magnificent castle rises grandly above the valley.

The older castle, rebuilt by Hélie de Bourdeilles, Bishop of Périgueux, who died in the odour of sanctity in the fifteenth century, is entered by a gateway between two machicolated towers. It is situated on a promontory of perpendicular rock, perfectly inaccessible towards the river, and isolated towards the town, of which the principal street lies deep beneath its walls. Above rises the keep, an octagonal tower containing four vaulted chambers, and crowned by huge machicolations.

Adjoining the second court of the old castle rises a later château, built, from her own admirable designs, by its lady, Jacquette de Montbron, in the sixteenth century. It retains its vaulted corridors, its fine staircase, and its "Chambre Dorée," with a ceiling of painted beams and two great chimney-pieces. Its founder, Jacquette de Montbron, was sister-in-law to the famous Brantôme—Pierre, Abbé and Commandataire de Brantôme, celebrated as an author.

Between the castle and the terraces stands the parish church—of the twelfth century, with cupolas, and the exceedingly picturesque fifteenth-century residence of the seneschals of the barony. Beneath the castle is a fine old bridge over the clear-flowing Dronne.

In returning to Périgueux we halted at the interesting abbey-church of La Chancelade, five kilomètres from the town, which lies in a hollow below the road. The abbey was founded in 1129, and, though mutilated by the English in the



No. 37.—S. Jean de Cole.

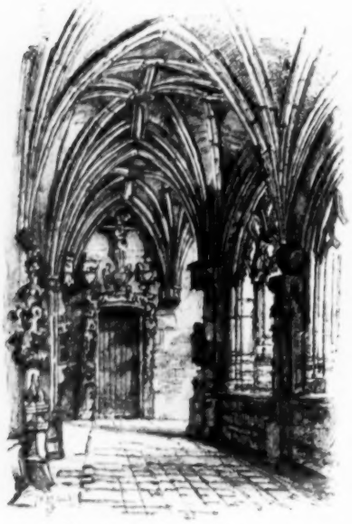
fourteenth, and by the Protestants in the sixteenth century, it is full of interest, though it partly dates from a restoration by the Abbé de Solminihac in 1623. The Romanesque west portal is of the earlier date. The square tower is adorned in the first story with blind Gothic arches, and in the second with three windows on either face. A beautiful Romanesque chapel with an apse stands opposite the west end of the church.

Another day, I was induced, by the description in local hand-books, to take the railway from Périgueux to Thiviers, where there is a very fine church, dating from the thirteenth century, but altered in the fifteenth, with an old fortified presbytery behind it. Hence it was a dull walk of eight kilomètres to S. Jean de Cole, which has a curious abbey-church built by Raymond de Thiviers, Bishop of Périgueux in the end of the eleventh century. Only part of it was finished, the lofty choir with a cupola, and a polygonal apse with three chapels. Close to the church is the fine old Château de la Marthonie, partly of the fifteenth, partly of the seventeenth century.

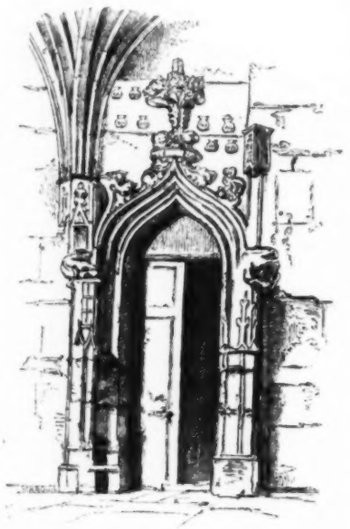
The short railway journey from Périgueux to Le Buisson is a very interesting one, following for a great distance the course of the Vézère, and passing a number of the curious grottoes in the limestone rock, many of which are inhabited,

and others of enormous size, such as the Trou de Granville, which it takes eight hours to visit, and costs proportionately to illuminate. The most remarkable of all are the extraordinary caverns at Les Eyzies, near the confluence of the Beune and the Vézère, especially the cavern of the Cro-Magnon, of the third prehistoric age, opened in 1868. Here five skeletons, found entire, are supposed to determine the anatomical character of the race which dwelt on the banks of the Vézère in prehistoric times. Several kilomètres north-east of this is the Grotte de la Madeleine, of the fourth prehistoric epoch, where an ivory tablet has been found engraved with the representation of a mammoth.

My experience of May in France was that it was a terrible month for travelling and sketching. Almost every day it poured, but never were the torrents of rain more continuous than on the day fixed for my excursion to Cadouin. I always made it a rule, however, to go through with what was settled, it saved so much rearrangement of plans, and one could generally find some sheltered corner in which to cower and draw, till one's fingers were too frozen to hold a pencil. And then, as all troubles have their compensations, how many recollections will come back to a wayfarer in France of kindness received from the peasants he has met with at such times, of cordial invitations to warm hearths, of clothes dried by peat fires, of words of sympathetic commiseration! Fortunately there was a covered car to meet travellers at the railway station of Le Buisson, and take them eight kilomètres over the hills to Cadouin; and well crowded it was with commercial travellers, market women with their baskets of eggs, children, and a priest. However, we all sate on each other's knees, and made the best of it, and had become great friends before we saw the little town rise up in the valley, and its great church loom through the swirling mists, and rattled up to the primitive little inn of Le Faisan, where a great wood fire was blazing in the wide chimney of the great house-place. "Our abbey is indeed wonderful, since it has brought monsieur here in such weather," exclaimed the jovial landlady, as she piled on another log. For Cadouin has emanated from its abbey, which still rises, huge and massive, in the midst of the little place, and to which, in the Middle Ages, the great relic of the holy shroud of our Saviour attracted as many pilgrims as the holy coat did to Treves. The very contrast of these colossal churches with the tiny towns in their shadow gives them a weird interest. The surrounding country here is most desolate, the village is thinly inhabited, only a few children were at play between the showers under the budding elm-trees in front of the great western façade. In this there are two upper ranges of beautiful Romanesque arches, but the arches at the portal are Gothic; the tomb of an abbot forms the impost of one of the windows. The magnificent interior, commenced in 1154, still bears the glory of its seven centuries in its rugged walls and pavement, which have not yet been veneered and regulated into "restorations," like an old face with the wrinkles filled up and painted over. The triple nave ends in three apses, of which the central is decorated with a fifteenth-century fresco of the Resurrection. The transept has a cupola. It was too dark to draw amid the purple shadows of the huge pillars and arches, but a door on the south opened to the cloisters, where a gleam of sunshine was breaking over the central garden. Here the arcades, of the sixteenth century, are perhaps the richest and most beautiful in France. Gothic architecture seems to have run riot in the tangled intricacies of their decoration, and every projection, every niche, is occupied by admirable statues of saints, and labyrinthine sculptures which portray the stories of Job and Samson. The whole is built of that yellow-brown stone to which old age gives its mellowest and most harmonious tints. Near one entrance the arms of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany are to be seen amongst the decorations; another beautiful portal is of the best period of the Renaissance. An archway, adorned with cabbage leaves, has the picturesque name of the Pilgrim's Porch, and a number of cockle shells in relief ornament the wall above it.



No. 38.—Cloister of Cadouin.



No. 39.—Pilgrim's Porch, Cadouin.

Whilst I sat in the cloister the parish priest invited me to come and see his charming lodgings in the old abbatial buildings. He had only lately come to Cadouin, and was full of the happiness of finding such bright airy rooms, possessing a view across the deserted gardens to woods and hills in their first spring green.



No. 40.—Façade of Cadouin.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

THE REVIVAL OF DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

THE revival of embroidery was the natural outcome of the general revival of Decorative Art to which the Great Exhibition of 1851 gave such an important impulse. At no time in the history of English Art had decorative needlework reached such a state of absolute debasement as in the first half of the present century, nor was it alone in that unenviable position. It is both interesting and humiliating to look back at the Illustrated Catalogue of the Great Exhibition, and gain an idea from what was then thought worthy of engraving, of the condition of the Art of the day. Decorative needlework, however, had ceased to be an Art at all; for ecclesiastical purposes it still lingered on, but secular embroidery had sunk into the abomination of desolation known as Berlin-wool work.

A better state of things no doubt exists now; but while it is well to measure our progress by looking back and noting how short a time has elapsed since the decline of the Decorative Arts had reached what we may hope was its lowest ebb, it is painful to think how much of this improved taste is mere fashion—the reproduction of good models rather than a real renaissance of Art, on which any reliance can be placed. The very rebound carried us into a phase of low-toned monotony which was certainly less aggressive, but scarcely in itself more reasonable, than the showy and pretentious style which preceded it, because it was a craze rather than the result of any perception of true Art principles.

Hence we had forms of construction which were passed as artistic by the would-be cultivators of the beautiful, mere reproductions of a past era which had come into fashion again, but which were not beautiful in themselves; and in colouring it only needed to be dingy enough to be admired. There was, if possible, a greater absence of any thought-out



Design for Panel for a "Semainaire" in Embroidery. By Walter Crane.

harmony of colour than in the old Philistine days, when people did at any rate guide themselves by complementaries, even if of a most crude and primitive kind. The result was, as we have said, generally less aggressive, but, in a true sense, often not more artistic.

One of the popular books of the moment on Art gave the advice, as a serious rule of conduct, or rather of choice, that when you saw a bright colour you must close your eyes and go away; when you saw one which was anything or nothing, you should seize on it, adopt it.

Under guidance no more intelligent than this it was no wonder that a fashion grew up as unreasonable as the one which preceded it. So long as the uncultivated largely prevail in number over the cultivated, there will be in Art, as in all other things, a constant tendency to degenerate, which can only be rectified by the better educated holding fast to the determination to adhere to the scientific bases of the laws of beauty. It is too much, perhaps, yet to expect æsthetics to become an exact science, but the more its laws are mastered and taught, the less chance will there be of a return to the positively savage conditions of the earlier half of the present century.

The style of Louis XIII. was the first to disregard the laws of harmony in design; and to show us whither this leads we have only to see the gradual decline of Art through the Louis XIV. to the Louis XVI. periods, and on to the abominations which were exhibited as Art in 1851. For England was not alone: in no country was there a pure or good style, and the only real Art that was to be seen was that of the East, where there had been no desire for novelty and where the old traditions were preserved, and the Greek reproductions of Wedgwood. England, at least, has the credit of

seeing her fault, and setting herself, without much waste of words, to retrieve it.

Twenty years of gradual reform had passed before embroidery, as an Art, began to think of raising her head. Up to that time it had been the idle work of idle women—"fancy work," on a par with potchomania, and all the other manias which have taken possession of female idleness. Yet no Art has a nobler history or finer ancestry than decorative needlework. Its beginnings are pre-historic. In the prime of Greek Art it was an important element. It has died many deaths, but has always sprung, phœnix-like, from the fire. When Byzantine Art, of Greek parentage, was flourishing, embroidery was almost at its highest also; English women were the queens of it in the thirteenth and early fourteenth centuries. It declined in style during the Stuarts, or at least a very bad style was then introduced, which ran side by side with the better one, until, in the time of Elizabeth, the bad one seemed to have gained the upper hand In Anne's time it took to French models, and later to imitations of Indian decoration, which saved it for a time; then it gradually died out of all pretension to an Art at all, and committed suicide in favour of Berlin cross-stitch, and bead shepherdesses and lap-dogs.

Italy has held a higher place in this Art than any other European country. There it has never been debased until to-day, when it shares with Belgium the honour of extreme beauty of manipulation combined with an entire absence of what we must, for want of a better word, call Art feeling in design or colouring.

In France, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the embroideries were gorgeous in the extreme, and our women imitated both their virtues and their faults. We find gold thread introduced into the petals of the flowers to give richness, an innovation which, from an artistic point of view, destroyed all beauty.

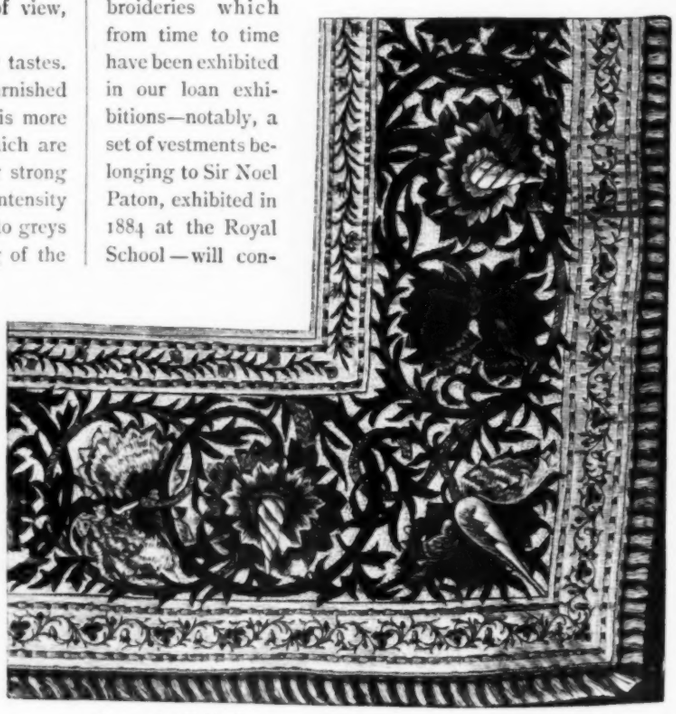
The Spaniards have always been splendid in their tastes. Their old embroideries gleam with the colouring of burnished metals, but they were beautifully harmonious, which is more than can be said for their embroideries of to-day, which are gaudy only. A country where there is strong sun, or strong colours in nature, always has in its Art a depth and intensity of colouring which we English, with eyes accustomed to greys and greens, never seem to arrive at. The colouring of the Venetian painters seems so much a matter of course in Venice itself that it is doubtful whether it would have attracted the attention of ordinary people at all, if their pictures had never found their way under our leaden skies, or been seen among and side by side with the prevailing greys of our national Art. Scotch painters, bred amongst the rich purples and golds of Highland scenery, the gorgeous heather bloom and the intense blues of distance, unknown in England or Wales, are distinctively richer in their colouring. It has been the same with our embroideries. The tendency of English colouring has always been to blues, greens, and greys, except for some time during the end of the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, when we copied French colouring intact.

What we want is, some well thought out rules for colouring, based on scientific laws of harmony, to keep us from running aimlessly from one extreme to another, with the result of never being right except by chance. Already there is a reaction against the "fade" school of colouring. People are beginning to long for some real colour, and to get it without any more intelligent rules for its use than they had for the neutral tints in which alone they have been decorating themselves for some time past.

When the first effort was made to revive embroidery—due to the energy of one lady in the first instance, afterwards joined by others—the very materials used in the old embroideries were unknown to commerce. Berlin wool had driven out the fine-toned worsteds of old times, and the workers actually began by using what are known as carpet thrums, the waste worsted from the manufacture of carpets. Embroidery silk, except in the practically useless floss, was unknown. Demand has created the supply, and both crewels and silks are now as good, or better, than any we find in the ancient work. It has become worth while to revive the pure dyes of the East in the service of embroidery, and the worker of to-day has no excuse for finding fault with her tools; it is her own fault if she cannot produce artistic work.

In designers we have been fortunate. Some of our best artists have lent their aid to this branch of Art. At the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1875, the embroideries sent by the Royal School of Art Needlework—the pioneer of the revival—were designed by Aitchison, Bodley, Morris, Burne Jones, Crane, and others; and since that time other artists have arisen, or come to the front, in designing for needlework.

This is as it should be. In ancient times the first artists gave designs for embroidery: Vasari tells us that the well-known specimens of needlework still to be seen in the Baptistery in Florence were designed by Antonio Pollaniolo, and were embroidered by Paolo de Verona, "a man most eminent in his calling, and of incomparable ingenuity." A glance at some of the embroideries which from time to time have been exhibited in our loan exhibitions—notably, a set of vestments belonging to Sir Noel Paton, exhibited in 1884 at the Royal School—will convince us that artists of great power thought it not beneath them to draw for the embroiderers in other places besides



Design for Table Border, by W. Morris. For Solid Embroidery.

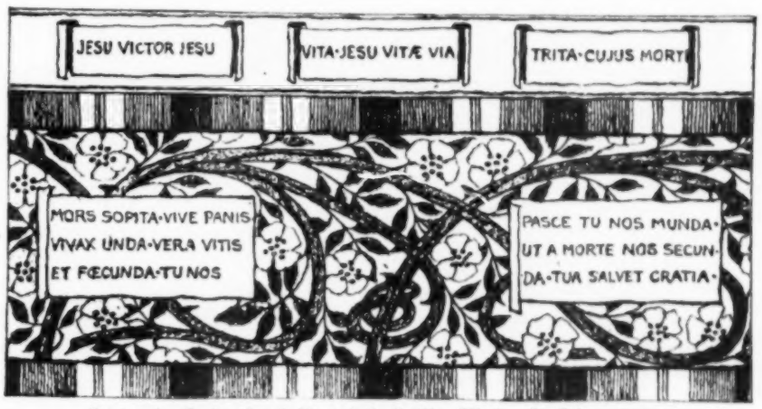
Florence. Although in olden times men seem to have been the embroiderers, as they are now in Japan, women have always been adepts in it; their finer fingers are more suitable to the task And in England at least there has always been an inclination to look askance at the man who handles a needle. At any rate, at the present time the Art is wholly in the hands of women—and for the most part of educated women—the idea of the founder of the school having been that it was a branch of Art eminently needing the refinement of taste which comes from gentle birth and good education.

Nor has experience belied this theory. It is not to be supposed for a moment that the Art is necessarily confined to a class. Clever women with artistic perceptions, only needing cultivation, are to be found in every class, and it has been proved that the Ayrshire needlewomen—mere cottagers—are surpassed by none when they work under Art direction. The same may be said of the Irish peasant children who have been taught artistic needlework. But, in the first instance at least, it was necessary to employ ladies with some knowledge of painting, or at least with educated taste; for each embroiderer needs to be an artist, and unless she is, has little chance of turning out good work. She has never more than



Design for Feather-stitch Embroidery. By Geo. Aitchison, R.A.

a mere outline to guide her, the colouring must be her own; and even with the outline supplied, she needs to know something of design, of the necessary proportions of the different portions of it to each other, or she may easily spoil the best,



Design for Embroidered Altar-cloth, Outline Work. By Selwyn Image.

by an improper use of light and heavy lines on the parts to be filled in solidly, not to speak of mistakes in colouring.

At the commencement of the revival little more was done than to copy the ancient embroideries, of which great numbers are to be found. And so entirely was the Art lost, that the various stitches—on the use of which so much of its beauty depends—had to be learned again by the close inspection, and sometimes unpicking, of old pieces of work. At the present time, when repeated exhibitions have made us familiar with the embroideries of all countries and all periods, it may fairly be said that there is nothing in any ancient or foreign specimen which cannot be equally well done by Englishwomen. All the old stitches have been exactly reproduced, and the cost of the work is the only impediment to its execution. Even in church needlework people will not now pay for metal gold thread, such as was formerly used; and the cost of labour is of course so much greater now than in former times, or other countries, that very much of the most beautiful work cannot be executed. To give one example, a design which was supplied by Mr. W. Morris for the Philadelphia Exhibition, and worked wholly in silk upon a foundation of coarse linen, cost £50 the square yard, a prohibitory price for most people.

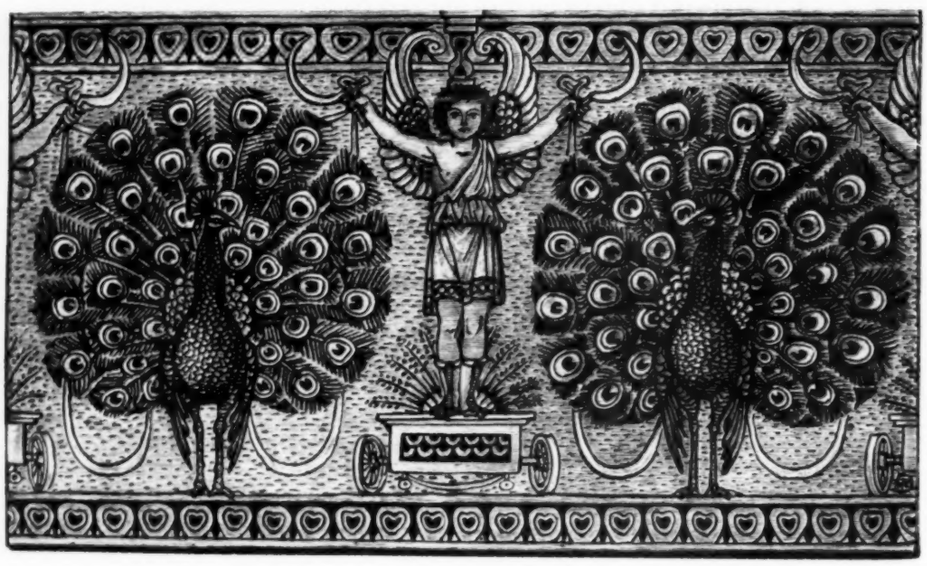
Fortunately, however, costliness is not necessary for really artistic work, and many beautiful designs have been worked in monochrome outline on greyish linen, than which nothing more truly decorative could be imagined. Notable in this style is the design of Mr. Burne Jones of 'Musica,' and the classical figures of Mr. Selwyn Image, of which small illustrations are given in the handbook published by the Royal School.

Another plan of working was adopted for the large figures, 'Salve' and 'Vale,' of Mr. Walter Crane. In these the flesh was worked in the peculiar form of cushion stitch which was in use during the Middle Ages for ecclesiastical work in Germany and Flanders, the drapery being worked in outline. The effect was not pleasing. The large masses of flesh-coloured crewel, in a stitch which had all the regularity of loom work, gave an appearance of stocking weaving. This experiment has not been repeated, and although figures for church embroidery are worked solidly, it is in the fine form of feather stitch, which follows the contour of the figure.

Much controversy has always gone on about the celebrated

"Opus Anglicanum;" whether there was anything really distinctive in the way of a stitch, or whether it was applied generally to the work which about the fourteenth century came from England, then celebrated all over the western world for its embroideries. Dr. Rock considers it to have been both the stitch and the peculiarity of modelling the surface of the embroidery by means of small metal balls heated and applied to the work when damp. There is no doubt that this peculiar way of working the flesh was practised in England, and apparently in England only; but the modelling alone was its distinctive mark, for the stitch and the manner of using it was evidently used in very early times. The dalmatic used by Charlemagne at his coronation in the eighth century, now in the Vatican, and of Byzantine workmanship, is worked in exactly the same manner, only there is no modelling with hot irons afterwards. The figures in the Baptistery at Florence, and the very beautiful hanging now shown in the new museum of the Crocetta in Florence, are worked in the same manner as regards the flesh. This latter piece, which is dated 1300, has apparently been the covering for the singing gallery of Sta. Maria Novella, which is now in the South Kensington Museum, since all that its custodians know of it is that it came from Sta. Maria, and its size would show that it must have been used for the gallery.

In all the fine figure embroideries found in Italy, or of Italian workmanship, as well as those of the finest period of English work, the stitch is, as we have said, feather stitch, done with the very finest silk, similar to that still used in the embroideries of China and Japan, but the direction of the stitches follows the contour of the face; the cheeks are worked in lines running parallel with their outline, to begin with, and as the centre is reached the stiches almost form a circle. The forehead, again, is worked in lines going across above the eyebrows, and running into curves to follow the temples and top of the brow. The chin, again, is worked round to a centre, the same as the cheeks, and the cleverness of the worker is shown in the way that the stitches blend into each



Design for Embroidered Frieze, by Walter Crane. Engraved by J. and G. Nicholls.

other, the straight gradually passing into the curved, so as to avoid any hardness. We have called it feather stitch, although it is perhaps better described as stem stitch; but the boundary line between these two is so vague, when we come to anything curved, that the former appears the true designation, since the peculiarity of feather stitch consists in the stitches all melting one into another.

Dr. Rock considered the figures in the Sion cope to be in chain stitch, and all other writers have followed him. It is, in fact, split stitch, if anything; but the splitting of the stitch by bringing the needle up through it does not appear to have been uniform, and may have been accidental, or at least only used in certain places, where great nicety of outline was required. Chain stitch it most certainly is not.

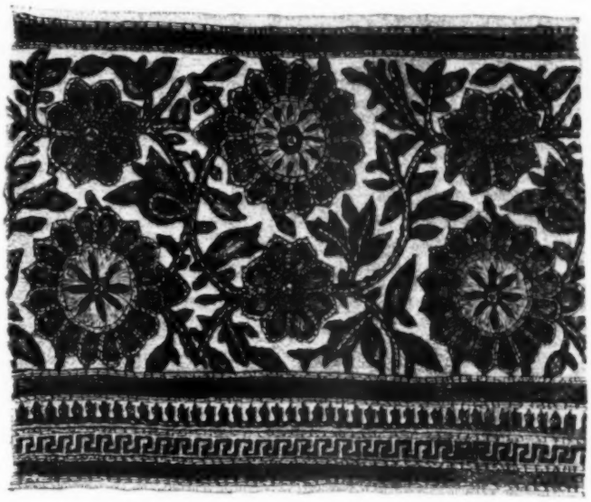
The working of flesh in solid embroidery, however, even in church work, is not at the present time much practised in England, partly, no doubt, on account of the expense, but chiefly from the feeling that, as decorative work, it is generally out of place. Some fine outline figures in large sizes have been worked from the designs of Mr. Selwyn Image for the reredos of a church in Manchester very successfully; and small classical figures, representing the Senses, designed by Mr. Walter Crane, have been treated in the same manner for secular decoration. There appears to be a fair opening for a new departure on these lines in ecclesiastical work, where tradition and symbolism still make figures in some cases desirable.

A style completely different from that of any previous age may fairly be said to have sprung up in the present revival of embroidery as an important Decorative Art. Mr. Crane has gone chiefly to the ever-pleasing Greek traditions for his inspiration, and some designers have for the most part drawn their ideas from Italian mediæval Art; but others have a distinctive character of their own, which cannot be referred to any one type.

Mr. Morris's designs are too well known to call for more than reference; always thoughtful and distinctive, even if one gets a little tired of what has been irreverently called the

"crossbone" ornament, there is always great beauty in the lines themselves and in the general balance of the design.

Mr. Image's designs have a character wholly original, and great freedom from mannerism prevails in the designs of Mr. Aitchison and some other designers, chiefly architects, who certainly are the most successful in producing designs capable of effective treatment with the needle, without carrying elaboration too far to be practical. This no doubt arises from their habit of designing ornament for stone or metal-work, which require the same breadth and simplicity of treatment as decorative needlework; and also from the practice they acquire of obtaining just proportion between construction and decoration. Designers for needlework have much to learn before they are able to produce something which shall be capable of being worked so as to produce a good effect without costing an enormous amount of labour, and, therefore, money. Designers for weaving almost always fall into this error, and many designs, very beautiful in themselves, become practically impossible from the great cost of their production with the needle.



Indian Design for Tusser Embroidery. Mrs. Wardle, Leek.

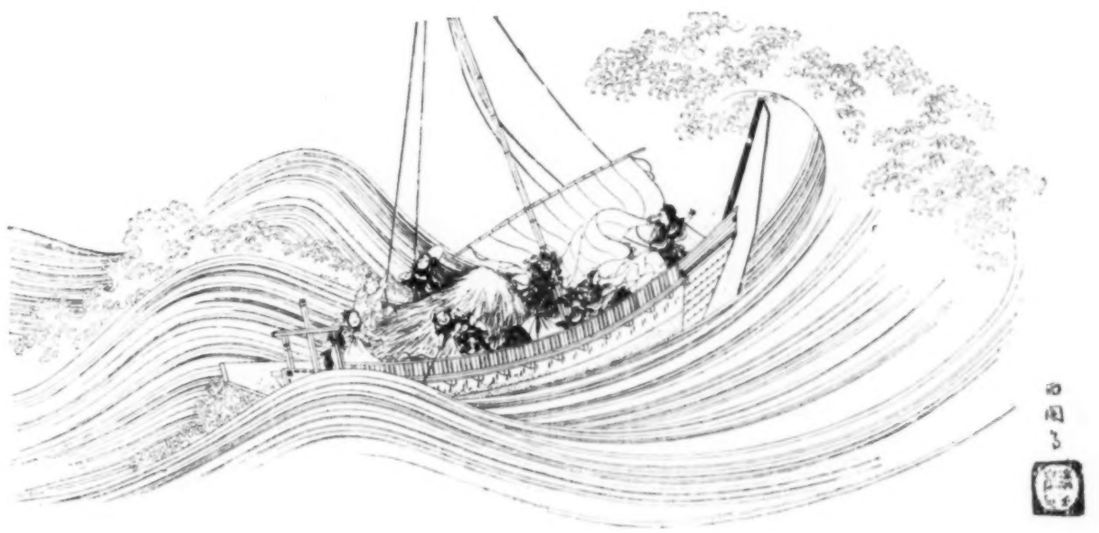
There are a few general remarks to be made before this paper is brought to a close.

Although no lover of Art would wish to see the growth of a tendency to superficial or scrambled effects, there is a distinct gain in producing good decorative work at a price which shall bring it within reach of its humbler admirers. It may be perfectly sound and honest in every particular, and still something less than ruinous in price. It is found, practically, that no designer for lace is of use unless he thoroughly understands the method of working the lace. And the same holds good of designers for embroidery. Without some knowledge of the method of working, and of the effect which will be produced by the use of the different stitches, no designer is very successful.

As a simple instance, designs which are to be worked in appliqué must be wholly different from those for embroidery proper. And yet some of the finest of the old Italian designs are executed in appliqué, and, with very little of embroidered enrichment added. There is a constant tendency to become stringy in decorative needlework; and though much depends on the worker knowing exactly when to thicken and when to lighten the lines, the designer has to take into consideration the nature of the decoration before he can balance his work correctly and it can be adapted to the work of the needle. From its very nature appliqué requires a heavier treatment than ordinary embroidery. As a general rule, it may be taken that a design suitable for appliqué may be equally well used for the style of embroidery which is the reverse of appliqué, namely, that in which the ground is worked and the outline of the design left in relief of the unworked material.

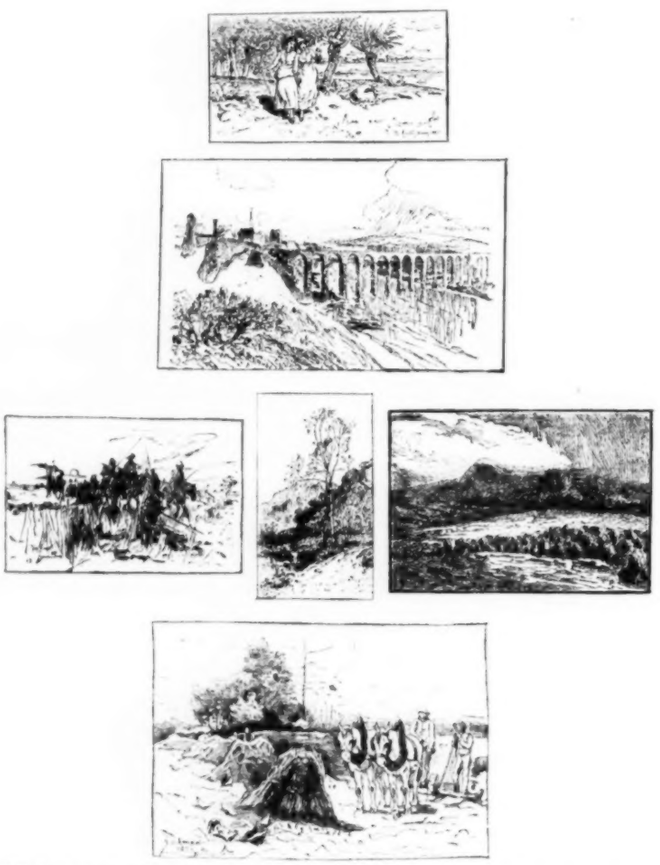
L. HIGGIN.

(To be continued.)



THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE Spring Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is on this occasion more even than formerly limited to the illustration of Scottish Art. Some important pictures and sculptures are shown by honorary members of the Academy, or other non-resident artists, but, with the exception of Mr. Oakes, those contributors are chiefly Scotsmen, or trained in the Scottish school. It is always an open question whether any body of artists are well advised in thus narrowing the scope of their exhibition, resting content with "measuring themselves with themselves." There is high authority for declaring that those who so act in other important matters are "not wise," and a school of Art can make but a doubtful exception to that condemnation. Taking the exhibition, however, on its own merits we find in it evidence of energy, and of robust, if sometimes unrefined, Art work. Time and again the attractions and opportunities of the Imperial metropolis have drained the Scottish school of its most promising pupils, or tempted away those who have won a degree in the local academy. With this in mind, the circumstance that some of the more important contributions here come from and have already been seen in London was to be expected, while such proofs of progress as the younger men afford give testimony to the vitality and value of the Northern Academy.



1. 'Hark, the Cuckoo!' Austen Brown.
2. 'The Border Line,' W. F. Vallance, R.S.A.
3. 'Border Moss-troopers,' T. Scott.
4. 'The Heart of the Trosachs,' G. Gray.
5. 'Autumn sae Pensive,' J. Smart, R.S.A.
6. 'Harvesting,' G. Aikman, A.R.S.A.

The place of honour in the exhibition is accorded to Orchardson's 'Salon of Madame Récamier,' from last year's Royal Academy. This very fine work was lent, we believe, with some reluctance by its owner, and the Scottish Academy is to be congratulated in having been able to secure this characteristic example of its distinguished countryman. Mr. Pettie is represented by two portraits, the half-lengths of Mr. J. Stewart, late M.P. for Greenock, and Mr. Alex. Kay. The force and directness of those pictures, as well as the admirable drawing and fine technique, are much admired. Mr. Calder Marshall exhibits the 'Temptation of Eve,' and 'Last Days of Pompeii,' and those, with Mr. George A. Lawson's clever but fleshy 'Spartan Dancer,' form the principal works in sculpture shown. Mr. John R. Reid sends 'The Fatherless,' from the Royal Academy, and Mr. John White, and Mr. Tom Graham are respectively represented by 'Surrey Colts' and 'A Norman Conquest.' From Mr. Oakes have been sent 'Cwm Eigian Moor,' and a scene in Deeside. The only other member of the Royal who exhibits is Mr. Frank Holl, whose pinky portrait of Lord Balfour of Burleigh is shown.

Of the Scottish Academy, the President (Sir W. Fettes Douglas), Sir Noel Paton, Sir John Steell, and Mr. Erskine Nicol, do not exhibit. Mr. Herdman shows two three-quarter length portraits of ladies, distinguished by the suave flesh tones and rich and luminous colour which distinguish his work in this branch. His only genre picture is 'A Highland Herd Lass,' of nearly the same size as the portraits; this is a very beautiful work; of three male portraits that of Mr. Hugh Rose is strong and full of character. Mr. W. E. Lockhart, in a large painting, 'A Church Lottery in Spain,' essays a difficult subject, representing a group of figures under artificial light. It contains a number of excellent studies of character, and throughout there is a fine sense of life and motion. Mr. R. McGregor, in 'The Story of the Flood,' devotes a large canvas to a domestic scene which might have been better suited to cabinet size; the drawing and grouping are good, and many excellent passages of colour are shown, but the prevailing fault of this artist in obtaining unattractive models is again notable. Mr. George Reid shows his large picture of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, formerly seen in London, and other portraits. His large group of 'Rhododendrons' exhibits gorgeous colour and careful detail. Mr. H. Cameron is represented by one

small out-door scene with children, in his usual luminous and harmonious colour. Mr. McTaggart shows two child figures, with many admirable qualities in subtleties of colour and effect, but tantalisingly wanting in finish. Mr. Gibb has but one picture, a notable portrait of Mr. Ramsden, of Leeds; and the prominence of portraiture is to be remarked as one of the characteristics of the collection. In landscape the exhibition is as usual strong. We give examples of Mr. Vallance, Mr. Smart, Mr. Aikman, Mr. T. A. Brown, and Mr. George Gray, each representing a distinct style. Mr. Smart's 'Autumn sae Pensive' is rich and mellow in colour. 'The Border Line,' by Mr. Vallance, is a large canvas, giving, under a brilliant atmosphere, the view of Berwick and the Tweed familiar in Turner's work, with the addition of the high railway bridge. The rigid mass of the viaduct has been admirably handled in the treatment of light and shade, and at a proper distance the entire scene focusses into an harmonious whole. Mr. Aikman's pearly sky is admirably done, and the well-drawn group on the right makes up a fine work. Mr. T. A. Brown, in 'Hark, the Cuckoo!' shows a scene brilliant in the tenderest spring green, and the light figures so daintily posed and graciously painted give interest to the work. Mr. Gray is a rising artist whose mountain and woodland scenes command attention. In 'The Heart of the Trosachs,' we have that picturesque pass shown in one of its lighter moods, effectively painted, while the "lady of the woods" in the foreground is most tenderly touched in.

Mr. W. D. Mackay's landscapes maintain their high character, and the direct and effective transcripts of Mr. Lawton Wingate, the new Academician, are, as usual, of admirable quality. Mr. Walter H. Paton, besides other pictures, shows the rugged and stern Ben Cruachan in a glory of roseate colour quite incredible. Mr. Beattie Brown is abundantly represented, and the other landscape artists, Mr. J. C. Noble, Mr. D. Murray, Mr. D. Farquharson, and Mr. G. W. Johnston, exhibit pictures. Outside the Academy the works of Mr. Pollok S. Nisbet, Mr. J. T. Ross—who shows a large and suggestive picture, 'The Beginning of Romance'—Mr. Hector Chalmers, Mr. D. Cameron, and others, add to the attractiveness and variety of the landscape school. Attention is secured by a number of ambitious figure pictures by young artists, conspicuous being 'Our Grandmothers' Dancing School,' by Mr. C. Martin Hardie; 'The Stroller's Tale,' by Mr. G. O. Reid; 'A Rebel's Daring,' by Mr. J. Hamilton; 'Cottar's Bairns,' a large picture already shown in London, by Mr. R. G. Hutchison; 'Rashleigh and F. Osbaldistone—the Final Interview,' and 'Chatterton,' by Mr. J. Knox Ferguson; 'The Quartette,' by Mr. H. J. Brown; and 'Bunyan in Prison,' by Mr. G. Bathgate. In the department of animal painting Mr. Denovan Adam and Mr. W. G. Stevenson show excellent work, a large interior by the latter, with sheep and lambs, being of high merit. Mr. Alexander, Mr. D. G. Steell, and Mr. G. Denholm Armour, also exhibit in this branch.

The establishment of the Summer Water-colour Exhibition has perhaps caused fewer large works in this medium to be sent in, but there are many fine examples by the rising school, conspicuous amongst them being the large drawing, 'Border Moss-troopers returning from a Raid,' by Mr. Thomas Scott, of which we give a reduced illustration; the grouping, the colour, and the management of the light in this work are alike admirable, and stamp the artist as a man of clear conceptions of the scope of his art and high technical power. A painful interest attaches to several works, some unfinished, by Mr. P. W. Nicholson, a student of the highest promise, who was unfortunately drowned in Cromarty Firth last autumn whilst crossing in a boat in the dark.

ART NOTES.

MR. WATTS, R.A., has publicly announced his intention of leaving the result of his Art life-work to the English nation on both sides of the Atlantic, for Canada, we understand, is to come in for at least three representative specimens. With that modesty which is such a characteristic of the artist, Mr. Watts leaves all his works in the hands of a trustee, so that, in the possible event of the Nation not wishing to accept the generous legacy, the collection may not go begging. We do not fancy that there is much fear of this.

The Slade Professorship of Fine Arts at Cambridge University, rendered vacant by the resignation of Mr. Sidney Colvin, has been conferred upon Mr. J. H. Middleton, formerly of Christ's College. The Professor is elected for three years, the stipend being £360 per annum. Mr. Middleton is not an artist, but is the author of a satisfactory catalogue of Rembrandt's works and other works on Art, and is well known to the readers of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

The Morgan sale was certainly one of the most important of recent times, and interesting as giving some indication of the effect of the prohibitive tariff. Henner's 'La Source,' for instance, fetched 10,100 dols., or considerably more than double (£800) that paid for it in Paris. Jules Breton's 'Communicants' realised 45,500 dols., or the highest price ever paid for a picture by a living French artist. Amongst the bric-à-brac, too, the famous Chinese peach-bloom vase, eight inches high, which cost 15,000 dols., fetched 18,000 dols. Amongst other important prices obtained for the pictures, Alma Tadema's 'Spring' was sold for 7,000 dols., Corot's 'Lake Nemi' for 14,000 dols., Millet's 'Spinner' for 14,000 dols., and Vibert's 'Missionary's Story' for 25,500 dols.

Few figures could have been so ill-spared from the contemporary Art circles of "Merry England" as Randolph Caldecott, who has died at St. Augustine's, Florida. Under the guidance of his kindly genius the children's books have passed from the dark abyss of "all highly coloured" to the seventh heaven of perpetual joys. For loss of him the laughter of the children will be less. Born in one of the quaint old "Rows" of Chester, educated in Henry VIII.'s Grammar School in his native town, and finally tied, quite loosely, to a banking-clerk's desk at Whitchurch, in Shropshire, he imbibed that knowledge of nature and animal-life which served him in such good stead in his Art. Coming to London, he illustrated some books of travels, and at the

instance of Mr. Edmund Evans commenced that series of illustrated nursery stories which will live as long as good-humour, innocent, sparkling wit, and *bonhomie savante* are in fashion. He exhibited steadily at the Grosvenor Gallery and the Institute, and once or twice at the Royal Academy.

The repeal of the tax on silver plate has always been the battle-cry of at least one well-known Art silversmith. Now, however, a new champion has appeared in print in *The Financial Reformer*, and there is no denying that he has a case for the consideration of the House of Commons. If a parliamentary candidate were rash enough to go to the hustings with no stronger cry than that of "untaxed spoons," he would probably be regarded as a trifler. Still the subject embraces the interest of an art which is, undeniably, in process of degradation. "It may probably be taken for granted," says the writer, "that any representative English silversmith would strongly resent the imputation of being a tradesman and nothing more. He would contend that he is also an artist—one having the competency to direct and the taste to rightly estimate artistic design and workmanship, even if not contributing to them with his own hands. Now a considerable quarter of the metropolis of this country is almost as good as given over to Art exhibitions during the so-called 'London season.' And this brings us to ask *why* is the artist in silver wholly unrepresented at these functions? Why is not he also a candidate for the popular verdict, the critic's praise, the rich man's guineas? Simply, we contend, because the life and breath are stifled out of him by the load of taxation he has to risk, and which, at eighteenpence an ounce, would amount at the present price of silver to considerably more than one-third the value of his raw material. There is in every instance a certain degree of caprice in finding a market for an artist's work. With untaxed Art in silver the unsuccessful exhibitor would at all events find himself able to limit his loss to the sacrifice of his labour. The melting-pot would at any time recoup him for the cost of the metal. But, as things now stand, the Chancellor of the Exchequer adds the last straw to his back, by placing him as it were in the dock, and fining him thirty, fifty, or a hundred pounds, as the case may be, for the crime of being unsuccessful. Let us suppose artists in bronze or marble to follow their avocations under like conditions. How many more of their exhibits should we be again privileged to see? How long would it be before they transferred themselves—as many of the best working silversmiths in this country are known to have done—some to employments of a menial character, some to other walks of life, and many of them to other countries, where they find proper scope for their abilities within the limits of their own craft?"

One of the buildings to be used for the coming Jubilee Art Exhibition in Berlin—to be held in connection with the Academy—is an imitation of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia, and this will be a great feature of the exhibition. Wide steps lead up to the base of the temple, in the decoration of which restored Pergamon reliefs will be used. The roof will be crowned by a giant figure of a war god, which has, with a large part of the other work, been executed by the sculptor, Richard Grüttner.

The new portrait by Rembrandt, which the Belgian Government purchased at Cologne for 100,000 frs., has been placed in the Brussels Gallery. It represents with much boldness and soft simplicity an aged woman of the middle class, and bears the genuine signature. It belongs to the artist's best period, being dated 1656.

The year-book of the Prussian Royal Art Collections, which has just been issued, shows that during the second half of 1885 the oil-painting gallery of the Royal Museums in Berlin received the following additions:—From the collection of the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim: the 'Fornarina,' by Sebastiano del Piombo, 'Andromeda,' and a 'Bacchanal,' by P. P. Rubens, and a 'Portrait of a Young Man,' by a Dutch master of from 1520 to 1540, supposed to be by Joos van Cleve. The addition of the works by Rubens has led the authorities to collect the most prominent paintings by this master which the gallery contains into a room by themselves. The collection of sculpture and plaster casts has also received various additions, both in the Antique and the Renaissance department. The coin cabinet received during the last quarter of the year one hundred and four additions, including one gold and thirty-nine silver coins. The copper coins comprise one of medallion size, coined under Septimius Severus in Acrasus Lydiae. The only other example of this is a less perfect one preserved in the Vienna Museum. The engraving cabinet has been enriched by a large number of works, some of considerable value. A number of portraits have been added to the Royal National Gallery, including those of Dr. Bendemann, Director of the Academy of Arts at Düsseldorf, Cornelius, Reinhardt, and others; the expenditure on these being 18,500 marks. A number of new drawings have also been secured by gift and otherwise; the expenditure by the authorities being 25,860 marks.

An effort is being made to codify part of the law of artistic copyright, and a Bill to consolidate and amend the law of copyright in works of Fine Art and photographs has been read a second time in the House of Commons. The Bill is intended to comprise the whole law of artistic copyright, and it proposes to repeal the Acts of 1735, 1767, 1777, 1814, 1836, and 1862. It gives every artist the copyright in his work and in his design, if the design be original, which in strictness it must be if it is his design, for thirty years after his death, or fifty years certain, according as it is a painting or piece of sculpture on the one hand, or an engraving on the other hand. It prohibits the painter of a portrait on commission from repeating it without the consent of the owner of the painting, and provides that if a painting be sold and the copyright remains the property of the painter, he shall nevertheless not be entitled to make a replica of the painting. A copyright for fifty years is assigned to photographs, and it is declared that no photographic likeness executed on commission may be sold or exhibited without the leave of the person for whom it was made. The penalty for infringement of copyright is to be a fine of twenty pounds, besides double the price of all the pirated copies sold. A useful power of issuing search-warrants for the seizure of unlawful copies is conferred by the Bill upon justices of the peace. The production and sale of fraudulent works, that is of works bearing a forged signature or mark calculated to mislead, is made punishable by fine and forfeiture, and the importation of pirated works is forbidden. Any person attempting to dispose of unlawful copies must, under a penalty, give information as to where he obtained them. Copyright in photographs and engravings must, copyright in paintings and sculpture may, be registered at Stationers' Hall.

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FRENCH ART.*

THE tendency of the younger school of French artists during the last fifteen years has been towards depicting the every-day life of our great cities and rural districts in its naked truth, and often in its intense ugliness. Whether this is reaction from the older school, or the result of democratic ideas, or the outcome of the teaching of Victor Hugo, certain it is that in the place of the idealised peasants of Hébert, and the sentimental fisher-girls of Feyen-Perrin, we have the realistic peasants of Bastien-Lepage, Feyen, and Le Rolle, and the hardy fisher-women of Beyle and Hagborg in all their native clumsiness, ugliness, and awkwardness. Artisans are no longer represented in clean blouses or Sunday garments, but appear in clothes begrimed with the dirt of the workshop, as in Raffaëlli's 'Forgerons.' And yet these younger men do not entirely ignore the poetic side in the lives of the poor, as we may see in the works of some of these painters—Beyle and Feyen, for instance; but the desire to represent working women with sentimental smiles, delicate hands and feet, and small waists, is a thing of the past. Israëls' work has perhaps done something towards influencing his younger brethren of the brush; but for years he stood alone in sight of at once the pathetic and plain side of toiling humanity. One is more inclined to think that the change has taken place by reason of the intense sympathy with the hard-working and much-suffering classes which no doubt is one of the signs of the times (a sympathy preached for many a year by Victor Hugo, but stifled from its birth by despotic governments); and also from an equally intense love of truth, for truth's sake, in Art. Some years ago *dame du monde* pictures were the fashion, such as those by De Jonghe, Toulmouche, and Saintin; but now the rage seems to be for canvases large and small (more often large) consecrated to such subjects as the 'Chantier,' by Roll—a huge picture of a stonemason's yard, with life-sized figures. That every phase of life may be worth painting, if truthfully rendered, is no doubt a fact; but an artist ought to have some idea of the fitness of things as regards subject and size of canvas. De Nittis's small pictures of a Parisian boulevard or square are as charming as they are refined and true; but the same subjects life-size become vulgar and commonplace. Two years ago we were edified by an enormous picture, covering an entire side of a large room, representing the corner of the Place de la Madeleine, with carriages and pedestrians hurrying by; and if Béraud's 'Opera Stalls' and Gilbert's 'Markets' were of these dimensions, they would be unworthy the notice they now receive.



A Portrait. By M. Corcos.

Portraiture, as well as other branches of Art, has been influenced by this crusade in the cause of truth. For one portrait arranged in the old-fashioned conventional manner, we find a dozen persons painted in their every-day attire, sitting in their drawing-rooms, or studies, or gardens. And in so far as a painter eschews extreme fashion of any kind, this is as it should be. The feeble attempts of some artists to attire modern English women in sham Gainsborough or Reynolds costume, must fail as effectually as do the efforts of the photographer to place his sitters picturesquely by means of sham rustic bridges and painted Ionic columns. The chief value of a portrait is that it should be true; and had the old masters falsified the dress of their personages as some moderns do, half the interest of their works would be gone.

The portrait by M. Corcos (Illustration No. 1) is an example of this. Clad in velvet and furs of various tones of black, and sitting on a red sofa, this young French girl might be in a friend's drawing-room on her "at home" day. The wings on the hat are rather suggestive of the head-gear of an ancient Gaul, and possibly intentionally so; but the dress, although in the fashion of the day, is by no means *outré*, and will probably look no uglier a hundred years hence than does the costume of a Velasquez in this latter half of the nineteenth century. M. Corcos was born in Italy, and is a pupil of Morelli.

In 'La Prairie Normande' (Illustration No. 2), by M. J. Dupré, we have another type of every-day life. A vigorous peasant-girl, such as one sees in every part of France, dressed simply and picturesquely, her hair bound up in a coloured handkerchief, and her feet shod in sabots, is dragging her cows home to be milked. M. Dupré is a pupil of Pils, Leh-

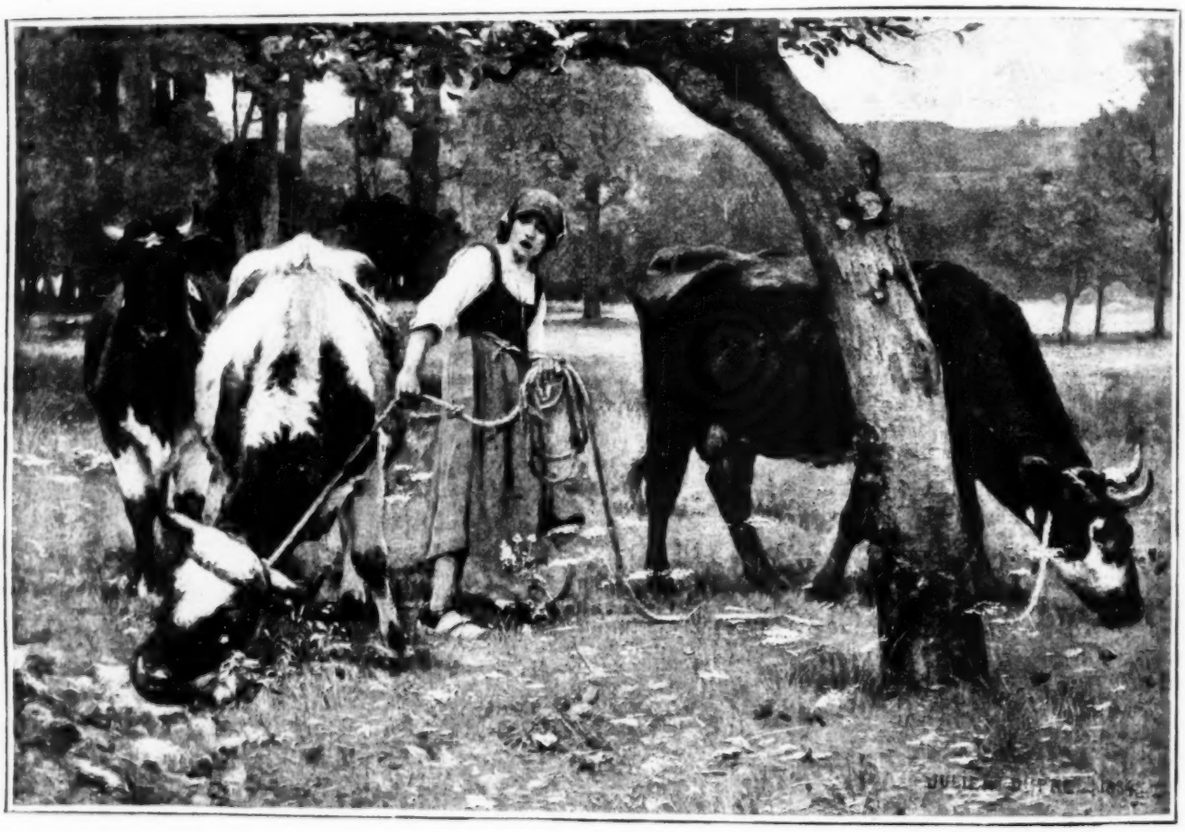
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mann, and Laugée, and one sees the influence of the latter in his colour and technique. The cattle are well drawn, and the action of the girl is good; but her face might have been less plain, without ceasing to belong to the type of a *femme du peuple*. These younger Frenchmen, following in the train of Bastien-Lepage and Le Rolle, rather revel in their love of what is ugly; but surely there is a medium between sentimentality and unreality, and positive ugliness.

In great contrast with this is M. A. Moreau's 'Le Soir' (Illustration No. 4), a peasant in repose, dreaming of other things than tending her flock. The one is all action, the other calm repose; the one bright daylight, the other warm twilight; the one full of energy, the other full of sentiment. And yet in both these pictures the figures and their surroundings are rendered with equal force and truth, for both have been studied out of doors; this modern school of "plein air" holding that a landscape should be painted on the spot. This is another instance of the revolution which has taken place in these latter days in Art. Taking sketches and making pictures therefrom in a studio is an entirely different matter from painting out of doors; in the former case, the work is a mere abstract of Nature; in the latter, it becomes Nature itself, full of life and air.

Of quite a different school is 'A la baïonnette! Champigny, 2 Dec., 1870' (Illustration No. 3), by M. Beaumetz. Although a pupil of Cabanel, this artist seems to be in spirit a devotee of Alphonse de Neuville, that great military painter whose death last year has left a void which it will take some time to fill up. But Cabanel's greatness as a master consists

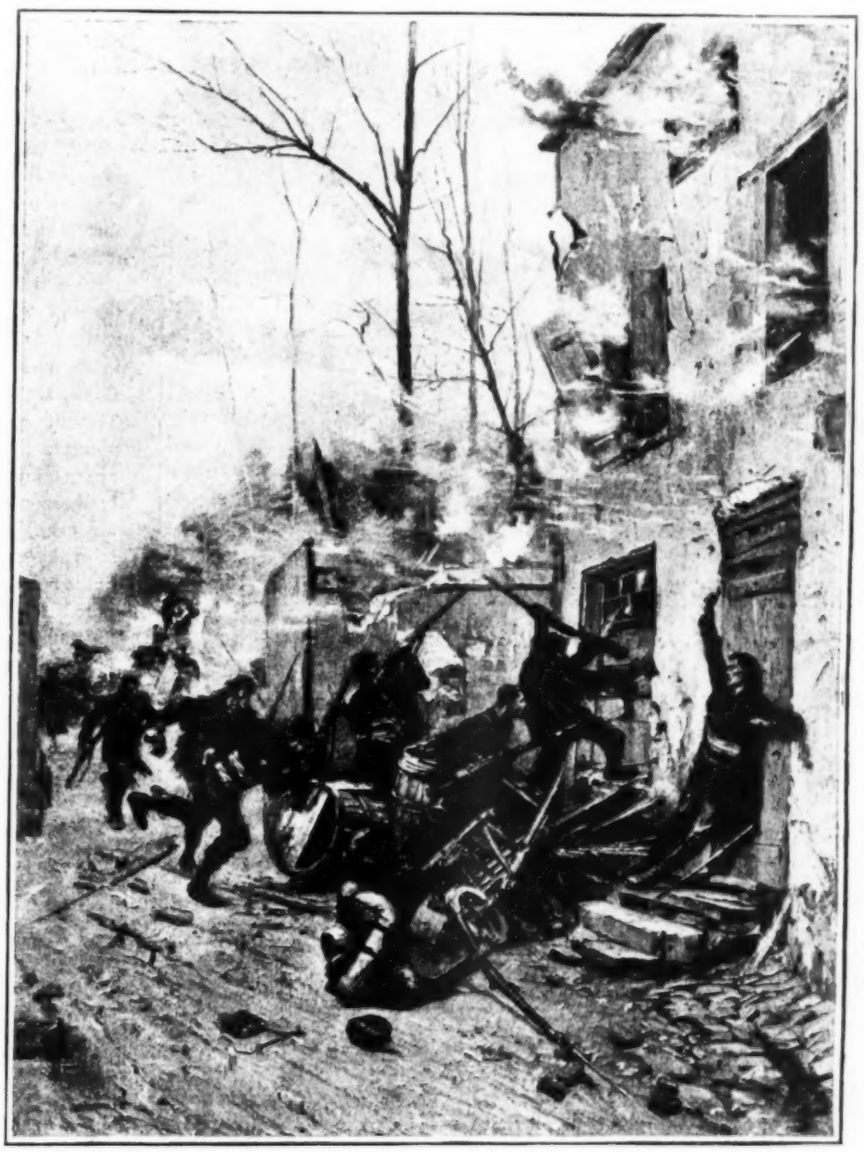


La Prairie Normande. By J. Dupré.

in his influencing his pupils, without making them slavish copyists of himself. If one looks over a list of them, one finds men so vastly dissimilar in their style as Reynault, Bastien-Lepage, Gervex, Stott, Adan, and a host of others. This is perhaps the greatest praise which can be bestowed upon a professor, and it is certainly a most uncommon quality.

No nation has produced so many good military painters as France; and one of the few benefits she has acquired from the last miserable war, is a multitude of excellent painters of soldier life. This is no doubt due to the fact that during the struggle all the younger men, artists as well as others, did their best to help their country in her hour of need. Patriotism fired the souls of tranquil brain-workers, as it did those of men whose passion is for slaying and killing; and it is to this fact that we owe all those pathetic episodes of the Franco-German campaign which De Neuville has been painting for the last fourteen or fifteen years. There is the same *élan* in this work of Beaumetz as in some of De Neuville's—the fight upon a railway embankment, for example. These men who are rushing along, their rifles in hand, absolutely run; and how excellent is the action of the soldier on the steps of the door. The whole picture—the confusion, the *mêlée* of men, barrels and other *débris*, the smoke, the battered house, and the wintry landscape, make up a scene which is dramatic to the last degree. No one who has not lived with soldiers, and who has not been through such an experience, could have depicted it as M. Beaumetz has done. Neither M. Detaille nor De Neuville were represented at last year's Salon; the former is engrossed by his great work, 'L'Histoire de l'Armée depuis un Siècle,' and illness prevented the latter from finishing his

last picture, 'Le Parlementaire.' This is not inferior to 'Le Bourget' or 'Le Cimetière de St. Privat' in movement and dramatic incident, and it touches the chord of patriotism in an intensely pathetic manner. But, like so many of the younger French painters, De Neuville has been taken away from us ere half his work was finished: Leloir, Bastien Lepage, De Neuville, and now Baudry, the graceful portrait and decorative painter, the splendid colourist, and the unselfish, self-sacrificing man. How many of our modern artists would devote eight years to study when at the height of their reputation? And yet Baudry did this. Feeling unable to begin his decoration of the Opera House without more study of the great masters, he left Paris, and therewith an income from portrait painting which was ten times greater than the sum which the State offered him. But early struggles had taught him self-sacrifice, and eight years' banishment and study seemed to him a small matter in comparison with "la gloire." It is doubtful, however, if the opera *foyer* is his best work;



A la Baïonnette! Champigny, 2 Dec., 1870. By M. Beaumetz.

yet it will always be to his honour that he sacrificed a certain amount of worldly success for lasting fame. He received 200,000 (£8,000) for the work, which extended over some ten or twelve years—but poor payment in Modern Art's eyes.

Amongst the votaries of the *dame du monde* school, and one of the best, is M. Kaemmerer, a native of the Hague, but a pupil of M. Gérôme, and a Frenchman in all but nationality. His subjects are generally taken from modern fashionable life, though sometimes he conducts us back to the times of Louis XV. His curious and prosaic 'Soir d'Automne,' for instance, shows us the abandoned sands of Scheveningen, peopled only by two ladies and a gentleman, the band, and a host of chairs. The general effect is *triste*, and characteristic of a place when the season is over. To our generation, this kind of subject may not be particularly interesting; but to our great-grandchildren it will be eminently

so. Pictures which portray the manners and customs of a certain period are quite worth painting, if done in a refined manner. For example, what can be more entertaining than Velasquez' 'Boar Hunt,' with that group of elegant dandies, the procession of green coaches, and the vulgar crowd sprawling upon the ground?

On the other hand, when a painter is void of refinement, and gives us steamboat loads and railway stations crowded



Le Soir. By A. Moreau.

with the vulgarest people in the most repulsive garments, we may well wish that he would not send us down to posterity in such fearsome guise. But if the artist of this school changed his subjects, would much be gained in refinement?

The opinion used to be promulgated, and is still in certain circles, that the French are not landscapists—an opinion quite opposed to fact. True, there is little of the pre-Raphaelite manner of seeing nature, but of poetic landscape there is much. Up to the second decade of this century, classical landscape prevailed. Poussin, and later on Vernet, looked at inanimate nature with Claude le Lorrain's eyes, though without his poetic feeling. But a change came over this branch of Art when a Constable appeared at the Salon. It was one of those exhibited at the Royal Academy this last winter, if I mistake not. Here was a revolutionist, a man who dared to paint a mill, or a punt, or a farm, as they appeared to the vulgar crowd. That common country scenery and objects of every-day rural life should be put upon canvas, was too rank heresy for the followers in the footsteps of the classical landscapists. This Constable, then, created a veritable furore, the master became the fashion and the founder of the new school of landscape romanticists, numbering within its fold Decamps, Dupré, Corot, Daubigny, Rousseau, Troyon, and Diaz. The painters of the present day are not inferior to their elder brethren, and there is scarcely any exhibition where one sees so many good landscapes as at the Salon. Even M. Montenard's vessels riding at anchor in southern waters under a blaze of sunlight, and M. Pointelin's studies of the melancholy and grey effects of nature, are equally worthy to find a place amongst poetic landscapes. And amongst other names of *paysagistes de talent* may be cited MM. Harpignies Ségé, Zuber, Damoye, Van Marke, Français, Morlon, Courant, Boudin (in spite of his eternal monotonous grey), Mesdag, Lansyer, and Mesdames de la Villette and Dieterle.

SOPHIA BEALE.

TITIAN.*

II.

THE first fifty years of Titian's life brought all that was greatest in Art to Italy. When he was born, Venice had been only passing from the childhood of Art; now, barely half a century later, she was enriched by the paintings of Gentile and Gian Bellini, of Carpaccio, Cima, and Palma Vecchio, who were already dead; of Pordenone—the finest fresco painter of Venice—and of the unrivalled Titian himself.

In Tuscany and Umbria there had been changes no less great. Raphael, who fifty years earlier was unborn, had been dead six or seven years; dead, too, was his master, Perugino. Ghirlandaio, Filippino, Lionardo, Botticelli, Bartolomeo, and Signorelli were also dead; Andrea del Sarto had but a year or two to live, and, though Michael Angelo had many years of life before him, the works by which he is best remembered, the 'David,' the 'Pietà,' the 'Moses,' the Sixtine ceiling, had been executed years ago, and at that time he was engaged on the ever-unfinished tombs of the Medici. It was on these that he was working when, in 1529, he left Florence for political reasons, and spent some months in Venice. Titian had then never been to Rome, and the works of Buonarotti were, before this Venetian visit, little known to him. The grandeur of the genius of the great Florentine impressed him deeply, and his influence is clearly discern-

* Continued from page 88.

ible in the pose of the figures and cast of the draperies painted about this date.

When nearly twenty years later Titian went to Rome, he lamented that he had not in earlier life seen the Roman collection of antiques and the masterpieces of Michael Angelo and Raphael, but it is questionable whether his manner would have been improved by such study and imitation, even if he had really condescended to imitate. The cast of his mind was so different, his manner so unlike the methods of the great Umbrian and Florentine, and so perfect in its way, that it is probable that he would have lost instead of gained by any attempt to assimilate it to another genius. His later manner, however, differs much from his earlier. The taste for violent action, strong lighting, dramatic feeling and spontaneity of movement was transforming Italian Art. It influenced Michael Angelo and Raphael, and Titian was no more proof than they against the spirit of the age. We who look at these masterpieces across the centuries, can see that the 'Incendio del Borgo,' the 'Last Judgment,' and the later works of Titian, were the first steps on the downward path; that the tide had turned, and that though some waves would still reach the high-water mark, the general tendency was towards retrogression. The quaint conventionality, the rigid stiffness of the earlier masters, had ripened into a knowledge wherein dignity and nature, ideality and realism, had been blended in perfect proportion; but that manner was now passing; realism was paramount, and before the century closed realism would have passed into exaggeration, impossible violence of action and of light and shadow, at least as far removed from nature as the conventionalities of the early masters, and without that dignity and ideality which in their case go so far to reconcile us to lack of technical skill.



Mater Dolorosa (Madrid). *Engraved by Carl Dietrich.*

But of this tendency Titian and his contemporaries were in happy ignorance; they drew their foreshortened figures and writhing limbs, flung their bright lights and bituminous shadows, believing in good faith that they were on the road to a higher development of Art than any that had yet been attained to. So we find that among Vecelli's contemporaries the fame of the Pesaro Madonna was overshadowed by that of the 'Peter Martyr,' which was finished four years later. The Pesaro picture was a work of a class which was already a little old-fashioned; no single figure of it was in violent movement or in a position which the model could not have maintained in tolerable comfort for an hour. There was no tremendous *tour de force* of lighting or foreshortening; all was so simple, easy, and natural, that the last thing that occurs to the mind of the spectator is that the picture is clever. It is not nearly so modern or so clever as the 'Assumption.' The 'Peter Martyr'—unhappily destroyed by fire in 1867—must have been a finer work than the 'Assumption;' from the day it was uncovered till the night it perished all artists who saw it united in praising its magnificence, and among Titian's contemporaries it was reckoned incomparably the finest thing he had yet done. He began it before Buonarotti's visit to Venice, but the influence of Michael Angelo's genius caused him to change the composition materially. There can be no doubt that Vecelli expended an unusual amount of care and labour on this work, repeatedly altering the details of the composition and making a great number of drawings and studies for the various parts. In almost every collection of the master's drawings there is at least one study for the 'Peter Martyr;' and besides these, we find in Rubens's catalogue of the pictures which he possessed, "A large cartoon by Titian for the 'Peter Martyr,'" which has unfortunately disappeared.

The composition of the sketch now in the Albertina Museum, Vienna, is quite unlike, and very inferior, to that finally chosen, though it contains one idea to which the painter eventually returned, namely, that of the descending angels who bear to the saint the martyr's palm. This idea seems to have been afterwards abandoned, for in several later drawings the victim fixes his gaze on the assassin, and the angels are omitted. But in the end Titian reverted to his early inspiration, though in the finished composition the angels occupy a smaller and less important place than in the Albertina sketch.

The drawing in the British Museum was probably the last, and intended by the master as his guide for the large picture, though there are many minor differences between it and the finished work. The background trees are indeed almost the same, but the lighting of the sky is changed: the one angel of the drawing becomes two in the picture, and the place of

the angels is rather lower, so as to bring them more into the picture, in the finished composition. The pose of each of the principal figures is also slightly altered, the left arm of the murderer is straightened, and the saint has more the position of one who has been suddenly flung down. The flying lay brother is both in the study and the picture, the finest figure of the composition; the wind-blown draperies are truly magnificent, and when we remember the unpicturesque nature of the black and white Dominican dress, marvellous. This figure is but little changed, though in the finished work the pose of the arms is more suggestive. The motive of all these alterations is to give greater spontaneity of action. All who saw this picture declare it to have been a masterpiece of tone and colour, as well as of style, drawing, and composition. Yet the colour was merely black and white, and the dimmest of dark green and brown trees, relieved only by the red waist-cloth of the assassin.

While Titian was busy finishing this great work the Marquess of Mantua wrote to beg him to join the Mantuan court; for the Emperor Charles, who was there for his coronation, admired Vecelli's portrait of the Marquess Federigo more than all the other gems of the Mantuan Gallery, and desired himself to be painted by Titian. The painter was then too busy to leave Venice, but he afterwards joined the court at Bologna, and then began his connection with the house of Hapsburg, a connection which outlived Charles and ended only with the painter's life.

From his youth Vecelli had been in the habit of painting portraits both from the living model and from existing likenesses; and since his appointment as painter to the Venetian Government it had been his duty to portray every incoming doge, but after his first meeting with Charles he became more a painter of portraits than of subject pictures.

Charles gave him at least one sitting, and the sketch of him by Titian still exists, though the portrait for which it was painted has perished. This study of the head and bust, probably executed in one sitting, was, with a suit of the emperor's clothes, the only model the painter had for the full-length figure, with which Charles was so well pleased that three replicas were made of it, and Vecelli received a thousand scudi in gold, and was raised to the rank of Count of the Lateran Palace and Knight of the Golden Spur.

The success of the portrait of the Emperor inspired many members of the court with a wish to sit to Titian, either for their portrait or the "portrait allegories" then so much in vogue, and by taking so many commissions from the court one would have thought that the master had now thoroughly allied himself with the Imperial party, but, like a good business man, Titian abstained from politics, and on his return from the court of Charles accepted a commission to paint his deadly enemy, Francis I. Three times he reproduced the features of the French king, whom, almost to a certainty, he never saw, being guided in his likeness only by a bronze medal. There is a certain inevitable emptiness in the modelling of these unknown faces, but the portraits of Francis are remarkable achievements, impossible to a painter unused to this kind of work. At the same time that Titian was building up a Francis from imagination he was also painting Isabella d'Este from memory, though the Duchess was still alive and attainable as a model. But she, being now passed youth, preferred being painted again as a bride rather than the matron she at that time was. So, too, without a model did he paint Catherine Comaro, Queen of Cyprus, and Irene of Spillensberg after her death, just as in earlier days he had painted his magnificent profile of Doge Niccolo Marcello, who died before Titian's birth, and Doge Marco Barbarigo, who died when the painter was a child at his home in Pieve.



The 'Peter Martyr.' Final Composition.

But the portrait from which we learn the most of Titian's manner of work is that of Philip II. of Spain, for which the master made a special journey to Augsburg in 1550. Both the sketch and the finished pictures painted from it are preserved, and by comparing these we find that Titian set to work on a sketch or study in an entirely different way to that in which he began a picture he intended to finish highly.

Palma Giovine relates his manner of proceeding in the latter case, and the sketch of Philip, now in the house of Count Sebastian Giustiniani at Padua, tells us all that can be told of his method of painting a study—for this bust of Philip is eminently a study—"a thing that was neither drawing nor painting, yet partaking of both, and sufficient for the reproduction of either." The canvas is a very smooth one, the colour laid on thinly, and the flesh tones composed simply of red, white, and black, recalling the master's famous maxim, "Black, red, and white, these are all the colours a painter needs; only," he would add, "one must know how to use them." The study is a waist-length; the figure, in black doublet and white fur-trimmed pelisse, and the close-cropped chestnut head, are blocked in as hastily as possible, while the hands are merely suggested with an outline of the same white paint which had served for the pelisse; their pose only being indicated without so much as suggestion of the fingers.

Clearly Philip was an impatient sitter, and the artist had need to concentrate all his energies on the face. In this the aim of



The Assumption.

the master was to note down the character, expression, form, and colouring of the sitter, without any attempt at delicate

modelling, or at charm of tone or surface. The pale flesh lights merge into half-tones of clear red, while the darkest shadows, as of the eye and nostril, are laid in in black. It is not such a sketch as one would wish to show to a sitter; "a surface without the charm of rich tint or broken modulation, but masterly, as giving in a few strokes the moral and physical aspect of the sitter," and invaluable to us as evidence of Titian's method of portrait painting. From this sketch, and various suits of the king's clothes, the master painted his show portraits of Philip. First, as a captain in damaskeened steel, and afterwards, as we now see him in the Naples Museum, in a court dress of white silk shot with gold. The attitude of the figure is slightly varied in these portraits but the head is the same, being in both identical with the sketch. It was the earlier of these portraits, now in Madrid, which was sent by Mary of Hungary to Mary Tudor, and of which our queen became so "greatly enamoured" that she accepted the original as her husband.

Although these portraits of Philip were the chief cause of Titian's visit to Augsburg, he was also busy with a large composition of the 'Trinity,' which Charles, who was then about to retire from the world, had desired him to paint. This picture, which the Emperor was to take with him to the convent in which he elected to close his days, was designed more with regard to Charles's wishes than the painter's idea of composition. It is an interesting work though ill-composed, and with figures of disproportionate size. To the right of the Almighty kneel a group of saints interceding for the house of Hapsburg, whose members, clad in their winding-sheets, kneel to the left in penitence and prayer. Among the Hapsburg penitents is Vargas, the Spanish envoy who found Titian painting with the celebrated birch broom, and this portrait seems to have caused Titian some uneasiness of mind, for we find him writing to Charles that "The portrait of Signor Vargas introduced into the work was done at his own request. If it should not please your C. M., any painter can with a couple of strokes of the brush convert it into another person." Can we imagine a great master of our days announcing that "any painter" could alter such and such parts of his picture?

But for Titian there was nothing exceptional in this; we always find him writing of his works in the same indifferent and business-like spirit. He signed paintings which were entirely the work of assistants and, with a curious indifference to his reputation, put his name to works of very inferior merit. Thus, when he undertook to paint an altar-piece for the church of his birthplace, he left the painting entirely to his school, he being by no means ambitious to bequeath one of his masterpieces to so out-of-the-way a place as Pieve, merely because it happened to be the home of his childhood and of his ancestors.

And yet Vecelli loved his native hills, and introduced them many and many a time into his pictures. His feeling for nature was very strong, and all who know his works must have admired the noble grandeur of his landscape backgrounds. He is the earliest Italian master who painted a landscape which claimed to be nothing more than a landscape, and, so far as we know, he only finished the one. Others may have been painted and lost; but the commodity was not saleable, for landscape appealed neither to the sensual nor the religious mind, and Titian's patrons mostly came under one or both of these characterizations.

Yet though the taste of his age prevented the master from painting landscape subjects, numerous drawings and etchings remain to show how deeply he studied and admired this branch of Art, and Aurelio Luini relates that on one occasion, when he asked Vecelli how he connected the trees with the foreground of his compositions, "Titian showed him divers ways of doing this, and brought an admirable landscape from one of the rooms of his house, which struck Aurelio at first as a daub, till, drawing back to a distance, he found it suddenly light up as with the beams of the sun."

But to return to Charles. Some time before the completion of the 'Trinity,' Titian had sent the Emperor an 'Ecce Homo' painted on slate, after the manner of Sebastian del Piombo, and he now sent him a 'Mater Dolorosa' as a pendant to it, executed on the same material. This 'Mater Dolorosa' is now in Madrid, and, owing to the imperishable nature of the ground, is among the best preserved of Titian's works. It shows plainly the intense realism of the painter's later manner; the sorrowful face is swollen and discoloured with much weeping, and is therefore displeasing to many critics; but, there being in this world nothing more divine than a mother's love, more sacred than a mother's grief, this subject seems to others one in which realism is the highest Art and truth, the most touching and ennobling ideality. The dangerous quality of "chic" came extremely late to Titian, nor did he ever adopt one stereotyped manner of execution, but varied his means according to the end he wished to produce; and among his latest works is a 'S. Jerome,' now in Milan, which is painted thinly, and almost entirely at one painting, in a manner at once extremely masterly and quite unlike his usual method. In these his later days Titian returned again to the study of the antique, and the composition of the 'Christ crowned with Thorns,' of the Louvre, which is distinctly reminiscent of the 'Laocoön,' may be considered a fruit of these studies. But if the agonised writhing of the central figure is borrowed from the antique, there is little of classic feeling in the types selected. There is nothing dignified, much less divine, in the head or figure of the Christ. The type is commonplace, even to coarseness; the physical suffering and shrinking are marvellously portrayed, but it is suffering endured without nobility or fortitude. This bluntness of perception, which mars Vecelli's later religious pictures, is also noticeable in the later classic figures and nudes; the hand is as steady as of old, the eye as true, but the mind is less elevated; the divinities, the saints, the goddesses, have come to be models, nothing more. It was inevitable that it should be so, for Titian was growing very old. He was eighty-nine when Vasari visited Venice, and found him strong and busy, "enjoying health and happiness unequalled, with his brushes in his hand, painting." "But it would have been well for him," adds honest Giorgio, "if in these the later days of his life he had laboured only for a pastime, in order not to lose by works of declining value the reputation gained in earlier days." Alas! it was not Titian only who was to lose by works of declining value the reputation gained in earlier days. He was but a type of what was befalling Art in Italy. He died in 1576, almost the last among the truly great. The sun had set upon Venetian Art; only Tintoretto and Veronese remained, a glorious afterglow. Twenty years later they too were dead, and the palmy days of Art in Italy were gone beyond recall.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. for the use of the Final Composition for the 'Peter Martyr' and of 'The Assumption.'

F. MABEL ROBINSON.

ON THE LAGOONS.

NO one to whom Venice means something more than a merely unique city because of its waterways, a place of resort because to go there is one of the things to do, could spend any length of time within its magic influence without visiting, or at least endeavouring to visit, two places that once rivalled the "sea-queen" herself in stir of life and natural beauty. One of these is Chioggia, many miles to the south, past the islands of S. Lazzaro and S. Spirito, past La Grazia and Poveglia, past Malamocco and low-lying Palestrina, past those three miles of great walls of Istrian stone, those *murazzi* which, like the dykes of Holland, offer an unvanquished front to the tidal rush and ceaseless wash of the sea. Venice is discrowned, if not of all her beauty, at least of her ancient power, her long-surviving splendour; but Chioggia is more than discrowned—she is humbled like a slave that can never again escape from the slough of long degradation. The fate of Tyre is better: no longer to see the galleys of the East and the Phœnician ships pass by in disdain, but to have perished and be as utterly unknown as the golden Ophir of still more ancient days. Visiting Chioggia, one sees a deserted and decayed town, a listless fisher-folk, indolent women who have yet, here and there, something of that typical Venetian beauty beloved of Titian and Paul Veronese; and one cannot well refrain from thinking that that terrible six months' duel, that life-and-death struggle between the Republics of St. George and St. Mark, which took place five hundred years ago, exhausted for ever the vital energy of this southern Venice. The conquering foot of Daria, and the relentless grip of Pisani, must between them have left Chioggia with small remnant of its pristine power.

But six miles north of the Lion of St. Mark, amid shallow and sluggish lagoons, lies the dead body of a city greater than Chioggia—Torcello, the "mother of Venice." Scarcely, indeed, can it be said that even the dead body of what was once a populous town still rests here: it is as though only a few bleached bones yet lay exposed to the scorching sun of summer, to the salt and bitter sea winds of winter, to the miasmic mists of desolate autumn. Habitations there are none: only the deserted fanes of Santa Fosca and the Duomo, a lifeless Palazzo Pubblico, a lonely and silent Campanile. In the words of Ruskin, these "lie like a little company of ships becalmed on a far-away sea."

It was with the intention of a second time visiting Torcello that, one morning last summer, I joined a friend at his lodgings in the Rio di S. Vito. With him it was a nearly daily trip at that time, for he was engaged upon a painting, half landscape, half seascape, entitled 'The Throne of Attila,' a painting since finished and instinct with the very spirit of the desolate waste of tangled grass and sluggish waters environing that ancient stone seat—the throne, as legends have it—of Attila the Scourge. When last we had gone to Torcello together, the day was an exceptionally bright one, warm, but not oppressive, with a cool wind that blew joyously without becoming too fresh for pleasant sailing in the open lagoons to the north; then we had gone by a longer way for the sake of the pleasure of such voyaging—eastward past S. Maria della Salute, and close under the shadows of the great church upon the Isola di S. Giorgio Maggiore, with the busy Riva degli Schiavoni on our left reaching on to the green and practically deserted promontory of the Public Gardens. Then rounding the Punta della Motta, our gondolier rowed us swiftly northward amid the unique loveliness of the Venetian lagoons.

On the day of this second visit, however, a soft sirocco blew, not indeed with that virulent breath from the south-east which the term is apt to suggest, but still with such enervating mildness as to determine us to reach our destination by the shortest way possible. My friend having correspondingly instructed Luigi and Antonio, we soon found ourselves gliding past the Campo S. Angelo, then into the Grand Canal once more by the timeworn Palazzo Corner Spinelli, past the Palazzi Grimani, Bembo, and Manin, under the Rialto, and so out again into the open—after gliding through many narrow canals, and rounding in some magic way seemingly impossible corners—out beyond the Fondamenta Nuova, with the great square opening of the Lucca della Misericordia on our left. On the right we leave behind us a square white house, as lonely in appearance, and as deserted in actual fact, as though it stood in the midst of the rank swamps of the Laguna Morta to the south of Fusina. This is the Casa degli Spiriti, a place of ghostly repute, where no Italian would rest overnight on any consideration. For in this "House of Spirits" it was once the custom to leave the coffined dead overnight, interment taking place next day at the neighbouring island of San Michele. No wonder this half-way house between the living and the dead should remain uninhabited, retaining as it does in the imagination of the Venetians an unpleasant savour of the supernatural.

As we were swiftly urged upon our way, had it not been for the stalwart figure of Luigi in the forepart of the gondola, we might have imagined we were drifting through the Sea of the Magic Isles, that all before us was as unreal as the mirage that with its illusive beauty haunts at times the weary gaze upon inland seas of sand. More fair, indeed, than any mirage (and one of us had seen one, never to be forgotten for strange and impressive effect, upon an Australian desert, on a scorching midsummer afternoon) was the scene that we beheld; yet wonderfully mirage-like was it by reason of the palpitating haze that dwelt like the visible breath of the sirocco upon mainland, isle, and lagoon.

Far to the right some thickly clustered and windless trees rose from the quivering sea-line, or rather seemed to hover just above the lagoon—the acacias, namely, in whose shadowy mist the Fort of S. Nicolo guards the "gates of the Lido." North-west of this dimly defined island-wood we espied Sant' Elena and San Michele; in the lee of the latter three funeral gondolas skirting the high wall that protects the

graves from the imperative tides: while before us lay Murano, a denser and darker mist above it from the furnaces of the glass manufactories, for which it is so famous. North-westward we looked toward Mestre, and southward from thence along the Laguna Morta towards Fusina—a long line of shadowy trees apparently rising from the sea, with spaces here and there between, as though a slow tide were imperceptibly rising and flooding a long slip of land, at intervals dinted with hollows already washed over by the grey-green water. The silvery sirocco mist hid from us the shapes of Alps to the north, or Enganeans to the west. We could just descry, indeed, that part of the Laguna Morta which stretches from beneath the long railway-bridge towards Fusina—those low banks of slimy ooze or mud which collectively are called the "Dead Lagoon," a strange and desolate region haunted only by the sea-mew, the wild snipe, and the bittern, the newt that loves the slimy ooze, and the sea-adder amongst the rank grasses that rise from the shallow brackish water clarified by no urgent tide.

Ere long we passed Murano, an island visited by many on account only of its world-famed glass manufacture, and its unequalled Museo Civico, but which is well worthy of a special visit for its venerable church of San Donato, with its sumptuous decorative work and beautiful mosaics, and for that of San Pietro Martire, with its notable paintings by Giovanni Bellini, Paolo Veronese, Paris Bordone, and others. In looking at the floor mosaics of San Donato the visitor will notice, even more markedly than in St. Mark's at Venice, that peculiar waving upward and downward into little hollows and risings of the pavement, caused partly by former seas washing past the ancient bases, and partly by sinking in of portions of the soil on which the edifice was reared. There are not a few to whom Murano would itself appeal as strongly as either the treasures of the Museo Civico or of the two island churches, in the same way as Venice has a fascination apart from its own beauty and that of the treasures it enshrines—the fascination, namely, that lies in the irony of history, such as we see in the Palace of the Cæsars, in Constantinople, or amidst the ruins of Thebes. For Murano was once full of life and energy, that joyous life of which the Venetian peoples seem to have had a special secret. About two miles in circumference, and, like its greater sister, divided by canals, the practical ruin of this formerly flourishing island is more noticeable than that of any part of the Queen City, is as absolute as that of its cousin Chioggia, in the south. It is difficult to realise, as the gondolier slowly urges his craft through the sluggish canals and past the decaying and frequently uninhabited houses, that here, where now scarcely four thousand gain their livelihood, and dwell from childhood to old age, fully thirty thousand inhabitants at one time flourished. Even when it is a *festa* there is an irrepressible air of melancholy in all the surroundings, and a pathetic indifference among the people who move along the narrow streets which is chilling to witness.

As we left Murano behind us, and glided along the grey-green of the open lagoon between it and Burano, still more did the fancy grow upon us that we were adrift upon dream-land waters, and it was difficult to tell, looking around and beyond us, where the sea-line and the sky-line met, for the breath of the sirocco made sea and sky, islands and shadowy trees and dim mainland outlines alike unsubstantial. That a change was more or less imminent, even if we had not heard Luigi draw Francesco's attention to the fact, we both ere long perceived, for at frequent intervals a sudden but transitory shimmer quivered in the misty atmosphere to the north, seemingly as though behind a veil of silvery gauze a current of air were passing by. Now and again the shrouded sun seemed to gather fresh power, and to lighten for a few minutes with its dimly diffused gleams the strange scene, wholly aerial in appearance, that met our gaze. It was in some such vivifying interval as this that we passed the islands of Burano and Mazzorbo, and saw before us the dreary and desolate shores of Torcello. Looking backward we saw the lagoons shining with a dull metallic glitter, and the intense heat brooding in haze upon distant Venice, and, like a mirage within a mirage, the islanded coast-line of the Laguna Morta from Mestre to Fusina shining dimly blue above the intensely bright but sparkless silver of the inflowing tide.

When our gondola glided alongside of the wave-worn and irregular stones that form the pier, and we stepped from it on to the salt grasses that lead up to the so-called piazza, we again realised to the full the absoluteness of the sense of desolation. When we had last been at Torcello there had been some cattle in the green meadow beyond the Duomo, tended by a dark-haired shepherd youth, who seemed something between a water-god, a faun, and a young David; but now no living thing met our gaze, save a sea-bird that screamed harshly as it rose from a reedy morass and sailed round and round the lonely square tower of the Campanile. The soft lapping of the water against the gondola and faint rustle of the tide against the numerous marshy inlets accentuated instead of relieving the deathly stillness.

We ascended the Campanile, though as far as my friend was concerned there was no longer any necessity to sketch elsewhere than in the meadows at our feet. But neither by words nor the painter's brush could the ever-varying and ever-wonderful beauty and strangeness of the scene be adequately rendered, nor would it be easy to say what times and seasons surpass each other in supreme fascination—probably in the hour of sunset in summer, with a breeze from the north, and the atmosphere intensely clear; or at moonrise in August or September, when the skies above are of deepest purple, and the planets and stars are like gold lamps and silver-shining globes, and over the stagnant morasses wandering marsh-lights flit to and fro like the ghosts of those deadly fires which so long ago embraced in a long death-agony the cities of Altinum and Aquileia, whose neighbouring sites now abide in the same desolation as Torcello.

But even in the misty noon of this day of our visit the beauty was at once memorable and strangely impressive. Below us were the salt creeks and dreary morasses of the Torcellan shore, the Duomo, the ancient church of Santa Fosca, and the anything but palatial Palazzo Pubblico; beyond these, occasional short meadows of brilliant green, with purple orchis, and tall gamboge-tinted hellebore, and even some sprays of pink gladiolus interspersed among the seeded grasses, and at frequent intervals upon the sandy ridges small bands of poppies; beyond these ridges again the misty blue of the Adriatic washing onward past the long line of Malamocco. To the north and west we could just descry the dim outlines of the Friulian Alps and the shadowy Enganeans; while southward in every direction the wings of the sirocco spread a silvery haze, through whose shifting veil glimpses only at intervals were to be caught of the domes and palaces of Venice, the islands of Burano, Murano, San Michele, Sant' Elena, and the wooded promontory of San Nicoletto—to the west, Mestre and the unreal islands beyond the Canale di Brenta.

Later on we sought that rough stone seat which legend declares, on very dubious grounds, to have been the throne of Attila when he watched the blaze of burning Altinum reddening the sky. Here my friend sketched, and so the pleasant and dreamy hours passed on till late in the afternoon. Suddenly a lark's song rose clear and strong, like a swift uprising fountain in a desert place; and looking up to descry the welcome singer I noticed that the wind had fallen wholly from its previous slight breath to absolute stillness.

> "And skyward yearning from the sea there rose,
> And seaward yearning from the sky there fell,
> A spirit of deep content unspeakable."*

In a few minutes, like a mist before sunrise, the silvery gauze of the sirocco gradually dispelled or retreated, first leaving Venice clear in the golden sunlight, then the blue waters of the lagoon to the west of the Lido of Sant' Elisabetta, and then finally passed away by sea-washed Malamocco, along the distant narrow strand of Palestrina, and onwards towards unseen Chioggia thirty miles or more away to the south.

As we left Torcello, already looking far more desolate, and almost as though it were awakening from a dream, a cool slight wind from the far-off Carnic Alps stole forth, and by the time that Burano was passed the deep blue waters were here and there curled with white foam, lightly tossed from short wave to wave. As Murano came under our lee, about half-a-mile to the east, we saw Venice as she can only be seen half-a-dozen times in a year. Each dome and palace and fretted spire was outlined in purple-black against a circumambient halo of wild-rose pink, shading to a gorgeous carmine, and thence to an indescribably soft and beautiful crimson; through these, great streaks and innumerable islets of translucent amethyst spread and shone, while every here and there bars and narrow shafts of absolute gold pierced the azure and purple and crimson, like promontories in a rainbow-coloured sea. Above these again, like fronds of a gigantic fan, six or seven great streamers of pale saffron stretched from the setting sun to the depths of the sky, and it seemed for a moment as though the whole visible world, without motion, without sound, were dissolving away in a glory and splendour of light and ineffable colour.

WILLIAM SHARP.

* "The Prince's Progress." Wm. Watson.

THE REVIVAL OF DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.†

WE have spoken of the school at South Kensington, of which the Princess Christian is the energetic president, as being the pioneer in the revival of embroidery as a decorative art. Probably the revival would have come in any case, for the general stir in the Art-world in decorative matters must sooner or later have led to it. Still the credit of its initiation is due to the little band of ladies who were as much actuated by the desire of opening a fresh industry for educated women as by love of Art for its own sake. That the time was ripe for it, the wonderfully quick growth of the school itself, and its very wide ramifications, have shown. The work sent out to the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia gave the impulse to America, and there are now schools in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco, and no doubt in other places; while a new departure has been taken by the "Associated Artists" in New York, under Mrs. Wheeler's direction, and needle tapestries on a large scale (which may, in fact, be called pictures in needlework) are being extensively executed as decorative work. While at home we have schools and societies without number, besides the private firms which produce artistic needlework. Nor must we forget to mention the wholly distinctive and very beautiful "Leek embroidery" produced by Mrs. Wardle's society in Staffordshire. The origin of this work was due to the finding of some old Indian printing blocks in the reconstruction of the Indian Museum. Designs were in the first instance printed from the old blocks on Tusser silk, and as Mr. Wardle was much interested at the time in introducing the product of the uncultivated cocoons of India as a new industry, he made an embroidery yarn from the wild silk, which has a character of its own, possessing precisely that appearance of a broken lustre by which the woven silks of the same class are known.



Design for Outline and Solid Embroidery. By Wm. Morris.

The embroidery of Tusser upon Tusser is wonderfully effective, partly from the peculiar broken lustre of the materials,

† Continued from page 125.

and partly from the fact that the yarn made from this wild silk takes colour with great softness. The number of colours capable of being produced in it is, for the time, limited, but such as these are, they are very fine.

To Mr. Wardle also is due the reproduction of the beautiful Eastern dyes, and the rendering of them to a great extent fast. This element is still somewhat incomplete, although we are getting nearer to perfection every day; but we are already a very long way from the fatally fugitive and harsh aniline dyes and the old process of topping up the colour, so as to produce exactly what the purchaser wanted—for the moment—and for the moment only; for the work executed with these unreliable dyes was frequently spoiled before it was out of the embroiderer's hands, the colour entirely changed, and, therefore, the harmony upset. The dyes now used for embroidery are what they must be to have artistic work at all, perfectly honest. And the embroideress of to-day has, as we said before, no reason to quarrel with her tools. She can get first-class designs, and the finest possible selection of colours in the best and purest materials; and decorative work, under these circumstances, becomes one of the greatest of pleasures.

Much of the work produced by the various societies, however, suffers from the twofold nature of their undertaking, and from the strong element of amateurism in their management. Where the very existence of the society is dependent on pleasing the public and getting a sale for the work, there is a tendency to study other things rather than Art; and where there is a desire to employ a certain class of workers, for their benefit, without consideration of the kind of work they produce, there will always be unsatisfactory results. It is more than probable that if from the first no work had been produced but such as was good in itself and in accordance with the well-known rules of decorative Art, the public would not have been less ready to follow the lead than when a party of extremely realistic little greenfinches at their breakfast, was presented to them as suitable decoration for a chair-back cover. "A study of colour" it was called, and a very pleasing one as a study, but the reverse of artistic when worked on a chair.



Designs for Outline Embroidery.
'Spring.' By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

Nor was this very favourite design by any means singular in its inappropriateness, although perhaps the most glaring instance of bad taste. Many of the earlier productions of the South Kensington School appear to have been mere haphazard hits at Art decoration, without any reasonable thought in them, and this especially in colour, since it was enough at one time to be dingy to be excellent, and there is now, in the rebound, an obvious tendency to be gaudy. In design, for some time, a well-balanced drawing of natural flowers, coloured after nature, passed muster, no matter to what purpose it was to be applied.

The ventures of private firms have the advantage of the experience of past failures. They are not dependent on embroidery alone, and not, therefore, tempted to produce "taking" and cheap work; and there is always this to be remembered, that Art knowledge has taken vast strides in the last few years, and both the producers and the purchasers have a more educated taste, if not more positive knowledge to guide them. We have a right to expect, therefore, that the revival of embroidery as a serious art, after making such progress and attaining, in some instances, to such splendid results, will not be allowed to languish, and to fall into mere fancy work, or the production of cheap and inartistic decoration, only calculated to catch the eye and touch the purses of the untrained and the unthoughtful.

Embroidery combines so many and such varied treatments with the needle that it may be adapted with propriety to an infinite number of purposes, and the different classes of work have their own suitability for different applications. Broadly, there are three large classes. Embroidery in which the needle is passed through the material, backwards and forwards, and which may be made, if desired, the same on both sides; "couched" or "laid" work, in which all the material used in embroidering, whether silk, worsted, or metal thread, is laid on the surface of the material, and only secured by small fastening stitches from the back: and "appliqué," in which the design is cut out in one material and sewn on to another.

The names for the ancient classes of embroidery are gained chiefly from the inventories which still exist of the work be-

longing to old churches, monasteries, or houses, and from wills—for the costly works of olden times became heirlooms.

We find no special name for couched embroidery in these old records, unless indeed we consider that the term "Phrygium," or Phrygian work, or rather the "Auriphrygium," or gold embroidery, mentioned by Pliny, was its designation. From this latter word Dr. Rock derives our word "Orphrey," later used in church needlework, and still existing, although it now signifies the form of the thing embroidered and not the kind of needlework. It is evident, however, that this form of embroidery was introduced when the use of materials so expensive as silk, in the early days of its history (when it was exchanged for its weight in gold), and the precious metals themselves, either in the form of round or of flattened wire, were used in needlework. The Phrygian workers brought to Rome to embroider the gorgeous robes worn by the successful generals in their triumphs, and by the emperors on state occasions, evidently used, if they did not invent, this economical method of working. Anastasius, the librarian, in the "Liber Pontificalis," gives a description of the works in gold and silver in the churches founded by Constantine: among others, of the "new kind of painting," that is to say of embroidery, "worked with gold and silver threads on silk stuff." If the dalmatic of Constantine, now preserved in the Vatican, is authentic, it shows us clearly that all that we know now of "couched work" was known and practised with the greatest beauty in the eighth century. It is found in combination with what Dr. Rock has identified as "Opus Plumarium," and "Opus Pulvinarium," the feather-stitch and cushion-stitch of modern times, both varieties of embroidery worked through the ground material.

"Opus Consutum," or cut-work, is the ancient name for what we now know as "appliqué," and it is more applicable to the work, since appliqué is as often inlaid as onlaid, and its early application in Italy would appear to have been revived or invented afresh about the time that the art of inlaying woods came into fashion, which Vasari tells us was introduced in the time of Filippo Brunelleschi and Paolo Uccelo. Vasari gives to Sandro Botticelli the credit of inventing cut-work in embroidery, and cites the baldacchino of Or San Michele, in Florence, as an example of his design. But there are earlier specimens of cut-work extant than Botticelli's time (1457 to 1515). Fragments of cut-work have been exhibited in the Loan Exhibitions of Decorative Needlework in England dating from the time of King John, and there is some at Berkeley Castle said to have existed in Richard II.'s time.



'Summer.' By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

Embroidery of all these classes has been used in all ages for ecclesiastical purposes, for rich hangings on state occasions, and for domestic purposes, such as wall hangings, bed and furniture coverings, and dress. In Italy and Spain we find quantities of the gorgeous hangings which appear to have been executed and kept for the purpose of decorating the houses on gala days. Many of the old nobility still dress their balconies with rich embroideries on great days of rejoicing, and we can well imagine the glorious pieces of needlework with which the sumptuous gondolas of old Venice were draped in the days when the rich nobles and merchants displayed their wealth in this way with such lavishness that sumptuary laws were passed, forbidding the decoration of the gondola, and restricting its colour to the sombre black in which we know it now.

In the old palaces of Italy and Spain we find the curtains, and more especially the portières of needlework, frequently of cut-work, enriched with embroidery, but very often also of couched work of silk. The reason is obvious. A broader effect can be produced, and with less labour, by either of these processes. For portière curtains cut-work certainly had the preference. It could be made heavier, and was more durable than the lighter kind of work, which has always a tendency to break away from the fastening stitches and become ragged and fluffy.

For hangings not exposed to so much wear we find much of the work common in Italy, in which the design is darned into linen or silk netting previously made by hand, so as to present a series of small squares. It is the same work as what was formerly known as Lacis; but in Italy, especially in Venice, the work was done with coloured silk generally upon a dark ground. We find it also very often in

very fine specimens which have been made for altar coverings embroidered at the ends only and sewn on to the linen scarf-shaped cloth laid across the altar, which is generally, as is well known, a sarcophagus containing the ashes of a martyr or saint. Dr. Rock tells us that in England this work was known as "filatorium, as we learn from the Exeter inventory, where we read that its cathedral possessed in 1327 three pieces of it for use at the altar," and he further tells us that in 1295 St. Paul's possessed a cushion of this work.

For the covering of furniture we find from very early times that cross-stitch, a simple form of Opus Pulvinarium, was used. We have in England numberless specimens of fine cross-stitch furniture coverings, or at least the remnants of them, from the time of King John, and probably earlier. No kind of work is so durable, owing to the small surface exposed to wear. It is like a minute kind of mosaic, and although individual stitches may be destroyed, or even whole portions of the embroidery, the fact of each stitch being independent of the others prevents a wholesale destruction of the work, which takes place with some of the other methods. This cushion-stitch and a fine closely-worked feather-stitch is the most durable, and is in fact alone suitable to resist constant wear as furniture coverings, or for mats or footstools.

For wall hangings or curtains not requiring so much resistance to hard wear couched embroidery is very suitable. It lends itself to the most beautiful combinations of colour. It is purely decorative in character, and if carefully executed, and the fastening stitches not placed too far apart, it is fairly serviceable. We have specimens still in daily use of old Sicilian embroideries of this class, scarcely less perfect than when first executed. The ground material in fact wears out first, and when this is the case the embroidery can be transferred on to a new one, and restored in such a manner that it becomes practically new, while preserving all its original characteristics of colour and of design.

Both couched and feather-stitch embroidery are peculiarly suited for restoration without injury. If the ground has become rotten by age it is rarely that the embroidery itself is destroyed. It can either be cut out and transferred bodily to a new ground, or a backing sufficient to strengthen it may be placed behind it, and the surface renewed by silk "laid" over the worn ground. In restorations of this kind it is of course imperative that the silks used in repairing the work and in working over the edges should be of the same tint as those in the old embroidery; but in these days of what is properly called artistic dyeing there is no difficulty in obtaining the old tints. They are to be had, and no lover of Art for its own sake, will be content with anything less perfect.



'Autumn.' By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

There is one very beautiful form of decorative needlework which has been revived with much success for hangings, bed coverings, and cushions not requiring great resistance to wear and tear. This is the darned work, in which the outlines of the design are first marked out, either by a couched line or, what is much better, lines more or less thickened where it is needed, of what is technically known as stem-stitch. The ground material is then worked all over with darning stitches, either taken regularly, in a fixed pattern, or irregularly, allowing the colour of the ground to appear between the stitches. This latter form of darning is much the most pleasing. The design then appears in a kind of low relief in the colour of the ground. It may be worked up with what are technically known as enrichments of satin-stitch or knots.

Most beautiful sheeny effects may be produced by the intelligent choice of the silks or worsteds used in the darning. One tint may be run in with another, and gradually elaborated so as to produce a wonderfully delicate lustre, while the work is so purely decorative in character that it may be made a useful adjunct to any scheme of general decoration. The same may be said of outline work, which perhaps is the most useful of all forms for embroidery on a large scale. Wall hangings or decorative friezes worked in this way may be cleaned or washed continually, and combine all the advantages of beauty with the utility which requires cleanliness next to godliness, or along with it.

The feeling of some artists in the present day has been decidedly against the application of needlework to figure subjects, and perhaps rightly so. The enormous amount of labour bestowed by Miss Linwood on her copies of paintings

by means of the needle, and those—as far as manipulation goes—very beautiful "etchings" with fine black silk upon a white ground, which were executed in the last century, are in truth expenditures of skill and ingenuity on what is much more properly executed in another vehicle. They are at best but clever imitations, and not works of Art. While, however, ecclesiastical decorations, always symbolical, call for figure subjects, in some cases it is possible to meet this want in a manner that shall in no sense trench upon painting, by outline working, which for many purposes fulfils needs which monochrome painting scarcely reaches. For wall decoration, especially in the form of hangings which can be removed, there is an advantage in needlework, which can be cleaned without injury, and, where properly worked and stretched, all fear of unsightly bulging is avoided. For decorative panels in rooms, or on cabinets or screens where very delicate colouring is desired, it is well also to have something which will not spoil, or, if it becomes soiled, may be cleaned as often as required.

In work of this kind, however, it is imperative that the designs should be the work of an artist who fully understands the purpose which they are to fulfil, and who adapts them specially for the treatment by the needle; and they should in all cases be submitted to him when the drawing is transferred to the fabric, and worked under his direction, and that only by an embroideress who is a perfect mistress of her art, so that her lines shall be as clear, as firm, and as forcible as those of the original design.

The outlines of the figure should be in split-stitch, which gives an absolutely clear line, and the drapery slightly worked up with a thicker stitch, but generally still a split one to avoid uncertainty of touch. Under these circumstances really artistic and appropriate decoration may be made in embroidery; the rule of course being that mere *tours de force*, in the way of imitating painting without any special reason for using the needle, are inadmissible.



'Winter.' By E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.

Frieze decorations for a large room may very well be executed in monochrome by the needle, with the advantage that they may be removed and preserved when the house is not in use, and there is a certain boldness of effect obtained by the raised lines of the embroidery which is effective, and very suitable to the purpose for which the decoration is required—to be seen at a distance.

In the old times, and also in China and Japan, it was customary to use painting and even printing in combination with embroidery. The Leek Embroidery Society has done some work, partly printed and part embroidered, very effectively. The Brussels ecclesiastical embroidery is also worked frequently upon painted materials. The drapery is painted first, and only worked on here and there. There is too much the appearance of a cheap substitute about this latter use of painting, however, to recommend it. It gives one the idea of imitation rather than of honest work. In the printed designs of the Leek School there is no deception whatever. It is printing worked up with embroidery, neither more nor less.

The same kind of experiment has been successfully made by combining weaving and embroidery, but its difficulties are that the woven pattern has to be specially designed for this treatment, which comes to very much the same thing, as far as expense goes, as working the whole with the needle In old Chinese and Japanese embroideries we constantly find the combination of both weaving and printing with needlework enrichments, and our own ancient church embroideries supply us with examples of the same methods. In any method of this kind it behoves us to beware of misrepresentation or attempt to produce effect by unfair or deceptive means, a result which the Chinese and Japanese have always known how to avoid.

Rapid, and in some senses complete, as the revival of embroidery, as a decorative Art, has been in England within the last fourteen years, there is still much to be done. Other European countries have taken the matter up, and have established state-assisted schools for the cultivation of all classes of decorative needlework. In many of these young girls are regularly trained from an early age, and that is perhaps the only way to attain to great excellence in working. We have, moreover, the modern embroideries of the Japanese and Turkish workers to contend against, whose traditions of modes of working have never been lost, although

for a time, in a mistaken effort to suit the English taste in a past day, they were executed in inferior metal threads and gaudy and inartistic colouring. The distinctive mark of English embroidery in past ages has been extreme beauty of workmanship, without much artistic merit as to style or colouring. For these we must seek the old embroideries of Italy chiefly, and some of the older examples of Spain, Portugal, and Goa, not to speak of the wonderful productions of Eastern countries, where artistic colouring has become an instinct, and where the same old designs which have charmed so many centuries of people are still being printed as groundwork for embroidery.

The system of the Leek school is being made to follow on these Eastern lines, and to strive less to produce new and constantly changing designs, than to work out ever new harmonies on the old patterns.

The tendency of the revival in England so far has been perhaps rather to slight perfection of workmanship in favour of a general artistic effect. We are decidedly behind the Belgians and the Romans, and perhaps also the Viennese, in delicate manipulation, while we are certainly ahead of them in the artistic value of our productions as decorative work. Careful study of the antique specimens which are still constantly reaching us from the East will teach us that perfection of detail may be obtained without any sacrifice of general effect. It is to be hoped that as time goes on, and more and more trained embroiderers come to the front, we may obtain something nearer the exquisite workmanship of the Turkish and Greek embroiderers without losing anything that we may at present possess.



A Border to Curtains. By Geo. Aitchison, A.R.A.

It is to be regretted that we have no real school of embroidery for training teachers or workers, as in other countries. Our institutions are all private ventures or self-supporting establishments for the execution of orders, and lessons to amateurs only are given. The plan has its advantages, but Englishwomen must think more of the absolute perfection of their work than of the mere catching a fickle public by the constant production of novelties; and the intelligent training of workers to carry on the art is a necessity.

We have to thank Mr. E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., for his courtesy in permitting the use of his four excellent designs for outline embroidery. They are very suitable in subject, and full of excellent possibilities. We owe Mr. Wm. Morris, and Mr. Aitchison also, our thanks for their suggestions, which are in their own way quite as successful.

L. HIGGIN.

'NAUSICAA AND HER MAIDENS.'

THE incident which Mr. G. D. Leslie, R.A., has chosen to illustrate in the very graceful picture which Mr. C. O. Murray has etched for us this month, forms the motif of the early part of the sixth book of Homer's Odyssey. Pallas Athene appearing to Nausicaa, the daughter of Alcinoüs, king of Phæacia, in a dream, commands her to descend to the river to wash the robes of state in preparation for her nuptials. The king commands the car to be made ready, and in the words of Pope:

> "Now mounting the gay seat, the silken reins
> Shine in her hand; along the sounding plains
> Swift fly the mules: nor rode the nymph alone;
> Around, a bevy of bright damsels shone.
> They seek the cisterns where Phæacian dames
> Wash their fair garments in the limpid streams;
> Where, gathering into depth from falling rills,
> The lucid wave a spacious bason fills.
>
> Then emulous the royal robes they lave,
> And plunge the vestures in the cleansing wave
> (The vestures cleansed o'erspread the shelly sand,
> Their snowy lustre whitens all the strand);
> Then with a short repast relieve their toil,
> And o'er their limbs diffuse ambrosial oil;
> And while the robes imbibe the solar ray,
> O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play."

It may seem a little strange, perhaps, that this royal princess should perform so menial a duty, but we have it on her own authority—"*τὰ δ' ἐμὴ φρενὶ πάντα μέμηλεν.*" Ulysses is awakened by the noise, comes forth from a neighbouring thicket and begs Nausicaa to supply him with food and raiment. He then attends her to the neighbouring city.

UNTRAVELLED FRANCE.*

THE short line of rail from Le Buisson to Sarlat is full of interest, and abounds in fine views, with ancient châteaux sprinkled over the country; but the most striking point is where the great castle of Beynac, one of the finest castles of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in France, rises on precipitous rocks upon the farther bank of the Dordogne. Beynac was one of the four great baronies of Périgord. The Salle des États of the castle is full of curious mural paintings, and its ancient chapel still serves as the parish church.

The little Hôtel de France, at Sarlat, is a most comfortable resting-place, and stands at a central point in the small old-fashioned town on the Cuze, which abounds in splendid old houses, of which perhaps the finest example is a lofty building of the fourteenth century, with rich flamboyant windows, near a ruined fourteenth-century church, now used as a market. Close by is the magnificent Hôtel de Brons, of the time of Henri II. The town owes its origin to an abbey dedicated to S. Sacerdos or Sarlat by Pepin le Bref in the eighth century, and upon which Bernard, Count of Périgord, conferred the lordship of the place. It was made an episcopal see in 1317, and in its line of bishops, which ended in 1790, included several members of the great neighbouring house of Fénelon. The diocese was suppressed in 1790. The former cathedral, of S. Cyprien, dates from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, but was remodelled in the fifteenth. The tower, at the west end, is for the most part Romanesque. Over the portal are five curious figures of Roman date. The interior is more striking than that of many finer buildings—consisting of an immense nave, with an apse, beyond which a kind of porch connects the choir (formed by the apse) with the ambulatory and lady-chapel. The nave has very low side-aisles, opening to the central aisle by low arches resting on heavy round pillars.



No. 41.—A Fourteenth-Century House, Sarlat.

Facing the cathedral is the Renaissance house (Illustration No. 44) of the time of Francis I., in which Etienne de la Boëtie was born, in 1530, the beloved friend of Montaigne, immortalised in his chapter "De l'Amitié," who was the author of the protestation against tyranny called "Discours de la Servitude Volontaire." Behind the church, in a garden on the hill-side, is the strange sepulchral chapel called Tour des Maures (Illustration No. 43), built like a beacon, in the twelfth century.

The wet weather of May, which had already continued for a fortnight, seemed to reach a climax at Sarlat. It was only possible to draw from doorways and windows, and then one got wet through three times a day. Nevertheless, I took the early train up the valley of the Dordogne, with its rocks and ilex woods, to Cazoules, from whence the omnibus for Souillac



No. 42.—Château de Beynac.

starts. The magnificent church of Souillac, formerly abbatial, dates from the twelfth century, and is very massive externally, with polygonal apses. The single nave has a Gothic arcade along each wall, with a gallery above, and two great cupolas; a third cupola is at the cross of the transepts. The choir (Illustration No. 45) is semicircular, with a range of Romanesque windows under the vaulting. The high-altar is under the cross, and the choir, with its stalls, is behind it: three polygonal chapels open from the apse. Over the west door is a representation of the Last Judgment, between throned figures—S. Peter and an abbot—and beneath this is an extraordinary, probably unique pillar and part of another, composed of a mass of beasts rending and tearing each other. To find anything analogous to these strange sculptures, it is necessary to turn to Iceland and Scandinavia, to Anglo-Saxon manuscripts, or to certain Hindoo sculptures. But in the pillars at Souillac there is an effort at imitation of nature, which would lead to the supposition that though the sculptors derived their first ideas from North-European works, they turned to nature when they came to execution. A bearded figure in movement is represented at either side.

In the centre of the town is the ruined belfry of the old parish church, destroyed when the abbey church was adopted as parochial. The original parish church is now a most picturesque ruin, and a splendid subject, artistically. Over the portal is a relief of Christ throned, between two saints.

In returning, I lingered between two trains at Calviac, in order to see Fénelon, and well was it worth while. A ferry-boat took me across the Dordogne, swollen by the long rains, to S. Mondane, an exceedingly pretty village in a wooded hollow of the hills, with an old church, whence it is a lovely walk up a rocky gorge to the château, which stands grandly at the end of a promontory. Few families have given more

* Continued from page 120.

illustrious servants to church and state in France than that of Fénelon, of whom was Bertrand de Salignac, Marquis de Fénelon, the distinguished soldier, who when ambassador from France to England under Charles IX. refused to undertake the justification of the massacre of St. Bartholomew to Queen Elizabeth, saying to his king, "Adressez-vous, sire, à ceux qui vous l'ont conseillée." Of this family also was that Marquis Antoine de Fénelon, of whom the Grand Condé said that he was "également propre pour la conversation, pour la guerre, et pour le cabinet." Finally, in this old château was born (August 6th, 1651) his nephew, François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, whose great charm of manner, even more than his talents, brought him into notice at the court of Louis XIV., where personal graces were so highly esteemed. "C'était un esprit coquet," says Saint-Simon, "qui, depuis des personnes les plus puissantes jusqu'à l'ouvrier et au laquais, cherchait à être goûté et voulait plaire, et ses talens en ce genre secondaient parfaitement ses désirs." His treatises on education led to his appointment, by Louis XIV., as tutor to that unmanageable Duc de Bourgogne, of whom Saint-Simon wrote—"Il naquit terrible, et, dans sa première jeunesse, faisoit trembler." The ascendancy of Fénelon over Madame de Maintenon, and the boldness with which he marked out her line of duty, soon made him one of the most important personages in France, and he was appointed by the king to the archbishopric of Cambrai, upon the condition that he only remained in his diocese for the time enforced by the canons of the church, and spent all the rest of the year at court. But his adoption of the Quietist views of Madame Guyon, and of her theories on divine love, condemned by Bossuet and Bourdaloue, led to the fall of Fénelon from court influence in 1695, and to his banishment to his archbishopric, whence he kept up by letter an animated discussion with Bossuet. The urgency of his rival with the court of Rome eventually led to the public condemnation of Fénelon's book, "Maximes des Saints." Receiving the news at Cambrai as he was about to enter the pulpit, he immediately took submission to the Church as his theme, announced the condemnation of his book, and concluded by expressing his complete acquiescence in the decision of the Pope. It was soon after this that the publication of "Telemachus" gave Fénelon a European reputation, but additionally irritated the king, who fancied himself described in Idoménée. The rest of Fénelon's life was devoted to the assiduous and noble fulfilment of his episcopal duties. His declining years were saddened by the death of his beloved pupil, the saintly Duc de Bourgogne, with whom he had kept up an affectionate correspondence, and whom he had fully impressed with the maxim that kings are made for their subjects, and not the subjects for kings. The bishop died in January, 1715, occupied to the last with paternal anxiety for his diocese, but full of hope and peace for himself. Two of his great-nephews had a certain celebrity in their time, Gabriel de Salignac, Marquis de Fénelon, killed at the battle of Rancoux, and Jean-Baptiste de Salignac, Abbé de Fénelon, almoner of Marie Leckzinska, who died on the scaffold in 1794.



No. 43.—Tour des Maures, Sarlat.



No. 44.—House of La Boetie, Sarlat.

The Comte de Morville, son of the present owner of Fénelon, met me before I reached the castle, and kindly exhibited all its beauties. It is a noble and perfect specimen of a château of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and is unrivalled in position. A portcullised gate leads into the outer enclosure, which has a walk upon the well-defended walls, with glorious views of the mountain valleys with their villages and rivers. After making the complete circuit of this court, one reaches the entrance of the second court, the centre of which is occupied by the massive building of the main structure—a solid feudal fortress on the side towards the land, while on the side towards the precipice is an exquisite terraced platform approached, from a very curious perron, by a drawbridge which isolates it at night. The whole, when I saw it, was brilliant with flowers, the air filled with the scent of a myriad roses and lilacs, and the view unspeakably lovely over the many windings of the valley of the Dordogne, with its towers and castles, and its varied background of purple hills, breaking into cliffs towards the river. The Grande Salle has a fine stone chimney-piece.

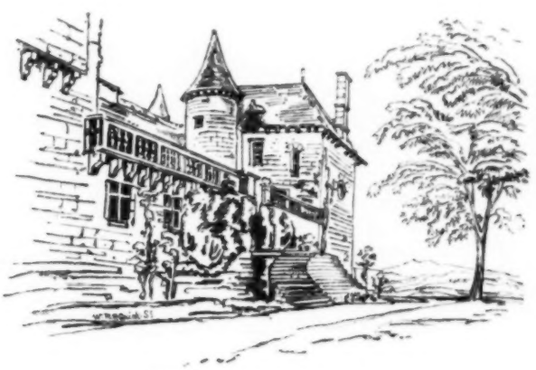


No. 45.—Choir of Cathedral, Souillac.

The Gothic Château de Paluel, in the neighbourhood of Fénelon, is well worth seeing, but the terrible weather prevented my reaching it, for on a journey of this kind one has over and over again to learn that the only way to have what you like is to like what you have. Late on the evening of May 23rd, I was set down by the train at the little station

of Le Got, in the province of Dordogne, and took the omnibus in the dark, up the forest-clad hills, to the hill-set town of Monpazier, which was built by Edward I. of England in 1284, and which is little altered from his time. All the inhabitants of the little city seemed to be fast asleep at ten o'clock, but, after much knocking, the landlord of the hotel was induced to let me in, and I was pleasantly surprised to find one of the cleanest and most comfortable little inns, kept by some of the kindliest people I had met with. The town is most curious: a perfect square, walled all round, and intersected by rectangular streets originally ending in six gates, of which three still exist, and centering in the market-place, surrounded by huge arcades (Illustration No. 49), through which carriages drive under the houses. The perfect regularity which exists in the plan of the town, all built at the same time, is carried out in the uniformity with which all the houses are constructed, and in the narrow alleys which separate them. The most remarkable house is the Maison du Chapitre, with Gothic windows. The *caserne* has a fine Gothic doorway and windows. In the vineyards, detached from the town, are some remains of the castle. It is said that the open rectangular form of the town marked the confidence which was shown by its builders in a time of peace, as well as its name—Mons Pacis. The church, which stands near the market-place, dates from the fourteenth to the sixteenth centuries. It is a single nave with an apse of splendid vaulting, with fine old stall-work, and with chapels at the sides entered by arches of different heights.

Few are the visitors to Monpazier. "We are so unused to seeing visitors drawing in our little town, that I must ask for your papers," said a gendarme, when he found me sketching in the market-place. But, except for this little incident, the people of Monpazier were charming. The little table d'hôte consisted of the old landlord, of M. la Receveur, myself, and a commercial traveller, who crunched up the bones of the chickens and swallowed them, legs and all, apparently as a matter of course. It was the beginning of the frog-fishery, and the frog-fishers went out at night with lanterns to catch



No. 46.—Terrace of Fénelon.

them with little spears. The thigh and stomach were the parts eaten, with a taste between chicken and fish. The children were earning a good many sous by finding cèpes, a kind of edible fungus of immense size. They are found again in masses in September, and are perfectly wholesome. The smaller or white kind grow in the open country, but the larger in the woods; at the foot of poplars they are always found. I had a pleasant walk with the old landlord to a deserted mill half a mile from the town, whence there is a fine view, its great features being the Château Sainte-Croix and the Château de Biron, rising grey and purple above the yellow vines and red land. The vineyards were suffering from the desolation of phylloxera; American vines have been planted which are not attacked by the scourge, and these are grafted with the ordinary fruit, but they take years to come to perfection; those who had any wine, however, were benefiting, as it fetched double its former price.

On Sunday afternoon it was fine, and I found a charming



No. 47.—Gateway of Fénelon.

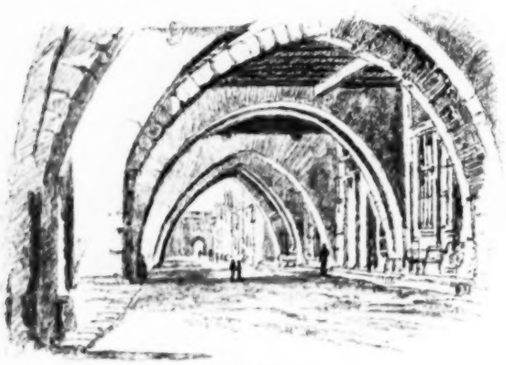
little carriage with a pleasant driver to take me over hill and dale, and by the old Château S. Germain, to where the grand Château de Biron (Illustration No. 50) crowns a far-seen eminence with its immense constructions. We found all the male inhabitants playing at bowls on the terrace outside the gate of the little town, which was fortified by the family of Goutault, of whom the earliest-known member was Gaston de Goutault, Baron de Biron, who died in 1374. A road winds on the ramparts to the gate of the principal court, on one side of which are the chapel and a picturesque pavilion of the seventeenth century, of which I made a sketch in the burning sunshine.

Through this pavilion visitors are conducted to a walk on the walls by which they reach the kitchen with its monumental cistern and fireplace. The huge Salle de Réception is still very perfect. Another stair leads to the Salle de Justice and the Salle des Conférences, all huge, desolate, and unfurnished. The library still retains paintings of angels, and the motto, "Non exaudio," repeated upon its beams. The hinges and decorations of shutters and doors are beautiful specimens of metal-work. A graceful newel stair leads to the roof; the Gothic vaulting which surmounts it being all of one piece of stone, purposely of a lighter kind than the rest of the construction. In the Cour d'Honneur, which has a well and a portico with a fine view, are a few rooms still inhabited by the young Marquis de Biron when he comes here every summer; but the whole castle was pillaged during the Great Revolution, and only one huge marble table remains from an earlier time. Biron was made a duchy in 1598 by Henri IV. in favour of his faithless friend, Charles de Goutault, Maréchal de Biron, governor of Burgundy, ambassador to Queen Elizabeth, hero of a hundred battles, whose life, as a young man, had been saved by the king in person, and who had been loaded with riches and honours by his master. Yet, with a degree of pride which amounted to madness, Biron constantly boasted that Henri owed his crown to his services, and complained of the king's ingratitude. Finally, he entered into a treasonable correspondence with



No. 48.—Street of Monpazier.

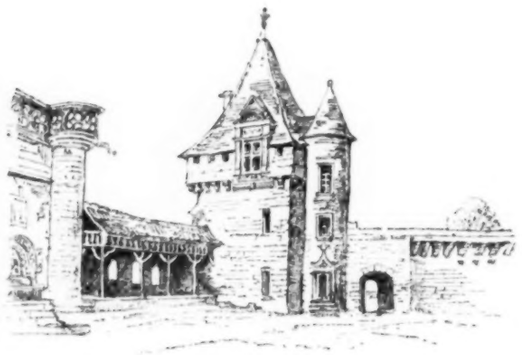
Spain, though, finding himself deserted by his co-conspirators, he stopped short in time, confessed his faults, and implored the king's pardon. Henri IV. frankly forgave him, believing his repentance to be sincere, and at the same time tried to occupy his restless spirit by sending him as ambassador-extraordinary to England, and afterwards to Switzerland. Only a year elapsed before the king was again warned that his friend was conspiring against him. He summoned Biron to Fontainebleau, where he again urged him to confess, promising him full forgiveness, but he continued to deny all knowledge of a plot of which the proofs were in the king's hands. "M. de Biron," said Henri for the last time, "you know that I love you: only tell me the truth, and I will forgive you all." Biron continued to declare that he had nothing to tell. The king looked at him reproachfully, and said, "Then, M. de Biron—farewell!" In the ante-chamber he was arrested, and sent to the Bastile. There, the treasonable letters which he had written were shown to him, and, feeling all was lost, he implored his life. His old mother, widow of



No. 49.—Arcades of Monpazier.

the great Maréchal de Biron, wrote a touching letter to the king to the same effect; his brother and brother-in-law flung themselves at the king's feet; but it was too late. Henri spoke with sorrowful pity to the suppliants, but for the good of his children and his people he could not hinder the course of justice. The only favour which the family obtained was that Biron should be executed in the court of the Bastile instead of upon the Place de Grève.

The father of the Duc de Biron, the Maréchal Armand de Gontault, a hero of Arques and Ivry, had fallen in the battle of Epernay, and his grandfather, Jean de Gontault, was mortally wounded at Saint-Quentin in 1557, but since the time of the Duke the family has produced no illustrious members, except the young Marquis Louis Antoine, who died in 1788. It was this high-minded Frenchman who heard Admiral Rodney, detained in France by his debts when the American war broke out, swearing at the conduct of the French, and boasting that if he was free he should soon subdue the Americans and destroy the French fleet. Forthwith he paid the debts of the Englishman and set him



No. 50.—Pavilion, Château de Biron.

free, saying—"Partez, monsieur; allez essayer de remplir vos promesses: les Français ne veulent pas se prévaloir des obstacles qui vous empêchaient de les accomplir; c'est par leur seule vaillance qu'ils mettent leurs ennemis hors de combat."

The castle chapel is a singular building of two stories. The lower, of flamboyant architecture, on the level of the town, serves as the parish church; the upper, of the beginning of the sixteenth century, opens upon the level of the castle court, whence it is entered by a wide flamboyant portal. In the centre is the tomb of the founder, Pons de Gontault, lord of Montfernand and Carbonnières, who died in 1524, with reliefs upon its four sides, and his reclining statue. On the right, in a chapel, is the tomb of an archbishop of the family, who is represented again, with Pons de Gontault, kneeling before a Pietà, in figures full of expression. An Entombment, with many figures, is also full of character.

Only four kilomètres from Biron is la Capelle Biron, the native place of Bernard Palissy, which collectors often visit for his sake. The whole country is full of old châteaux, unimportant perhaps, but where an artist will find inexhaustible delight in high roofs covered with golden lichen; in turrets of grey stone, often turned now into dovecots, though they retain their beautiful flamboyant windows and traceried parapets; and in Gothic gateways with overhanging eaves, where the dark arch, with its heavy masonry, now only frames internally a sunny picture of simple farm-house life, and externally a view of vine-covered hill, or clear winding stream edged by poplars stripped of all their boughs except a feathery tuft at the top.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

No. IV.

HITHERTO our suggestions in decorative design have been mainly drawn from the works of the painters of Western Europe, and this because it was there that the hybridisation produced by the fertilising of Mediæval Art with the new strain of the classic revival, produced the most marked result.

Mediæval Art, or to use an accepted generic term, "Gothic" Art, never achieved an indigenous and fructiferous growth in Italy. It was cultivated, it is true, yet it never flourished naturally, but dwindled and died under the shade of the older classicism which overshadowed it. In the robuster north, in virgin soil, it grew and brought forth seed abundantly; but in time, as the soil which first nourished it became exhausted, a new strain was needed, and the Renaissance came just in time to prevent entire exhaustion and decay, and to produce luxuriance and abundance. It is for this reason that the Renaissance of the West is fuller of new combinations, new starting points, and to the thoughtful student fuller of available suggestions in design, than is the more graceful and refined Art of the equivalent, though chronologically the somewhat earlier, period in Italy. Again, for the reasons before given, the works of the painters of the West are fuller of accessories which record this new growth than are those from the hands of the painters who dwelt on the other side of the Alps.

There is, however, one school of Italian painting which in respect of its wealth of accessory and decorative design exempts itself from this generalisation, and that one is the Ferrarese school. The reason of this exemption is perhaps not difficult to find, and at any rate the search for it is interesting, as supplying a link in the too much disregarded chain of the Ethnology of Art.

Unlike most of the rulers of the many states which made up Mediæval Italy, the house of Este was not a survival of classic patrician blood, but sprang from the loins of those conquering Lombard heroes, whose other descendants became rulers in most of the northern and western states of Europe: the fosterers of the minor, rather than the patrons of the major arts. This kinship of blood and sentiment produced a certain similarity in the arts they encouraged, and the connection between the school of Ferrara and that of Flanders was closer than between any other intra-Italian and extraneous centres.

When, during the fifteenth century, the house of Este was making itself one of the first rank in Italy, Art and Science and Literature found a cordial welcome at the court of Ferrara, and a large school of painters and Art workers sprang up there, engaged in decorating lavishly the palaces and churches of the little fortified city on the Euganean hills.

These could paint their walls with frescoes, but they could not hang them with their northern equivalent, those pictured tapestries, which were the pride of the West, nor had they then the secret of that new art, the fame of which was astonishing the amateurs and professors of Italy—the art of painting in oils. Naturally so liberal and so ambitious a patron as Obizzo III. yearned for both these things. Tapestries he could and did import, but these did not set forth the glories of the house of Este, and he desired that they too, like all else that surrounded him, should be made at Ferrara. Following the tapestries, of course, came the Flemings, who alone could alter and adapt them to their required space, or repair those damaged; and thus it happened that Roger van der Weyden, who in those days was more known to fame as the designer for, and the superintendent of tapestry weavers, than as a painter, became an interesting personage to the house of Este. To him also the brothers Van Eyck had revealed all their secrets of the new method; hence he was invited to visit Ferrara in 1449. To him flocked painters and craftsmen: he came as a prophet from a far-off country, and bringing new learning, and "Messer Ruzerio di Bruzza" was a highly favoured guest at this little but much learned court. The influence of his visit soon manifested itself, and the lessons he inculcated were eagerly learnt by enthusiastic pupils; the draperies of their figures became full of strange convoluted folds, and their long quasi-classic cast assumed almost the "Gothic" crispness common in contemporary Flemish Art; the backgrounds of the pictures became surcharged with architectural details, and sharp contrasts of colour and the traditions of the



From a Picture by Cosimo Tura. National Gallery, No. 772.

* Continued from page 112.

Mediæval miniaturist soon became the marking features of the Ferrarese school.

If you examine the very interesting picture of 'The Madonna and Child enthroned,' painted about 1450 by Cosimo Tura (Nat. Gall. 772), at that time a leader of the school of Ferrara, you will at once see how much the influence of Flemish Art accomplished, and how the consequent love of decorative detail began to prevail. Compare the ornamentation of the pilaster engraved on page 149 with that of the pilasters in Crivelli's 'Annunciation,' painted about the same time, and which hangs on the opposite side of the doorway in Room XIII. in the National Gallery, and you will at once see how widely apart are the ideas which led the designer of each. Crivelli's follows the traditional lines common to all such features from the later Roman times to his own, whilst that of Tura presents an essentially new element in Italian Art, and the detail of the wing-like appendages to the recurrent sphere is purely Teutonic in its feeling and treatment, as will be seen by the enlarged sketch of a portion of it in the initial letter to this chapter. All the



Pedestal from a Picture by Ercole di Giulio Grandi. National Gallery, No. 1119.

accessories in Tura's work are full of inventiveness, and are evidently designed for this especial picture and by no means copied from any existing objects. The charming little regal or portable organ on which two angels play is a most successful bit of design, with its ivory gallery of turned work and its whorl of pipes, arranged in a helical coil curiously resembling the arrangement of reeds in the "sho," or modern Japanese mouth organ; the odd arrangement of the summit of the throne on which the Virgin is seated, and the quaint tablets which bear Hebrew inscriptions, all are interesting studies of form, while the colour scheme is quite apart from anything existing in contemporary Italian Art; in fact, as colour it is a charming suggestion for stained glass treatment, and recalls that of a Flemish window of the fifteenth century rather than any contemporary Italian painting. We have only here a part of Tura's scheme; the lunette which crowned this portion is in the Louvre (No. 119), and judging from the treatment of a somewhat similar subject by Ercole di Grandi, the surroundings of this centre-piece would have been as rich as the centre-piece itself. Tura's work is well worth the careful study of the decorative artist and designer, perhaps more by these than by the painter of pictures, for it is essentially a decorative rather than a pictorial painting; the difference is wide, albeit it is one somewhat lost sight of in these days, for a good picture may be totally out of place in a decorative scheme, where an inferior work, that is to say, inferior from a purely pictorial point of view—a good mosaic system of colourisation—would be invaluable. It is this mosaic character of the work in question which gives it its decorative charm; the odd counterchange of red and green in its architectural elements remove these at once from the semblance of being any transcripts of actual work—they are used purely for the sake of their masses of colour and form, and are as free from the obligation of adherence to structural necessities as is the canopy work of a stained glass window; and this picture is full of lessons to those who will diligently read them. What Tura could design on a grand scale is set forth in his noble series of the Processions of the Months on the walls of the Schifonoia palace at Ferrara, planned by him and painted with the assistance of others.

Another noteworthy decorative artist of this somewhat overlooked Ferrarese school was Ercole di Giulio Grandi—a native of Ferrara, brought up there as a painter, a modeller, and a gold-beater, who, whilst these frescoes in the Schifonoia were a-doing, was called away to accompany Alphonso, the then heir to the dukedom, to Rome in 1492. Greater than Tura as a painter he is equally great in his decorative design, and the surroundings of his 'Madonna and Child' in the National Gallery (No. 1119) reveal the sumptuous character of the architectonic accessories which then and there prevailed. Under a baldacchino of white marble the Madonna is enthroned upon a pedestal into which are imported all the resources of the decorative arts of the time, and which we here engrave. This pedestal is divided into three compartments, the central one being parallel to the plane of the picture, and the side ones slope away at an obtuse angle somewhat in the shape of three sides of an irregular hexagon, having its central compartment projecting slightly in advance of the receding sides. Its main construction is of dark walnut wood, panelled and furnished with cap and base mouldings, the flat surfaces of which are beautifully ornamented by cameï of ivory carved in high relief, the frieze being a graceful arrangement of dolphins, emblems of love and affection, and the base of stags and swans most charmingly drawn, and allusive to the panting hart and cooling streams. The panel of the central portion is occupied by an alto-relievo in ivory of the Temptation, mounted on a gold mosaic ground, and on each of the receding faces is a white marble medallion filled by the turbaned head of a prophet in mezzo-relievo. The predella on which

this pedestal is placed is of white marble, divided into five compartments alternately advanced and recessed. Each compartment is filled by a sunk panel painted and sculptured alternately with subjects relating to the infancy of our Lord. Commencing on the spectator's right we have a painting in rich strong colours of the Nativity, followed by a low relief sculptured representation on a gold mosaic ground of the Presentation in the Temple, which is succeeded in its turn by a painting of the Massacre of the Innocents, followed by a sculptured panel of the Flight into Egypt, and the series is terminated by a painting of Christ disputing with the Doctors.

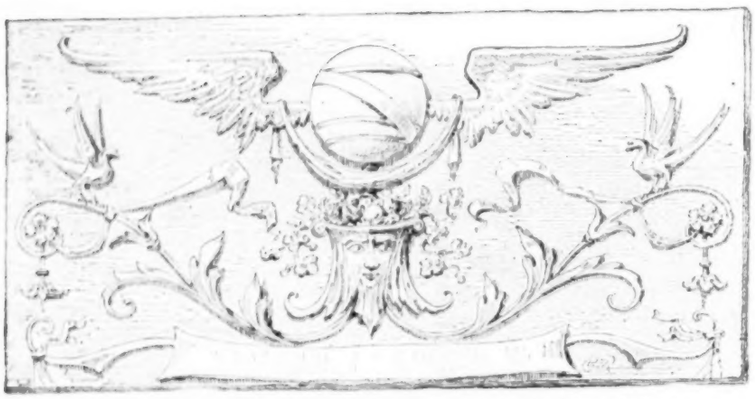
The ornamental details of the marble baldacchino, like those of the throne, are all symbolic and allusive: thus the archivolt is composed of choiring cherubim separated by pots of lilies, and the spandrels of the arch are occupied by medallions of the angel Gabriel and the Virgin sculptured in low relief on a gold mosaic ground, and there is a mine of thoughtfulness in this work of Grandi's. The wing walls which embrace the composition throw a good deal of light upon the mode of treatment of these grand altar-pieces, and give us a good idea of the surroundings of such pictures as that of Tura above referred to. Here we have a high marble dado surmounted by richly painted panels carrying on the colour scheme of the central composition, and preventing it appearing to be a sudden burst of intense colour; indeed, so intense is the tonality of the accessories that the figures tell as the low-toned portions of the picture, notwithstanding the fact that St. William, who, with St. John the Baptist, attends the Madonna, is painted in polished armour. By this very change of tone and colour scale the figures are emphasized, but it is only until an analysis of the picture is essayed that this fact reveals itself to the spectator.

Contemporary with both Cosimo Tura and Ercole de Grandi was Lodovico Mazzolini. Tura was born in 1420 and died in 1498. When Grandi was born is not quite certain, but probably about 1470; he dying in 1531. Mazzolini was born in 1478 and died in 1528. Tura's work we have here commented on was painted after Van der Weyden had influenced Ferraran Art. Ercole di Grandi's was manifestly painted after his visit to Rome, as it shows unmistakable evidence of the influence of Perugino and the Umbrian school, and in the work of Mazzolini we shall see how much Giovanni da Udine affected the local Art of Ferrara. Yet with all this rapid absorption of extraneous elements the Ferrarese school preserved in a great degree its sturdy independence; it retained the best part of itself, for the best part of a really vernacular school of Art can never be lost by availing itself of foreign innovation, and that which it does lose it loses deservedly; for each phase of a nation's Art, and especially of its decorative Art, is an intimate part of its national history and of the social life of its people, an axiom the designer and decorative artist should perpetually bear in mind. The more he studies the past the more he will find that this always has been so, and the apter he is to learn this lesson the fitter he will be to record it, and as is the fitness of his work so will be its survival. How aptly Mazzolini recorded the changes of his time is shown by two pictures of his in the National Gallery (*No.* 641), 'The Woman taken in Adultery,' and (169) 'The Holy Family.' From the backgrounds and accessories of these we see how eager was the Ferrarese school to seize upon the newest forms and processes of decorative Art. No sooner had Leo X. unearthed the buried treasures of the Baths of Titus and Giovanni da Udine rediscovered the mode by which their "stucchi" were produced, than the artists of Ferrara availed themselves of it. Even so early as 1506 Duke Alphonso had made for himself a "hall of alabaster," so called from the pure whiteness of its plaster walls and raised decorations, and these two pictures of Mazzolini, painted somewhere about 1520, reveal the extent to which they had developed this new source of beauty.

The accompanying woodcut gives a portion of the background used in the picture of 'The Woman taken in Adultery.' The principal action of the scene takes place at a lower level than that represented by the portion of the picture here engraved, which shows an upper gallery or platform, the base and parapet of which are of white marble, the latter being decorated with ornamental sculpture in very low relief. On the walls is displayed an elegant "grotesque" in modelled plaster work surrounding a circular painted medallion in imitation of a bronze relievo. A similar painting is placed over the portion which covers the entrance, but with these exceptions the whole of the mural decoration is in the newly found mode. The groundwork is in a faint grey tone, the ornament being modelled up plaster work of pure white. The other side of the portico has a similar treatment, but the ornament is considerably varied, yet with studied balance. Great elegance is manifested in the design of such plaster decoration, and the accompanying sketch of one of the panels which form the background to Mazzolini's 'Holy Family' (No. 169) will indicate its character. Here, as in Tura's pilaster, we find the winged sphere playing a principal part in the ornamental design, for the winged sphere, varied in many ways, was a favourite impress or badge of the house of Este. The long



From a Picture by Lodovico Mazzolini. National Gallery, No. 641.



Plaster Decoration from a Picture by Mazzolini. National Gallery, No. 169.

low curves of the leading lines and the slender delicacy of the foliage give a peculiar grace to Mazzolini's ornament, and it is to be hoped that among the many revivals this seething time in Art brings to the surface that of modelling in wet plaster on our walls and ceilings will find a place. From the days when Giovanni da Udine invented it until the middle of the last century it was extensively prosecuted, but the cheaper process of casting, with all its wearisome reiteration, supplanted it, and it passed into the limbo of good things forgotten. Probably, when the designer and the craftsman are reunited in one person it may reappear. Nor is it only in the plaster modelling that Mazzolini's grace presents itself; the back of the bench on which the Madonna is seated is crowned by the most delicate carving, whilst up aloft, peeping over the wall on which this plaster work occurs, is a lovely choir of angels, a bouquet of colour, playing on such a regal as befits such a heavenly host. Here is the back of it; graceful in outline and delicate in detail, it offers suggestions in decorative design which may bear fruit in many fields. Mazzolini has been hardly dealt with at the hands of biographers. Vasari hardly knew him, and under the name of Malino gives him a few lines in a paragraph at the end of the life of Lorenzo Costa. Lanzi adds but little to our knowledge of him; he is ignored entirely by Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle in their notice of the Ferrarese school; but it is evident from his work that he was an artist of great refinement, and one keenly alive to the artistic changes which were taking place around him, and thus one eminently fitted to create and record suggestions in decorative design.

Lorenzo Costa, who was born at Mantua in 1460, was apprenticed to Cosimo Tura, and assisted him in those frescoes at the Schifonoia palace already referred to. He carried the lessons he had learned at Ferrara to his native Mantua and to Bologna, where some of his finest work yet remains, and by his work at both these centres influenced materially the treatment of the decorative accessories and backgrounds of the pictures painted in those schools. Like Grandi, he too came under the influence of the rising Umbrian school, but he never abandoned his truly Ferraresque predilections; and his wonderful architectonic compositions—with their sculptured stone and polished marbles, their inlaid woodwork and gold mosaic—remain constant to his work in spite of other changes of style. Of his painting we have no good specimen in any of our English public galleries, but Lord Wimborne possesses a very beautiful example in a 'Madonna and Saints' painted in about 1502, which has a finely composed background of sculptured marbles. The finest illustration of his power as a designer is, however, in the Baciocchi chapel in San Petronio, at Bologna, the whole of which, charged with the most beautiful detail, is wrought with a love for finish more Flemish than Italian.

It was Costa who won Francesco Francia, the goldsmith and Master of the Mint at Bologna, from his chasing and his die-sinking to make a painter of him—so good a painter, indeed, that he soon outstripped his master as a painter of pictures, though not as a designer. But the race of the men who were immediately influenced by the work of "Messer Ruzerio di Bruzza" was passing away, and the spirit of the rulers of the house of Este was changing. Duke Ercole married the youthful Minerva of France, Renée, the daughter of Louis XII., so the stately days of Lombard courtesy were changed for sprightly French ones. The Dukes too changed: from being patrons of Art they became pawnbrokers, and lent enormous sums to the French Crown instead



Regal, or Portable Organ, from a Picture by Mazzolini. National Gallery, No. 169.

of spending them in their own court, and the school of Ferrara lost its distinctive artistic qualities when its Dukes lost theirs.

G. T. Robinson.

AN OLD LANCASHIRE MANOR-HOUSE: LIVESEY HALL.

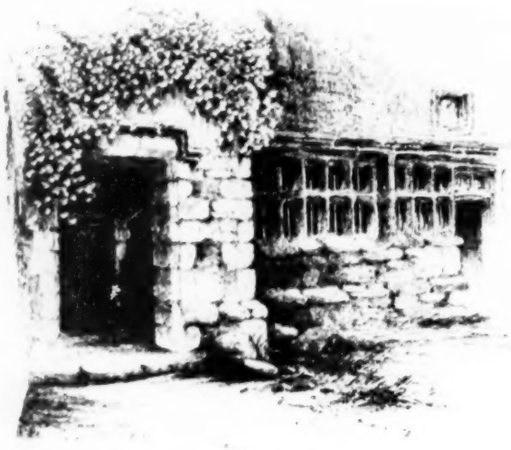
THE old Hall of Livesey, in the parish of Blackburn, is a typical example of the houses of the less wealthy of the lords of manors and freeholding gentry in north-east Lancashire in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and of her successors, the Stuarts. It was the seat of the Livesey family, which took its name from the township of Livesey, where members of the family had from an early period been the chief landowners. The Hall stands a little off the old road from Blackburn to Preston, in the valley of the river Darwen, about two miles below Blackburn. Mr. Herbert Railton's drawings will serve as a memorial of the house when it has disappeared, for the larger portion of it, which has long been untenanted and dismantled, is rapidly decaying, and must soon become as ruinous without as it is even now within. The structural plan of Livesey Hall is a common one in houses of the same class in the district, erected coevally. The rebuilding of their domiciles began to be undertaken by numbers of the Lancashire gentry immediately after the accession of Elizabeth, and went on intermittently for more than a century thenceforward. Many of these houses have the dates of



No. 1.—The South Front, Livesey Hall. Drawn by Herbert Railton.

edification cut in stone upon some part of their external walls, or carved in wood as part of the ornamentation of their interiors, and these dates extend from 1560 to 1660 or later. Hoghton Tower, the most important Elizabethan mansion of the larger class in Lancashire, was built between 1561 and 1565. The Tower is little more than a mile distant from Livesey Hall. Within a circuit of ten or twelve miles, many manor-houses, jointure-houses, and houses of the lesser gentry still remain (besides others which have been demolished), that in plan and style of building resemble more or less closely Livesey Hall. Of such are Martholme (the manor-house of Harwood Magna, and a seat of the Hesketh's, dated 1561); Pleasington Hall (next township to Livesey, dated 1587); Osbaldeston Hall (1593); Ormerod Hall, in Cliviger (dated 1595, since greatly altered); Hacking Hall, in Billington (built for Sir Thomas Walmesley, Judge of the Common Pleas, dated 1607); Holme, in Cliviger (seat of the Whitaker family, rebuilt *temp.* James I.); Shuttleworth Hall, in Hapton (1639); Oxendale Hall, in Blackburn parish (1656). In these hilly districts the rock lies near the surface, and is

the millstone grit, a stone which weathers well, and is suited for building purposes. The woods had been denuded before the middle of the sixteenth century, and stone quarries had been opened on many estates. All the houses of the period above named in north-east Lancashire are accordingly stone-built, and they replaced timber structures. The native master builders who erected them, without the aid of architects, had little invention, and followed a conventional form, varied in dimensions and minor features to suit the owner's whim or means, and otherwise adapted to the situation and space to be built upon. This established plan was an oblong block of building for the centre, and other blocks, placed at right angles at either end of the middle block, forming wings projecting in the front and rear. Undoubtedly, where there had been ancient timbered houses on the sites, they had been of identical plan; and the rebuilding was not completed at once, but was done in sections, so that the tenant might have a roof to cover him and his family during the renovations, and that the expenditure might be shared by two or three generations of possessors.



No. 2.—The Porch, Livesey Hall. Drawn by H. Railton.

These remarks apply to Livesey Hall, which was built after an adopted plan in three instalments, at intervals of fifty-eight and twenty-three years. James Livesey, Esq., who commenced the work of restoration of the ancestral home, entered into possession in 1590, on the death of his grandfather, Richard Livesey. He directed the rebuilding of the central block of the house some time previous to 1608, when it was finished. Livesey manor-estate in his time consisted of over five hundred Lancashire acres of land, equal to about one thousand statute acres. He died in April, 1619, and his wife survived him. Having no issue, by a settlement in 1617 he constituted his nephew, Ralph Livesey, son of his brother John, his heir. Ralph Livesey was then only nine years old and did not obtain custody of the estate until 1631, when he came of age. Ralph Livesey, Esq., rebuilt the east wing of the hall in 1666. No doubt the house had been pillaged, like others in the neighbourhood, by the soldiers in the Civil War, in which Ralph Livesey leaned to the Parliamentarian interest, and the build-



No. 3.—The East Wing, Livesey Hall. Drawn by H. Railton.



No. 4.—A Chimney, East Front, Livesey Hall.

ings may have suffered in that unsettled time from wilful injury or neglect. Ralph Livesey's only surviving son was Ralph, born in 1657. Upon the marriage of Ralph the son, Ralph the father settled his estates in trust, reserving some minor properties to his own use for life, and conveying the manor of Livesey to the use of his son Ralph and his heirs. The deed of settlement is dated Nov. 21, 1682.

Ralph Livesey the younger having thus upon his marriage obtained possession in his father's lifetime of the manor-house and manor-estate, added a new west wing to the Hall in 1689. He was succeeded by his son, William Livesey; and William's son, Ralph Livesey, Esq., was the last male representative of his family. He died in 1766, but he had leased Livesey Hall and estate to a neighbouring yeoman in 1749, and resided in Preston for some years prior to his death. Thus the manor-house has not been the residence of the proprietor of the estate since the middle of last century.

The view of Livesey Hall on the principal frontage, presented in Mr. Railton's drawing (Illustration No. 1), is that of a long structure broken up picturesquely by three gabled projections, which are those of the wings and of the storied erection in the midst over the porch. The material of the outer walls is greystone, darkened by the effects of a damp climate upon masonry which has not been repaired for eighty years at least. A wall which intersects the gateway, and crosses the garden to the west side of the porch, is the boundary of the separated moieties of the estate, each of which claims its half of the house itself. The end which is prominent in the sketch is occupied by the farmer, and is in good preservation. The other part has for many years ceased to be inhabited or habitable. The windows are apertures without glass, the roofs are sinking, the coping-stones are gradually being detached, and the chimney-stacks have some of them been blown down. These are, moreover, the oldest and most interesting portions of the fabric. Of earliest date are the porch and the recessed section between the porch and east wing. The outer doorway is wide and square-headed (Illustration No. 2). Behind the vestibule is an inner doorway, and the heavy oaken door remains; this opens into a through passage, from which doorways on the right and left admitted into the central rooms. Those on the left have been walled up, on the division of the house. In the wall above the main entrance is a carved stone (concealed now by the ivy), displaying the armorial bearings of the Liveseys (*argent*, a lion rampant *gules*, between three trefoils tipped, *vert*). On the right of the porch is shown in the illustration the many-mullioned window range, divided horizontally by a single transom, which lighted the hall. Above this window, in the wall, close to the junction of the wing, is a small stone panel bearing an inscription which fixes the date of erection of this part, and furnishes the initials of the names of the builder and his wife (James Livesey and Alice Livesey), preceded by a motto.

The windows of the upper story are mullioned, square-headed, with moulded dripstones. The east wing is delineated in another drawing (Illustration No. 3), with its gabled end of three stories, and its eastern frontage of considerable depth, relieved on the wall-line by a massive chimney projection, and on the roof-line by a gabled dormer.

Above the first-floor window in the end of this wing is indicated in the drawing another moulded stone panel, which contains, cut in relief, like the one already noticed, a motto over the initials of the owner's name for whom this wing was rebuilt, and those of his wife (Ralph and Anne Livesey), and the year of the restoration.

Another of the drawings (Illustration No. 4) presents



No. 5.—Portion of North View, Livesey Hall.

from another point of sight a portion of the same eastern front, the erection of 1666, including the projecting chimney, which is rather peculiarly corbelled out to an increased width in the

upper part. The architecture of this frontage is, I think, more quaint and distinctive than that of the remainder of the Hall. Part of the back of the house—the angle made by the projecting east wing at the attachment to the centre block—appears in the next illustration (No. 5), which indicates the character of the back windows, and, on the right, the place of the great projecting chimney of the Hall, which has fallen bodily, leaving an arched gap in the wall where the Hall fire-place was. The features of the west wing may be noticed in the first illustration, in which the south gable end and the western side are prominent. This block was built for the younger Ralph Livesey in 1689, and on the lintel of the doorway, behind the figures introduced in the drawing, are the letters R L P A

These are the initials of the names of Ralph Livesey, Ann his wife, and Porter Livesey, their son. Below are the figures "1689," denoting the year of building. Windows in this wing vary in size and in position from those in the older structures, and there are other marks of later date which the antiquary and architect would detect, but the original design for the frontage of the Hall has been carried out. The interior has been so utterly stripped of all decorative appendages that, in its state of advanced dilapidation, it looks mean, and presents few interesting objects. On the right of the main entrance is the dining-hall, a spacious room, lighted by the wide window in the front wall; and on the opposite side are the remains of the great open fireplace, enclosed within a depressed arch. The parlour was beyond, in the front of the east wing, and was handsomely wainscoted with carved and moulded oak panels. Behind the parlour, approached from the hall through a wide passage, was the principal staircase (Illustration No. 6), with its



No. 6.—The Staircase, Livesey Hall. Drawn by H. Railton.



No. 7.—A Bedroom, Livesey Hall.

spindled balustrades. It has seven short stages or flights, and conducts both to the bedrooms on the first floor and to the attics. The interior partition walls below and above are of strong timber framework, as shown in the illustration of the staircase and its surroundings. The interstices are filled with a tenacious composition of clay and straw. The upper chambers, some of them roomy, now that their ornamental wainscots have been torn away, look bare and desolate. The largest bedroom (Illustration No. 7) occupies the north side of the central building. There is nothing calling for mention in the rooms of the west end, of later erection. Some of the old trees, planted to shelter the manor-house from the wintry blasts from the north and east, are left. Nearly all the ancient halls in Lancashire, wherever the site would permit, were built with fronts to the south, in order that the chief living rooms might have the benefit of the warmth and light of the mid-day sunshine, and Livesey Hall is no exception to the rule. But the view at the back, looking towards the lofty wooded hill of Billinge, rising beyond Witton Park, to which it forms a noble background, is more pleasing than the scene from the front; and from the windows in the west wing the abrupt rock, on the crest of which stands Hoghton Tower, is a bold feature of the landscape.

W. A. Abram.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

OFFICIAL reports are at the best but tame reading, and the recently published report of the National Gallery of England is no exception to this. If the news contained therein is, however, neither entertaining nor altogether fresh, there is a wholesome spirit of progress traceable throughout. The suspension of the annual grant for pictures, in consequence of the overdraft made to secure the works from Blenheim, has aroused the authorities into a protest. The result of this has been that "they are encouraged to hope that, should an opportunity arise for the acquisition of any remarkable work of art, Her Majesty's Treasury will be prepared to propose a special vote in Parliament for its purchase." It is fortunate, therefore, for the nation that private legacies, such as the Clarke bequest, the Lewis fund, and the Walker bequest, enable the authorities to secure some of the good things that are now and again offered. Thus last year four pictures were purchased out of the two first-named funds, and three from the Walker resources. Two pictures were bequeathed by Mr. R. Holland, fourteen by Mrs. E. Vaughan, one by Mr. N. David Garrick, and one each was given by Mr. Watts, the Misses Trevenen, and Miss Lippincott. A portion of the walls of the extension of the gallery has been carried to the full height, leaving the central staircase to be constructed, a thing which demands much time. Should these works be completed before the expiration of the present year, it is hoped the new Galleries may be available in 1887. A number of drawings have been placed in three rooms on the ground floor, to which the public has access from the entrance hall. During May, June, July and August the gallery is now open till 7 P.M., and during September till 6 P.M. About £1,000 is now derived from admission on students' days. Some 831,000 persons entered the gallery on free days; 300 pictures were offered for sale to the authorities during 1885; the gallery is no longer closed during six autumnal weeks. There is no mention yet made as to whether the gallery will again be closed for cleaning on a public holiday, and the new edition of the larger "Foreign Schools Catalogue" is still "under revision," and "shortly to be published." If we mistake not it was "shortly to be published" some six years ago.

The announcement that the Council of the Royal Academy has determined to issue a large catalogue of its forthcoming exhibition, illustrated with one hundred and fifty typogravures, has not been received with the satisfaction which was anticipated when the project was first mooted. Amongst the artists whose works have been selected, there is a prevalent opinion that publication on so large a scale may interfere with the sale of copyrights which public fancy, elicited during the exhibition, might make of value; and that in fact the copyright in their pictures has passed to the Royal Academy by their appending their signatures to the document sent to them by that body. Many of those outside the invited group are full of complaints at their exclusion, and will be sure to criticise very severely the inclusion of many elder artists who are now past producing respectable work. Publishers are grumbling at the issue of a volume of this description at a price which is only possible where no profit is looked for. Lastly, the public resent its production being placed in the hands of a foreign firm who, as recently in the case of the National Gallery, are allowed to erect a building in the courtyard of Burlington House, and given facilities which it is believed would not be granted to an English firm. The Royal Academy has, however, at present a valid excuse for sending the work out of the country, for there is no house over here which can produce anything equal in quality to that of the French and Germans. There is a fine field open for enterprise in this direction, and we can only trust that it may be worthily filled before long, and the reproach be done away with that our Royal Academy has to trust to foreigners for the reproduction of its artistic exhibits.

The result of the sale of the modern pictures belonging to the late Mr. W. Graham must have been eminently satisfactory to the executors of that gentleman. In our annual summary of the Art sales we shall deal with the prices at length, and it is only necessary to record now that, considering the times, the prices were not only high, but disproportionately so, more especially for some of the second-rate examples of the artists represented. The Director of the National Gallery bought, presumably out of the recent Walker bequest of £10,000, the late Frederick Walker's 'Vagrants,' and Rossetti's 'Ancilla Domini' for £840. These purchases cannot be commended. There was a better and a cheaper Walker sold in the 'Bathers.' The Rossetti was also very dear, and contains some glaringly bad drawing. It is not a typical example of the artist either. 'Dante at the Bier of Beatrice' was a cheaper and better picture, and the only objection that could be raised to its purchase was that a larger repeat of the subject is to be found in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. Still better would have been Burne-Jones's 'Days of Creation,' the cheapest picture in the sale; or Millais' 'Vale of Rest,' which has, we understand, passed into the possession of Mr. Tate. To Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's collection has gone Frederick Walker's 'Bathers,' and Mr. Ruston, M.P., secured Burne-Jones's 'Chant d'Amour' and Rossetti's 'La Ghirlandata.'

Mr. Tristram Ellis does not show himself at his best in the collection of his works at present on exhibition at the Goupil Galleries. This is the more the pity since Mr. Ellis's work is often of fine quality, and we know how much better he can do than these hard unsympathetic drawings. One or two, however, amongst these illustrations of the Watering Places of the Channel, such as 'The Inner or Floating Basin, Ramsgate,' 'Hastings Fisher Village,' 'The Hoe, Plymouth,' and 'Land's End with the Old Irish Lady,' will repay inspection.

In Messrs. Gladwell's gallery are at present to be seen a hundred paintings by an artist of some promise, Mr. H. C. Fox. The subjects are mostly taken from the picturesque suburbs of

London, and display a true feeling for colour which, when united with more technical ability, will entitle Mr. Fox to take high rank amongst the younger brothers of the brush.

If we would seek for a sign by which to distinguish the early part of the Art season of 1886, it must be that of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. A ceaseless flow of visitors has kept the janitor of the Grosvenor Gallery busy with the admirers of Mr. Millais' Art; the classic sale-room in King Street has attracted the Rossetti lovers in great numbers, and the stile at the entrance to the rooms of The Fine Art Society turns unceasingly by the subtle influence of Mr. Holman Hunt. No three painters have been more talked about than these three former boon companions, and in nothing has the public displayed such great interest in recent days as in the exhibited works of the founders of the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. The poet and painter is no more, the baronet painter has had his display, and now the most faithful of the brothers shows what message he has to deliver. The critic who will criticise the works by Mr. Holman Hunt which are at present in New Bond Street, is indeed a bold man. "In Art, as in other pursuits," says Mr. Holman Hunt in his article in the *Contemporary*, "it is a loss in the end, both for schools and for individuals, to begin as masters." How deeply this axiom has sunk into Mr. Hunt's heart may be seen in the careful, thoughtful, and scholarly way in which he, enamoured of the smallest realities in nature, has treated an every-day subject in 'Strayed Sheep.' Not that everything is beyond reproach—take the 'Family of Converted Britons,' for example—but this single room is full of a record of the emancipation of English Art from the thraldom of the conventional routine in vogue in the "forties." Here, for instance, is 'The Eve of St. Agnes' which "first brought the three future pre-Raphaelite Brethren into intimate relations;" the 'Claudio and Isabella,' which general prejudice at the time of its first painting led a brother artist to revile as "hideous affectation;" the 'Scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*,' a work in wonderful preservation, which was exhibiting when Mr. Ruskin wrote his two letters to the *Times;* and the painter's interpretation of Keats' paraphrase of Boccaccio's story of "Isabella and the Pot of Basil." A notable example of a mob in the pre-Raphaelite manner is here in the surging crowd which is seen so distinctly in the illumination of 'London Bridge on the Night of the Marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, 1862;' and the 'Sunset at Camaldoli, near Naples,' is a rare picture, from Mr. Ruskin's Collection. Of the 'Light of the World,' familiar to all by its manifold reproduction, the 'Scapegoat,' and the 'Shadow of Death,' in which the figure of the kneeling Virgin has seldom been excelled, there is little to be said that is fresh. They are as all-powerful as of old, and the first-named, shedding around the full "hopes of salvation," gains, in our opinion, by its surroundings. We say again that this collection is one to be seen rather than to be criticised; and it is the work of the one painter who remains entirely faithful to his early convictions. The changes and chances of this world have scattered the Brotherhood, but William Holman Hunt lives to prove that pre-Raphaelitism was no idle affectation, but a symbol of an inner life leading to great things.

The Twenty-first Spring Exhibition of the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists has opened. The collection is one of considerable interest and variety, composed as it is of works in oil and water-colours, etchings, and black and white studies. The aggregate number of exhibits is 767. The black and white room contains twelve drawings by the President of the Society, E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., which are grouped together and occupy one side of the room. They are chiefly studies for pictures, and are extremely interesting. Among the works of the Members and Associates of the Society and other local artists will be noticed six or seven powerful studies by W. J. Wainwright, A.R.W.S.; 'A Fisher's Daughter' and 'The Sunny South,' by Walter Langley, R.I.; 'Glencoe,' a fine work by F. H. Henshaw; 'Cowie Harbour, near Stonehaven,' by C. T. Burt; 'Cardigan Bay,' by S. H. Baker; 'Draycott Mill Pool,' by Oliver Baker; and two meritorious works, painted on the Yorkshire coast, by E. R. Taylor. The exhibition is perhaps lacking in works of the highest class, but taking the collection generally, the Society may be congratulated on the spring show.

Bouverie Goddard, the English animal painter, has died, aged fifty-four. Like many another artist, his talent evinced itself at a very early age, for at ten his drawings were appreciated and sought after as the productions of youthful genius. Coming to London in 1849, he settled for awhile near to the Zoological Gardens, and spent upwards of two years in making studies there. Returning to his native Wiltshire in 1851, he was warmly received by the county gentry, for whom he executed many valuable commissions. Finding Salisbury too limited a sphere, he returned to London in 1857, and became a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy, taking up his abode eventually at Brook Green, where he died, after a very short illness, from a chill caught during a visit to his dying father, whom he survived only by a few hours. Besides his many works which went at once into private galleries, the following were the more important exhibited pictures:—1866, 'The Casuals;' 1868, 'Home to Die;' 1870, 'The Combat;' 1872, 'Pony Fair,' New Forest; 1875, 'Colt Hunting,' New Forest, and 'Lord Wolverton's Bloodhounds;' 1877, 'The Fall of Man,' from Milton's "Paradise Lost;" 1879, 'The Struggle for Existence,' bought by the trustees of the Walker Art Gallery; 1881, 'Rescued;' and 1883, 'Love and War' (the Swanner).

Mr. Thomas Danby, Member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and son of Mr. F. Danby, A.R.A., died on March 25th, after a lengthened illness. His style is said to have been founded on his having had to copy whilst a boy the pictures by Claude in the Louvre. His perseverance in adhering to a certain scheme of colour, and his narrow range of subject, invested his work with a monotony in the eyes of those who saw it at constantly recurring exhibitions, but to those who came across it for the first time it was singularly impressive for its calm sunniness and simplicity.

From Messrs. Boussod Valadon comes what is termed a "Portefeuille d'Amateur," containing half-a-dozen examples of "Typogravure." This process has already been brought under the notice of our readers in the blocks which have illustrated our recent articles on French Art. It merely remains to say that in the illustrations now before us the fidelity with which texture is reproduced is simply marvellous. It is in some instances so facsimiled that it ceases to be artistic, and becomes a wonder merely, though probably several of the

originals were selected expressly for their roughness, in order to show what the process was capable of.

Mr. Leggatt, the enterprising publisher in Cheapside, sends us a mezzotint engraving after a picture in last year's Academy by Mr. Weekes, entitled 'A Daring Highway Robbery.' It represents a child who has been entrusted with her mother's parasol and a bun, surrounded by a flock of geese. One of these latter has taken possession of the bun, and the artist has chosen this moment to depict the anguish of the child at the loss of all that she holds dear in this world. The publication of numbers of plates similar to this evidences a demand for illustrations of humorous incidents such as the one here portrayed.

It is remarkable that at a time when the *cacoethes scribendi* is so widespread, and bookmakers are hunting far and wide for novel subjects, publications having a similar aim, and occupying the same field, are not oftener projected simultaneously An instance of this has, however, arisen in Mr. Sydney Vacher's "Fifteenth-century Italian Ornament" (London: Bernard Quaritch) and Mr. Robinson's articles on "Suggestions in Decorative Design from the Works of the Great Painters" which are now appearing in the columns of this journal To our knowledge Mr. Robinson has been in occupation of the ground for eighteen months past, and Mr. Vacher in his preface states that the publication of his volume has been delayed for six months, so that he must clearly have also been at work at the same time as Mr. Robinson. Fortunately there is room for both projects, and both should be welcome to our designers. Mr. Vacher's handsome volume being in colours, will assist in many cases where our articles stop short, whilst the enlarged range of Mr. Robinson's subjects will insure a reception of his designs in places where Mr. Vacher's will be of no use. Mr. Vacher's thirty chromo-lithographs have all been taken from pictures in the National Gallery, for the most part (but not entirely, as the title would lead one to expect) from Italian pictures. The designs are from patterns in dresses, backgrounds, draperies, mantles, copes, etc. They are printed in a variety of colours, but we note from the descriptions that in many cases, from motives of economy, the whole scheme of colouring is not given; it appears to us that the work would have been more acceptable to the class it should reach if less money had been spent on the delicate and artistic binding and typography, and more upon the instructive portion of the work. Not long ago we passed through the designing-room of one of our largest fabric makers. It was pitiable to see the restricted library at the disposal of those at work, who, it seems, were expected from these materials, and from the local school of Art, to produce work which should lead the fashions a twelvemonth hence. Not even a journey to London, much less to Paris, was vouchsafed them, so as to see in what direction the popular favour was likely to veer. It was not surprising that trade was reported as dull, when the mainspring was allowed to rust in this way. In every such workroom access to many collections of designs similar to that before us should be obtainable, for they represent, as a rule, patterns produced when ornament was the delight of the producer, and before the debased forms of the later Renaissance had stepped in, and by their wantonness and riotous behaviour ruined the reputation of Italian work for centuries to come.

"Sketches of the History of Christian Art." By Lord Lindsay. 2 vols. Second Edition (John Murray).—The ground explored in this work has been mapped and planned in its whole extent, and in its nooks and corners, by the English writers who have succeeded Lord Lindsay as exponents of mediæval Art, critics of its methods, and interpreters of its motives. But, though the mass of literature which has followed his "Christian Art" may have diminished the practical value, it has not lessened the merit of his researches and their results. Interest in the technicalities of the "Old Masters" had, of course, existed in England since England had artists at all; if not very widespread among the educated public, it was at least kept up among painters by such doctrinal example as that of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and among amateurs by such dilettantism as that of Horace Walpole. But this interest in the works was a different thing from an interest in the men and the motives, which dawned with a more earnest age and took students back to the earlier masters. Christian Art, as Christian Art—studied for its theology, its spirituality, and its morality—is a subject of our own time, and Lord Lindsay was one of its discoverers. In her Preface to the present edition Lady Crawford and Balcarres says that no practical additions or corrections for a re-issue of his work were left by her husband at his death, in spite of his sense of the somewhat fragmentary nature of the "Sketches." Some notes indeed there were, but too incomplete for use, the author's attention in later years having been fixed upon religious and philosophical studies—the outcome of his special pursuits in the arts. But the Lord Lindsay of earlier days had worked industriously. Under the rather arbitrary name of "Christian Mythology," he gathered together those legends of saints and martyrs, without a knowledge of which early Art is unintelligible as to its incentive. These chapters comprise such historical records as those known in the Roman Catholic Church as the "Acts of the Martyrs," as well as the wild legends of the Fathers of the Desert, and the traditions of the Madonna's childhood and death. To these Lord Lindsay added translations of such mediæval hymns as the "*Dies Iræ*" and the "*Stabat Mater*," less familiar to English readers in the earlier half of this century than they are now. The second division of the "Sketches" classifies Art and the Schools, first by tables of the Masters, arranged according to their nationality, and then by an historical and critical study in detail. Throughout Lord Lindsay treats his subject in a spirit that is nothing if not serious; and it is not by way of hypercriticism that we may complain of a certain sectarianism. For instance, the great question of the Iconoclasts in the eighth century is not to be disposed of, even by a Protestant writer, by arbitrary phrases about the "adoration" of images. Without diverging into controversy it may be said that the Pope, who is here accused of "crime" for excommunicating the Iconoclasts, would have, with even more emphasis, excommunicated "adorers" of images in East or West.

Ever since the memorable meeting at the Grosvenor Gallery to discuss the alleged bad quality of artists' pigments, the question has received some attention at the hands of chemists. Amongst their number Mr. H. C. Standage is not the least active, and he has now published an "Artists' Manual of Pigments," containing much reliable information in a handy form. It is in a great measure the "Artists' Table of Pigments" amended and largely added to.

The public interest in the works of Mr. Watts, R.A., has been quickened by the knowledge that they are to become, at



'Love and Death.' From "The Works of Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A."

a day which, we hope, is not yet at hand, the property of the English nation. Ever ready to seize the well-appointed time, the *Pall Mall Gazette* has issued an "extra," devoted to the lifework of this distinguished painter. Such proceeding must needs be very acceptable to the vast bulk of the Art-loving public, who have been hitherto insufficiently acquainted with the painter's work. A good deal of the space is devoted to the publication of Mr. Watts's opinions on Art, which will be read with profit, and the letter-press is accompanied by several illustrations of representative, and in some cases familiar work, such as the 'Love and Death' we are enabled to give here; and the monologue is concluded with a useful catalogue, carefully compiled by Mr. Spielmann.

"THE DAWN OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN ENGLAND." By John Ashton. 2 vols. (T. Fisher Unwin).—A book of gossip which is neither dull nor pretentiously "racy" may be forgiven—in face of what the thankful reader has escaped—for a certain character of mediocrity. And we shall not quarrel with Mr. Ashton for presenting the result of a good deal of research in the form of a fair mild piece of literature, enlivened by very amusing illustrations. These the author has drawn from engravings of the period, evidently with absolute faithfulness of line. The coarseness of caricature in the first decade of this century has limited the range of choice, but what Mr. Ashton has given us is very representative. Few will consider the designs as humorous in the sense intended by the original artists; their value lies in their testimony to manners and morals singularly different from those of our own day; also in an infrequent but decided beauty. The grace still lingering in the extravagant pseudo-Greek costume of the early century is the very last glimpse of beauty or charm before the long reign of complacent *bourgeois* ugliness which was to last until the middle of the age. But of course caricature, especially as understood by our grandfathers, is not the art in which to look for beauty, and the drawings before us are chiefly dedicated to a bygone and now dreary grotesque. Mr. Ashton has given perhaps a little too much space to the habits of the Royal Family, but he has treated politics sketchily, though sufficiently for the purpose. It is of course in social life that lies the chief interest of this kind of reminiscence, and the records of the theatre, of recreation, and of domesticity have been cleverly put together. Mr. Ashton has abstained from picturesqueness, and his work is the more valuable as he has sought to give evidence from good authority rather than to appeal to the imagination. His allusions to literature are slight, but the literature of the early century was so important as to be best left lightly treated in so sketchy a work as the present. The author deprecates harsh criticism for any omissions, but we have no fault to find with him in the matter of industry. In misspelling Mary Wollstonecraft's name he sins in much company.

"OLYMPIA: DAS FEST UND SEINE STÄTTE." Von Adolf Boetticher (Berlin: Julius Springer).—This valuable work is a thorough study, historical, artistic, and topographical, of Olympia, the Games, and the Arts which have recorded them. Herr Boetticher shows something even better than the results of scholarship in his tracing of the development, the contrast and cohesion, of archaic and heroic sculpture, of the later art, with its more indulgent beauty, and the Romanized and Roman continuation, with its more and more emphatic differences. This part of the book has fine critical thought. But perhaps the more distinctive fruit of the author's research is to be found in the completeness of the plans and the abundance of local detail; also in the reconstructions, whether of scene and landscape or of sculptures. The topographical chapters comprise an elaborate geological study of Olympia, and a survey of the soil and vegetation of Elis. In the important matter of illustrations, Herr Boetticher has some excellent engravings of architectural and sculptural work—groups, single figures, and their detail—and of the restorations of which we have spoken. The views of Olympia as it is are rather dreary in manner, but scrupulously faithful as portraits of the place. The language must inevitably be, to some degree, a barrier to a wide acceptance in England of this thorough but compact work; among the author's countrymen, however, it has already taken its place as an authoritative essay.

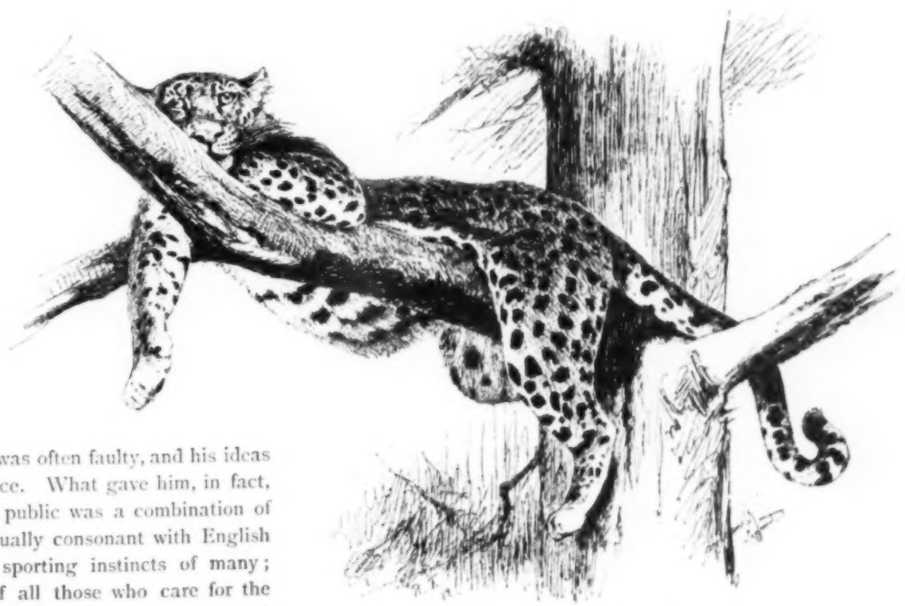
BRITISH 25 MAY 86



Tiger stalking his Prey.

A NEW ANIMAL PAINTER: RICHARD FRIESE.

NO apology is required for introducing to the English public a new animal painter. In no country in the world are animals so much in favour as in our own; in none are the relations between man and his four-footed helpers so satisfactory; and in none do pictures of animals impart such universal pleasure. We are sometimes, indeed, accustomed to think that English artists have been, if not the inventors, at least the perfecters of that branch of Art which deals with animal life, and probably no artist that ever lived has in his lifetime had such a wide circle of honest, undiscriminating admirers as Sir Edwin Landseer. The admiration for Landseer, though it had in it much that was reasonable, did on the whole more credit to the English love for the animal world, and for pictorial representations of the sympathy that ought to exist between animals and man, than it did to our national artistic perceptions. During the distinguished painter's later years, and since his death, there has arisen a feeling that all was not right about his method of painting animals, and that though at his best he combined many high excellencies, his technique was often faulty, and his ideas were sometimes commonplace. What gave him, in fact, his hold upon the English public was a combination of gifts, each of them individually consonant with English feeling. He touched the sporting instincts of many; he touched the instincts of all those who care for the pathetic element in animal life; he sometimes amused us with the humours of dogs and other four-footed creatures; he pleased by his power of realising interiors, whether splendid or humble, in which greyhounds, collies, or mongrels played a part. But, artistically speaking, Landseer, though he was the most popular, was not the greatest of animal painters. He could not realise the forms of the lion or the "Tiger, tiger, burning bright," with the same instinctive power that breathes in the canvases of Rubens; perhaps it may be said that he could not draw the horse with the same intimate understanding that was shown two centuries ago by Wouvermans, and that was shown by his own contemporary, Rosa Bonheur. However he may have excelled in the painting of dogs in their quieter and more domestic moods, it is doubtful whether he could ever have represented them in their wilder state with the strength and realism that we saw in the picture of Snyders' which Mrs.

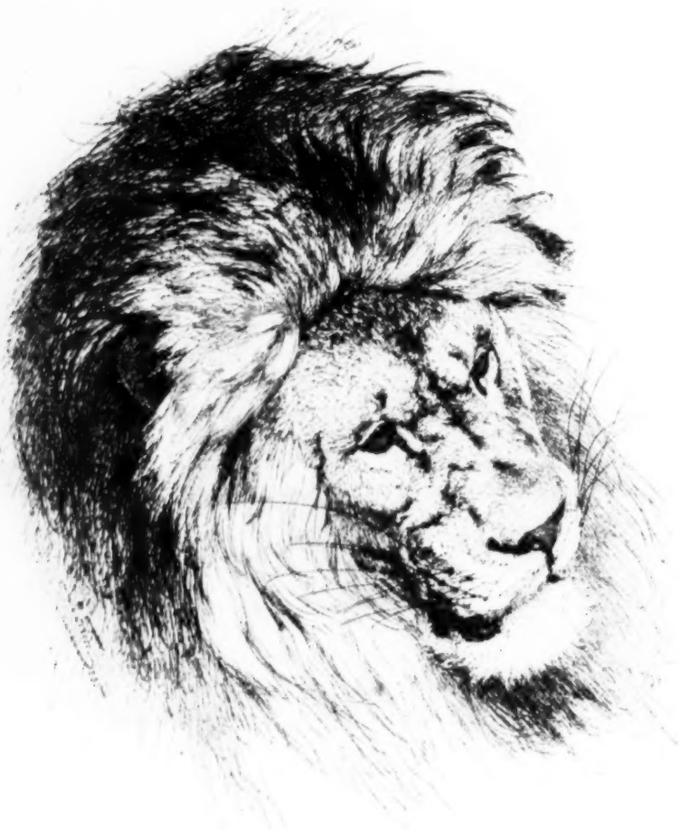


Leopard reposing.

Cooper lent to the recent exhibition of the Royal Academy; and those who remember the same exhibition last year will

recollect how poorly one of Landseer's dying lions showed in contrast to the splendid lioness of his older countryman, James Ward. But this, perhaps, is by the way—for the object of this paper is not to disparage the great English painter, but rather to show those who through good report and evil report regarded him as the prince of painters, that in other countries also there are men who are studying animal life to good purpose, and who are making a decided mark as animal painters.

Indeed, our readers hardly require to be told that animal painting is no more the affair of one country or of one age than animals are. We in England had men before Landseer who could render horses, cows, and dogs most excellently; we have them among us still. George Stubbs, a century ago, painted horses in a way which showed that he was both artist and anatomist; Morland, who failed sometimes in drawing, had yet an extraordinary power of giving the very nature of the rough cobs on which his farmers rode, and the sheep which they fattened. And who can forget Gainsborough's dogs and cats—the dog in Sir Henry Bate Dudley's portrait, the cat that rubs its head against the legs of little Jack Hill? We have mentioned James Ward; it is hardly necessary to mention his great living admirer, Mr. Briton Riviere, or Mr. Edwin Douglas, or Mr. Blinks, who so thoroughly understands foxhounds. If we look abroad, we find Rosa Bonheur still painting her inimitable studies of the denizens of the forest of Fontainebleau; a little less perfect in colour, perhaps, than she used to be, but still masterly. Van Marcke may be almost said to have transformed cattle painting, so rich are his surfaces, so admirable the landscapes against which he sets his fine Norman cows. Charles Jacque is inimitable in sheep; since Millet died, no one can paint a shepherdess and her flock so charmingly as he. If we cross the Rhine, we find a fondness for wilder animals and wilder scenes. Von Bochmann, even in his horses, has a savage air; and all the Slavs and Hungarians, as we might expect, if they paint horses, paint them in headlong motion. But there are many Germans who prefer other animals; Camphäusen, for example, that light of the Düsseldorf school, who is lately dead, Kröner, another Düsseldorf painter, and Paul Meyerheim, to mention but a few out of many. But what is especially noticeable about these men is that they are not mere painters of animals. They are landscape painters too, for in these days it is not enough to do what George Stubbs sometimes did, and get a landscape-painting friend to put in the backgrounds. The public demands a *picture*, and a picture—though the Dutchmen sometimes used to "collaborate" successfully—ought surely to be one man's work. The power of painting landscape as well as the animals which are to give it life, is one of the most remarkable gifts of the man whom we are about to introduce to our readers.

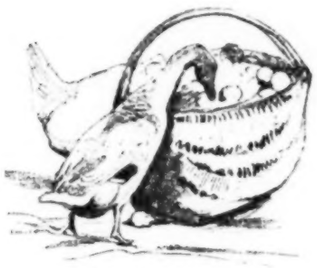


A Young Monarch.

Richard Friese, whose great picture of 'The Brigands of the Desert' is the subject of one of our large plates, is a young German painter living in Berlin. He was born in 1854, at Gumbinnen, in East Prussia. After passing through the usual routine of Prussian education, his gift for Art began to assert itself, and he determined to be trained as a lithographer. In 1871 he entered the Berlin Institute, and soon afterwards obtained employment in the well-known publishing house of Winkelmann and Son. The practice which he here obtained was of great service to him, and he soon became skilful enough to make him aspire to a more independent career than that of an illustrator of books, or at least to add to the latter kind of work some painting on his own account.

An animal painter who does not wish to confine himself to cattle and horses, dogs and cats, must either go and study in the desert, or frequent that highly civilised substitute for the desert, a zoological garden. The Regent's Park has been the sketching-ground of many of our painters, from Landseer down to Mr. Nettleship; the Jardin des Plantes knows the ways of the Parisian artists almost as well as the Piazza of St. Mark knows those of the cosmopolitan painters of Venice. Antwerp has its group of Belgian students of the ways of the lion; Berlin has its group of German students. Of these latter Herr Friese has been for some years among the most assiduous, and the sketches which illustrate this article

are some evidence of his diligence and ability in observing the ways of wild creatures at rest and in motion. They are of course a very small selection, for Herr Friese is in the habit of covering whole sheets with sketches of the same kind, at once rapid and precise in execution, while his sketch-books also contain great numbers of compositions, or of hints at compositions, that are merely suggested by what he has observed in the gardens. Sometimes it will be a lion springing upon an antelope; sometimes a fight between two powerful children of the desert; sometimes a dead victim, with its conqueror or the birds of prey at work upon its body. But in general the drawings are of the character represented in our illustrations, and these tell their own story, and require but few words of criticism or explanation. We have the lion in three or four different aspects, his face drawn nearly full, or, again, in profile; the latter repeated on a smaller scale, and the body nearly finished, though, strange to say, the artist has stopped before he has given his hero his proper complement of legs. Again, we have the monarch of the desert indulging in a kingly nap, and our readers will not want to have explained to them how utter is the sense of repose and delightful unconsciousness which is presented by this admirable figure. Or, again, we have the tiger creeping stealthily towards its prey, in an excellent drawing of the animal at the moment when his tigerishness is conspicuous; or we have the capital sketch of a leopard resting in a tree, in an attitude which one may fairly suppose would hardly be restful to any creature less supple and muscular than this beautiful compound of tranquillity and fierceness. In point of fact, the attitude is extremely characteristic, and the leopard and his spotted brethren may often be seen in just such a position by any one who chooses to watch them through the hours of a summer afternoon in our own Zoological Gardens. A small vignette of a different and more domestic order is given in a picture of the two geese who are greedily investigating the contents of a basket.



The Marauders.

Another drawing which we engrave is that of an elk's head; and for this the artist found his model elsewhere than in the gardens at Berlin. In Germany, as is well known, there are still vast tracts of heath and forest reserved as royal domains, where the court hunting parties are held from time to time. One of these is the Ibenhorster Heide—a vast stretch of moor and wood in the Kurische Haff, not far from Königsberg; and in this the elk roams in quasi-wildness, being carefully preserved for the sports of the royal family and their guests. A year or two ago, when the Austrian Crown



Studies of Lions.

Prince Rudolf was entertained at Berlin, a great hunting party was organized at this place, and to it Herr Friese was invited, that he might study the elk in its native haunts. Certainly the largest of the European *cervidæ* is an animal well worth the notice of the artist, as of the naturalist. He is rarer than he was; in Sweden and Norway, where he used to

be fairly common, you have to seek for him very far afield; and in East Prussia, as we have said, he has come to be an artificial growth. But still, among the woods near Königsberg, he may even now be seen, not grazing, as Pliny believed, "walking backwards, so as to accommodate his overhanging lip," but proceeding as might be expected of a sensible animal. When alarmed he goes off at that "high, shambling trot" which Lloyd described in his "Northern Field Sports,"



Elk's Head.

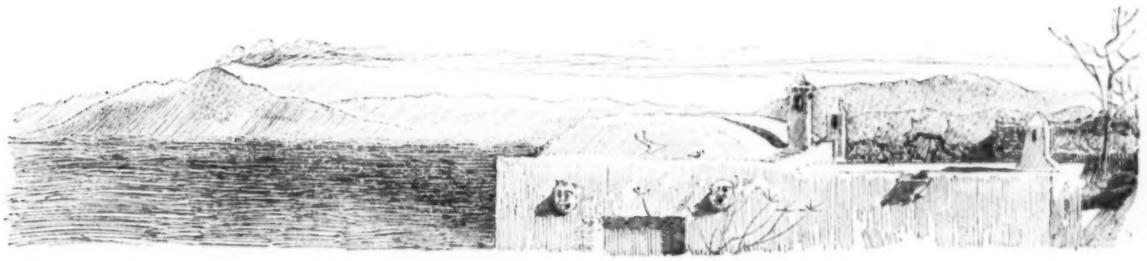
and sometimes, when pursuit becomes hot, he breaks into "a tremendous gallop," setting back his head lest his heavy horns should come into collision with the branches, and clattering over the ground with broad, noisy hoofs. Herr Friese, we believe, has in hand a good deal of work, the studies for which date from this hunting expedition; and we may expect, if all goes well, that his pictures of "the elk at home" will command the same attention on the Continent that Landseer's studies of the red deer used to command in England.

We may now turn from Herr Friese's sketches to his picture. It is of large dimensions; the lion and lioness are of life size. It is at once bold and highly finished in execution, and, as a picture should, it embodies the studies of months in the elaboration of its details. There is no need to describe it, for it tells its own story—a caravan (just suggested in the picture) is halting below, and a lion and lioness are creeping over the rocks to reconnoitre, and perhaps to find a good opportunity for a spring on some horse or camel of the wandering Arabs. With some disregard of probability, the artist has represented the 'Brigands of the Desert' as plying their unholy calling by daylight, whereas their habits generally lead them, as every one knows, to look out for prey at night-time. "The sultriness, showing the lion is couched in his lair," is a line that is an accurate bit of natural history; but Herr Friese has evidence to show that lions sometimes wander abroad when the sun is up. As to the artistic qualities of the picture, nothing need be said of its dramatic success, nor of the force and accuracy of the drawing. The catlike silence and caution of the lion as he advances for the spring has never been better rendered; as one gazes one fancies almost that these great creatures are but the cats we know, seen through some magnifying medium, so still and silent is their advance. In colour the picture is dominated by the idea that its action takes place in full sunlight, and consequently the prevailing tone is light. A darker picture gives more scope for bringing out the grandeur of the lion; but on the other hand Herr Friese, by giving us his creatures in the full blaze of day, has taken the opportunity for displaying his great skill as a draughtsman to the best advantage. The strong points of the work, in fact, are its drawing and its dramatic quality.

The 'Brigands of the Desert' was exhibited in the last Salon, where it made a decided hit and gained a medal. Paris has not yet forgiven Germany for 1870, and is slow to say a word in praise of anything German, but in matters of Art the hostility between the two capitals is less than in other departments of life. The critics, the artists, and the public were interested in Herr Friese's picture, and admitted that it revealed the presence amongst us of a new animal painter of high merit.



Lion asleep.



Vesuvius from Anacapri.

CAPRI.

CLOSE by the piazza and by the side of the campanile of Capri is a small terrace whence there is a glorious view over the Bay of Naples. There on any fine morning may be seen a group of somewhat untidy people who at first sight appear to have nothing in the world to do, or even to think of. A little observation, however, enables one to perceive that a feeling of anxiety pervades the small company, and a well-worn telescope, lazily raised from time to time, points out the direction in which to seek for its cause. Away to the north, beautiful in its outline, and ever varying in colour and tone, lies Vesuvius, a dim white line along its base indicating faintly the succession of towns and villages lying by the shore of the bluest of seas almost continuously from Naples to Castellamare. The famous mountain is only exquisite from here, not terrible, though several fiery places may be seen upon its crest by night, and clouds of steam and smoke remind one by day of the fires within. Earthquakes and eruptions do not trouble the Capriotes, who from their safe distance look at the volcano merely to see which way the wind blows. The loveliness too as of opal and amethyst and lapis lazuli laid out in broad planes before them is as ordinary as the blank grey of a day in early spring to one who has never left London. The perfect beauty of a view, perhaps well known to many of our readers, is unnoticed, and after a time the interest of all, like the telescope, is focussed on Santa Lucia, a certain part of the port of Naples. "Is she coming?" is the question asked by every one passing along the Anacapri road; and when at last is answered, "Yes, she is," there is a general feeling of relief.



Piccola Marina. Drawn by A. Stokes. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

The old steamer is coming from Naples! Many years ago she plied regularly between England and Holland, modestly, with one funnel and at all seasons, till found to be behind the age, she was laid aside, and no one could have guessed the brilliant destiny awaiting her. At last she was discovered by some enterprising Neapolitans, and perhaps it is characteristic that after having her gaily repainted, they put a large date 1884 in a prominent position, and a brand new funnel, only for show, in front of the old one. Now, a gay young thing, she flaunts it on these Southern waters, but in her second youth she is capricious. She only travels when it pleases her. Let us suppose we are on board and that it is the beginning of December. We have come down from Northern Italy where it is freezing hard, passed Rome in a snowstorm, and white frost lying on the north side of every hillock to within a few miles of Naples. We arrived there late and cold and without much faith in the sunny south. This morning we start for Capri. When our ship does start she starts at nine o'clock. It is still cold but the sun is shining brightly, and with ulsters and rugs we contrive to be comfortable. All Naples is glowing in the morning sun, the light ochres and pinks of its houses reflected in the busy harbour, where many small boats hurry to and fro. Turning southward we see, seventeen miles away, one pale tone lower than the sky, Capri, beautiful, enchanting Capri.

As with much ado we paddle, splashing and quivering, across the bay to Sorrento, we feel a thawing process going on within, and the numbness which has grown into our bones during some weeks' stay by the sad canals and cheerless stones of Venice, melts gradually away. With new sensations, and those memories of happy days that so often come to us at sea, we drink in the fresh sea air, enveloped in colour and light. We leave Sorrento, its bright little port and hotel-crowned cliffs,



A Fair Capriote. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

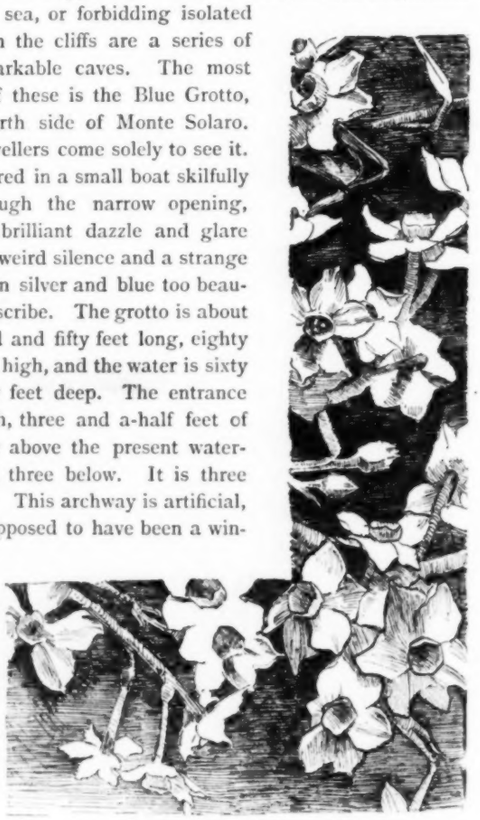
and passing perhaps a monster P. and O. or an Orient liner, arrive about noon at the Grande Marina of Capri.

The pleasantness of that arrival, who can forget—the line of quaint and bright old houses, red and white and yellow, lying below the hill, the boat-covered beach, the dancing blue-green water and the little quay alive with colour? Our friends who were on the terrace this morning have all come down with troops of female relatives, with donkeys, with ponies, with baskets of coral or without. Last summer's sun has left no crudeness in their clothes. Light greys and faded blues, dull reds and many varieties of pink prevail, and white sparkling in the sun. The girls are well-built and very winning, and as they stand in rows against the quay wall, or in pretty groups among the donkeys, we understand the charm that has proved too much for many a bold bachelor coming from afar. Landing from the small boat that brings us from the steamer, we are bewildered by the sea of pretty faces and the loud, yet not too truthful, cries of "Me speak English," "Very good donkey," and before we know where we are, we are seated on donkeys, brown or white, with a strapping lass whacking away behind us and the zigzag road before.

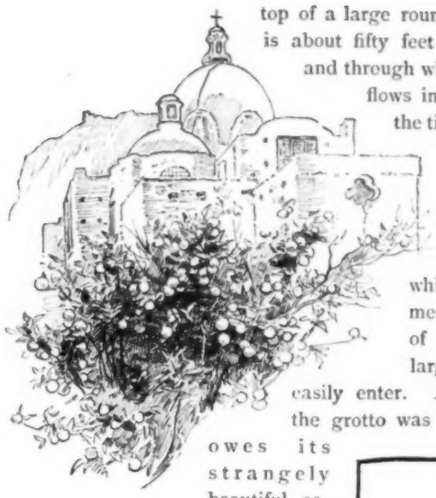
The road up to the town of Capri is delightful. It passes by gardens of orange and lemon trees laden with golden fruit, by groves of olives and quaint little domed houses with their pergolas, or parallel rows of white columns supporting trellis work, on which are trained vines to give shade in summer. All along are lovely glimpses of the blue sea through the trees, or open views across the bay, to Naples and the snowy Apennines. Here and there a little tunnel under the road allows long flights of steps to pass down from the town of Capri to the Marina. We cut the last angle of the road by mounting the steps, our donkeys, urged by perfectly indescribable yells, and emerging from an archway below the clock tower, pass across a creamy white piazza, one corner glowing with gaudy vegetables and gay costume. In another are the little café and its jovial landlord Scoppa. To the right a broad flight of low steps leads to the church, a brown grey building with curious oriental-looking domes. We pass below another archway, and turning a corner descend a narrow badly-paved street between high walls, until we come to a large and very finely-grown palm-tree and the entrance to Pagano's hotel.

Here we may stop, or we may go on a hundred yards to the Hotel Quisisana, or we might have turned to the left at the Piazza for the Hôtel de France, or the Faraglioni, in perfect confidence that we should find either of them well managed and reasonable in terms. The Quisisana is patronised principally by English visitors; Pagano's by artists and Germans.

The island of Capri is about three and a-half miles long, by one and a-half in the broadest part. Roughly speaking, it may be said to be composed of a hill and a mountain joined together by a low narrow saddle, along which lies the town of Capri, a town of about 2,500 inhabitants. The hill forming the east end is called Monte Tiberio, and the mountain to the west Monte Solaro. The saddle, which forms the lowest part of the silhouette when seen from a distance, is also the narrowest part of the island, and below it are, to the north the Grande Marina, and to the south the Piccola Marina or La Sirena, the only places where it is at all easy to land. Everywhere else are rugged cliffs rising to a stupendous height from the deep sea, or forbidding isolated rocks. In the cliffs are a series of very remarkable caves. The most famous of these is the Blue Grotto, on the north side of Monte Solaro. Many travellers come solely to see it. It is entered in a small boat skilfully shot through the narrow opening, from the brilliant dazzle and glare outside to weird silence and a strange harmony in silver and blue too beautiful to describe. The grotto is about a hundred and fifty feet long, eighty wide, fifty high, and the water is sixty or seventy feet deep. The entrance is an arch, three and a-half feet of which are above the present water-level, and three below. It is three feet wide. This archway is artificial, and is supposed to have been a window before the grotto settled down to its present level. A little to the right, and seven or eight feet below water, is the



Lithospermum Rosa Marina Folium.



The Cathedral.

top of a large round hole which is about fifty feet in diameter, and through which the water flows in and out. In the time of the Roman emperor Tiberius, thirteen or fourteen feet of the hole which is now submerged were out of water, and large boats could easily enter. At that time the grotto was not blue. It owes its strangely beautiful colour to the fact that almost the only light that comes in is reflected from white sand through the large hole, and passes through a great deal of blue water. On the south side of Monte Solaro there is a red grotto, and also a green one. The red grotto owes its colour to red lichen which covers all the damp surface of the rock. The green is by many people considered more beautiful even than the blue. Its vivid green colour is due to the presence of yellow sulphur in the naturally blue water. Near this grotto Monte Solaro shoots sheer out of the water almost perpendicularly eighteen hundred feet, its seamed and weather-beaten sides glowing in the sun. Here and there a solitary cactus sits in state upon a point of rock and seems to mock us from its dizzy height.

Farther eastward is a little bay with pebbly shore and the ruins of an ancient pier. This is the Piccola Marina, called also La Sirena. There are no sirens now. Only a few black boats lie about in picturesque disorder on the beach, and instead of sweet singing, one hears but the fitful thud and jingle of a distant tambourine. The air is soft. Luxuriant semitropical vegetation clothes the hillsides. Salt sea splashes laughingly on grey rocks and dazzling pebbles, and the drowsy hum of insects fills the air. Even in the depth of winter one may idle away pleasant hours basking in the sun, and an Englishman may plunge into the sea. The fascination of this nook may be illustrated by the fact that a man of good family and attainments has built himself a small room on the top of a projecting stone, and renouncing friends, fatherland, and even Munich beer, has settled hermit-like and, we hope, happy, in the enjoyment of perpetual peace.



"Wears on her smiling face a dawn of Spring."
Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

Near the Piccola Marina is the hill Castiglione, on the top of which are the ruins of a castle that was originally built as a defence against the Saracens, who were feared in those regions until the middle of the last century. It was modernised by the English, who took possession of the island in 1803, intending to make a sort of a small Gibraltar commanding the approaches to Naples. The French under Lamarque drove us out in October, 1808, having attacked with the greatest bravery and skill the troops, Maltese and English, under the command of Sir Hudson Lowe.

Just beneath the walls of the castle facing the sea is an enormous cave—the largest in Capri—where the ancient Capriotes used to conceal their women and children in times of danger. The only entrance is by an extremely difficult path on the face of the precipice, which was easily defended. Inside are remains of Roman walls and a large cistern.

Excavations have been made on the north side of Castiglione, and in 1786 a five-roomed house, with frescoed walls, well preserved, was found. It contained one of the finest antique pavements known. This is now in the palace of Capodamonte. Some interesting cameos and basreliefs were also found. But it were hopeless to try to give anything like a detailed account of the treasures that have been found. Capri is literally covered with buried ruins. Tiberius alone built himself twelve palaces, of which scarcely a trace remains. The peasants are continually turning up objects of interest in their vineyards, but are shy of letting it be known, as strangers trample so ruthlessly upon their ground. At one house in Capri, belonging to a family well known for its hospitality and artistic taste, a large suite of rooms is entirely paved with antique marbles found here during the last ten or twelve years.

About half-way between Castiglione and Monte Tiberio, three enormous rocks, the Faraglioni, rise out of the water to an immense height. According to tradition, a marble sarcophagus was found on the top of the inner one. Through a hole in the second one boats pass, and on the third or outer one lives a strange deep-blue lizard, that is found nowhere else in the world. There is also a blue flower peculiar

to Capri, that grows for the most part among rocks in horribly



A Native. Drawn by A. Stokes.

inaccessible places. The single flower is only a small star, but it grows in thick clusters, and is of a most intense blue colour, in quality like that of the gentian, though lighter. It is called Lithospermum rosa marina folium. The garden of a monastery at Florence is the one other place where this flower thrives. Many people, charmed by its beauty, have tried to cultivate it, but in vain. It seems to require the scanty soil of the crevices in rocks beyond one's reach, the exquisite sunshine of Capri, and reflected light from a delightful sea.

A neck of land, on which are the remains of Roman walls and foundations, joins the inner Faraglione to the mainland. It is supposed that the port where the fleet of Tiberius was stationed was here. Five hundred feet above the port is the Punta di Tragara, where a large palace was discovered, with fifty rooms on the ground floor, their walls frescoed in the same manner as the houses at Pompeii. A charming walk is that from Capri to this Punta, on the sunny side of the island. The path runs below a high bank supported by small Roman arches, which are said to have been closed at each side, and thus to have formed a long series of cisterns in which water could be preserved for the soldiers and sailors of Augustus or Tiberius. Farther on along the coast are the white grotto and an extremely fine natural arch, and at the eastern extremity, the ruins of a lighthouse, which was the rival of the famous one of Alexandria, till thrown down by an earthquake a few days before the death of Tiberius. Above the ruined lighthouse stands Monte Tiberio, on the heights of which are a small church, Santa Maria, and the ruins of an immense palace, which on account of its commanding position is called the Villa Jove. Standing among these ruins one overlooks the main entrance to the Bay of Naples; white-sailed craft plying to and fro upon the deep blue sea; the Cape of Sorrento, and Salerno Bay, with its beautiful islands, Pæstum, and graceful mountains, range beyond range, till in the distance their tones mingle with the sky. Northward from Tiberio slope rude plains covered with fantastic cactus, that seems in its contortions to be struggling with the grey rocks until they reach a precipice, beneath which again is the sea.



Giant Cacti. Drawn by M. Stokes.

Besides Capri there is, beneath Monte Solaro to the north, the town of Anacapri, with nearly as many inhabitants. A carriage road now joins them, but until a few years ago there was no direct communication, and even now people may be found who have lived long lives at one place without ever having visited the other.

The Anacapriotes are of Greek origin, and the Capriotes as great a mixture as can anywhere be found. The name Capri is held by some to be derived from the Phœnician word Capraim, meaning two towns, and all agree that the Ana of Anacapri is the Greek prefix "upper," so that the derivation from the Latin *capri*, a goat, is absurd, though widely accepted, for the Romans did not come here till long after the Greeks.

About Anacapri the country is more open and less broken up than elsewhere; but painters looking for large open landscape will not find it. Those who love lightness and delicacy of colour in near bits, and to paint figures in their natural surroundings, must be charmed. They can have no difficulty in finding motives at any part of the island. The houses are for the most part whitewashed, and have low grey domes for roofs. The foliage is luxuriant and fruit abundant. In the vineyards is produced excellent wine. At Christmas even sweet violets are found and soon brought by small boys in hatfuls to the hotel doors. Soon the single narcissus follows with pink cyclamen, the crocus, and simple star-shaped anemone, running from red through all

the pinks and violets to white. The guide-books say: "The indigenous flora is very rich, comprising more than eight hundred varieties." All down the long dining-tables at the hotels are little bouquets that visitors have gathered, each one vying with her neighbour in making a rare or beautiful combination of colour.

Early in February masses of almond blossom show themselves. Then comes the peach, and lovely it is against the grey green olive-trees, and then plum and pear among the yellow lemons. The sun is hot at mid-day in March, and an umbrella a boon. Through the summer the climate is said to be delicious, and if one consents to take a siesta at mid-day, not uncomfortably hot. A cool wind blows constantly, one can have plenty of shade on the north side, and bathing in perfection. The children at the Grande Marina play about nude, running in and out of the water all day long. But in the winter, though it may be fine—and residents say it sometimes is all through—we know that it sometimes rains for weeks without stopping, until the draughty rooms become damp and mouldy, and the ill-fed fireplaces are besieged by shivering sun-seekers from two continents. The rain runs off quickly, however, leaving no mud in the streets, and the cheerful sun shines so pleasantly that such miseries are soon forgotten. In old Capri houses, during the cold weather, braziers serve instead of fireplaces, and children cluster round them, trying to warm their naked feet. They are very comfortless things, though sometimes quaint and pretty.



'Cold Comfort from an old Brazier.' Drawn by M. Stokes.

One of the few annoying customs of the place is that of begging by those who are not in want. No young girl or boy apparently is ashamed to ask for soldi; but it must be said that a refusal is generally taken with smiles. There is one boy who is able to cry real tears whenever he likes, and it is pitiful to see the salt tears trickling down his pale cheeks. He does it for a halfpenny, and is with somewhat profane humour called by his companions, "Mater dolorata."

It used to be very easy for artists to find models; but now the grown-up girls are rather shy of strangers, and the priests think it is dangerous for them to pose. For all that, there are some regular models to be had. Rosina is considered the first on the island, and certainly is a remarkably handsome young woman. She sits as perfectly as any model of London or Paris.

Two or three of the handsomest girls are chosen to sell corals, and they take it in turns to go to different hotels, where they sit with their large open baskets in the doorway, patiently knitting from early morn till evening. Most of the men are engaged in coral fishing, and only return from time to time.



Capri. From a Drawing by Adrian Stokes.

Then they have holidays, drinking and dancing to their heart's content. Their favourite dance is the tarantella. This may very well be seen at one of the hotels, where the best dancers will come any evening for a few francs; it is really worth seeing once. Generally the two pretty coral girls, Pascarel and Carmela, are chosen, and appear in short red dresses, white aprons, and bare feet. Their fine black hair is neatly plaited, and fastened by long silver pins—about all that is left of the old Capri costume. Two cavaliers accompany them in white, and a matron with some young friends and a large tambourine. The dance combines energy with grace, and tells a love story in pantomime. At first the two couples are happy, but ere long the girls begin to be jealous of one another, and show their dissatisfaction by furiously charging their unfortunate swains, and knocking them as they pass with their backs. Then they change lovers, and pretend not to care. At last all comes right, and one couple kneels down while the other dances round. All the time the old dame strums away on the tambourine, keeping time with her feet, and occasionally droning forth snatches of a song. The steps are lively and simple, and visitors who are active find no difficulty in joining in the dance, as they are usually entreated to do.

And so, farewell to Capri, with its enchanting air, its blue skies, and its fair faces. It is a delightful sun-spot, and to the pleasure-seeker, the Bohemian, and the artist full of subjects the most diverse. I may not find time to revisit this garden of the sunny south, but the memory of it will be always vivid.

ADRIAN STOKES.

THE HOME OF AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT.

DO you desire to make an inkstand?

Take a Chinese bronze elephant incense-burner, with dumpy legs that are hardly more than feet, remove the pierced howdah-like cover, and in its place put a low circular tower of green porcelain, domed with a *cloisonné* cup reversed, and crowned with a Japanese *netzuki*. Combine these things with metal mouldings and machicolated parapets fashioned after the manner of the thirteenth century; arrange the ivory finial, the dome and tower so that each may turn on a pillar at the back, uncovering receptacles for matches, red ink, and black; mount the whole on a slab of marble and suspend chains, and rings, and seals from tusks and trappings, and you have the inkstand Burges had made for himself, which occupied the centre of his writing table all the years I knew him, and reminds me of him more than anything he ever achieved.



The Front of the Melbury Road House.

Observe the power of adaptation: the things he is dealing with are Chinese and Japanese, but the whole is thirteenth century—Burgesesque. A few pieces of metal in his favourite style to unite them, and lo! this strange group of Eastern things fall into their places as if they had been originally devised for the purpose they now fulfil. As one looks at it in admiration of its rich colour, its usefulness, its elephantine strength, one never thinks of its lovely dome as a cup reversed, or of the ivory figure group that crowns it as a Japanese button. But it is in the bronze elephant itself that we are chiefly interested. This short-legged, thick-set beast exhibits the power of conventionalising a natural object in a very remarkable degree. The thing is so like and yet so unlike; so false in detail, so true in essence. It was this power of the artist, whether exhibited in Chinese bronze or Egyptian granite, in Pentelic marble or Caen freestone, that Burges was so quick to recognise, to appreciate, to enjoy. And it was this mastery in conventional treatment, this power of governing natural form so that it should best serve the artificial purpose for which it was selected, that he possessed in a remarkable degree Nesfield, Shaw, and Street, each in his own way, has produced architectural designs more beautiful and far more graceful than any building Burges ever designed or could design; but no one of the century in this country, or any other that I know of, ever possessed that artistic rule over the kingdom of nature in a measure at all comparable with that which he shared in common with the sculptor of the Sphinx and the designer of Chartres.

I often regretted that the Chinese bronze elephant, admirable as it was for an inkstand, should have so grown into his life that almost everything he touched partook of its thick-set, heavy proportions. Nor was mine a silent regret, for I spoke in no uncertain tones in those days when neither of us had much to do and when we saw a good deal of each other. That he was conscious of it I knew, for I well remember his delight one evening when he elicited unqualified praise on showing me a cup which had just come home, and chiefly remarkable because he had designed it with more graceful lines and on a lighter scale than usual. His head was slightly more inclined to one side than usual as he thrust the cup close to my eyes with the words: "There! is that light enough for you?" This heaviness might have been in a measure due to his short sight. How far the bronze elephant operated, or how much, if any, of this feeling of sturdiness may be regarded as having been inherited from his father, who was an engineer of eminence in his day, I am not prepared to say. The architec-

ture of Cork Cathedral or Cardiff Castle, as well as of the

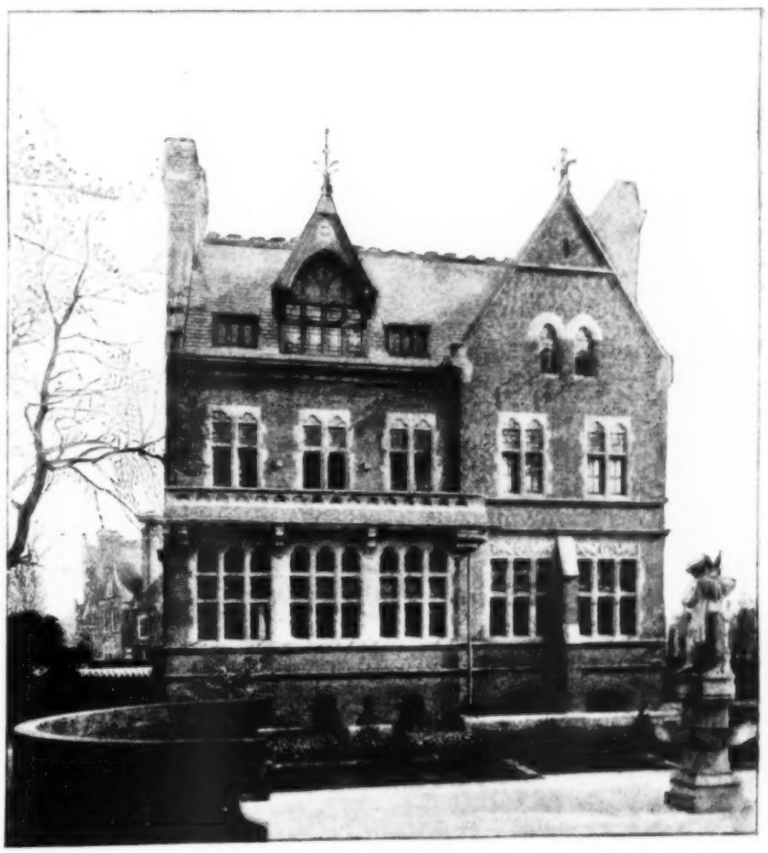


A Unique Inkstand.

smaller churches and houses he built, is in its quite unnecessary massiveness more than suggestive of engineering construction as we see it in breakwaters and bridges. This, no doubt, was a fault in the right direction, and is to be accepted not altogether as a conviction or expression of his architectural faith, but partly as a protest against the flimsy work of our time. The pity was that in making this protest he was led into exaggeration—a not unusual accompaniment in the language as in the work of all protestants.

Another influence which had a marked effect on Burges was the discovery, among the MSS. in the National Library in Paris, of the sketch-book of Willars de Honecort, a French architect of the thirteenth century, who with his friend, one Peter de Corbie, designed some important buildings. It was published in fac-simile in Paris under the editorship of Lassus, and in London with notes by Professor Willis. Of course Burges lost no time in seeing the original, and forthwith equipped himself with a book of similar material, dimensions, and make as that of Willars. This he eventually filled with original designs and sketches drawn in the manner of the thirteenth-century architect; and a fac-simile publication of this sketch-book, with notes by a competent hand, would form in my opinion the best monument we could raise to his memory.

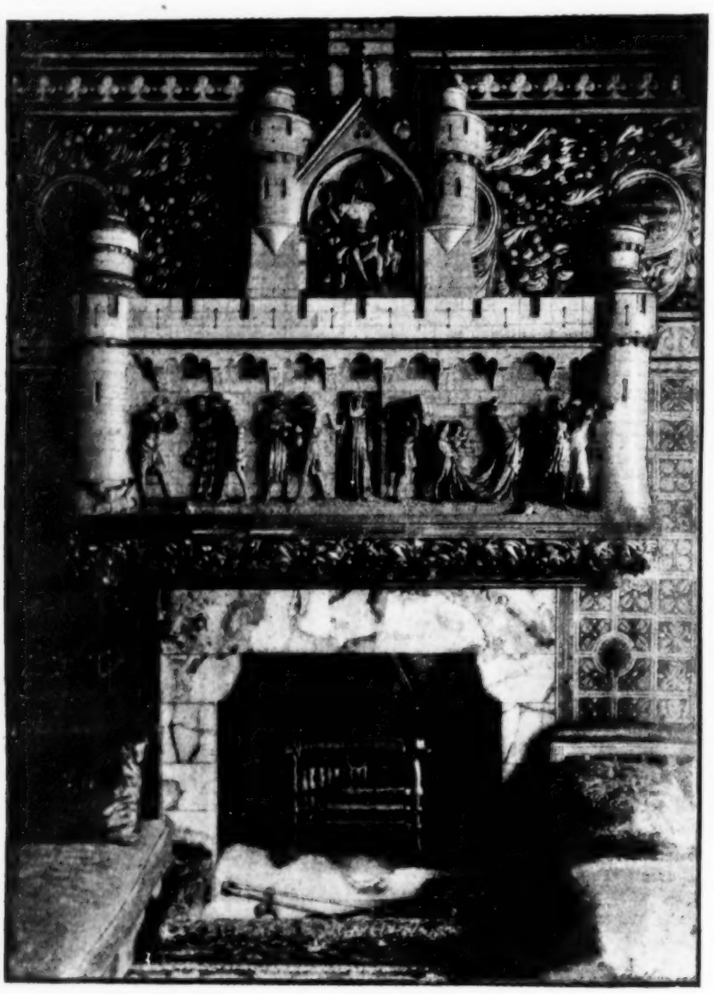
A keen sense of the comedy of life was another characteristic of my old friend. I remember how at a remote Irish hotel (August, 1867), after a long dispute on some architectural matters, I found he had sketched on the margin of a newspaper two thirteenth-century architects in a most comical pugilistic encounter, with the legend in Old English text, "Willars de Honecort et Petrus de Corbie inter le disputantes." Then, too, although he believed the French first-pointed to be the best school of architecture for us to work in—the type best adapted to our climate and requirements, his faith was by no means bigoted. His appreciation of the beauty, the picturesqueness of Greek architecture was intensely genuine. At the Conference of Architects held in London in June, 1876, he contributed a short paper on "The Importance of Greek Art and Literature to the Practice of Gothic Architecture," in which he said: "I would earnestly recommend a careful study of Greek Art and Greek Literature to my Gothic brethren. It is really the key to the position; but in studying Greek Art it will not be sufficient to consult Stuart's 'Athens,' and other like books. The actual buildings must themselves be visited. . . . It was not until I was actually on the spot that I understood how beautiful Greek Architecture was, and how nearly it was allied in spirit to that of the thirteenth century. From that time I took a new view of the latter art, and things which had before appeared arbitrary and confused became clear and logical. I saw the same mind working at Athens as at Chartres, but in a different climate, under different conditions, and with different material."



The Garden Front of the Melbury Road House.

When therefore the time came for the realisation of his long

day-dream, and he began to work out on paper the designs of his house in Melbury Road (p. 170), those who knew him were neither surprised to find that the building differed not from other modern houses in its general arrangement, nor that its Gothic character bore the impress of his Hellenic studies. In plan it follows closely the lines of a house he built at Cardiff for Mr. M'Connochie in 1871;—a half-sunk basement of kitchen and office, a ground floor of drawing-room, dining-room, and library, a first floor of three bedrooms and bath-room, with capacious attics in the high-pitched roof. A red-hot mediævalist would have ignored modern life and its advantages, such as they are, and would have perpetrated the anachronism of



The "Parts of Speech" Mantelpiece in the Library.

hall and solar, for which he might have found an admirable model in little Wenham Hall, Essex; but Burges, as I have already endeavoured to show, was no such revivalist. He could distinguish between Archæology and Art, and while the most conservative of antiquaries, was in all new works an evolutionist or developist rather than a revivalist.

Of the exterior of his house there is not very much to be said. It is singularly void of decorative features, the only thing in the nature of enrichment being a few mouldings, a little carving on the square capitals of the porch, some trefoiled heads to the windows, and on the lintels over the two library windows low reliefs of lions and griffins, recalling his admiration of the winged beasts from Nineveh. The walls are of dark red brick, the windows nearly all square-headed, have mullions, transoms, and jambs of stone, and the roof is of slate. But the garden at the back (p. 171) must be accepted as part of the exterior composition, for it possesses a structure, not very many feet from the house, overlooked by the drawing-room and library windows. This structure may be described as an open lesche (λέσχη) approached by a low flight of steps. Jura marble seats sweep round its semicircular ends, and a marble statue stands above a fountain, in the centre of its mosaic floor. Here on a summer's afternoon, Burges would delight to give tea to a few friends, who lounged on the marble seats or sat on Persian rugs and embroidered cushions round the pearl-inlaid table, brilliant with tea service composed of things precious, rare, and quaint; one thing alone wanting to complete the picture—a fitting costume.

It is time, however, to enter the house. As we go down from the lesche and walk round to the porch we notice that the flower beds, as sometimes seen in illuminated MSS., are raised above the path level and confined by dwarf walls. The porch, a trabeated structure supported on five square pillars, is as much Greek as Gothic, and is another singularly interesting example of the artist's power of adaptation and assimilation. Ascending the steps to the hall door we become aware for the first time, that though the exterior of the house is simple, if not severely plain, the interior promises to be quite the opposite. The door itself is entirely covered with bronze, and the panels, deeply moulded, are filled with figures. While we stand on the mosaic floor waiting for the door to be opened, we have time to recognise in the "Cave Canem" at our feet the master's quaint little "Pinkie," the last of a series of favourite dogs, and to see that the very lid of the letter-box is fashioned as Mercury attired in a tunic powdered with letters.

Inside, the power of the bronze elephant of the inkstand is at once felt, for although the hall in its height includes the first floor, every detail of hooded mantelpiece, staircase arches, and timber gallery, every line of decoration, from the Cretan maze with its battle of Theseus and the Minotaur in mosaic at our feet, to the chimes in the stained glass above our heads which ring out the hours of dawn, noon, twilight, night, personified as lovely maidens, is elephantine. The hall measures 15½ feet by 14 feet, but its detail is large enough for a hall that would measure 30 feet by 40. The wall opposite the front door has on the right of the fire-place a door leading to the library, on the left the entrance to the dining-room close to the stairs, and in the wall opposite the stairs is the door to the drawing-room. Each room Burges has considered in a way appropriate to the use or purpose of the apartment. Thus, in the dining-room, to avoid the odour of food, he has not only lined the walls with

slabs of Devonshire marble as a high dado, and glazed pictured tiles as a deep frieze, but has framed the ceiling of enamelled iron. In the library the walls are lined with closed bookcases made after the manner of the painted armoire in Noyon Cathedral: while in the drawing-room the walls below the painted frieze are covered with tiny wood panels most delicately painted with flowers and fairies.

The chief architectural feature in each room of the house is the mantelpiece. It strikes, so to speak, the key-note of the chamber. In the library it is sculptured as the Tower of Babel (p. 172), with the parts of speech in the likeness of human figures issuing from its portal. In the drawing-room it is the walled garden of Chaucer's "Roman de la Rose," with the friends of Love dancing beneath the trees. In the dining-room it is Chaucer's throned Fame, having an ivory head and eye of sapphire. On the mantel of the master's bedroom, fishes and a lovely mermaid bracket are carved in high relief. On that of the large bedroom called the armoury are shields and medallions, occupied by figures of Juno, Minerva, and Venus. In the day nursery, Jack and the Beanstalk cover the fireplace hood, and in the night nursery we have three monkeys playing at ball and supporting three brackets for vases. In proportion



The Drawing-room of the Melbury Road House.

and general design the most satisfactory of these remarkable mantelpieces is that in the drawing-room. The lower part and the sloping hood still speak to us of the Chinese elephant, but the arrangement of the embattled wall below and of the garden on an upper plane, as if in a conventional bird's-eye view, is worthy of high praise. Another instance in this composition of the master's skill is the way in which he has differentiated the dancing folk in the garden from the portraiture upon the wall. Adverse criticism might seize upon the image of the God of Love standing on the bracket set in the centre of the hood-slope as being, perhaps, too large for the other figures. If it were necessary to be of this relative proportion then the god should have been throned, as are the gods in the Parthenon frieze, which, somehow or other, manage to maintain the dignity of proportions largely increased above those of the processional human figures without causing the latter to appear in any way dollish or dwarfed. Indeed, in the chimney-piece of the adjoining room (the library) Burges has himself recognised this principle. E. W. GODWIN.

(To be continued.)



THE HYPNEROTOMACHIA POLIPHILI.

EVERY lover of old books and every student of the art of wood engraving must be more or less familiar with the magnificently illustrated work of Francesco Colonna, bearing the above somewhat enigmatical title, which we may interpret as "the strife of love in the dream of Poliphilus." The close of the fifteenth century, which had been an era of marvellous activity in the artistic and literary life of northern Italy, was fittingly marked by the publication by Aldus Manutius of this masterpiece of his famous press, for as such we may regard the first edition of the Poliphilus printed in 1499. The elder Aldus rarely called in the aid of the engraver to illustrate his books, and, with the exception of the Dante of 1515, we can recall no other work of the Aldine series which can compare with this in the abundance and excellence of its wood engravings. There can be but little doubt that the Hypnerotomachia speedily obtained a wide reputation, and that it was eagerly sought after by artists and designers, both in Italy and in other countries.

While the authorship of this work was long a subject of dispute, the name of the artist who designed these admirable illustrations still remains a matter of conjecture. The writer, as it was shown by Zeno, enshrined the secret of his identity in the initial letters of each of the thirty-eight chapters into which the two books are divided, and which read "Poliam



Fig. 1.

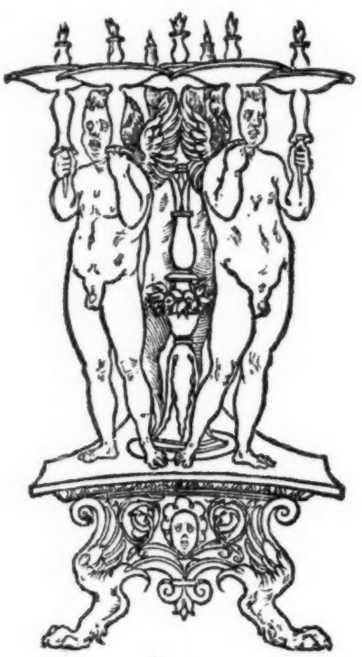


Fig. 2.

frater Franciscus Columna peramavit." The Dominican friar who thus celebrates his affection for Polia has been accused by some of a real amour with the Lucretia Lelia mentioned in the opening chapter of his second book, while others have pointed out that Polia was but a personification of things past or of antiquity, and they have ridiculed the idea the author himself conveys, that he was the victim of a consuming passion for a lovely lady of Treviso.

We do not propose here to treat of the Venetian edition of the Hypnerotomachia, except incidentally for the purpose of comparison, nor can we discuss the rival claims of Bellini, Francia, and Carpaccio for the authorship of the inimitable woodcuts, to the number of one hundred and sixty-five, with which it is adorned; but we would pass on to the consideration of the French translation which Jean Martin dedicated in 1546 to the Comte de Nantheuil, and which was published by Jaques Kerver of Paris. The French folio, though avowedly a translation of Colonna's work, is far from being a literal reproduction of it, and Jaques Gehori, who is spoken of in the dedication as a "gentilhomme vertueux et de bon savoir," has freely condensed those portions of the author which appeared to him diffuse and uninteresting. Kerver's work, like the Italian original, is abundantly illustrated, and the name of the artist who, with the Aldine woodcuts before him, produced the beautiful designs for the French edition of 1546, is also, strange to say, unknown. The names of the greatest men of that period have been at different times put forward as claimants for the honour, and Jean Goujon, Jean Cousin, and Geoffroy Tory have each in their turn been quoted as their probable author. The reasons which led to the production of this work in France are not far to seek—we may clearly attribute it to the influence of Serlio, Primaticcio, and other Italian artists who had been invited to France by Francis I., and we may note that to Jean Martin we owe the fine translation of the Architecture of Vitruvius in 1547, and of that of Alberti in 1553. Serlio had published his first two books of Architecture, also translated by Martin, in 1545, the year previous to the date of the French "Songe de Poliphile," and in the same year the younger Aldus produced a second edition of the Hypnerotomachia, which was, page for page and line for line, a reproduction of the original work, issued half a century earlier. Monsieur Fillon has pointed out that the only difference between the two is the absence in the latter of the large initial letters to the chapters, and the fact that four of the wood blocks have been re-engraved. Kerver was determined that his work should in no respect fall behind that of the Italian printer, and the volume printed by Loys Cyaneus will ever be prized by artists and book lovers. It is a small folio of one hundred and sixty-four pages, including six pages, unnumbered, of introductory matter, and a blank page at the end with a Hermes and the motto, "Ne me præteri." The elaborate engraved title is beautiful in design and, excluding this and the woodcut on the final page, there are one hundred and eighty-two illustrations. No one can for a moment doubt that the author of the French illustrations was an architect; he enters most lovingly into the details of the temples and palaces described in the novel, and in numerous instances he gives far more ample and elaborate designs than did the artist employed by Aldus. In the case of the Italian woodcuts, many of which are very rude in execution, Monsieur Fillon and other skilled observers have detected the work of at least two different artists, and arguing from the treatment of the draperies, the massing of the hair and foliage, and the monumental arrangement of many of the illustrations, Monsieur Fillon considers there can be but little doubt that we have here the work of a sculptor who may even have been, as he hints, the celebrated medallist Sperandio.

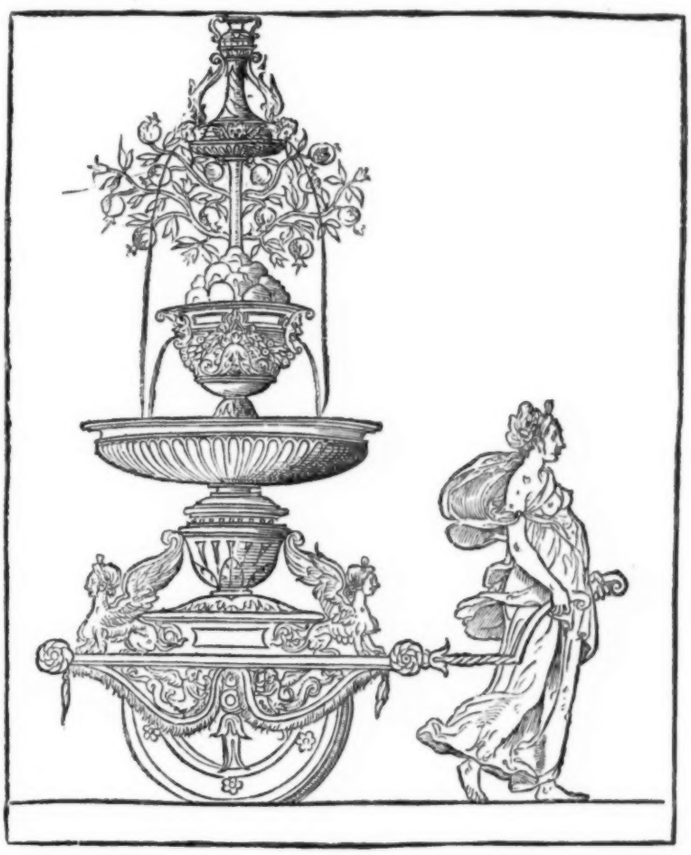


Fig. 3.

For the time at which he wrote, Colonna manifests a most surprising acquaintance with the details of classic architecture, and the rules he gives for the proportions of the triumphal arch in his fifth chapter, based on the laws laid down by Vitruvius, prove to us that he had carefully studied that author. In the French translation, not only have we this arch itself, modelled on the original illustration, but we find also a diagram of proportions which exceeds in minuteness the instructions given by Colonna. Again when we come to the description of the nymphs' bathing pavilion, while the Italian artist contents himself with a drawing of the weathercock, the French illustrator creates for us both an exterior and an interior view of the baths. He also shows us the labyrinth or whirlpool, and the arcades in the gardens of the

palace of the Queen Eleutherides, of which no illustrations are given in the Aldine folio.

It is a most interesting study to the lover of wood engrav-



Fig. 4.

ing to place side by side the work of the artist of 1499 and the interpretation of the same designs by the skilled draughtsman of half a century later who supplied the illustrations for Kerver's folio, and though on the score of their quaintness, their admirable feeling for ornament, and the bold manner in which difficulties have been met and grappled with, the Italian designs must claim our most hearty admiration, we are bound to award the palm to the unknown illustrator of the French edition. We have reproduced in fac-simile a few of the woodcuts of Kerver, and in order to show the freedom with which the French artist has handled the work of his predecessor, we have engraved also from the edition of 1499 one of the same subjects. Fig. 1 is the illustration in the Aldine edition of a vessel of perfume in the palace of the queen, and Fig. 2 shows the way in which the French artist has dealt with this design; this is very characteristic of the mode of treatment adopted by him throughout. It will be observed that he corrects the perspective of the base of the epergne, and by the addition of shading gives roundness to the somewhat meagre outline of the Italian design. He also considerably alters the more minute details of the ornament, and thus somewhat mars the original grace. Monsieur Piot, who has written concerning this unknown Italian artist, has styled him "the dolphin master" because of his fondness for that fish, so dear to the ornamental draughtsman, and he considers that he has discovered traces of his work in upwards of two hundred illustrated books of the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century. He attributes to him many of the beautiful initial letters and printers' devices of that date, and endows him with the authorship of some of the best illustrations of the period. Be this as it may, there is an undoubted charm in his designs for ornamental foliage and decorative accessories. His figures are for the most part rude, and the nude figures of females are clumsy and ill-proportioned. We have selected for the initial letter of this essay one of the refined compositions of the dolphin master, taken from a work printed by Scotus in 1499. The French artist is perhaps too elaborate in his detail; his figures are, however, graceful and admirably drawn, and the flow of his drapery is harmonious and beautiful. One of his happiest creations is the female figure with the fountain on a chariot, which we have selected as our third illustration, Fig. 3. The description of the fountain given by the author is very complete, and the illustration is taken almost exactly from the reversed design of the same subject in the 1499 edition, with the addition of shading and some alteration in the pose of the "damoyselle." Fig. 4 is another of the vessels the author describes; a species of magic fountain, on miniature wheels, used by the queen and her guests for their ablutions.

It is difficult among so many delightful examples to know which to reproduce as specially typical of the artist's method. The frieze we have placed at the beginning of this article is, however, an excellent specimen of the treatment of ornament in the French edition, and our illustration Fig. 5, on this page, will give a good idea of the skill of the French figure draughtsman. Here we have the meeting between Poliphilus



Fig. 5.

and the five nymphs after his encounter with the dragon. He tells us that when one of them spoke to him he was mute with shame and fear, and stood like a statue. The magnificent processions of which there are illustrations, much in the style of Mantegna; the numerous drawings of fragments of classic antiquities; the strange series of designs for the ceremony in the temple, when Polia discloses herself to her lover, combine to render this work one of the most interesting monuments of the art of the wood engraver.

G. R. R.

SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

WHEN once fairly embarked on his voyage of discovery, the student of the Decorative Arts is astounded at the enormous wealth of design exhibited in the paintings of the Old Masters. It is not, indeed, in the masterpieces of the great painters that he always finds his treasure-trove, but more frequently the labours of the lesser luminaries of Art provide the richer store—works the general interest of which had perhaps been insufficient to attract his attention until this special quest had allured him to them.

And herein lies one of the pleasures of this pursuit: pictures he even thought uninteresting before have now for him a special charm, as he discovers they bear a palimpsest of history, the very caligraphy of which he had hitherto been ignorant of, or at least had disregarded.

Let us take one such picture in the National Gallery, and note how much there is, anent our present purpose, to be gleaned from it. It is one by but a second-rate painter of the Venetian school—a school which we are fortunate in possessing so many fine examples of—and will be found in the north-east corner of the Long Gallery, No. 803, 'The Circumcision,' by Marco Marziale. From a purely artistic point of view it is not an attractive picture, the figures lack charm and grace, the forms are cumbrous and heavy, and the flesh tones dull; but an analysis of the elements of its decorative design invests it with an interest which, from our special standpoint, raises it to a much higher rank in Art than it had ever before occupied in our regard. Of Marco Marziale, the painter, we know very little; he painted but very few pictures, and the dates of all those we know of range from 1499 to 1507. He was certainly not a great painter, but he was a most industrious encyclopædist of decorative design. From the little his work tells us of himself, it seems probable that he was a pupil of Gentile Bellini, and the first certain evidence we have of his existence is that recorded in the "Carteggio" of Gaye, that useful wages-book of the painters who wrought for the State of Venice in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries. From it we learn that Marco Marziale was engaged to assist and work under Giovanni Bellini in the decoration of the Great Hall of Council in January, 1492, at the rate of twenty-four ducats per annum. Giovanni's own rate of wage at the same period was sixty ducats a year; but then, of course, he had many other privileges, so it would be unfair to Giovanni to rate Marziale's relative artistic power in like ratio to Giovanni Bellini's pay. Nevertheless twenty-four ducats per annum was by no means the wage of a very inferior craftsman in those days. As an assistant of the Bellini, he would be a fellow-labourer of Carpaccio and the other greater painters whom these brothers Gentile and Giovanni gathered round them, and being a man of great receptivity, would be greatly influenced by all they did; indeed, so receptive was he, that many of his brother artists accused him of having stolen their designs. Certainly from Carpaccio, Marco Marziale either "conveyed" the charming little mandolin player who seats himself at the feet of the Virgin in his 'Madonna and Child enthroned' (National Gallery, 804), or Carpaccio, in his delightful 'Presentation in the Temple' (painted for San Giobbe at Venice, but now in the gallery of the Academy there), in common with Marco borrowed it from Giovanni Bellini's altar-piece in the same church; but which was the first plagiarist is doubtful, as both Carpaccio's and Marco's pictures were painted about the same time. So impressed are Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle with Marco's predatory powers, that they propound that he, of all others, was the pirate alluded to by Albert Dürer when he wrote to his friends in Nuremberg that there were painters in Venice who did not scruple to copy his



Lectern from a Picture by Marco Marziale. National Gallery, No. 803.

works without acknowledgment. Yet there were certainly other contemporary painters whose work betrays much more of Dürer's influence on Venetian Art than does any one of the few pictures left us by Marco Marziale, who then had so little local reputation that it is doubtful if the great German master ever even heard of him. That Marziale was an encyclopædist of design has already been acknowledged, but an encyclopædist would lose his value if he invented all his facts rather than gathered them from other sources; so from whatever source he obtained the good things he has preserved for us, we must be thankful for his conservation of them, even should they be stolen goods; yet there

* Continued from page 152.

is nevertheless plenty of internal evidence that many of the designs he has incorporated into his composition of the picture under consideration bear a strongly individual impress, and were modified by, if not invented by him.

Marco Marziale's career as an independent painter was a very short one, covering but eight years, and our National Collection includes almost the earliest and the latest examples of his work. In his picture of 'The Circumcision,' which forms the subject of the present notice, he represents the rite as being administered in a Byzantine church, cruciform in plan, having an apsidal chancel and its crossing covered by a dome supported on a lofty tambour. The aisle-



From a Raised Velvet Tissue by Marco Marziale. National Gallery, No. 803.

less nave is spanned by a barrel vault, but as that of the first bay from the transept is intersected by a transverse groin, for which no structural necessity exists, we may therefrom assume that the building he here represents had no existing prototype and was simply and purely a design of his own. All the vaults and the tambour of the dome are covered with brilliant mosaics on golden grounds, and I would particularly draw attention to the varied, and in many instances beautifully designed, patterns introduced into this portion of the picture. Some of these are undoubtedly suggested by details existing in St. Mark's, but many others, especially the horizontal bands of the vault of the apse, are palpably derived from fifteenth-century Turkish work—the Art of Constantinople rather than of Byzantium, not infrequently simulating Kufic inscriptions, and derived probably from sketches made by Gentile Bellini when he, on the invitation of Sultan Mehemet II., visited Constantinople to paint that Sultan's portrait. Bellini took two workmen with him, and if we knew anything about the date of Marziale's birth, it would enable us to form an opinion as to whether he was one of these, and if the strongly Eastern tendency manifested in his work was the result of personal observation, or if it were one of those "conveyances" of which he has been accused. This introduction of mosaic which is found in almost all his works, and notably in both of those the National Gallery possesses, supports strongly the supposition that he was a pupil of Gentile, who himself was a worker in and designer for this gorgeous mode of decoration. Round the archivolts which span the nave, the first versicles of the Song of Simeon are set forth in letters of quaint design, and the lateral walls are reveted with a high dado of white marble having a black marble frieze. Into this richly decorated setting a group of fifteen personages is introduced. In the centre is the Holy Child seated on a flat-topped lectern of carved wood, which serves as the sacrificial altar, a woodcut of which will be found on the preceding page. The lower part of this forms an ambry enclosed with perforated metal doors, and within it we see an office book, a thurible, and an incense boat of silver, parcel gilt, and of most elegant design. This receptacle serves as the base for a bulbous pedestal of carved work, which in its turn supports the table of the lectern, covered with a corporal of diapered linen having a delicately embroidered border wrought in sampler stitch and well worthy of careful examination. Above this is placed a cushion (not shown in our woodcut), which is also elaborately embroidered with an interesting pattern in gold, even the very tassels, formed of three pendent tufts of silk hung on to a gold embroidered ball, offering a good decorative suggestion to the trimming manufacturer. Attached to the front of the lectern is a label or "cartellino," setting forth that "Marco Marziale the Venetian, by command of that magnificent Knight and Jurisconsult the learned Thomaseo R., made this picture in the year 1500." This Thomaseo R. was Thomaseo Raimondi, a Knight of the Order of Jerusalem; a man of considerable note in Cremona, as a distinguished lawyer, a poet, and the author of a history of a journey to the Holy Land; and as it is probable that his was the first important commission Marziale ever obtained on his own account, there is little wonder that he wrought it so elaborately.

It was painted for the principal altar of the Church of San Silvestro, in Cremona, and there it rested for nearly three hundred years, until the destruction of that church at the close of the last century. It seems to have been deemed a successful work, and to have pleased the Cremonese, for its companion picture in the National Gallery was also painted for the principal altar of the Church of San Gallo in the same city in 1507. There, moreover, exists in the Conservatorio of Sta. Maria delle Penetenti of San Giobbe, at Venice, a picture dated 1499, which was evidently the first study for the upper portion of the central group of the picture of the Circumcision, without the attendant portraits of the donor and his family, and with less magnificent surroundings. Here, in the one before us, the portrait of Thomaseo Raimondi occupies the fore-front of the right-hand corner of the picture, a good-looking man of some

five-and-thirty years of age, whose set features recall the lawyer rather than the poet; but it is more the design of the mantle which covers him than the man himself which interests us at present. This is a sumptuous robe of raised red velvet, such a fabric as Venice was just now winning commercial and industrial renown by weaving. The pattern of it is given in our illustration on p. 178, and is composed of the conventionally treated thistle bud, or so-called "pomegranate" form surrounded by the curvilinear foliated cartouche, which played so important a part in the design of textile fabrics in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Whence came this form? and why did it take so firm a hold upon the fancies of the designers of so many countries? These are questions difficult to solve, but very well worth the inquiring. It seems almost certain that it had an Eastern origin. It is foreshadowed in some of the Indian and Persian woven fabrics, but yet there is nothing quite like it until it touched European soil, and then it seems all at once to have taken root and flourished amazingly. Nor is it quite certain on what natural basis the conventionalism of its arrangement was established. Called generally nowadays by the name of the "pomegranate," or "pineapple," pattern, it does not truly suggest or appear to be derived from either plant, and its accompanying leafage is more allied to the artichoke or thistle tribe than to either of those plants whose name it popularly bears, whilst of course it could only have been by clairvoyance that a fifteenth-century designer could have hinted at the latter. There is, indeed, in Roman sculptured ornamentation a bulbous husk with radiating foliage, which replaced the Greek anthemion as a recurrent motive, and to which it is, in idea, much akin, and may be its forefather, but when the foliated cartouche was added as a boundary to this, it allied it at once to Gothic art.

Uniting, then, the instincts of the two great phases of Art which were then co-mingling, it won the suffrages of the followers of each tradition, and became mutually adopted. The why and the wherefore of long-surviving ornaments has not yet received sufficient investigation, yet their pedigrees are often of more historic interest than many others to which elaborate elucidation has been freely and learnedly given.

Common in its general design to all countries where weaving was prosecuted during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, this "pomegranate" pattern yet managed to obtain an individual or national characteristic which at once marks its place of origin, and though almost the same structural lines may be found in the designs of the tissues of Italy and Spain, of Flanders and of Germany, yet there is a grace and freedom in the one here engraved which at once stamps it of Italian birth. Nay, more, the reiteration of the wild pink, the garofola, or red clove of Italian poets, gives almost a personality to Marco Marziale and the wearer, for it is by no means a common element of design in such of these stuffs as Time has handed down to us. That the pattern pleased the painter is evidenced by the fact that it re-occurs on the mantle of the donor's wife, who occupies a corresponding position on the left-hand side of the picture; but here it is of deep blue instead of red, and to it he has added the very elegant and gracefully designed border engraved on page 180, wherein the letter D is made good decorative use of, and no doubt indicates her family name. The groundwork of this is of a light blue silk, with golden embroidery, which relieves most pleasantly the somewhat sombre tone of the dark blue velvet of the mantle. Indeed, the entire costume of the lady is a charming study in colour, and well worth careful attention as an illustration of late fifteenth-century dress. Her robe is of white, having a closely convoluted pattern formed by a thin red line all over it. It has a border of gold embroidered with a black ornament (see following page), the which in point of design is half a century earlier, and a thousand miles more eastward than that of the border of the mantle; so wide apart in style and epoch of design are the robe and its trimming that without such evidence as this before us we could not have supposed that they could appear side by side on the same figure, nor, indeed, save by a Venetian painter living at the confluence of the industries of the East and West could they have been so placed. Her sleeves, which are of blue velvet and cloth of gold, slashed to let the white robe be puffed through, add a brilliant point of colour to her costume.



From a Satin Tissue by Marco Marziale. National Gallery, No. 803.

The culminating point of decorative design is reached in the pattern which ornaments the cope of Simeon the high-priest, which presents many remarkable characteristics. The fabric itself is a satin damask, and is an unusually early exemplification of this manufacture in Europe, China being the source of origin whence most of this then rare material

was obtained. Its pattern is, however, of indubitably Italian design, and the fabric came from the looms of Venice or Florence, for Florence then produced these smooth-surfaced silks in the greater perfection, Venice holding pre-eminence for her velvets. On it we have the same multifoil cartouche which surrounds the "pomegranate" centre of the design previously mentioned, but in place of the pomegranate we have palmettes or bouquets of flowers and peacock's feathers, the same garafola or pink being largely introduced, but always on a *fond* of the raised silk. This "throw up" of the silk, indeed, plays a most important function in the design, all the fainter tint shown in our engraving being so produced. It is of the same white as the groundwork of the fabric itself, but of course, by reflecting light at a different angle, varies its appearance in every fold, now showing a light pattern on a darker ground, and again reversing itself and shadowing its form in deeper tones, so that the effect of this in motion must have been one of scintillating beauty.



From the Picture by Marziale. National Gallery, No. 803.

Most of the other portions of the main formative lines of the design are expressed in golden yellow, whilst the floral motives are in natural colours, pink, yellow, and pale blue, the stems being all drawn in dark green, now changed to black by the alteration of the pigments. The naturalistic drawing of these stems is most unusual at the period when conventional rendering of all natural forms was in vogue. The pink, the pimpernel, and the tufted blossoms of a species of groundsel, are drawn with the greatest freedom, yet with an ever-present recognition of the natural object, and in the whole range of fourteenth-century Italian textile design I do not know a more interesting example than this cope of Simeon. Its orphry is of rich gold embroidery on a red ground, whilst the beautiful orphries of the alb and amice are of yellow and white embroidery on blue silk, in a geometric pattern well worthy of attention.

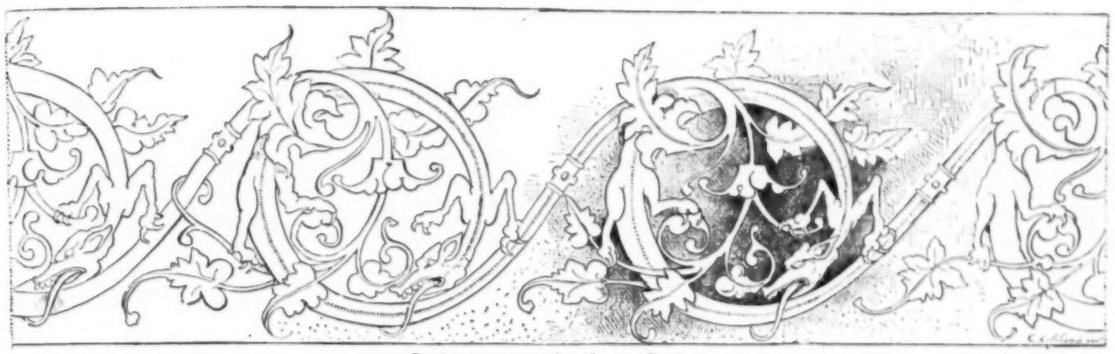


From the Picture by Marziale. National Gallery, No. 803.

Our Lady is simply robed in the traditional red tunic and blue mantle, but there is a particularly well-designed ornament of purely Italian—indeed of Umbrian—character on the embroidery, on the shoulder-strap and armlet, of gold upon a deep green ground. St. Joseph is completely vested in a mantle of yellow, plain and without ornament now, but if you examine it closely you can see that this simple tempera painting was an after-thought, for underneath it can be traced the fine lines of a closely-wrought pattern, which tells us that the painter sacrificed his yearning for design and detailed ornament to the needs of his picture—if, indeed, it was he who did this, for it has much the appearance of having been painted in by a later hand. The gospeller who holds the book behind the high-priest is vested in a fabric of very ancient pattern, and which must have come either from the looms of Sicily, or more probably from the farther East, being almost archaic in its design, and composed of what may be termed rebated lozenge forms separated by dots, such a pattern as appears on Greek vases, on Assyrian sculptures, and in the textiles of Asia to this day; the ground is green, and the pattern is formed in yellow and white, but it offers many suggestions in design to the makers of jute fabrics and other simple woven stuffs where the pattern is simply thrown up in the weft, in the same manner as the "damask" of a tablecloth is obtained. The early Italian pictures are full of suggestions for the simplest of all means of producing an effect, and the Botticelli picture (275) which hangs on a screen near this offers several based on geometric lines which are very available for such purpose.

There is also a charming diaper of green and white squares arranged lozenge-wise on the surcoat of the child in the foreground; the green squares bounded by and charged with a cruciform ornament in yellow, whilst red ornament and bounding lines are embroidered on the white square. Every portion of this child's costume is full of design, even to the hem of his garment, on which a delicate arabesque of black on a white ground is wrought. For braided work the turban of the female figure standing behind St. Joseph offers a very interesting suggestion; nor must we forget the charming lamp which hangs over them all, suspended from the golden vault above. It is formed by an inverted cone of greenish glass margined round about with a deep repoussé rim of gilt metal, and surmounted by a dome-shaped canopy of very rich design. It will thus be seen that this one picture brings before us a great number of suggestions in design for various technic arts: at least half-a-dozen patterns exist in the ornaments of the mosaic work of the vaults; five or six patterns of embroidered or woven borders will be found in it, as many designs for diapered or other surface decoration, examples of beaten metal-work and of bookbinding, besides the carved wood lectern shown in our first woodcut.

G. T. Robinson.



Design to go round a Cup or Beaker.

HOME ARTS.—No. IV. REPOUSSÉ OR SHEET METAL-WORK.*

IT cannot be too carefully considered by all who are interested in the minor arts—that is, those in which proficiency may be attained even by children—that they involve no great exertion, either mental or manual, so far as mastering their rudiments are concerned, and that when the beginning is once well made, the more advanced stages almost teach themselves to any one who is simply patient, inquiring, and persevering. Yet it is to be observed that the attention to, and practice in, these first steps must be absolutely thorough; and it is a sad truth that neither in the works on education of the present day, nor in its carrying out, is this principle half, or even quarter developed. In the arts, as in everything else, it is naïvely assumed that anybody can teach the beginning, and that little care need be given to it, but that genius or skill should be specially devoted to the higher branches. Hence it has resulted that we have no great investigators into the art of making beginnings in Art.

There is an extremely easy and cheap method of executing repoussé work, which the writer was the first to set forth in "The Minor Arts" (London: Macmillan, 1880), and in a "Manual of Repoussé Work" (W. Wheelock, New York, 1882). The publication of these works was immediately followed by such a widespread enthusiasm for repoussé, that dealers in metal and tools estimate that there are now at least one hundred thousand amateurs in America alone pursuing the art. The reason for this rapid advance is attributed by experts to the fact that while sheet metal-work was previously executed, even by beginners, on pitch, aided by annealing, and with such implements as to require an outfit costing several pounds, to say nothing of a special atelier, the process of cold-hammering on wood taught in these manuals was so easy and cheap, that for six shillings, which included the cost of tools and materials, a salver or plaque, 16 inches in diameter, could be produced, and that even at a table in a drawing-room, provided there was no objection to mere noise. It is a gratifying reflection that manufacturers and dealers in metal-work have generally admitted—though often with ill grace—that no minor art has done more to make popular the idea among amateurs that the hand-made is, in Art, superior to anything produced by merely mechanical methods. "Brass hammering seems to have this in it, that it is killing off the *chromo* of every kind in ornament. People who a few years ago thought a fancy thing must be *better* because it was made by machinery, are now asking if it is hand-made? Every girl who hammers a finger-plate or an ash-tray, has learned to look with less respect at the most beautiful machinery-stamped articles and say, 'Oh, it's all very fine, but it isn't *Art work* such as *I* make.'" Of which it may be said that the young ladies here referred to are quite in the right.

I shall therefore devote this article to repoussé or "beaten out" sheet metal-work as it may be most easily executed, that is to say, by hammering the cold metal on wood, this being, in the opinion of several eminent artists, men conducting large manufactories, and skilled artisans, the best method for mere beginners; the more so, as I have found by practical experience of hundreds of pupils who have passed through my hands, that anybody can without difficulty, and with no more instruction than I shall impart in this paper, learn by it to make a good piece of brass work. And if this be thoroughly and carefully done, so as to fully master all that can be fairly effected by cold hammering on wood, the pupil need no more apprehend any difficulty in working deep relief on pitch, and by annealing, than he who has already played ninety-nine games at billiards need fear as to his ability to get through the hundredth.

Repoussé work of this kind is chiefly effected with a hammer and tools which, to an unpractised eye, look very much alike, and resemble large nails without heads. This is, in fact, the source from which they were evolved, since I have seen in Nubia pretty silver bangles or bracelets, etc., actually made with only a nail, and a stone for a hammer; and in America a lady, who had no other tools, once brought me a very neatly worked tray, which she had made with a screw-driver and a common nail filed across the end. The proper tools are, firstly, *tracers*, with which the pattern is outlined; and secondly, *mats*, used to indent, roughen, or stamp the background. A beginner may with only one of each of these, costing ninepence each, execute a good piece of work; but, as he goes on, he will want more to master unexpected curves and other problems. I have known one workman—a man of "the first force," who of course made his own tools—who had accumulated two thousand five hundred

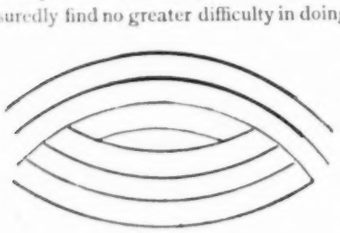
* Continued from page 108.

of these "punches;" but such a collection is almost unknown, even among the most experienced. It is to be remarked that this making one's own tools from the nail-rod sold for the purpose, is by no means so difficult as might be supposed, and I have known a clever boy who made them very well.



Lesson 1.

I have remarked in my "Manual of Repoussé Work," that there is a very general impression that to work in sheet metal is very difficult, because it seems like blacksmithing, and is unfit for ladies. But the whole and only real difficulty in the art is the ability to draw and trace patterns well. I do not advise or encourage anybody to attempt brass work who expects to depend entirely on the drawing of others. But if a lady can draw a design with a pencil on paper, she will assuredly find no greater difficulty in doing the same with a hard-pointed stick on a sheet of very thin brass. Some of this, no thicker than paper, is so soft and pliable that it may be indented or hollowed deeply even by a lady's fingers. Sheet brass is made in about thirty degrees of thickness, the difference of each successive number being almost imperceptible. Of course by beginning on the thinnest, and going to thicker grades, one may progress on the principle of Milo and the calf. But by making a few experiments, the ease with which sheet metal may be worked is quickly ascertained. If a piece be laid on a board in which a shallow saucer-shaped indentation is cut, it may with a light mallet be easily formed into a hemisphere. But even if we draw a pattern on a piece of brass an inch thick, it will be found very easy to beat it into the solid metal with light blows. Now assuming that the pupil has some sheet brass—a few pieces of No. 25—a pine



Lesson 2.



Tracer and Mat.

board an inch thick, a hammer, a tracer and a mat, a paper of half-inch screws, and a small screw-driver, work may be begun. Screw a piece of brass 6 inches by 6 on the board, and let the screws be about an inch apart, and close to the edge. In executing patterns, always leave a wide margin for making up, and remember that all the edges with holes must be cut away. Now with a ruler and a lead pencil draw on the metal parallel lines, one fourth of an inch apart. Then, taking a *smooth* tracer, which makes a mark like ——, put it on the end of a line (No. 1, First Lesson), and give the upper end a tap with the hammer, but at the same time *move it along while tapping;* that is to say, you are not to first make one mark and then another at the end of it, such as — — — —, but as long and as perfect a single line as possible, *e.g.*,

I regret that in the earlier editions of my "Repoussé Manual" the proper method of learning to run lines was not described with sufficient accuracy. Let no one attempt any work whatever in repoussé till he or she can do this to absolute perfection, and make lines which look as if actually drawn with a ruler and a point. That is wretched work in which there are dents, breaks, or irregularities in the outline; yet almost all pupils, in their eagerness to produce "something to show," hurry into pattern work before they can run lines properly. To do this well requires generally not more than two lessons of two hours each, but to achieve it in this time the pupil must work very earnestly, and with scrupulous care. The next, or second lesson, consists of lines drawn with the compasses, and the third of a leaf pattern, which is only a virtual repetition of lines already worked in No. 2. The same may be said of No. 4, which corresponds throughout very closely to both. It was a favourite work in the fourteenth century to make salvers, which were of the simplest compass work as to design. The principal

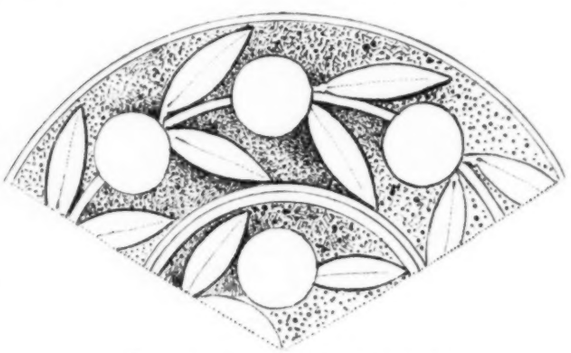


Lesson 3.



Lesson 4. *The whole may be drawn with compasses.*

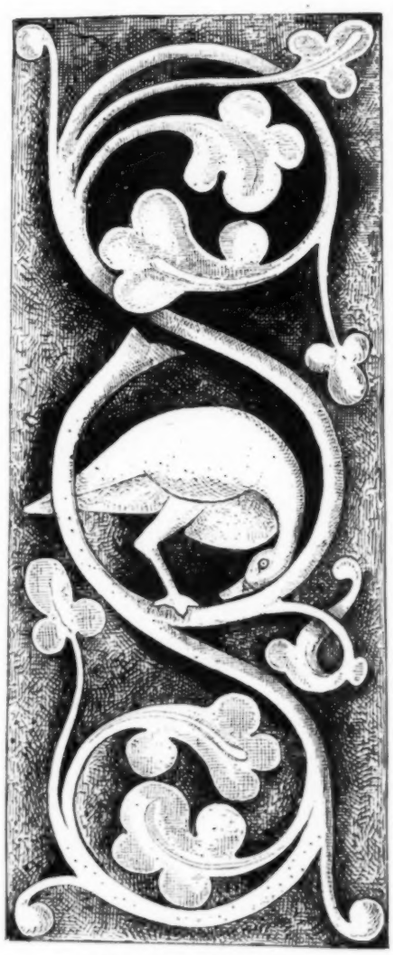
object of such a piece of work as No. 6 was to produce bosses or projections, which, when polished, would catch or reflect light; hence the constant employment of oranges, pomegranates, bunches of grapes, and the simplest leaves.



Lesson 5. *A simple Mediæval pattern.*

As the main object of easy repoussé is decoration which may be seen at a distance, it will be understood that this rude German mediæval work embraces more of the true principles of the design which is proper to it than is to be found in so

much fashionable modern work, which runs into petty picture making and microscopic minuteness.



Finger-plate for a door.

The beginner who is without a teacher should make the first outline very light. If he begin, while as yet unfamiliar with metal, to hammer a deep outline he will develop irregular hollows and furrows on one side of the pattern, while there is no indentation on the other, and the result will be to make it "buckle," that is to bend the lines into awkward shapes, inclining to one side or the other. During the progress of the work it may require outlining at least three times. Advanced workmen depend on their own skill as to this.

When you can run a line to perfection, and not before, draw a pattern such as No. 5, and with a mat *hammer in* the background, at the same time making it rough. This tool may be from one-eighth to one-fourth of an inch diameter at the end, but it is advisable to have several, particularly one or two with very small working-ends to get into small spaces and corners. In this, as in leather-work, where you cannot get into a very confined place, have a mere point—a round French nail will answer—to prick dots. By alternately tracing and then matting, or beating-in with great care, a relief may be obtained which would seem incredible to one not familiar with the capacities of cold hammering. I have known boys of from thirteen to fourteen years of age, who, after working for a year at it, attained a facility in rounding, smoothing, and moulding patterns without ever breaking the metal, and that in such high relief, that it would have seemed incredible to many workmen who had only worked on pitch and by annealing. On one occasion, when all the best skilled men in a factory of two hundred and fifty metal workers denied that deep relief could be obtained in this way, one of my teachers, who also worked in the factory, produced two pieces—a dog's head and two ducks—nearly two inches deep. He effected this by introducing blocks of wood under the sheet metal.

We will now suppose that the beginner can run lines perfectly, and "mat-in" the ground.

It is sometimes usual to go over and finish the pattern with a kind of tracer, called a *borderer* or *border tool*, which is like ....., and makes a line precisely resembling that of the *dot-wheel* in leather-work. An expert will begin and end with this if he chooses. Try to learn to do all this without breaking through the metal. To be sure it is very difficult at first, and any brazier, tinman, or tinker can solder up the holes so that all will look well, but it is incredible what a degree of skill one can really attain in keeping the brass whole, yet in beating it high and in perfect form, if one will only practise.

The pattern must be very accurately drawn. It is not enough that one has drawn patterns for needlework or flower-painting in a sketchy way. In needlework false lines are easily corrected, and in flower-painting few blunders ever come to light, but in metal a stem which is thick or thin out of place leaves an indelible impression—*litera scripta manet*—and all errors come out in all their deformity. Then lay a sheet of black-smoked or tracing paper on the metal, and over this the pattern. Go over the latter with extreme care with a bone or agate point. I never knew any beginner to do this really well the first time. If there are errors rub all out with fine sandpaper and begin again.

If you make a plaque, salver, plate, or anything which requires to have the edge turned round and wired, take your work to a brazier or tinworker. Leave sufficient margin. Finger-plates for doors can be mounted very prettily in a frame made of four very narrow strips of brass one-eighth of an inch in thickness. If you buy a common pair of bellows it can be covered on both sides with brass. Those who wish for special designs may consult by letter with the writer. Small armoires or closets, caskets, panels for cabinets or chimney-pieces, trays, cigar-ash cups or saucers, may also be embossed. A tankard or chalice may be worked in a flat sheet and then made up by soldering. All the designs in this series, whether for wood-carving, leather-work, or stencilling, can be used for brass work. There is also a se-



Panel and Frame. Coloured relief.

ries of thirty-six designs for repoussé, working size 16 in. by 16, on tough paper, published by W. Wheelock, New York, sold singly, or at twelve shillings for the set, particularly designed for easy work.

For fine work a block of lead may be used, for high relief very soft pine wood. If the brass is buckled in the sheet it may be smoothed after being laid on the wood with a flat-iron, or with an iron made for the purpose.

To polish brass the best article is a German paste to be had of Barkentin and Krall, Regent Street, who were the first to supply amateurs with all the tools and material needed for repoussé. Rotten-stone, or Tripoli, and turpentine to begin with, finishing with oil and chamois skin, are also good; as is oxalic acid, which produces a bright surface at once, but which injures delicate work by frequent repetition. To colour the ground black, which produces a fine effect, use sulphur and ammonia, or even good oil-paint. Work will endure a great deal of cleaning without wearing this ground away, and even if it does, the colour is very easily renewed. The pupil will do well to avoid, for work which is to be often cleaned, too many *inside lines*, such as feathers in birds, too many ribs in leaves, scales in fish, or lines in their fins or tails. It is quite an art by itself to learn to run these fine lines with a tracer without beating in the metal. Beginners will find it easiest to learn to use a graver. A few days' practice will enable any one to engrave lines and easy ornaments. Any jeweller will give lessons in the art.

Copper, pewter, and even tin, may be worked like brass. "Red-metal," which resembles copper, is, though tough, the easiest of all metals to work, and much liked by artists for repoussé. Silver is tougher and harder than brass, but is finer in quality, and is in the end the most agreeable for a skilled artisan to manage. When the pupil can work a brass pattern, he may attempt a flat silver bangle with disconnected ends.



Lid of a Box, or Panel and Frame.

At the last great Conference on Education, at Manchester, there were exhibited twenty-five pieces of repoussé work, several quite large, so beautifully executed as to excite general admiration. These were all made by a class consisting entirely of common farm labourers and their children, established by the Rev. Mr. Rawnsley, in Keswick. Six months before the Conference not one of these poor people had an idea of what art of any kind was. It may be observed of repoussé that it specially trains the young to familiarity with tools, and develops ideas of constructive faculties and of design, which qualify them for more practical work.



Design for a Plaque or Salver.

I propose in another paper to describe working in sheet metal on pitch, and by means of annealing. Those readers who are in London may see work both in cold hammering or by heat practised by the class on Repoussé at the Home Arts Association, Langham Chambers, Regent Street, where lessons are also given, and all information imparted as to studying the minor arts.

When repoussé work can be sold directly by the artisan to the last purchaser or "consumer," it is very profitable, as the objects made of it are not only durable, but very ornamental. A single large burnished plaque after a good pattern almost decorates a small room of itself; two or three such pieces "light up" as no other kind of ornament can do. Hence its great popularity. It was greatly in vogue in this manner during the Middle Ages.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

NEARLY nine thousand works sent in! And of these only one thousand seven hundred and forty-six exhibited, the remainder of the total of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-five exhibits being contributed by members. No doubt these seven thousand rejected performances—for whether rejected entirely, or "unable to be found a place for," as the Academy notice euphemistically puts it, the result is practically rejection—represent a very large amount of disappointment; but the disappointment is in a great number of cases not at all legitimate. It is no exaggeration to say that the authors of half the seven thousand had no more claim to be seen in a public exhibition than the numerous strummers on the piano who delight to torture the ears of their friends, are fit to play at a Monday Popular. Genuine hard cases there always must be, but we are fain to believe they are few, and that in the main justice is done, and that the work of the year shown on the walls of the Academy is the pick of the material submitted for choice. Whether the one hundred and eighteenth exhibition of this annual Art work is good or bad we will not attempt to decide. Opinions on such a point must always differ. But it may safely be said that if there are no works that stand out prominently as the works of the year, the general average is high, and the aspect of the exhibition as a whole is, thanks to judicious hanging, good. Portraits and landscapes, as usual, bear off the palm; and landscape painters should be pleased, for the place of honour in the large room is held by one of their number, Mr. DAVIS, with a picture as fine as any even he has ever painted. Next to it hangs the portrait of the year, the Duke of Cleveland, by Mr. HOLL, than which it may be affirmed, without exaggeration, a more splendid example of the art of portraiture has seldom been seen on the walls of Burlington House. Of the subject pictures, the three which will attract most attention are Mr. ORCHARDSON'S 'Mariage de Convenance—After!' Mr. WATERHOUSE'S 'The Magic Circle,' and Mr. BURNE-JONES'S 'Depths of the Sea;' but no one of them is an example of the painter at his best. There are three or four remarkable works of sculpture, viz., Sir F. LEIGHTON'S 'Sluggard,' Mr. A. GILBERT'S 'Enchanted Chair,' Mr. ONSLOW FORD'S 'Folly,' and Mr. THORNYCROFT'S 'Sower.' What might be called the subsidiary portions of the exhibition are stronger than usual, water colours, miniatures, works in black and white, and architectural designs, being all of more than average excellence.

We will now proceed to notice some of the principal works in detail.

GALLERY I.

Passing by with a glance of languid interest (4) Mr. SANT'S chubby little boy holding a bunch of 'Forget-me-nots,' (6) Mr. FRANK MILES'S weak and washed-out 'Children of Captain Price,' and (11) Mrs. PERUGINI'S 'Katie, daughter of George Lewis, Esq.,' we come to

No. 12. 'Warranted quiet to ride or drive,' J. C. DOLLMAN. A well-painted version of a very old *Punch* joke; the figures of the dealer and the would-be buyer are well contrasted, and the horse is good; but somehow or other vulgarity predominates over humour in the picture.

Very pretty is (18) ADOLPH BIRKENRUTH'S 'Study of a Head,' and strong and vigorous (20) the likeness of Mr. W. B. Hawkins, by JOHN PETTIE, R.A.; but the latter has better work farther on.

No. 21. 'Ruth and Naomi,' P. H. CALDERON, R.A. The figures of the mother and daughter are beautiful and impressive, but it is safe to say no such Ruth and Naomi ever dwelt in Moab or Bethlehem; but then, again, neither Moab nor Bethlehem is like the country depicted by Mr. Calderon.

It is worth while to cast a look up aloft at (22) 'The Lock,' by F. G. COTMAN, an artist who has not yet fulfilled his early promise, and at (25) a finely modelled head of a lady by T. MATESDORF.

No. 28. 'The late Earl of Chichester,' F. HOLL, R.A. One of those portraits of old men in which the artist excels; here, too, he has avoided accentuating the ruggedness of old age, and has given all the refinement of the sitter without any loss of strength or vigour in the technique.

No. 29. 'A Delicate Question,' H. STACY MARKS, R.A. Too delicate apparently for the old guardian, whose demure-looking ward seems to enjoy his perplexity; but surely she is tall for her age, or her hair too long and her petticoats too short.

No. 34. 'The End of the Harvest,' DAVID FARQUHARSON, is a very beautiful little landscape, full of air and sunshine, and capital in the action of the figures. Would that there were a few more such landscapes of the same size.

Appreciative notice should also be bestowed on (35) 'The Goat-Girl,' J. G. TODD, which, though slight in execution, is charmingly harmonious in colour, and very graceful in the rendering of the figure of the girl; and (40) 'On Shannon Shore,' ALFRED PARSONS, a remarkably honest piece of work.

No. 41. 'In Cairo,' JOSEPH FARQUHARSON. We must congratulate Mr. Farquharson on painting two such admirable Oriental subjects as this and one we shall come to farther on: he has succeeded in catching the general look and colouring of a Cairo scene to perfection.

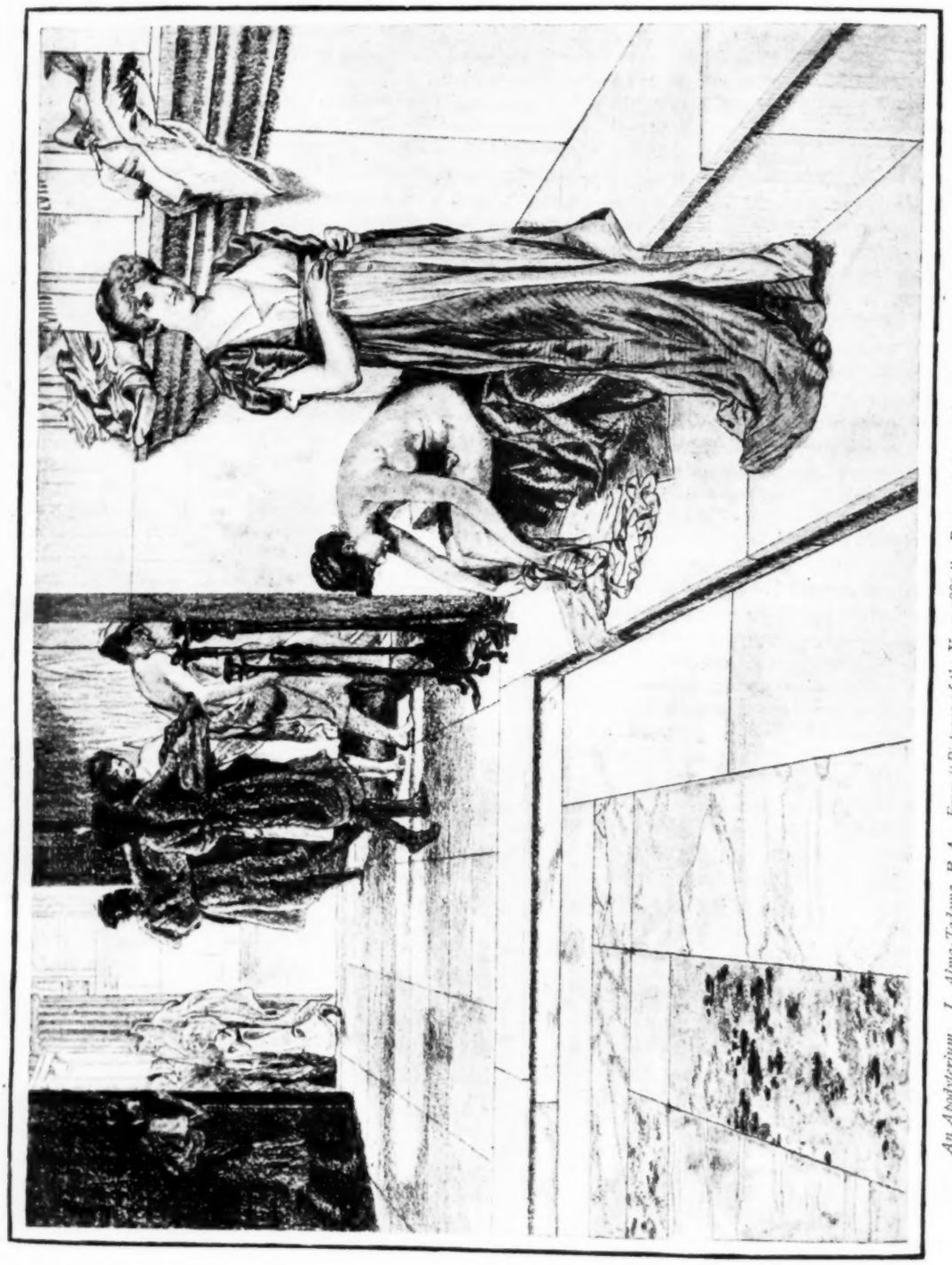
No. 47 'An Artist's Almsgiving,' J. B. BURGESS, A. The description in the catalogue tells us that the Spanish painter, Alonzo Cano, who passed his time in his old age in acts of charity, would, when he had given away all his money, enter a shop to make sketches to give to the beggars, who sold them to the neighbouring convents. Like all Mr. Burgess's pictures, it is full of conscientious work, and the story is well told; and yet, with all its merits, it arouses no enthusiasm—the *vis sacra* is somehow wanting.

Two charming landscapes hang close by, quiet, sober renderings of nature: (48) 'A Moorland Garden,' by A. H. MARSH—the figures in this are very good—and (49) 'Beer Head, Devon,' by JOHN WHITE; nor is (52) 'The Bridge at Gretz,' by J. LAVERY, without merit. Of (54) 'Bon di,' by VAL PRINSEP, A., we can only say that it is unfortunate it

should inevitably challenge comparison with Mr. Fildes's brilliant renderings of Venetian beauties.

No. 55. 'The Exile, 1746,' B. RIVIERE, R.A. There is much tender sentiment in the figure of the exile, and the dogs are as usual admirable; but Mr. Riviere is not at his best this year.

No. 60. 'Sea Daisies,' J. C. HOOK, R.A. One of the painter's bright and breezy sea pieces, marred, as they sometimes are, by the figures in the foreground, though the conceit of the rustic Titania adorning her faithful four-legged Bottom is prettily rendered.



An Apodyterium. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A. From "Pictures of the Year, 1886." By permission of the Proprietors of the "Pall Mall Gazette."

No. 61. 'The Flower-Girl,' LUKE FILDES, A. A splendid piece of colour; the face and figure of the blonde beauty, as she stands among her flowers, are most attractive, and the colouring, though brilliant in the extreme, is not gaudy or meretricious. If one wished to be hypercritical, one might

suggest that the right arm is too short, and that though the stockings may be thick, there should be some signs of articulation in the instep showing through.

No. 65. 'The Broken Oar,' J. C. HOOK, R.A. A fitting pendant to No. 60: indeed, we like it better; there are no figures to spoil our enjoyment of the sea.

No. 66. 'Choosing a Summer Gown,' H. WOODS, A. The best picture Mr. Woods has painted since he was elected an Associate: brilliant in colour, certain in execution, admirably composed, and full of character, only the landscape leaves anything to be desired.

A mother kissing her baby is not a very novel subject, but it is sure to touch the sympathies of the British matron, and (70) 'Good Night,' by FRED. MORGAN, is at any rate a refined rendering of it. Mr. PETTIE'S portraits are always full of character, and (72) 'Newson Garrett, Esq.,' is no exception to the rule. In (73) 'Old Companions,' by W. MAW EGLEY, the accessories are very well painted.

No. 78. 'Mrs. Harrison;' JOHN S. SARGENT. Mr. Sargent has been singularly favoured by the hangers this year. No doubt there is a certain *chic* about his portraits, and at a distance the general effect is not unpleasing, but his colouring and composition are both eccentric. We like this portrait, spite of the extraordinary guise of the lady, better than either of his other exhibits, and certainly than his Salon picture of this year, which will not please even his most fervent admirers. Passing into

GALLERY II.

The eye first catches (85) a good likeness of Canon Liddon, by H. M. PAGET, and a charming landscape (86), 'A Golden Common,' by VINCENT P. YGLESIAS, and then rests with modified satisfaction on

No. 87. 'Puritan and Cavalier,' F. GOODALL, R.A., otherwise two children playing at hide-and-seek. The attitude of the children is good, but why, even if they are spindle-shanked and weak-kneed, must their natural defects be so very obviously insisted on? Another very charming little landscape is (88) 'A Hayfield,' by C. J. LEWIS; and (89) 'The Black Kitten,' by H. WEIGALL, shows us a pretty little girl caressing her favourite.

No. 94. 'And winter's breath came cold and chill,' JOS. FARQUHARSON. In this picture Mr. Farquharson returns to his old love, the snow, and proves that his visit to hot climes has not made him forget what it looks like. Nothing could be more natural than the swirl of the river through the half-melted lumps of ice and snow, and the gleam of the wintry sun through the bare boughs.

No. 96. 'Waiting till the west wind blows,' FRANK WALTON, is another rendering of nature, the trees longing for the first breath of spring, which will enable them to burst their winter bonds.

No. 97. 'The Chieftain's Candlesticks,' JOHN PETTIE, R.A. One of the most powerful and impressive pictures this artist has given us for some time. The chieftain's chair is empty, and on either side of it stands a man holding aloft a lighted torch, which sheds a golden-yellow light over the scene.

There is some capital strong painting in (100) 'Not lost, but gone before,' by A. CHEVALLIER TAYLER, an old man and his grand-daughter in a churchyard; but the eye leaves it with pleasure to rest on—

No. 101. 'Pangbourne,' VICAT COLE, R.A. A truly lovely rendering of a lovely spot, but from what point of view it was taken it would probably puzzle Mr. Cole himself to say.

In (103) 'The Estuary of the Thames,' Mr. CHARLES WYLLIE has given us one of the best pictures we ever remember to have seen from his hand; both foreground and distance are admirable, and the painting is at once firm and delicate. So much perhaps can hardly be said for (104) 'To the Rescue,' by WALTER HUNT; it is good, but inferior to his last year's Chantrey picture. All who know the East will appreciate (108) 'Courtyard: Algiers,' by HENRY E. DETMOLD.

No. 109. 'A Breezy Morning: East Coast.' Mr. MOORE has signalised his election as an Associate by sending four fine seascapes, of which it is hard to say which is the best; the freshness and brininess—if we may be allowed to use the expression—of this one is beyond dispute.

No. 114. 'The Water-wheels of Savassa,' H. WOODS, A. Another capital picture by this artist, who is very strong this year: the perspective is capital, and the figure of the girl coming down the steps most graceful.

No. 115. 'Pharaoh's Daughter,' EDWIN LONG, R.A. Charming damsels with rounded limbs and smooth skins of varying shades of brown, seem to flow from Mr. Long's brush with the same ease as periods from the pen of a leader writer, and whatever may be said of the artistic merit of the performance, they always please; nor will the present bevy of beauties grouped to depict the finding of Moses in the Nile be any exception to the rule. Where, by the way, did Mr. Long get his ideas of what the banks of the Nile are like?

No. 122. 'The Woman's Part,' COLIN HUNTER, A. Mr. Hunter is not at his best this year, but this is perhaps as pleasing a picture as any he has sent.

No. 123. 'Work-a-day England,' W. L. WYLLIE. One of the best pictures in the exhibition, and it is a great pity it is put away in a corner. It represents the busy Medway at Rochester, full of teeming life afloat and ashore. The attitudes of the navvies at work in the foreground are admirably true to nature, and the whole is full of little morsels, each one a complete sketch in itself.

Above this picture hangs a clever work (124), 'Obsequies of an Egyptian Cat,' by J. R. WEGUELIN, but somewhat deficient in drawing; and high up on the neighbouring wall (127) 'Mrs. A. C. Arkwright,' a capital portrait by Mrs. A. LEA MERRITT. In (129) 'The Village Congregation,' by J. AUMONIER, we have a scene in complete contrast to Mr. Wyllie's, but none the less a typical English one; the sense of peace and repose is very truthfully felt.

No. 130. 'The Sick Doll,' W. P. FRITH, R.A. We have no wish to be disrespectful to an artist of Mr. Frith's ability, but really it is a question which is the more trivial, the picture or the lines attached to it in the catalogue. If Mr. Frith must needs give us the picture, he might have spared us the doggrel.

No. 135. 'Young Life on Old Ground,' J. C. HORSLEY, R.A. Such are Mr. Horsley's overflowing geniality and love of fun, that we suppose he finds it necessary to temper them by passing a certain number of hours annually among grave associations—hence the frequent churchyard scenes with which he has lately favoured us.

(To be continued).

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

IT seems to be quite beyond dispute that there is among this year's spring exhibitions no rival to the display which Sir Coutts Lindsay and his coadjutors have arranged at the Grosvenor Gallery. Its superiority is not merely a relative one, nor entirely the result of the present unsatisfactory condition of the majority of the competing shows, but is in a measure the outcome of an absolute advance made in the general quality of the work it includes. The standard of the whole collection has been raised, not, it is true, to any very large extent, but still perceptibly, and the improvement is accentuated by the very obvious deterioration apparent elsewhere. There are in the gallery no pictures of sensational importance, nor of a type that is likely to attract popular notice in the same manner that Mr. Mitchell's 'Hypatia' did last year; but there is a quite satisfactory array of typical examples by various artists of repute. To Mr. Watts is due the credit of having produced what is perhaps the worthiest illustration of the painter's craft that finds place upon the walls; while Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Richmond, Mr. Tadema, and Mr. Henry Moore support him, each to the best of his ability. From more than one of the younger painters also comes prominent work—from Mr. Shannon, Mr. Reid, Mr. Murray, and Mr. Bartlett; and in sculpture the palm is carried off by an artist, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, whose well-deserved reputation is of most recent creation.

Mr. Watts, indeed, proves in his 'Hope' (61) that there still remains to him, after a long life of consistent endeavour, no slight amount of technical vitality and of imaginative power. His energies would seem to be almost unimpaired, and his skill to be free from trace of deterioration. The picture is not in truth faultless, for it is certainly possible to object to it that it explains itself incompletely, but it presents every essential quality of treatment and execution. Its colour is altogether charming in its subtlety and refinement, and, although limited, is free from monotony. The drawing and action of the figure are excellently expressed. Mr. Burne-Jones is seen at his best this year in his 'Sibylla Delphica' (161), a decorative arrangement of a single figure in clinging robes of faded orange; but he is less successful with his 'Flamma Vestalis' (1), a smaller picture of similar inspiration. His third contribution, 'The Morning of the Resurrection' (96), illustrates well enough his manner of treating religious subjects. At the same time it affords him an opportunity of displaying his capacity for arranging a colour harmony of greys, dull reds, purples, and blues. Mr. Richmond's greatest strength is as usual shown in portraiture, although he is also represented by both landscape and figure pictures. His 'Hermes' (89), a nearly nude figure of the messenger of the gods stooping to untie his sandal, is scholarly, but is at the same time hard and unimpressive; but the 'Pastoral' (168), a landscape in Sparta, seen under evening light, is, on the other hand, full of the charm of subtle tone relation, and of gently graduated colour. Best among his other work is the portrait of 'Lady Davey' (91), an excellent likeness enhanced by an agreeable colour scheme. He has again been fortunate in securing another sitter so susceptible of pictorial treatment as 'Miss Burne-Jones' (102), whose features he has recorded with more than his usual success, and with exceptional refinement. Mr. John Collier's portrait of Mr. Irving (41) is only tolerably happy, for it misses much of his picturesqueness of facial outline and expression; but Mr. C. W. Mitchell has painted a child with some skill, and with not a little freedom from conventionality. Of Mr. Holl's admirable technique it is not possible to say anything that has not already been said more than once, it must suffice to note that his powers are as great as ever. By a young painter, Mr. J. J. Shannon, is also a portrait (159), that is in a measure one of the features of the exhibition. A study of white against white, it hits the happy mean between flatness and exaggeration, and is strong without being forced, and subtle without being flimsy. It is excellent in handling, and is satisfactory in drawing, and there is a certain amount of originality in the pose. Mr. Tadema too has sent a portrait (67), but his 'Foregone Conclusion' (72), a tiny sunlit canvas, is much happier. With it may be compared Mr. Weguelin's 'Summer Afternoon' (77), a single figure in brightly coloured draperies. Brilliancy and strength have been the aim of Mr. Waterhouse in his 'Flower Market' (104), but he has after all overpassed due limits and has produced a result less satisfactory than usual. Mr. Orchardson's 'Master Baby' (31), a picture of which the scale is hardly justified by the subject, depends for its interest entirely upon technical beauties—others it has none. Mr. Boughton's 'Edict' (60) too is well painted, and is a genuine piece of comedy. Mr. Poynter does not this year add to his reputation.

Landscapes, and pictures in which the figure is treated in combination with landscape, are fairly plentiful in the exhibition. Among the best are Mr. David Murray's 'Peat-Cutters' (27), and 'The Mill' (188), both slightly too cold in colour, but full of knowledge and unusually well painted. Neither of Mr. Keeley Halswelle's Scotch subjects (35), and (228), does him credit, for they lack too evidently that spirit of nature which gave so great a charm to his earlier paintings. They are able up to a certain point, but are entirely conventional. Mr. Alfred Parsons has a large picture of an orchard (122), carpeted with the greenest of grass; and Mr. Hamilton Macallum has apparently adopted certain rules of practice that have relieved him from the trouble of seeking fresh impressions. Mr. Parton's 'Lingering Light' (141) bids us almost despair of the painter of the 'Waning of the Year,' whose artistic future seemed less than a decade ago to be so full of promise. Mr. J. R. Reid and Mr. Bartlett make no new departure; but Mr. Napier Hemy has attempted, in (149), a rough sea, and has rendered it with excellent effect. Mr. Henry Moore's 'Sunset after Storm' (142) deserves the highest praise as an unrivalled transcription of a magnificent atmospheric effect, and does justice to his technical capacity. Skill of hand and unimpeachable taste also characterise the landscapes of Signor Costa; and Mr. M. R. Corbett does good work in a style that is strongly akin thereto. We may also in conclusion note pictures by Messrs. Tomson (32), E. A. Ward (130), Browning (179), and by Miss Armstrong (12), and water colour drawings by Messrs. Hepworth, Mempes, and J. M. Donne.

THE PARIS SALON.—No. I.

SOME curious statistics of the contents of the present Salon were given by one of the morning Parisian newspapers. Stating the quantity of space occupied by pictures at 14,209 yards, military subjects are supposed to take up 3,279 yards, 900 antique subjects 3,279 yards, 500 landscapes 2,186 yards, 300 domestic subjects 2,186 yards, 100 portraits 1,093 yards, 200 interiors 1,093 yards, and divers odds and ends 1,093 yards. If this be true, it shows that in spite of De Neuville's death, and the absence of Detaille and Berne-Bellecour from the present exhibition, military subjects are still considerably more numerous than any others except those taken from ancient history. True, many of the former are of outrageous size—one, a scene from some Tonkin battle, covering nearly an entire wall with an amount of bad work rarely met with in a French picture gallery, to say nothing of the disgusting nature of the details. But still one sees the taste for *la gloire* all over the exhibition in pictures large and small, good and bad. Portraits are not nearly so numerous as usual, but amongst them are many of the first quality, as, for example, M. Elie Delaunay's, "Mme. . . .," a lady, if I may say so, with less than her share of good looks. Yet this picture is of the most *distingué* order, and the original is as *distinguée* as the painting. Clad entirely in black, with the exception of the gloves, which are tan-coloured *gants de Suède*, holding a black fan, and relieved by a background of black and gold tones, the picture is a mass of the most delicate and refined colour. The modelling of the face and gloved hands, and the vigorous handling of the flesh painting are beyond all praise.

But the picture of the season, and certainly the one which ought to receive the *médaille d'honneur*, is M. Benjamin Constant's 'Justinian.' It occupies a large part of one wall of the first room, and is startling in its gorgeousness of colouring. For some years past this artist has been giving us jewels and golden stuffs painted as few others can do them; but this picture surpasses all the others. The composition is the worst part, but M. Constant seems devoted to a long couch on which to place his figures, as in last year's 'La Justice du Chérif.' In the 'Justinian,' the Emperor occupies a marble throne in the centre of the picture; behind him is a white marble disc reflecting the violet tones of his robes. On either side are two porphyry pillars, and above, in a gold mosaic niche, is a bronze Victory, which alone would be a fine study for a still-life picture. The walls are marble panelling surrounded by a mosaic border; the floor is, also, of various coloured marbles. On each side of Justinian are three councillors seated on gorgeous couches; on the right ecclesiastics, on the left laymen. The first of the churchmen is a monk in a white habit, the next wears a yellow and gold cope, the third is a young deacon in blue and gold. A Byzantine tone is given to the work by the exaggerated turn of the head of the second figure on the left, which one might say was not quite correctly poised upon the neck, as is so constantly the case in early Art. A ray of sunlight is cleverly thrown across the picture above Justinian's head, which strikes the throne, the shoulder of the monk, and the knee of the next figure. The Emperor's outer robe is of violet velvet embroidered in gold, with a square piece in front of green and gold; underneath is a vestment of a gold textile fabric, laden with jewels, and on his head he wears a diadem enriched with precious stones. In the foreground is a swarthy half-clad scribe reading from a papyrus, a leathern case lying by his side. This is the least satisfactory part of the picture, as the figure does not come away sufficiently from the others. Doubtless it may be thought that the flesh painting suffers from all these sparkling surroundings. Not at all; it is as vigorous as possible, and the expressions are telling. But there are not many painters who could make their heads stand out from all this wondrous technique of gold stuffs, and jewels, as M. Constant has done in this, and in his other equally fine work, 'Judith.' The picture has of course been inspired by the play of *Theodora*, in which Bernhardt acted so splendid a part.

Turning round, one sees, facing 'Justinian,' a very remarkable arrangement in dead leaden colour without light or shade, by M. Puvis de Chavannes, a painter who has received the *médaille d'honneur*, never yet accorded to Henner, or Delaunay. In the catalogue we find an explanation of M. de Chavannes' wall-coverings, which may be designated either as "antique," or "domestic," or "divers," according to our statistician's classification. "'Le Bois Sacré, cher aux arts et aux muses'" (which was exhibited in 1884) "était la composition génératrice de deux autres sujets: 'Vision Antique' et 'Inspiration Chrétienne,' l'art étant compris entre ces deux termes, dont l'un évoque l'idée de la forme, et l'autre l'idée du sentiment. Un quatrième panneau représente 'Le Rhône' et 'La Saône,' symbolisant la Force et le Génie." Now doubtless this "explanation" is very clear to the painter, but I confess I do not understand a word of it; and when I first beheld the junction of the Rhône and the Saône I had not the slightest idea that they were symbolising Power and *Génie*—to my commonplace mind they were simply a strange contrast of excessively clear and monstrously muddy water rushing along side by side. So in M. de Chavannes' 'Vision Antique' I can only see inanimate women, badly grouped and indifferently drawn, gazing at a troop of horsemen from the Parthenon frieze, who seem galloping along regardless of the sea, into which they must infallibly go unless a miracle takes place to prevent them; and in his 'Inspiration Chrétienne,' a poor, boneless, muscleless, half-starved individual, gazing up at some wall painting, brush and palette in hand, to which his fellow-monks seem strangely indifferent, while an admiring audience behind him looks on with enraptured eyes. One only wishes that the work which this inspiration has called forth, and which seems so to delight the admiring public, were within the picture, that we too might profit by "l'Inspiration Chrétienne." Alas! we are a faithless and stubborn generation, and except to a few devoted followers, M. de Chavannes has his sunless sentiment in vain. Realism, pure and simple, may be a mistake; but that is no reason why form and colour, drawing and texture, should be utterly ignored—particularly in a work which pretends to illustrate form. Talking of realism brings to my memory some tran-

scripts of Norwegian scenery in this same room by M. Normann. Here there is no want of colour, or form, or texture: it is Nature itself, put on to canvas with the palette knife.

As decorative works far superior to M. de Chavannes, are those by M. Montholon, 'Sur la côte, Provence,' deliciously sunny and light, and M. Cesbron, 'Fleurs du Sommeil,' a nude figure of Sleep rising out of a bed of poppies. This is a beautiful work in every way, and a delightful piece of low-toned refined colouring.

Suffering humanity has found a clever exponent in M. Perrandeau, whose 'Misère' is very pathetic. There are many such subjects; and when properly treated, as, for example, by M. L. Deschamps, they are quite legitimate ones for pictures. But that is no reason why we should be inundated with the brutalities of the lowest classes; pictures showing the rampant drunkard and the ever-suffering wife and children. On the other hand the ouvrier at his work is quite a subject for study, and how many pictures of this sort there are this year!—workshops and forges of all kinds. It is curious, too, how there seems always to be a certain stratum of ideas flowing about, so to speak, in the artist brain. Thus, I should say, the idea this year seems to flow mainly through workshops, sculptors' studios, the miraculous, and animals of the pig tribe. Of these latter, there must be legion, M. Monginot heading the list with his 'Médaillé,' a self-satisfied, sleepy "porker" surrounded by some lovely wild flowers—poppies, corn-flowers, marguerites, and the like. Then we have a picture of the industrious pig, 'Le chercheur de truffes,' by M. Paul Vayson. The treatment of the landscape background is excellent, and the will with which the animal does his work raises the tribe in our estimation, and makes one feel that, much maligned though he has been, the pig still has a strong sense of duty.

The high-horizon school is progressing, both in its power and in its eccentricities. M. Roll is one of the oldest of this set. His 'Damoye, paysagiste' is a wonderful, realistic portrait—and a wonderfully ugly picture. The horizon is on a level with the man's beard; consequently, all but just the upper part of the canvas is occupied by the principal figure with a background of perpendicular flooring. On a level with M. Damoye's elbow are some misty railway porters, the scene being, I believe, at the St. Lazare Station. Mr. Pierce's 'Une Bergère' is also spoilt by this high-horizon mania. The colour, though grey, is so charming, and the figure so full of the right kind of sentiment, that one is grieved to see so glaring a fault.

M. Rafaëlli is another eccentric who has done cleverer things than his 'Fondeur,' a man utterly wanting in the solidity necessary for such an industry.

A curious piece of Flemish work is M. Tytgadt's 'Béguinage à Gand;' some of the sisters entering their red brick church, with a background of red brick houses and trees. M. Melcher's 'Le prêche' is also very original. A group of women in their bonnets are in various attitudes of attention and inattention during sermon. One sleeps, and her neighbour casts a reproving look upon her. Behind is a pew containing two men, and a window through which comes some vivid light. There is a certain crudeness so often pertaining to young work, but time will soften it. Another foreigner, M. Menta, a native of Neuchâtel (Switzerland), is quite worth studying in his 'Boutique: Provence.' At the door of a small shop containing every imaginable thing from crockery and tinware down to gingerbread, sweets, and coloured prints, sits a woman by the side of her *chauffrette*. Much wall, up which grows a vine, and much ground surround her, but everything keeps its place, and the execution of the various objects is most careful.

It strikes me that M. Henner's 'Orpheline' is his 'Fabiola' in mourning for her parents. But how grand is the management of the black veil which surrounds the pretty, *triste*, little face, and the woollen gloves covering the clasped hands! M. Henner has never done anything better than this; it is masterly. 'Solitude' is what we have so often seen before, and yet are never tired of seeing again.

A curious phase in the French Art of late years is the treatment of religious subjects, without local colouring of any sort, just as the old Flemish and Venetian painters did; but although the principle is the same, there is something much less incongruous in placing the Blessed Virgin in a modern stable with French shepherds in blouses and sabots, than in a spacious Venetian palace, surrounded by gorgeously attired princes and courtiers. M. La Touche's triptych of the 'Sainte Famille,' 'The Adoration of the Shepherds, and the Three Kings,' is a very different reading of the subject to what such a painter as Mr. Holman Hunt would give us. M. La Touche has not troubled himself about Eastern skies or Eastern garments, and probably did not go farther than the neighbourhood of Paris for his accessories Living at St. Cloud, he only had to walk outside his door in cold weather to see any number of carters clad in *Limousines* (a large flannel cloak with a cape) in which he has dressed his shepherds. The dog, too, and the boy in a blue blouse are as French as they can possibly be. In the centre panel sits the Holy Mother with her Child on her knees, and were it not for a ray of light round the latter's head, one would not recognise the subject. On one side St. Joseph looks round at the group from an inner room, a workshop, where one sees divers carpenter's tools. This is even more modern than the same subject by M. Le Rolle some few years ago; but it is by no means wanting in religious sentiment, and the colouring is sober and refined. M. Pinchart's 'Tobie et l'Ange Raphaël' is another picture of the same class. The archangel stands by the side of a white pony (a peasant simply turned into an angel by an aureole) and looks at Tobias holding up a fish, which he has apparently discovered in the pool in which he has been bathing. But although the desire seems to be to modernise sacred subjects, yet it is strange how many of the younger men cling to Bible stories, legends, miracles, and the like. The conventional treatment is given up, but the picturesque character of the subjects still fascinates the artistic mind; and surely such a Madonna as M. La Touche's is far more truly the type of perfect Motherhood, than the namby-pamby sentimentalities of such painters as Guido and Sasso Ferrato; it is at least human and pathetic. Very different is M. Rochegrosse's 'La folie du roi Nabuchodonosor,' the *raison d'être* of which seems to have been to utilise the flight of steps which appeared a few years ago in his 'Andromaque.' It is sad to see a painter gifted with such splendid powers as M. Rochegrosse throw away his time upon an enormous work, the only merit of which is the technique of the king's yellow and gold robe. Even the animality into which the king is supposed to have degenerated is badly rendered, and the whole picture is coarse, commonplace, and unworthy of the painter.

S. B.

(*To be continued*)

THE ARTISTIC ASPECT OF THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

WHEN the Great Exhibition of 1851 was organised under the direct supervision of the late Prince Consort, a consistent and really serious attempt was made to encourage and develop the taste and æsthetic feeling of the people. It was intended that the "World's Fair" should not be merely a record of the Art knowledge existing in the sections of the globe from which the exhibits were derived, but it was also to fulfil a great educational work, to teach both by example and by precept. The Art workers of this country were to learn from it what was being done elsewhere, and were to be stirred up from a lethargic self-satisfaction into a spirit of wholesome rivalry with the rest of the world. To give to this mission its full share of authority, and to encourage its influence to the utmost, were the chief aims of its great founder. With such intentions he spared no pains to perfect its organization, and to enlist in its service specialists of the highest rank. He made it his care that its arrangements should be marked by completeness, and should testify to the soundness of its settled plan.

In no subsequent organization of the same kind has there been any such earnest endeavour after æsthetic perfection. Art expression of a sort has been attempted, but always in a half-hearted way, and merely as an accessory to the main commercial intention of the exhibition. It has been introduced as a kind of sop for the technically educated minority, rather than as an important factor in the development of national taste. It would, however, certainly have been expected that in such a show as the Indian and Colonial Exhibition, which is to be during the summer a meeting place for "all sorts and conditions of men," there would have been an effort made to introduce at least a suggestion of general artistic design. For it is in æsthetics that the chief *raison d'être* of the present gathering at South Kensington is to be found. It deals less with the necessities of life than with the accessories which make it pleasant. The carvings, the textile fabrics, the metal work, in the Indian courts, the cabinet work from New Zealand and Australia, the furniture from Canada, the ornamental items which make up the bulk of the contributions from many of the smaller colonies, all in greater or less degree appeal to the spectator's taste. Yet the executive have not in any way attempted to provide a tasteful setting for the collection as a whole. Without any scheme of general arrangement, and without any intention of decorative congruity, they have allowed each department to follow its own will in the adornment of its allotted space, and to do its artistic best or worst without thought or care for its neighbours. As a result the exhibition as a whole presents the effect of a barbaric confusion of styles, good, bad, and indifferent, without connection, and without harmony, and juxtaposed with the recklessness of ignorance.

This lamentable fact will be made more apparent by examining the decorative treatment of the chief departments one by one. In the Indian section, where most of the visitors will commence their survey, an effort has been made to improve the appearance of the building by hanging the roof with banners, and by a formal arrangement of the numerous carved screens which form the fronts of the small sub-courts, in which are displayed contributions from the different provinces of the Empire. The effect, if not especially original, is at all events satisfactory, and the appearance of this gallery is decidedly better than in the previous exhibitions. Pictorially, however, the Indian Palace is most worthy of remark. Designed by an expert, Mr. Purdon Clarke, and carried out under his superintendence, it reproduces picturesquely enough the characteristic features of an Indian building. In its outer courtyard, which is entered through a magnificent carved stone gateway, are a number of small workshops, in which brightly-costumed Indian artificers weave, carve, do metal-work, and carry on a variety of trades. Here, and in fact in all parts of the palace, the suggestion of Eastern life and Eastern surroundings is excellent, and we experience a feeling of relief at the absence of British unpicturesqueness. We are, however, rudely awakened as we pass into the adjoining Australasian department, in which we find our nationally characteristic Philistinism flourishing and in vigorous growth. All the decorations of the court are poor in design and unpleasant in colour, and, where they do not actually offend by transgression of some maxim or other of artistic practice, they keep within the limits of the merest commonplace. Now and then, indeed, we find evidences of capacity that rises somewhat distinctly above the otherwise low average, but there is little to gratify any æsthetic sense until we reach the collection of native objects from Fiji—a small oasis in the midst of a desert of ugliness. Here at least are sincerity of decorative purpose, inoffensive colour juxtaposition, and unsophisticated taste. So too in the African division the happiest ornamentation is that in the portion assigned to the Gold Coast exhibits, where the colours and patterns with which the walls are covered are based entirely upon native models. Æsthetically the Canadian block is blank enough—it may, however, be noted, parenthetically, that in the Albert Hall picture gallery the artists of the Dominion, whose collective efforts attain about to the level of a moderately good exhibition by the Society of British Artists, easily hold their own against competitors from New Zealand, India, and Malta—and it calls for no remark. Adjoining it, however, is a part of the building containing collections representing several minor colonies, which have been especially successful in their adornment of their respective courts. The gallery allotted to Cyprian productions is the most noteworthy of them all, and indeed affords almost the only instance in the exhibition of a consistent scheme of decoration carried out with skill and taste. Its effective simplicity and orderly arrangement of colour and detail are entirely charming, and reflect the greatest credit upon the presiding genius of the department. In the Hong Kong court, again, there are evidences of design, but this arises from the fact that in the same gallery was arranged last year a collection of Chinese objects, and the decorations, executed then by specially engaged Chinese artists, are still available.

In the arrangement of the gardens, and in the management of the illuminations and fountain displays, the members of the executive of the exhibition have had to do without the guidance of aboriginal art or savage taste, and have been obliged to fall back upon the resources of nineteenth-century civilisation. Provided with every modern appliance, and possessing everything essential to success, they have again started light-heartedly on their mission of pleasing a too-easily satis-

fied public. Their programme has been already so successful, and has drawn so steadily, that they see no need to make a change in the bill. All this is the truest commercial spirit; but it is surely not unreasonable to expect something more from the directors of a concern of such educational possibility as the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. They might at least attempt to make the lighter part of their entertainment so far complete that the public, thus unconsciously educated, might accept it as a standard against which to measure every subsequent effort of the same kind.

And yet, after all, these exhibitions at South Kensington have never been without many features of unmistakable beauty, and the present one is, in this respect, no exception to the general rule. There are still to be found corners where some happy bit of light and shade, or some charming accidents of form suggest to the artist subjects worthy of record. There are still the quaint colour effects produced by the gleam of the electric lights—nocturnes that even Mr. Whistler need not disdain to paint. There are still paintable scenes, like the tea stall in the Indian department, where the people, crowding round the tables set under the trees, help to compose a picture that would delight a foreign painter, and that would make an excellent pendant to Mr. Starr's 'Paddington.' Suggestions might certainly be obtained from there for adding designedly to the exhibition attractions that are now simply the result of fortuitous circumstances; but, to secure intelligent management and a coherent scheme, it would be necessary to entrust the supervision of the whole organization to a specialist, whose experience and training would qualify him to direct, on some settled plan, the operations of his subordinates, and who would have the strength to make every detail aid in the development of his own conception. A. L. B.

"NEEDLEWORK AS ART."

SUCH is the title of the large and tastefully prepared volume which Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have issued. Its appearance is timely, for not only is the literature on the subject all too slight, but needlework, in common with many others of the "minor arts," is becoming so much taken up by amateurs as to call for some authoritative dicta respecting the proper modes of its pursuit.

A treatise on a revived art, such as this—an art which reached its zenith in classical and early Mediæval days—must needs consist largely of history, for the history of needlework in India alone would stretch back some four thousand years. It is no wonder, therefore, that Lady Marion Alford finds all but untrodden ground in the history and archæology of her subject, both with relation to the decoration of the house and of dress. And it is as a much-needed history on the subject that the chief success of the volume is attained. From the teachings of past times, the authoress does not scruple to extract and point out the lessons to be learnt, in this appreciating the true value of archæological research. The chapter which will commend itself chiefly to English readers will, most probably, be the last—that devoted to English Embroidery. It is especially gratifying to our insular prejudice to be told by Lady Alford that "the more I have seen of specimens at home and abroad, the more I have become convinced of the great superiority of our needlework in the Middle Ages." In this laudable national prejudice may, perchance, be found the reason why, of the numerous illustrations in this book, so many are drawn from Western sources and so few from Eastern. The wood-block which we have selected is an illustration of a Spanish velvet and gold coverlet from Goa.



From "Needlework as Art."

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No. 1.—Breydon Water.

THE NORFOLK BROADS.

THROUGH the flat and far-reaching marsh land three slow and sinuous rivers flow from north and west and south, to meet where they empty themselves into the sea. Gaze over the level plain to where the low horizon is faintly outlined against the sky, the vast space of which seems vaster in this country where the land is so low, than in other more undulating districts. Nothing is visible upon the green stretch of marsh and meadow but here and there a windmill, and here and there a tall, brown sail with a high, sharp peak. The arms of the windmill turn lazily round, and its brightly painted structure gleams in the sunshine; the sail glides slowly through the marsh, borne by an invisible hull upon invisible water. Monotonous! Ay, at first, but slowly one becomes aware that the whole scene is suffused with a perfect blend of colour in a perfect light. The details of this colouring are not easy to specify. True, there is the dull green of the meadow grass, barred by gleaming silvery dykes; there are the groups of red and white cows, always just where wanted; there is, according to the season, the bright green or pale yellow of the many beds of reeds, and their brown feathery tops; there is the rich mixture of many colours where the rank, moist grasses grow; there is the sky, which is here so pressingly important, with its clouds which have their counterparts in the shades below, as their shadows sweep swiftly, or slowly creep over the plain; there is the effect of the wind as it shakes and moves the long grasses and low bushes, and whitens leaves and brightens flowers; yet there is more, and much more, than all these. There is a witchery of atmosphere, for the quivering stratum of air next the low ground glosses over all prosaic defects, and heightens with a perceptible lustre the modest colours of grass and flowers. Move but a few yards, and over a low bank and tall fringe of reeds you see a broad river, with a steady current flowing to or from the sea, as the tide may be, and passing along its surface with a fresh wind, or drifting with the tide if there is no wind, comes a wherry or yacht, the embodiment of active life in a lotus land. Walk a little; stay, it will be very little, because of the dykes and bogs, but go in a boat, and presently you leave the river, and are in a narrow canal or dyke, with the reeds on either hand so tall that nought but the sky is to be seen beyond them. Here, still and lonely, with no sound audible but the splashing of the oars in the clear water, you might be leagues away



No. 2.—Thorpe Gardens, Norwich. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

BRITISH MUSEUM

from the busy world as you emerge into a lake, the shores of which are margined with the densest wall of reeds, and perchance a low wood. Here there are boats with anglers, and small yachts with their snowy canvas swelling to the wind. This is a Broad, and you are in the midst of the Broad district, the charm of which perhaps has begun to steal over you.

The Broad district is now becoming well known—too well known, the natives are apt to say, for each year a large number of visitors arrive to explore it. But there is one peculiarity about this watery domain which will prevent its ever being so overwhelmed as are other playgrounds: you cannot "do" it by train, or by walking or riding or cycling. It can only be properly explored by means of boats on its waterways; and this, again, can only be comfortably done in craft large enough to live and sleep in. You must carry your hotel with you, for hotels are not plentiful nor large, and in your floating home there is a semi-wildness of life which is most agreeable, because to the majority of people most novel. It may be well to give a brief geographical description of the Broad district. An equilateral triangle, with a base of thirty miles along the sea-coast, and with its apex at Norwich, would include a stretch of country which is as flat as Holland, but having one or two promontories of high ground running into it. Most of it was undoubtedly covered by the sea within historic times, and what are now marshes were the estuaries of rivers. Through this low ground meander three chief rivers: the Yare, flowing from Norwich to Yarmouth, and expanding before it joins the sea into a large tidal lake, four miles long, called Breydon Water; the Waveney, flowing from the southward past Bungay and Beccles, and joining the Yare at the top of Breydon Water; the Bure, or North River, flowing by Aylsham, Coltishall, Wroxham, and Acle, to join the Yare at the lower end of Breydon. From this point the united streams flow through Yarmouth to the sea. The Bure is joined by two tributary rivers, the Thurne and the Ant. The courses of the rivers are extremely sinuous, doubling back until the curves almost meet, and a stranger looking over the marsh, where a dozen wherries may be in sight, could never with certainty say in what direction they were really bound.

The marshes have been largely drained during the last fifty years, and places which were impenetrable morasses are now excellent pastures. The draining, while most beneficial in a utilitarian sense, has necessarily destroyed much of the barbaric wildness which formerly existed. It has circumscribed the waters and narrowed the sporting ground and the breeding places of rare fowl; nevertheless there is still wildness and loneliness enough to satisfy most men. The many windmills that you see are employed in pumping the water out of the dykes and drains into the river. As the land dries its level sinks, and the rivers are, for the greater part of their courses, higher than the adjacent land, in some places six or seven feet higher. Of course there is a river wall or embankment of grass-cemented earth on either side of the river channel, and the keeping up of the embankments and drains is well looked after by boards of commissioners. Most of the land is, indeed, below the level of the sea, and the fall of the rivers, which used to be stated as four inches to the mile, is now much less. The tide, therefore, finds its way farther up, and with greater velocity each year, and the natural current of the river is but trifling. The land near the source of the river Thurne above Potter Heigham, a mile from the sea by land, and some twenty-five following the course of the river to Yarmouth, is lower than the sea at high tide. Low sand hills keep back the sea, but on more than one occasion lately there has been fear of an inundation, such as have in times past proved destructive at this spot, the sea breaking in and wasting the country right up to Norwich.



No. 3.—On the Yare, at Bramerton. Engraved by W. M. R. Quick.

Between the river wall and the actual water is a varying breadth of wet marsh, covered with tall rank grass, flags, and flowering plants. This is locally called the "rand." The depth of the rivers is considerable, and they are navigable for a considerable distance; thus the Yare is so for twenty-seven miles, the Bure for forty-five, the Waveney for twenty-five or thirty, the Thurne for ten, and the Ant, with the Dilham Canal, for ten or twelve.

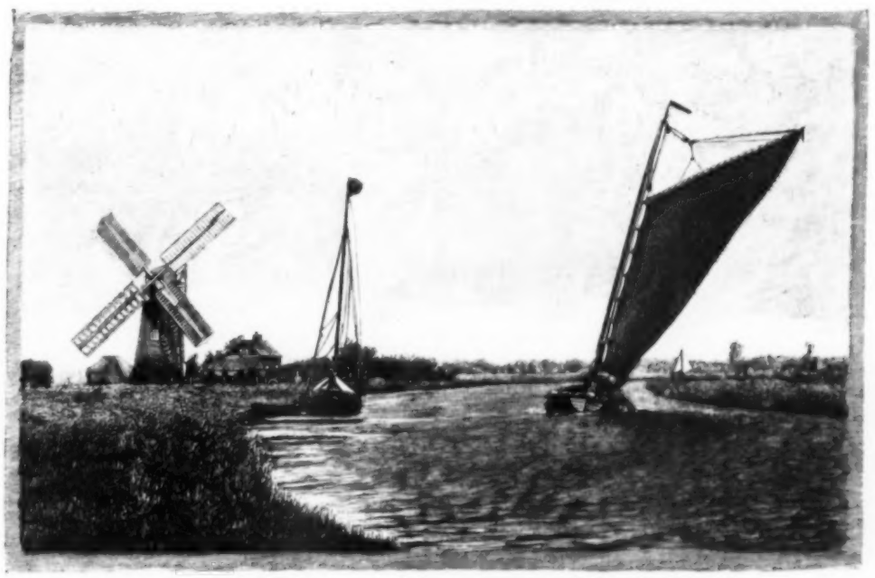
The Broads, which give their name to the district, are sheets of shallow water, connected with the rivers by navigable channels, and in size from twenty to four hundred acres in extent. On the Yare there are but two of any importance, Surlingham and Rockland. On the Bure, near Wroxham, is a group of most beautiful Broads. Following the course of the river downwards from Wroxham Bridge, one here sees

the most exquisite scenes of sylvan loveliness. We are still among low woods, and the luxuriance of vegetation which fringes the clear and brimming river is most gorgeous in its colouring, particularly when the yellow iris is in bloom. On the right hand is Wroxham Broad, a very famous sheet of water, where regattas or water frolics are frequently held. Opposite to this is Hoveton Great Broad, now, alas, closed to the public. Lower down on the right Salhouse Great and Little Broads, and opposite, Hoveton Little Broad. Lower down still Woodbastwick Broad, and still farther Ranworth and South Walsham Broads. The description of one of these Broads will apply to all. We sail slowly with the dying evening wind out of the river through a narrow opening, and divide the placid waters of the lake. The helm is put down, the yacht comes up head to wind, and shoots forward until her momentum is lost, the anchor plunges into the depths, the white sails are lowered with a creaking of blocks and a rattling of ropes; they are furled and the covers put on; the boat's stove is unearthed from a locker, and the kettle is soon boiling, while willing hands get the tea ready. One's meals acquire a greater piquancy when one has had the trouble of preparing them. Then, when the tea-things are washed up and stowed, and the little ship is all tidy and trim, we sit at our ease and watch the reeds grow brighter in their green and yellow as the level sun-rays fall upon them, and more purple where they are in shadow. The roach and rudd rise briskly at the crumbs you have thrown overboard; a shoal of grey mullet are sporting by yonder bed of lilies, and the coots and waterhens are crossing the quiet bays, while a beautiful crested grebe dives and emerges most unexpectedly round about you. An artist rows up to a point of vantage near by, and hastily makes the most of your presence there, on the still water luminous with the mirrored sunset. But confound him! when later you recognise the picture on the walls of some exhibition, you see that he has taken the most unwarrantable liberties with your trim and sightly craft. To make her, it is supposed, more picturesque, he has distorted the straight lines of her spars, roughened her beautiful curves, made her ropes ragged and untidy, and dabbed some spots of colour about her as if she were a Dutch schuyt.

A few yachts are making their way up to Wroxham, impelled by some faint airs in their lofty topsails. A high-peaked, black-sailed wherry follows them—and, by the way, no artist has ever rightly caught the clear cut and spirited shape of a wherry's sail, which is so eloquent of powerful simplicity. One of the yachts enters the Broad, her crew poling her along with the long pole which is locally called a "quant." She, too, makes up for the night, and presently, as it grows dark, her crew joins yours for a friendly chat and social glass.

When the night has fairly settled down over the flat watery waste, which is now weird enough in its solitude, you begin to think of turning in. The berths or hammocks are arranged for sleeping, and ere many minutes you are in the sound and healthy sleep which naturally follows the long and healthy day. Sometimes, however, if you are of a nervous temperament, sleep does not come readily for the first night or two. The situation is in itself novel, with but a three-quarter inch plank between your ear and the water, the lapping of which, if there is any wind, seems unnecessarily loud, while there are inexplicable sounds overhead amidst the ropes and rigging. Some nights affect you by their absolute and unearthly stillness, while others startle you by their extreme noisiness. But a night on the water is always pleasant, and the awaking in the glorious freshness of the early summer morning, followed by the ready bath, "one step and overboard," and the bracing swim and the hearty breakfast—are not these pleasures to dream of afterwards in the dull winter weather?

If the morning is still and calm, you eagerly watch the tree-tops and the reeds to see whence the wind is coming, and if it be fair for your day's sail. Even if it be a head wind it is not much matter, so long as there is enough of it, for the river yachts are so handy and so smartly sailed that they tack quickly in the narrow channels, and mock at the fickle wind. But a calm! that is detestable, and no fair tint that the painter loves will console the perspiring and impatient yachtsman who is toiling at his quant.



No. 4.—On the River Thurne: Squall coming on. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

The wherries, which are the trading barges plying on the rivers, deserve especial mention, not only for their excellent qualities as sailing craft, fast and handy, but for their beauty of form from an artistic point of view. The hull is long, low, and rakish, with subtle curves at the bow and stern which are most difficult to draw. The strong tall mast, which is of red pine, supports one huge sail extended aloft by a long gaff projecting boldly at an angle of forty-five degrees or thereabouts. The sail, which is tanned brown or black, has no boom at the foot, and the varying curve, from the highest peak past the belly of the sail to the sheet leading to the stern, presents a beautiful gradation of shadow.

These wherries carry from twenty to fifty or sixty tons, and their burdens are various. The most picturesque freight is perhaps hay. They are loaded to a great height, and the fragrant load swells over on each side so as to hide the vessel, which looks more like a haystack going for a sail than a wherry. When the wherries are being loaded the gaff is frequently hoisted half-way up the mast, and with the furled sail hanging in festoons from it, and a group of sun-tanned men in broad-brimmed hats pitching and trimming the hay, all duplicated upside down in the mirroring stream, a very pretty picture results. Wherries sail fast and close to the wind, and, large as they are, are often managed by one man, or a man and his wife or son. I have often seen a little chap of twelve years old, or thereabouts, composedly steering the huge craft, while the father is in the little cabin getting or cooking a meal. As much bright colour as possible is put on to the wherries, all parts not likely to be chafed being painted red or blue or yellow. The mast is pivoted near the deck, and the heel of it is weighted with a ton and a-half of lead, or thereabouts, so that, being perfectly balanced, a boy can lower or raise it. On approaching a fixed bridge, of which there are several on the upper reaches of the Bure and its tributaries, the sail is lowered, the mast slowly descends; the wherry shoots through the bridge; up go the mast and sail, and the wherry proceeds without a stoppage. On a bright sunshiny day, when a brisk breeze is blowing, it is a pleasant view over the marshes. For ten miles or more you see the course of the river marked at intervals by the sails of wherries and yachts scudding swiftly to and fro, tacking, gybing, and racing, and giving an exhilarating sense of motion.



No. 5.—Reed Stacks, Barton Broad. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

But we are still on the Bure, and there are other streams and lakes to visit. Sailing down the Bure past the quaint village of Horning, we come to a lopsided but eminently comfortable inn called Horning Ferry. Its walls have settled this way and that, for foundations are not too stable on the marshes, and the floors of the rooms are correspondingly uneven, so that you enter your bedroom with an involuntary run, and bring up on an acclivity, and a suspicion crosses your mind that that last glass of whiskey had better have been declined. But in the morning you see that the fault did not lie with the whiskey. Any one staying at this inn in the summer time will find plenty to interest him if he be an angler, an artist, or a boating man. As all who come are on pleasure bent, there are many merry and memorable meetings there.

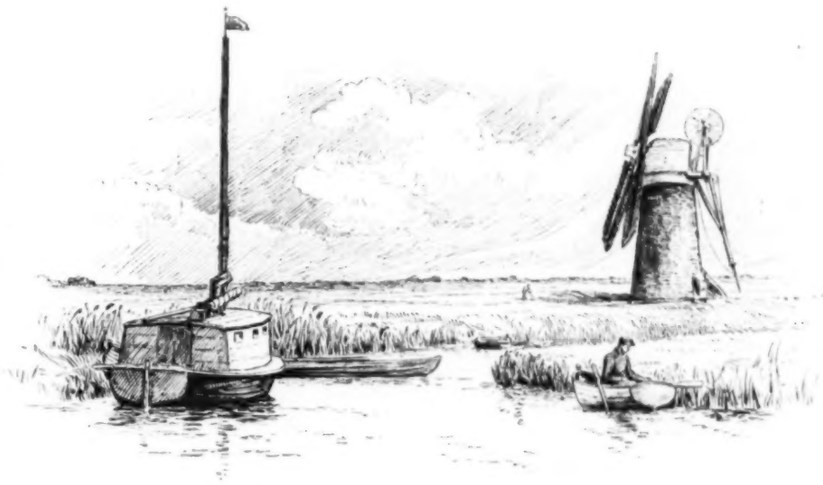
Two or three miles past the ferry we come to the mouth of the small river Ant, which leads in a roundabout fashion to Barton Broad, Stalham, and the Dilham Canal. The Broad is a large and shallow one, with two channels marked out by posts, which are placed in such useless positions that even the natives make mistakes at times.

In sailing along the rivers one sees on the bank, or moored in a dyke off the main stream, a rude sort of house-boat, consisting of a tarred hut built on an old sea boat bought at some sale of wreckage on the coast. Near it is a large net drying, or perhaps black buoys on the water show that the net is stretched across the river (see Illustration No. 7). As you pass, a solemn-faced man, with a long beard and a sugar-loaf hat, pops his head out of a hole in the roof, and, having taken stock of you, retires to his den. He is an eel-setter, and gets his living by placing nets across the stream to intercept a particular species of eel on its yearly migration to the sea. The eels run chiefly in the night, and the net is set at dusk and the pockets hauled up in the morning. The net is a fixture, and is raised or lowered by means of ropes and pulleys fastened to stakes driven into the bed of the river. When a wherry passes, the net has to be lowered that the vessel may sail over it without injuring it, and the men in the cabin must be on the watch all night for the approach of wherries. Curiously enough a black sail can be more easily discerned than a white one. The men go a good deal by their hearing, for on a still night the rippling of the water under the bows of the wherry, or the flap of the sail while tacking or gybing, can be heard a great way off.

Groups of men, half watermen, half labourers, clad in a jersey and the inevitable sugar-loaf hat, may often be seen cutting the coarse marsh grasses, and frequently you see a small stack of this coarse stuff floating down the river with the supporting boat quite invisible, a long pole or oar betokening that a man is to be found if you search for him.

The tall reeds which fringe the Broads are valuable property, and are cut when dry, and stored in bundles or "fathoms" in some convenient place to await purchasers (see Illustration No. 5), who use them for fences, thatching, and as a substitute for laths in building. Until they are cut they form coverts for

wild fowl, while in the shallow water about their roots lurk mighty pike. The prettiest incident of a reed bed is the purse-like nest of the reed wren, supported by three reeds deftly caught in its fairy texture of feathery reed tops. Often have I seen cuckoos and jays haunting a reed bed, the former to find an alien home for its egg, and the latter bent on egg-sucking. Among the reeds, too, the otter sometimes makes a "hover," or nest. The reed beds are often intersected by narrow channels along which a boat may be pushed, and any one of a naturalist turn of mind will find ample scope for observation if, at the first dawn of a summer morning, he lies in wait in some reedy cove. He will then see birds which give no sign of their existence at a later period of the day.



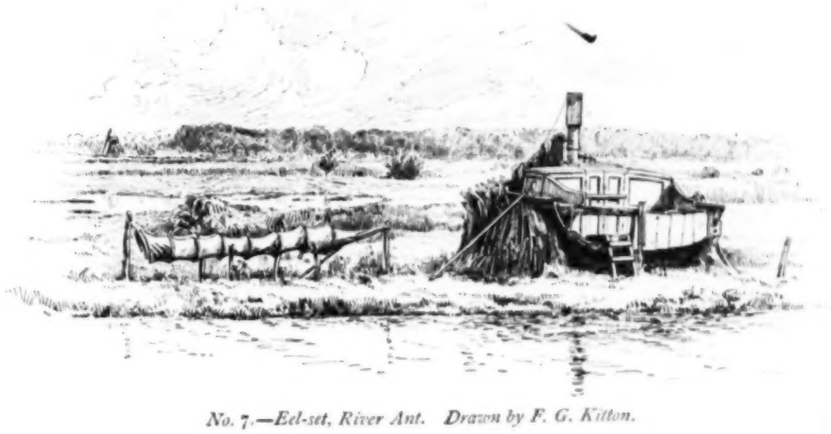
No. 6.—House Boat and Drainage Mill. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

Leaving the Ant and proceeding down the Bure, we pass on the left the ruins of St. Benedict's Abbey, interesting only to antiquarians, and presently come to the mouth of the Thurne. A few miles up this we come to the wildest and largest of all the Broads, Hickling, passing through the reedy wastes of Heigham Sounds and Whiteslea. A narrow and tortuous dyke leads also to Horsey Mere, of pike-fishing celebrity. Under a sunny sky in the summer time this is a most pleasant playground. There is no impediment to the navigation, but the fishing and shooting are preserved. In winter time it is a somewhat dreary waste.

From Thurne mouth down to Acle and Yarmouth the river is rather commonplace, but at Yarmouth, which is strangely Dutch in its appearance, without, however, the cleanliness of Dutch towns, there is plenty that is quaint and worth painting. Above Yarmouth stretches Breydon Water (see p. 193), which is really a tidal estuary. At low tide the channel is bounded by mud flats. There is much that is interesting to the sportsman on Breydon, particularly in the winter time, but the artist must rely upon the tints of sky and water, and the approach of a fleet of wherries hastening up with the first of the tide, for an effect. At the head of Breydon, on the south bank, are the magnificent ruins of the Roman fortress of Burgh Castle. The course of the Waveney up to Beccles and Bungay presents an abundance of quiet pastoral scenes. The river is noticeable in its upper reaches for the extreme clearness of the water. I particularly noticed this once at Shipmeadow Lock, where the fish, deep down, seemed suspended in air, and the sunshine brought every stone on the bottom into clear relief. Beccles itself presents a peculiarly good appearance from the river.

Oulton Broad is more especially devoted to yachting. In the summer time fully a third of it is taken up by yachts at their moorings, and when regattas take place it is much crowded with craft. A regatta here is worth seeing, because of the enormous quantity of canvas which the tiny vessels carry, and the bold way in which they are sailed.

We have now briefly gone over the whole of the Broad district, dwelling rather upon the picturesque than upon the sporting side of it. Space will not permit us to describe the many curious phases of Broad life, but we may promise those who have eyes to see, that there is much of interest to be gathered in even a week's cruise along its waterways. It may not be amiss to say that there are plenty of small yachts which may be hired, but it will be sufficient now to mention one person in particular who has made a speciality of small and comfortable cruising craft—Loynes, of Wroxham, to whose care the stranger cannot do better than commit himself. Guide-books and charts may be obtained of Jarrold, Norwich.



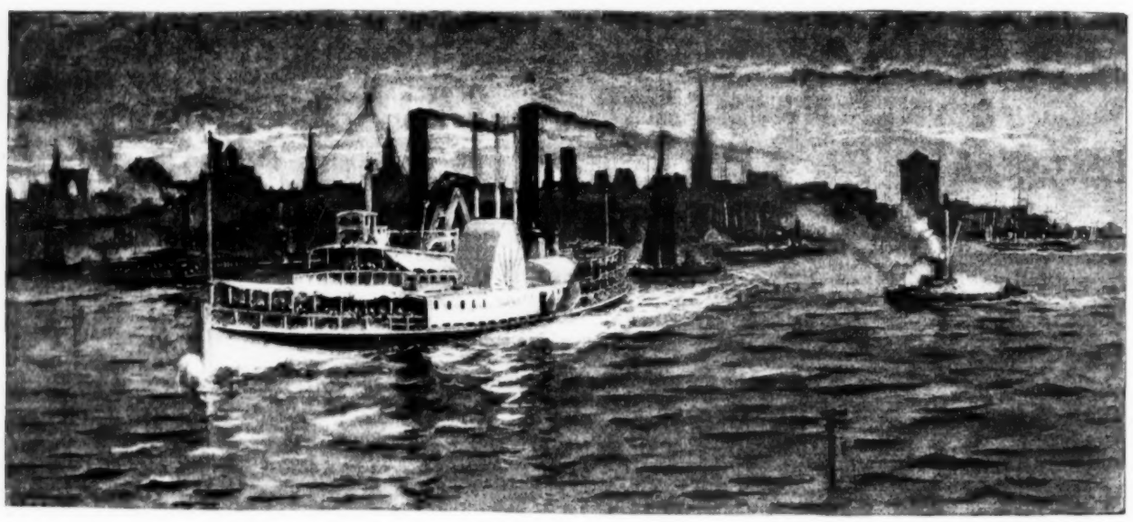
No. 7.—Eel-set, River Ant. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

G. Christopher Davies.

THE HUDSON RIVER.

THERE are probably very few New Yorkers who, if asked by a British cousin how to spend a pleasant day, would not reply, "Take a trip up the Hudson." There is a pardonable pride among Americans of their Rhine, the river having chosen a tract of very beautiful country through which to cut its path of three hundred miles. Its career is started several thousand feet above the sea in the Adirondach Mountains, and after many wanderings its waters are emptied into New York Bay. This is the river on whose banks are received the thousands from all lands and latitudes who yearly pour into this new country, with new hopes, new ambitions, new fears.

I propose to purchase a ticket for Albany on a bright October morning, and take my readers up the Hudson with me—if they will go. I have secured an easy-chair on the forward deck, and am much amused in watching the hundreds of people, with bundles and babies by the score, who, with characteristic American hurry, are rushing hither and thither on incomprehensible errands. Willis, writing almost fifty years ago of the same scene, describes himself as arriving on the pier "at the same instant with seven hundred men, ladies, and children, besides lap-dogs, crammed baskets, uncut novels, and baggage for the whole. No commissioner in the world would guarantee to get all this freight on board at the given time, and yet it is done, to the daily astonishment of newspaper hawkers, orange women, and penny-a-liners watching for dreadful accidents." Every day for half a century this has been going on, and after the ringing of the bell and panting of the engine, we find the same "hands (who follow their nomenclature literally, and have neither eyes nor bowels) trip up all the little children and astonished maids, in coiling up the hawser, and angry people who have lost their portmanteaus, and selfish people who *will not* get up and let the young gentleman see if his penny trumpet is



Hudson River Boat leaving New York. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

not under them." People soon settle down as with slow majesty the boat moves out into the river. We meet a Cunard steamer, laden for most part with strangers in a strange land, and thread our way through craft bearing the colours of all the ports of the civilised world, mingling with puffing, snorting little tug-boats, which are the messengers of these waters, thoroughly democratic in their labours, pulling with equal energy lager-beer rafts or stately yachts. Clumsy sloops, merchantmen, canal-boats in tow, lighters, schooners, coasting vessels, ferry-boats, and an infinity of insignificant craft, meet and pass at all angles. Several of the great white turtle-shaped boats, decked with gay bunting, and filled with children, come within hailing distance. This is one of the many summer excursions given by charitable people to the most destitute of New York's juvenile population. All sorts and conditions of men charter steamers for such trips, and even the Chinese laundry-men have their Hudson picnic, when they turn their boat into an Oriental island with Chinese draperies, lanterns, and national musicians, who clang their monotonous instruments from morn until eve. There is a kindly courtesy shown by busy steamers on their daily business to these pleasure transports in the form of salutation whistle.

We are now well out in the stream, with our prow turned northward. On the east shore rise the spires, towers, and domes of New York, and on the west the huge grain elevators of Jersey City. I wonder how Verrazzano (the first European who visited New York Bay) would be impressed to-day with the locality which he reports to Francis I. as "five small islands, very fruitfull and pleasant, full of hie and broad trees, among the which any great navie may ride safe without any feare of tempest or other danger. . . . . We were oftentimes within the land five or six leagues, which we found as pleasant as is possible to declare, very apt for any kind of hus-

bandry, of corne, wine, and ayle. We entered afterwards the wood, which we found so thicke that any army, were it never so great, might have hid itself therein; the trees whereof are okes, cypresse-trees, and other sortes unknown in Europe."

Gradually the signs of commerce disappear, and another order of life is suggested by the appearance of Fort Washington and Fort Lee on opposite banks, both of which strongholds were captured by Lord Cornwallis in 1776. There is a flood of gold and scarlet in clumps of maples among the more sober foliage, which with the cloudless sky and brilliant water, forms a very fairyland to many of the overtaxed, joyless workers on our boat. A short distance up the river on the eastern shore is the Spuyten Duyvel Creek, which constitutes the northern boundary of Manhattan Island. The stream gained its name from an old Dutch legend referring to one Anthony Van Corlear, the trumpeter of Governor Sluy Vesant, who, being sent to rouse the people to arms during a violent storm, was arrested by the absence of boat or ferryman. After a short



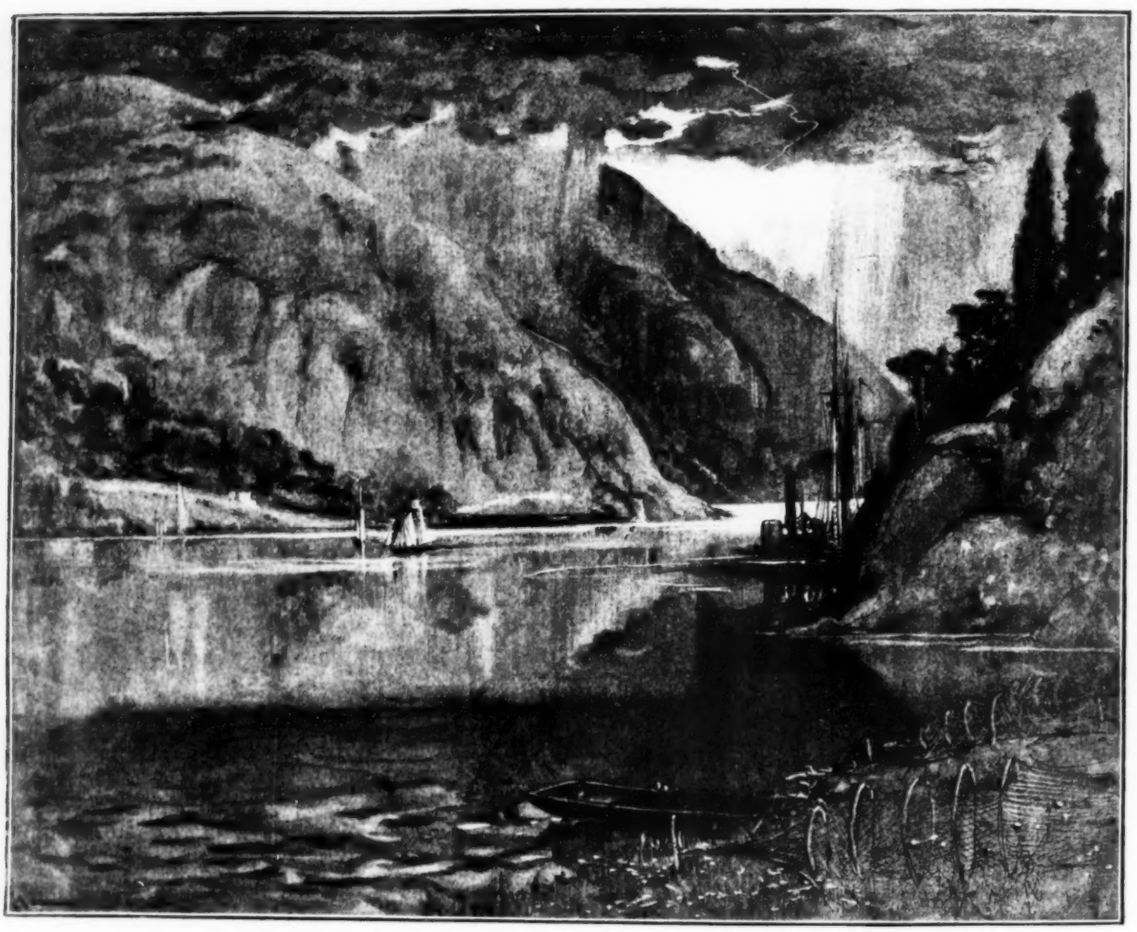
The Hudson Palisades. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

period of irresolution, the bold trumpeter plunged into the seething water, having first fortified himself by drinking the contents of his precious stone bottle. He battled manfully for some time, in spite of the devil (*en spyte der duyvel*), but finding himself overmastered, raised his trumpet to his lips, and after one furious blast sank for ever to the bottom. A worthy burgher on the shore related to his astonished neighbours the dreadful intelligence that he had seen the devil, in the form of a huge moss-breecher, seize the luckless Anthony by the leg and forcibly drag him beneath the waves.

And now everybody's attention is attracted to the opposite shore, for we have reached the far-famed Hudson Palisades. For some twenty miles this perpendicular wall of columnar strata rises precipitously from the river, but as all the passengers are of different opinions as to their height, I cannot pretend to give a standard. The summit of the ridge is dotted with summer villas, and occasionally we can detect a rustic stairway winding down the cliff to the boat-houses by the water. The eastern bank represents a wonderful contrast to the Palisades, with its gentle slopes, bright villages, fine

mansions, and velvety lawns. Bearing in mind the fact that this river is often compared with the Rhine, many of the capitalists have built themselves castles of brick and stone, which are so painfully hard and incongruous that they provoke smiles instead of admiration. Font Hill, the old home of Edwin Forrest, the tragedian, is a fair example of this nineteenth-century mediævalism. The battlements and round tower are now a foreground to the hideous building known as the convent of Mount St. Vincent. The first town of any importance is Yonkers, an old Dutch settlement, as sleepy and prosaic and proper as possible, until one day a snorting locomotive steamed into it, and changed the whole aspect of affairs.

Exclamations of surprise are heard from some of the passengers as we presently make our way into a broad lake known as Tappan Zee, and I hear an English tourist, who has consulted his guide-book, remark, "They say here that four miles inland André was tried, condemned, and executed." I personally had forgotten all warlike associations in this peaceful scene, glinting blue water, calm blue sky, and gleaming sails of the small pleasure boats, with a tender haze softening the lines of the shore. When the steamer comes opposite Irvington I do not need my British friend to arouse my memory, for all eyes instinctively strain to gain a glimpse of Washington Irving's home, Sunnyside. But in vain, for the foliage hides every stone, and I have to recall a vision of Wolfort's Roost, with its quaint motto, "Lust in Rust"



The Hudson, near Cold Spring. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

(pleasure in quiet) over the door, its many gables embowered in ivy, the original slips of which were sent from Abbotsford by Sir Walter Scott. On the slope of the hill in the old cemetery many pilgrims find their way to a simple enclosure where, among several marble slabs, there is one bearing the words: "Washington, Son of William and Sarah S. Irving, died Nov. 28, 1859, aged 76 years, 7 months, and 28 days."

We are aroused from our musings on the genial genius of Geoffrey Crayon by the approach to Sing-Sing, a place which is associated with anything but pleasant reveries. Boys from early childhood are threatened with Sing-Sing as their future gaol, if they walk not in the paths of virtue, though, perhaps, among the youths of that town familiarity breeds such contempt that the idea of States prison (as the end of the road which begins with disobedience in the nursery) may not have the desired effect. The prison was founded during the early part of the present century, and has been gradually erected by the convicts from neighbouring quarries. Sing-Sing gained its strange name from an Indian word, Odsining, signifying stone upon stone. It is a comfort to discover that such apparently senseless nomenclature has an ancestry that will bear investigation.

We have accomplished nearly forty-five miles of our journey as the steamer rounds two points and brings us in view of Peekskill, struggling up the hillside from the river, and on the

opposite shore Dunderberg, the first of the Hudson Highlands. This Thunder-Mountain has a dreadful reputation as a strife-maker: it will transform soft zephyrs into furious winds and dainty clouds into thunder-caps. Washington Irving tells us that, as the legend runs, it is the retreat of a goblin of Dutch extraction, who has been heard muttering orders in low Dutch to the elements; sometimes, indeed, "he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps, in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the dark and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose; and that at such times the hurry-scurry of the storm was always the greatest."



The Palisades, from a Hudson River Garden. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

Overshadowed by Dunderberg, on a raised plateau, is located the State Encampment, where, during the summer months, the various National Guard regiments of the State of New York are initiated into the mysteries of camp life. The white tents against the hillside make a charming picture from the river, and the river makes a charming picture from the camp. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has a summer house at Peekskill, and divides his attention between the city soldiers and his cabbage garden.

During the revolutionary days this Gateway of the Highlands was guarded by a massive chain buoyed by log rafts from shore to shore to bar the ingress of the British ships.

Many of the passengers endeavoured to find a likeness to any species of the human proboscis in the profile of Anthony's Nose, and only those of vivid imagination succeeded. The mountain is named after the old trumpeter, Van Corlear, referred to earlier in this paper. One morning the good Anthony, having varnished his rubicund visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of his galley, when the Sun-god bursting from behind the mountain "did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass," the reflection of which shot hissing into the body of a magnificent sturgeon which was swimming near the boat. The huge fish being captured, furnished fine fare for the crew, who pronounced it excellent, excepting the part near the wound, which was tainted with brimstone. In commemoration of the marvel Governor Sluy Vesant gave the name of Anthony's Nose to an adjacent promontory.

The river now writhes around the mountain spurs as if cramped by the narrowing bed, which is bound in by precipices from ten to fifteen hundred feet in height, to which clumps of verdure cling like magnified moss. A glimpse of West Point turns attention to warlike associations once more, for no military academy could have a finer site than that chosen as the training ground of the cadets. A natural plateau of almost half a mile square, level, and amphitheatred with rock and foliage, forms the parade ground, where the pride of American youth display their manœuvres to the delight of crowds of matrons and maids. The discipline is extremely rigorous during working hours, and the boy who has been brought up in every luxury rises at five o'clock each morning, and arranges his room in perfect order before half-past five. All work is over by four o'clock in the afternoon, and after that hour during all the summer months every nook and secluded corner is occupied by a sober grey uniform, and some suggestion of feminine garb is detected by the passer to and fro.

The beauties of West Point are of no common order, whereas the army relics make it sacred ground to the patriot. In the middle of the stream above the academy is Constitution Island, whence during the Revolution a second massive chain was stretched from shore to shore. It is best known now as

the home of the Warner sisters, authors of "The Wide, Wide World," and other books of world-wide popularity. On the eastern vault is the home of George P. Morris, the man who wrote the lines familiar to every schoolboy, "Woodman, spare that tree." E. P. Roe, the novelist, lives a little farther up the river, as did N. P. Willis, who was much attached to his family home at Idlervild. "My cottage," he writes, "is a pretty type of the two lives which they live who are wise—the life in full view which the world thinks all, and the life out of sight of which the world knows nothing. You see its front porch from the thronged thoroughfare of the Hudson; but the grove behind it overhangs a deep-down glen, reached but by my own tangled paths and the wild torrents which they by turns avoid and follow—a solitude in which the hourly hundreds of swift travellers who pass within echo-distance effect not the stirring of a leaf."



On the Night Boat passing Poughkeepsie. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

At Cold Spring are several iron foundries where the celebrated Parrott guns were made which did such deadly service during the war. Gazing down on the busy little settlement is Cro' Nest, one of the finest of the Hudson Highlands, which Joseph Rodman Drake has peopled with the most charming company of elves in his immortal poem, "The Culprit Fay." Drake wrote this dainty story to refute a suggestion thrown out by Fenimore Cooper and Fitz-Greene Halleck, that American scenery has none of the eerieness and romantic inspiration for the poet that was found in Scotland. In three days Drake composed "The Culprit Fay," and his friends were silenced.

Adjoining Cro' Nest is Storm King, a wild and rugged mountain with scarred sides almost entirely void of any kind of foliage, expressing only forbearance with the bustling steamboat which ploughs a path in the waters round its base.

The patriot feels his heart warm as we approach Newburgh, where the house known as Washington's Headquarters has been transformed into a museum filled with mementoes of the Great Commander, Lafayette, Baron Stenben, and many another well-known name.

There is nothing very interesting between Newburgh and Poughkeepsie when we contrast the shore with what has recently been seen, for the Highlands are behind us, and the wooded banks seem tame in comparison. One should pass Poughkeepsie at night to see the masses of flame from the tall chimneys of the blast furnaces, which can be distinguished from the Catskill Mountain House thirty miles away. There is a diabolical element in this lurid light, and one can almost imagine the flamelets on the watch-towers of the city of Dis described in Dante's Inferno. Near Poughkeepsie is Vassar College, certainly the most celebrated academy for women in the country. Some time ago, in looking for information with regard to the building, all I could discover was that it covered an area of fifty thousand feet, contained one thousand doors, and seven hundred and fifty windows. The figures are interesting, but one cannot feel they present a very vivid picture of Vassar. The graduates are supposed to wear eye-glasses and blue nose, as attributes of strong intellects—in point of fact they are in no way distinguishable from the average well-educated girl.

Catskill Landing and Hudson are the only large places which we pass until the boat nears Albany, our State capital and disembarking place.

It is a very old city, and has been labelled with many names before the English called it after the Duke of York and Albany. It is an energetic, prosperous city, with many fine buildings, which New Yorkers feel ought to be transported to their own little island. Our journey is ended, and my fellow-passengers are making their way to the various hotels. The day on the Hudson is over, and we are all aware of an amazing appetite.

ALICE MAUDE FENN.

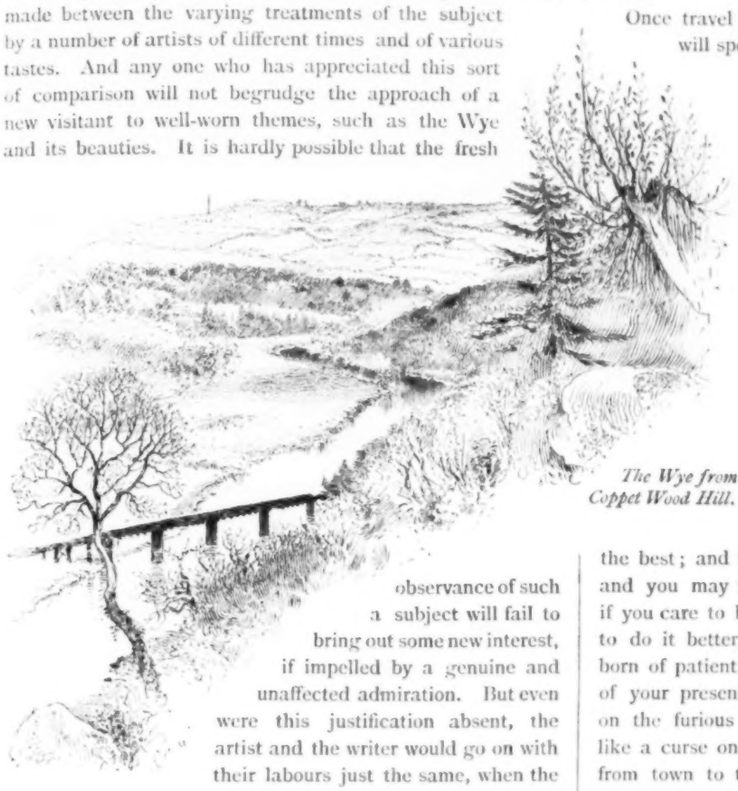
'NINETTE.'

AN ORIGINAL ETCHING BY PAUL RAJON.

THOSE who have known Mons. Paul Rajon only as a translator of other artists' work will hail with satisfaction this fresh original sketch. It is, indeed, in such bold and yet careful work that M. Rajon excels; and such as he have done as much to elevate etching to the proud position it has attained, as the ill-considered efforts of too many have contributed to bring it within the pale of reproach. In fact, Rajon's fame as an etcher rests on so solid a foundation of masterly achievement as to render an experiment like this within the domain of "painter-etching" of much interest. 'Ninette' is a portrait which has probably gained its name from its resemblance to Greuze.

DOWN THE WYE.

THOSE who have turned over the contents of a collector's portfolio devoted to illustration of some particular object or locality, will know how interesting is the comparison to be made between the varying treatments of the subject by a number of artists of different times and of various tastes. And any one who has appreciated this sort of comparison will not begrudge the approach of a new visitant to well-worn themes, such as the Wye and its beauties. It is hardly possible that the fresh observance of such a subject will fail to bring out some new interest, if impelled by a genuine and unaffected admiration. But even were this justification absent, the artist and the writer would go on with their labours just the same, when the subject is the creating impulse, and not the consideration of the result of sketches or notes. Your author or your artist comes to a subject or a theme which interests him apart from all the world that is past or is to be, and straight he goes to work without excuse or reasoning. It is well it should be so, and that no thought of past or future effort on the part of others hinders an artist's zeal; for in some way perhaps the public will be the better for all honest attempts to please or interest them. Some such introductory excuse explains the appearance of one more illustrative journey "Down the Wye." It has been done over and over again. You might have seen in 1789 a book of illustrations, looking like photographic reproductions of the mountains in the moon, supposed to represent the Wye, and you may see all sorts of prints and plates from then until now, which include the work of able men like Creswick and Birket Foster, who could make *any* scene or object into a picture of light and shade, whether on or off the Wye. The sketches now given were made in pen and ink out in the open air before their subjects, and without reference to books or publishers. They are, in fact, "notes" made on the spot from "love at first sight," and aim to be accurate outlines, without any adventitious aid of composition or of studio work. If the fresh delight that came to us in our drives and walks about the Wye, from Ross to Chepstow, could be imparted to the readers hereof, they would be grateful indeed for this result of our springtide visit to this lovely neighbourhood.



The Wye from Coppet Wood Hill.

Once travel by road from Hereford to Chepstow and you will spoil your journey "down the Wye" for ever between those points, unless you love laziness and delight in straying; for you can never pretend that this wayward pretty stream is helping you to travel, or cares at all about its destination. Here she rushes straight and true along a broad and level bed right towards the Severn, and then she gives it up, and winding off in lazy style, changes six miles an hour for one and a half, and at this rate bears you gently along through such lovely hills and banks that, after four miles of this wilful meandering, your belief is lost in any need of straightforward travel. What better corrective could we find than this to the nervous haste of modern life? Travel ten miles from Ross towards Chepstow on the Wye, and you must rest convinced that the quickest way is not of need the best; and traverse the full length of this lovely stream, and you may find enough of moralising to serve your turn if you care to heed. You may find a desire to do less and to do it better, and to make more of that effort which is born of patient thought and restful labour, in place of much of your present fret and bustle. Mr. Ruskin's anathema on the furious rush for fame and coin in present days is like a curse on yonder hot and dusty road stretching direct from town to town, or the noisy track of rails that goes through tunnels and darksome filth and vapour, whistling, fussy, and disagreeable, anxious only to reach its goal with speed; whilst, as a contrast, there is the bright and sparkling river, on whose bosom you may reach your goal resting and refreshed.



An Oak of Queen Elizabeth's time.

Though the road may run with it at many points, and take you along its very banks for long stretches together, you



The Market-house, Ross.

cannot pretend to know the river by taking the road that lies the nearest to it. Now and then it goes along a course so similar to the highway that the scenery of the one is the scenery of the other, but suddenly the river will start off at a right angle round the base of a wooded hill, and the next point in your road journey to meet it may be five miles away, by the river, though only one of road.

Whether we are intent on following the Wye from Plimlimmon to Chepstow, or whether only to see some of its prominent beauties, such as are to be found in the last forty miles of its course, we can hardly do better than make its acquaintance at the little town of Ross; as Leigh Ritchie says, here commences the tour of the lower Wye—of that part of the river which is known to fame as *the* Wye. Here, from a plateau beside the old church, called "the Prospect," or from the comfortable quarters at the Royal Hotel, we have a fine stretch of landscape, owing its chief attraction to the windings of the river, which comes up past the town in the form of a horse-shoe bend. This bend encloses a fair stretch of meadow, and in it stands a rare old oak, which now forms a shed to shelter sheep (see sketch). The old Wilton Bridge, and the towers of Wilton Castle, embosomed in trees, form points of interest to the left of our view from "the Prospect," whilst to the right we have the river enlivening the landscape by its numerous bends towards Hereford. The trouble this river Wye takes in getting to the Severn from its rise in Plimlimmon is marvellous; counting from the map alone, there must be some forty of these big horse-shoes in its course from Hereford, which help to make out its one hundred and fifty miles length from end to end, and cause you in some places to travel five miles in order to make one of direct progression. It is sixteen and a half miles in a direct line from Ross to Chepstow, whilst the river takes near thirty-eight miles to go from one town to the other. The Wilton Bridge (see sketch) appears to date from Tudor times (1599), and this, with the old oak in the meadow, forms a link to carry us half way back to the time of King Stephen, when the Wilton Castle is said to have been built.

The voussoirs of the bridge arches are rebated, instead of having the usual straight joint. About here is a favourite spot for fishermen, and one stalwart sportsman, resembling a well-known M.P., I never missed seeing knee-deep in the stream as I drove past, disposing himself in the most obliging way for any possible painter. But I suppose he would have acted just like all cows I know, and moved away directly one got him fairly into use as a model.



Wilton Bridge. Drawn by T. Raffles Davison.

The old church at Ross stands in the highest part of the town, and in your drives about the neighbourhood will often be your guide for home. The spire, which rises to over two hundred feet from the ground, has been rebuilt in its upper portion to a steeper pitch, and this gives a certain gracefulness of effect not in strict accordance with our notions of solid and dignified architectural work (see sketch). The church itself is a fine building, with a spacious interior and

an unusually long chancel (50 feet) equal to two-thirds the length of the nave. The curious sight of two young elm-trees growing from one of the pews to a height of some twenty feet is now at an end, for just before our recent visit the trees had died. The window in front of which they used to flourish faces east, so that it is somewhat a wonder they should have done so well. The rows of great elms enclosing the churchyard, and which were planted by John Kyrle, form a fine setting to the church and its lofty spire, and make the churchyard enclosure a most delightful retreat during the hot days of summer. In fact, the churchyard and the "Prospect" together incline one to greatly envy the privileges of those who live at Ross. Exquisite sunset scenes have we witnessed from the "Prospect," and our first acquaintance with the place was on the eve of such a glorious sunset, after many rainy days, as would alone suffice to make a pleasant fixed remembrance of the abode of the Man of Ross. The old market-house occupies a site in the centre of the town, where four streets meet, and has a simple, well-proportioned effect; it was erected in the reign of James I. Our sketch shows pretty closely its present appearance.

The verse of Pope has raised the name of John Kyrle, "The Man of Ross," to enduring fame. The visitor will find the fame is that of a sober, quiet life, spent in acts of unostentatious benevolence, such as cares nothing at all *for* fame.

In following the Wye downwards from Ross, the first hint of its special beauties seems to come in at a point a little above Kerne Bridge, and from the roadway here we get a charming bit of landscape, with the Kerne Bridge as a central object under the Coppet Wood Hill, whilst to the right we have the bridging of the two highways just below the spire of Goodrich Church. The Kerne Bridge was erected in 1828, and was much needed, and is one of those things so marvellous in modern days which combines both usefulness and good looks. If the reader spends much time in traversing the country about the Wye, he will come to fully understand



The Wye at Ross. Drawn by T. Raffles Davison.

the value of bridges, for the river cuts you off in the most unexpected manner by its turns and doubles.

It will be very soon observed that the Wye affords every variety of effect which can be given, from a bordering of the steepest precipice to the flattest meadow land, whilst its frequent bends produce lines of the most beautiful and varied form of landscape composition. Then the colour effects to be seen along its course are as varied as can be imagined by the landscape artist. We have the silvery-grey rocks, partly covered and surrounded by foliage of every tint of greens and browns and reds, and the yellow, red, and greys and blues of various kinds of earth and rocks. The river adds light and colour to every view, and under a changeable sky the different results of dark land against light water, and the reverse, are in some of the stretches of river something marvellous to watch, as you sit on some rocky ledge of the hillside. A good point of view for such observation is on the side of the Coppet Wood Hill, whence one of our sketches is taken, showing the railway crossing the river in the foreground, and the spire of Ruardean Church on the distant hill.

At Kerne Bridge the riverside must be left to get a sight of Goodrich Church and Castle. As you ascend the "pitch" (which is the local designation for the rise and fall of roads), you catch a glimpse of Goodrich Church framed by the trees and stone arch of the upper roadway, which forms in some lights a delightful picture of delicate colour, framed by the dark stone archway and its rocky abutments. The church has a lovely elevated site, and forms a harmonious and pleasing group, dominated by a graceful spire. It has been carefully restored, and preserves much of the interest of the genuine old Gothic work. Any one interested in modern progress should not fail to see the window in the north aisle erected to the memory of Judge Herbert, which is perhaps as good a specimen of delicate and refined effect in painted glass as is to be seen in England now. A curious tombstone in this churchyard is formed of a large mass of rock, brought

at great labour and cost from the adjacent hill, and weighing many tons. The inscription is written on a panel let into the top. The churchyards about this locality will be found to contain many elaborate specimens of carved headstones, many of which are of excellent decorative form, such as we should gladly welcome in modern work. The leafage is generally carved in a most spirited manner, and it appears to me that the winged head of cherubim and the rays of light from clouds are very agreeable and inoffensive symbols of hope in trouble, and relief in despair. Sickly sentiment and ostentatious praise might well give way to the wings of faith and the rays of hope, which would suggest more to most folk than poetry and prose unless they be very good indeed. Two curious epitaphs at Goodrich are as follows:—

"Here lies the only comfort of my life,
A most indulgent, tender, loving wife,
The only friend that God endude to me,
Therefore my loss is great the world may see;
I with her once most happily was blest,
But now of all my joy I am bereft;
And since her death unhappy thus am I,
And shall remain until the day I die."

"All you that pass this way along
Pray think how sudden I was gone;
Death do not warning always give,
Therefore be careful how you live."



Ross Church. Drawn by T. Raffles Davison.

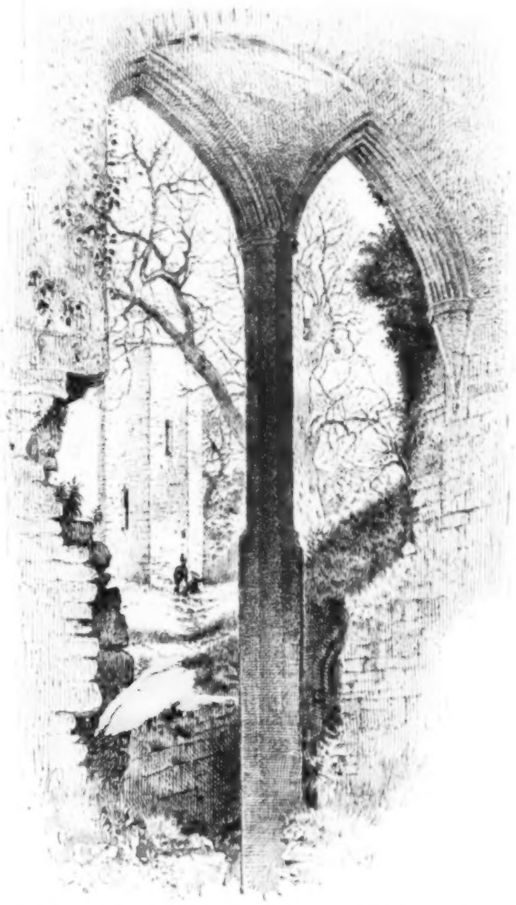
Goodrich Castle first seen in the sunshine of a bright spring day, strikes one as the pleasantest of all possible ruins. What first attracts notice is the immense strength of protection to the entrance gateway. This entrance way is no less than 50 feet in depth. It is defended first by a drawbridge over the moat, guarded by arrow slits from the round towers on either side: 11 feet within the passage way there was a massive gate defended by machicolations over, down which molten lead or boiling water might be poured to check the ardour of advancing foes. Near 7 feet farther in we find a portcullis, and still 7 feet farther is another one, the space between being also made assailable from loopholes and machicolations. Then beyond this there was provision for insertion of huge timber beams to act as further barricades. This formed pretty good defence, and all round the two sides of the castle fronting to the level ground we find a wide and deep moat, whilst the other fronts rise steeply from the valley and the river. There was some brave fighting about this castle in revolutionary times, and Oliver Cromwell advanced to it in person against Sir Richard Lingen. Finally it was taken by Colonel Birch. Great consumption of food was a happy feature of the place, for we are told that the Countess of Pembroke made up her larder here for Christmas with thirty-three oxen and eighty pigs.

The stone with which the keep is built is from the Forest of Dean, and it has lasted wonderfully; whilst the round towers of stone excavated from their site are much defaced by weather effect. One of the prettiest features of all the ruin is a lofty detached octagonal pillar, from which spring two pointed arches to flanking walls. Through these arches and a break in the walls behind we catch a lovely peep of the river and its wooded banks. This must have been painted scores of times, but not so often, we think, as the view looking through it towards the castle (shown in our sketch), wherein the dark stone screen is a fine framework to the beautiful tracery of tree in the castle court. Numberless subjects for the painter occur in places like this, and one of lesser interest we might suggest in the old stoup and its carved corbel contrasting with the wallflower and fern that have grown up within it. The visitor to Goodrich should also see the old church at Walford (at present unrestored), wherein are interesting specimens of transitional carving from the Norman to Early English work, and where may be seen hanging over the chancel arch a helmet said to have been worn by Cromwell.

Those who have driven through many miles of English scenery know well the added interest which is derived from

some form of water in the landscape, whether it be a lake or river or the distant sea. After miles of tedious travelling over desolate hills in Wales, we have come upon a little lake reflecting the sky in its blue depths, or after long stretches of meadows and trees we have caught a glimpse of sea on the horizon, or, again, after traversing leagues of hot and dusty roads we have turned a corner and found ourselves in view of a winding stream, and then we have realised the full charm of water in a country scene. It is this charm of a glistening stream that is again and again repeated to us in our drives about the Wye, and its alternating appearance and disappearance count for much in a journey by road from Hereford to Chepstow.

Although every one will have his own method of "doing" the Wye, it may serve some useful purpose to shortly sketch a "tour." Leaving Paddington by an evening train, we shall find ourselves in some four hours in the old-world cathedral town of Hereford. The following morning can very profitably be spent in the cathedral, which is a fine specimen of Early Norman, although the west front, which fell in 1786, was rebuilt in an incongruous style. The library is quite worth a visit, and contains, amongst other valuable manuscripts, Wycliffe's Bible. Leaving Hereford, Ross, with its several memorials of "the Man," is our next destination, and it may be reached by some twelve or fourteen miles of rather uninteresting road, or by river, which is a much longer affair and far more interesting. From Ross you may, if proceeding by road, go on to Goodrich, with the castle and the fine view from the keep, and from Goodrich to Symond's Yat, where you can put up for the night, not having omitted to see the famous Coldwell Rocks. From Symond's Yat it will be a pleasant journey to Monmouth, taking care to see the Double View, and the Buck Stone, which has been recently replaced. Monmouth, which occupies a slight elevation between the Monnow and the Wye, is a grand centre for some of the very best scenery on the Wye. Here you will meet many artists and anglers who, with various fly-tackle and occasionally a coracle on their back, angle for some of the finest fish we have ever seen. Leaving it, however, you pass on to Tintern, with its famous Abbey, and walk by road, taking care to secure the very fine view from the Windcliffe and a look in at the Moss Cottage at its foot, to Chepstow, thus bringing you again within easy access of London. Such a journey as this may not be suited to the tastes of all, but it will be found to give the key to most of the prominent beauties of this "wanderer through the woods."



A Remnant of Goodrich Castle. Drawn by Raffles Davison.

T. RAFFLES DAVISON.

AN ACTOR'S HOLIDAY.

I.

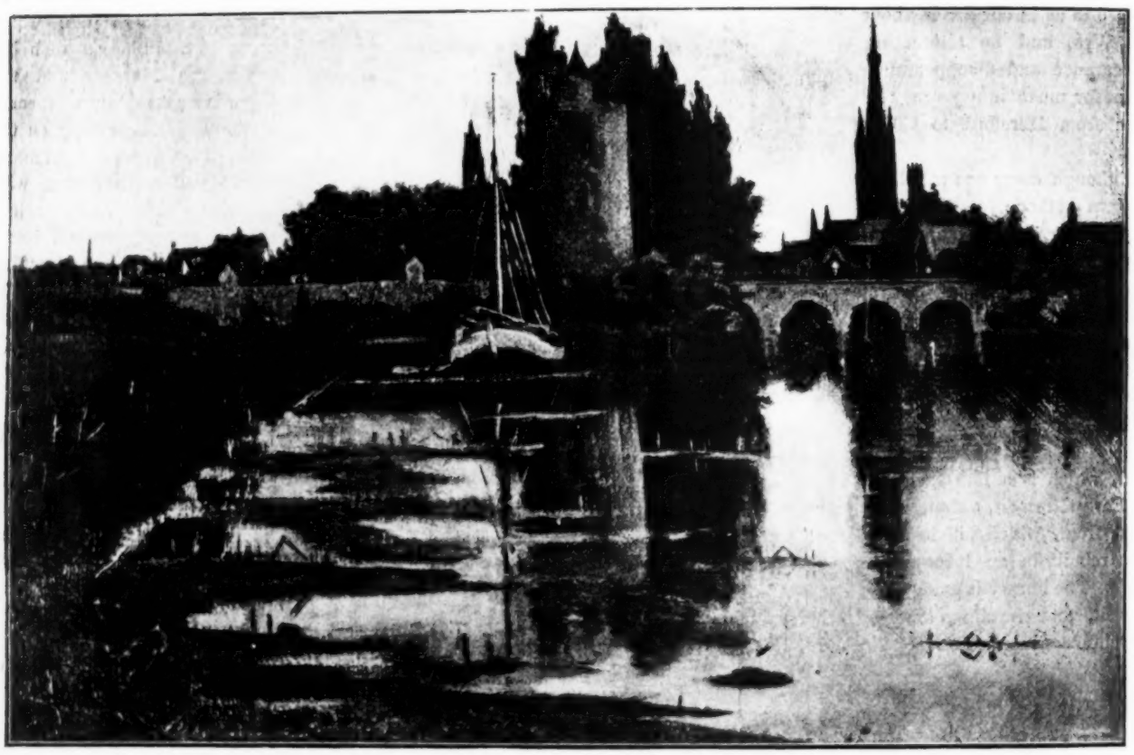
"A HOLIDAY in Holland and Belgium is at any time a good subject for an illustrated article, but with Mr. Irving as the central figure of such an event, your reminiscences must prove an attractive contribution."

Thus editorially encouraged, I turn over my notes of a memorable trip, with some trepidation, lest I fail to realise the editorial hopes, and with a feeling of surprise at the vast amount of work and experience that may be crowded into three years. This holiday I am to write about is an incident of August, 1883, on the eve of Irving's first tour in the United States. Three years ago America was to him a *terra incognita*, and *Faust* a dream, which competed for realisation with *Manfred*, *The Tempest*, *As You Like It*, *Henry VIII.*, *Rienzi*, *Alfred*, and other contemplated Lyceum productions. To-day the actor looks back over two American and Canadian tours, and *Faust* is a success. Time marches on so quickly in these days that it is well to pause once in a way and look back. This solemn platitude is not a London inspiration. It belongs to the atmosphere of Holland. Perhaps the charm of this dead city life is largely a matter of imagination. It is the rest a Londoner finds in this quiet dreamy atmosphere that is so delightful at first, and so intolerable at last.

On board the steamer at Dover, on the day of our departure for Ostend, Irving discovered the typical English tourist. "I have never seen him before," he said, "in every-day life; he is common enough in French caricature, but here he is in reality." And it was so: two or three and thirty, with lips apart, showing abnormally long teeth, field-glass and

satchel strapped over his shoulders, light overcoat, light trousers, light hat, and all new. In one hand he carried a Continental Bradshaw, in the other he held a biscuit, which he nibbled occasionally. Irving watched him, in his furtive way, enjoying the dramatisation of the man and his surroundings, imagining his history, jotting down his idiosyncrasies. He photographed him in his mind, gave him new life on an imaginary stage, or annexed bits of him for use in some already existing rôle. It would have been quite as amusing for any one who knew Irving to have seen him in the full enjoyment of his holiday study as it was for him to dramatise the Cockney traveller. Possibly with this wayside illustration of an actor making holiday, the reader may the better understand the method of an impersonator who is just as much at home in illustrating the cruelty of Louis as in realising the tenderness of Dr. Primrose.

"Toole would have spoken to him," said Irving, as we left the tourist to struggle with a cigar, "and we should have had an amusing scene. Toole can do that kind of thing in the most innocent way, and without offence; and a lot of curious information is to be obtained by entering into conversation with strangers. I remember a year or two since Toole and I were at Stratford-on-Avon together. It was a calm summer day, the dinner hour of the local working man. On the outskirts of the town we came upon a group of two or three labourers who had eaten their mid-day meal and were smoking their pipes. 'Is this the way into Stratford?' Toole asked. 'Yes,' said one of them, who seemed to be the leader of the rest. 'Do you live at Stratford?' 'Yes,' was the reply, given in a lazy fashion and without even a glance at Toole. 'Oh, then, you know all about it, and can tell us what we want to learn.' The fellow smoked on with indifference, as did



Moonlight—Pont du Lac d'Amour, Bruges. Drawn by Helen H. Hatton.

his companions. 'Shakespeare lived here, eh?' 'Who?' 'Shakespeare.' 'Yes.' 'Did you know him?' 'No.' 'Is he still living?' 'Dunno; think he's dead,' turning to his mates, who nodded their approval of his answer. Then he ventured to say, 'Yes, he's dead.' 'His house is to be seen, eh?' 'Yes.' 'Many people come to see it?' 'Yes;' this time with a contemptuous curl of his lip and an extra pull at his pipe. 'Have you ever seen it?' 'I live here.' 'I mean ever been inside?' 'Not I.' 'No, you know better, don't you?' 'Should think I do.' His mates smiled, as much as to say they hoped they were not fools either. 'Only fools waste their time in that way?' 'Strangers, maybe.' 'Thank you,' said Toole, taking out his purse; 'you won't object to me standing you a drink?' 'No.' 'Here you are then.' A horny hand was held out, it passed the coin on to the next man with the order, 'Get half a gallon.' As the messenger stumped across the fields towards the town, his comrade became a trifle more communicative. 'This Mister Shakespeare was a famous man, eh?' 'Suppose he was.' 'A scholar?' 'Dunno.' 'What was he famous for?' 'Writin'' was the reply, and it was given with a sudden gleam of intelligence in the native's dull eyes. 'Oh, writing,' I said, joining in the conversation; 'did he write for the newspapers?' 'No.' 'For the magazines?' 'No.' '*The Family Herald?*' suggested Toole. 'No,' was again the laconic but emphatic reply; but this time the native paused, and looking round as if he had suddenly remembered all about it, said, '*I think he writ for Bible.*'"

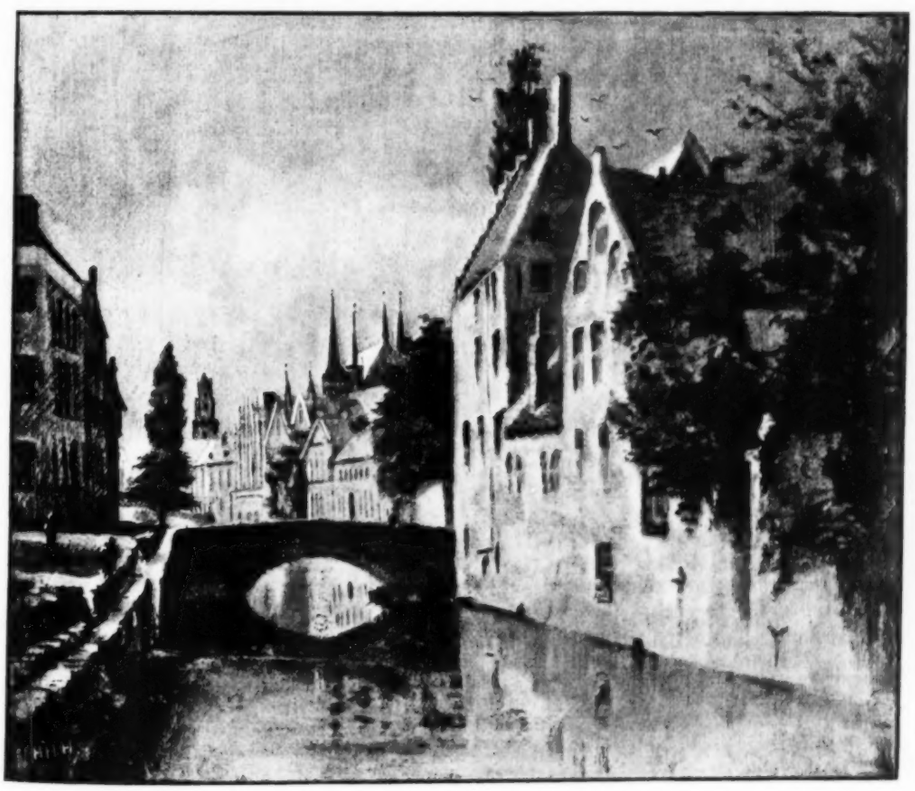
Leaving Ostend an hour or two after our arrival, we went to Bruges, slept there, and spent the next day there. "Like Sunday," said Irving, as we wandered through the old place. It was very quiet,—"Like a stage cleared for action."

Strange that so short a distance from London we should wake up in so foreign a city, with associations that go back into the centuries, and with something of the old atmosphere left. We sauntered into the market-place, and entered an ancient tavern. It was noon. While we remained at the bar the daily guests came in for their matutinal beer. Each person was evidently expected by the bar woman. She greeted them with a smile. Each man took his own seat and had his specified quantum. They said little, and they drank moderately. Some smoked. They all looked dull, as if they were walking in a circle, a monotonous round of life. "Have been doing this daily since boyhood," said Irving; "son succeeding father in the same seat and drinking out of the same pot."

With an eye for costume, the Flemish milk-women interested Irving, and we bought photographs of them. The most noteworthy was a woman in a hat that suggested Wales, with a pretty prim lace cap and cuffs, and an embroidered shawl "which might have been designed by Oscar Wilde," Irving suggested. One of the most picturesque objects we saw was the Porte des Baudets, which glassed its grey old walls in the placid water, an architectural gem, an harmonious picture of form and colour. This water is the Dyver Canal, and one comes upon bits of it here and there that are in their way as fine as Venice, notably in the locality of the Quai du Rosaire, in which is situated the palace of the Count of Flanders. The old masonry is draped with trailing creepers, and the occasional bridge which slumbers at intervals athwart the river is decorated with lichen and moss, toned with the tints of a grand old age. We spent a greater part of the day in the cathedral, ascended the tower, and rested afterwards in the Cordwainers' Chapel. Before we left, Irving made several rough sketches for the cathedral interior in *Faust*, and as we walked to our hotel he talked of Wills's translation of Goethe's play and its difficulties. "What to retain and what to eliminate," he said, "is the main point, — to keep enough to satisfy the student and the scholar, and yet not to overweight the story which you must present to the playgoer. Then one must steer clear of the opera, both as to treatment and music, and also in the Margaret and the Mephistopheles. As to character, 'Faust' is the part of the play; but who is to do it? You want a man who can play tragedy like a man, and can make love like a youth with an old head. You want a great tragedian in the first part, who, looking like a veritable Adonis in the second



Bruges: Porte des Baudets.



Quai du Rosaire, Bruges (Noon). From a Sketch by Helen H. Hatton.

part, shall still make love with a suggestion of the remembered pathos of the old man who has been translated from age to youth, from the philosopher to the boy with all the world before him. And yet, so far as Mephistopheles is concerned, that is the part which holds the play together, which fills the mind of the audience, gives the story its supernatural strength, and which is always in evidence. A difficult story to tell on the stage and be true to Goethe, but with three splendid parts, Margaret, Faust, and Mephistopheles. I can imagine Ellen Terry being an ideal Margaret; the natural, womanly, suffering, tragic Margaret of the poem."

"When shall you produce it?"

"Perhaps when we come back from America, perhaps never; but I have the MSS. in my bag, and have been reading it lately. I have some ideas for the Walpurgis night which I think are good; startling they certainly are. One wants a real goblin scene, that shall be more or less pantomimic, but with the dignity of the witch scene in *Macbeth*—a strange, weird, grim revel, with witches in the air, and witches coming out of the earth, with ape-like fiends, and inhuman creatures, Mephistopheles the leading figure, and the vision of Margaret, a pathetic human incident to suggest the reality of it."

While we were talking, the belfry chimes filled the air with their drowsy music.

"And that is the kind of effect I want to get in the street and market scenes of Nuremberg, chimes that shall fill the theatre as well as the stage, carrying the mind back into the *Faust* period, musical chimes that reverberate, not bells that are struck and become almost immediately still. And I will have musical effects that have never before been attempted."

"Have you seen Gounod's *Faust*?"

"No. I have never seen *Faust* on the stage in any shape. I know the *Faust* music. It is very fine; but if I used it, half my audience would begin to think of the opera, which I don't want; so I shall have new music."



Church of St. Jacques. Interior of Nave, looking East.

We stayed at the Hotel Flanders, which has an old-fashioned picturesque back garden and court shut in with red roofs and a red-brick wall, not unlike a bit of old York. There was a pretty girl in the garden playing with a pet lamb, giving a simple pastoral touch to the scene that was very pleasant and restful. We ordered dinner. In replying to some question about the wine, the waiter said, "Oh yes, Mr. Irving, I understand." He had been a club waiter in London. "I'll explain, sir, if you leave it to me. I'll see it's all right—plain dinner, but good—yes, sir."

When it was ready we found the shutters closed, a table lighted with wax candles in a corner of it, and though not exactly disciples of *la gourmandise*, we shall not forget that "plain but good" little dinner at Bruges.

"Nothing I enjoy more than mooning about old streets in old cities," Irving said over a cigar after dinner. "I like to look into shop windows, make odd purchases, and hear people talk. Some time ago I happened to be at Dover one night, unable to get on, had to sleep there. I prowled about, and went into a club entertainment, sat quietly in a corner, thought nobody would know me, was much entertained with what was going on. Presently some kind gentleman got up, and proposed my health in very flattering terms. The toast was drunk with much applause. I thanked them, told them how interested I was in Dover, and in all kinds of institutions for the entertainment and good of the people; and finished by saying that if there was any charity in which the club felt a special interest, I would come down and read for it. The enthusiasm was intense. From that moment I had evidently set Dover in a ferment,—every prominent person connected with every prominent charity in the town claiming the reading in its interest, until at last I think they must have arrived at the conclusion that I was a confounded nuisance. When the night came, all went off well; but between the pieces, I fancy there must have been opposition groups scowling at each other, and I

fear I created some unpleasantness. They realised lots of money, however, for the charity, and 'all's well that ends well.'"

The next morning we went by rail to Ghent. The scenery, English in character—large crops of corn and oats, much of it cut. The next night we were at Antwerp, overlooking the Place Verte. And here permit me to say a word about those dear familiar chimes. Have you ever sat in the sun and listened to the bells in the tower of Notre-Dame, trying to make merry with the shadow-dance music from *Dinorah?* The chimes are out of tune, but not harsh, neither are they discordant. It had always seemed to me, as if there were tintinnabulary tears in their tremulous voices; and on this autumn evening of 1883, I find myself in keen sympathy with them; for Antwerp is a landmark in my memory, with which a dear dead friend and companion is intimately associated; and when last I heard them, we sat in the sun and listened to them together. Irving, with no other memory than the recollection of Motley's tragic story of the massacre at Antwerp, finds the *carillon* strangely pathetic in its inharmonious jangle. Let no one ever dream of tuning these sorrowful bells. They have reminiscences of a day and night of riot and rape, and massacre. The echoes of these sad memories slumber in the belfry tower. The chimes waken them to mingle their solemn whispers with the music. We walked about Grande Place the next day, and traced in fancy the bloody footsteps of "the Spanish Fury," recalling Motley's dramatic record of the flaming revolution, "while over the heads of the struggling throng, suspended in mid-air above the din and smoke of the conflict, there sounded every half-quarter of every hour, as if in gentle mockery, from the belfry of the cathedral, the tender and melodious chimes."



Antwerp Cathedral.

I think Irving found more to interest him in the old mansion and printing-office of Plantin than anywhere else in Antwerp. The reality of the place had a special charm for him. He made a sketch of the courtyard, which has since then been exploited on the Lyceum stage. The examples of Rubens, Van Dyck, and other masters which are among the treasures of the old house, were full of a new interest for him, since they showed the many-sided characters of these great artists, who were not only painters, but worked in every branch of Art, demonstrating in their success the versatility of true genius. We spent several hours here and at the church of St. Jacques, where the actor-manager annexed a picturesque point or two in the nave looking east. A sacred function was being performed at the cathedral. There was a procession. The effigy of a famous saint was a feature of the sacred pageant. Irving has a fair share of veneration, but he regarded the ceremony from a point of view which might perhaps have scandalised the performers had they known that an actor was among them taking notes. "Not that good Catholics," he said, "appear to object to the illustration of their solemn functions upon the stage if they are properly and reverently carried out. In *Much Ado*, for example, I received advice and assistance from a dignitary of the Church, and I have had letters from high Catholic authorities, thanking me for the correct and proper representation of such ceremonials as the burial of Ophelia and other incidents of the stage. I cannot help thinking that a little stage-management would have been useful to them to-day. Did you notice how the carelessness or weakness of the men who carried the saintly image spoiled the dignity of the whole thing? The saint positively wobbled, and a saint should never have been allowed to do that, eh? The effect was grotesque, if not ludicrous, and yet the poor people who knelt to the image and crossed themselves did not notice it. Faith is a great matter. There was something touching in the simple way in which the people observed the occasion. But it would not have made a picture, eh? We should never have made such a mistake at the Lyceum, I

hope, as to allow our saint, if we had to carry one in a sacred procession, to wobble about and nearly fall over."

It was a fine night, with a moon—the harvest moon perhaps—and we sat at an open window looking upon the Place Verte, almost from the point of view seen in the accompanying engraving. "I don't know that there can be anything much finer than this square," said Irving, "with its wonderful cathedral rising up behind those quaint homelike houses, and that graceful tower climbing up into the sky. The bells will not let me forget Motley and the fury, though we should be thinking of Rubens and his work."

"Do you remember that saying of Rubens about jealousy? 'Do well, and people will be jealous of you; do better, and you will overcome their jealousy.' You are at the latter stage."

"Not yet," he said; "wait until the American trip is over. There is only one thing to be said about jealousy and doing well: the great thing is to do your best and fear not. In acting, as in painting, one must go to nature; if she does not inspire you it is no good. When I do *Faust* I mean to have the very atmosphere of the time realised, not simply the dresses, the architecture, the habit of the people, but Nuremberg itself and the Hartz. There is something in the repose of this Place Verte that strikes the right key, but it is not quite sombre enough. For the interior of the cathedral the church of St. Jacques has all the impressiveness that one wants for the church scene. I have a far finer effect in my mind for that next cathedral scene than the *Much Ado* picture. But we are talking very much ahead of events, eh?"

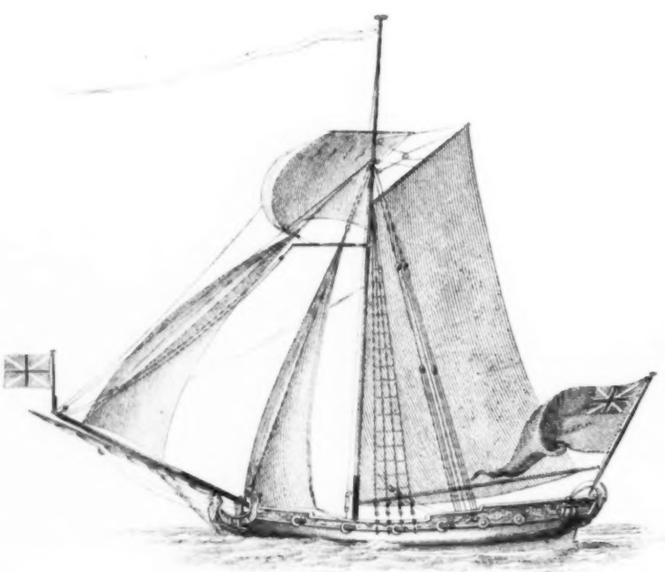
Pending some of these coming events we ordered an early breakfast for the following morning, in view of a descent upon Holland.

JOSEPH HATTON.

(To be continued.)

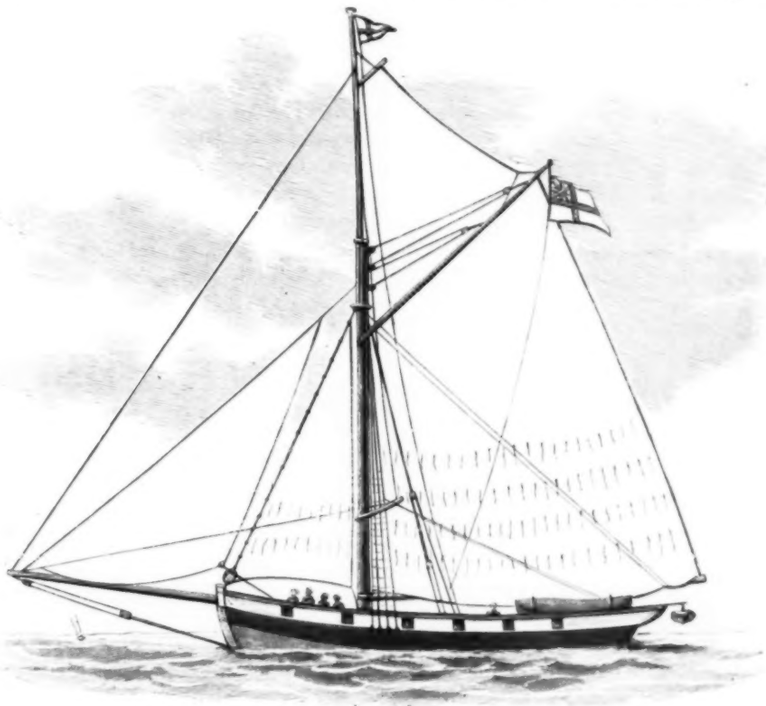
BRITISH YACHTING.

THE pastime of yachting apparently dates from the time of the Stuarts, although, according to the researches of the late Admiral Smyth, the Plantagenets had yachts, and termed them "esneccas," a word, by the way, which seems to be of doubtful derivation. However, if we desired to prove the antiquity of yachting, we should have to travel back much farther than the time of the Plantagenets, and, as previously said, we can be content with the generally accepted assertion that yachting as a pastime dates from the time of the Stuarts. Mr. Pepys says, in his Naval Minutes, that the word "yacht" was unknown in England until the Dutch, in 1660, presented a vessel to Charles II. which they termed a yacht, and which he named *Mary*. In 1662 this monarch is said to have designed a yacht for himself, and named her *Jamie*. She was matched against the *Bezan*, belonging to the Duke of York, for a stake of £100, and the course was from Greenwich to Gravesend and back. Pepys says—"The King lost it going, the wind being contrary, but saved stakes in returning. There were divers noble persons and lords on board, His Majesty sometimes steering himself." The king's craft is said to have been "frigate-like," but very shallow in body, having only 3 feet 6 inches draught of water. Charles altogether built fourteen yachts, and appears to have tested the speed of all, as he was very fond of steering. The largest of these yachts was the *Mary* (not the *Mary* previously referred to), which was 67 feet on the water-line, with a beam of 21½ feet, and a draught of water of 7½ feet. The taste for yachting gradually extended during the reign of Anne and the Georges, and was even taken up by Irish gentlemen; so much indeed did the latter think of the pastime, that in 1720 they established a club in Cork Harbour to promote it, and some curious chronicles exist relating to the customs of yachtsmen at that date. Yachts at this time were common about the Solent and Southampton Water, and an advertisement in a paper dated 1778, offers a yacht of seven tons for sale, "with figure-head gilt and goose stern, painted fore and aft." The accompanying sketch is a contemporary view of a yacht; but the Cork yachts were higher at the bow and lower at the stern, judged by the rude paintings of them, dated 1738, which still exist in the Royal Cork Yacht Club. The yachts of the middle of the last century, although gorgeously gilt, and decorated with bright red and blue pigments, and upholstered with rich velvets, could not have been very satisfactory sea-boats, and we find the revenue cutter model was gradually adopted about the end of the last century. The Duke of Richmond, who, it can be assumed, owed his yachting proclivities to



A Yacht of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

his royal ancestor—built one of these cutter yachts on the Itchen, Southampton, in 1783, and sailed from thence, according to a contemporary chronicle, for France on July 5 of that year, accompanied by his brother, Lord George Lennox, Lady Louisa Lennox, the Misses Lennox, and Captain Berkeley. Trips to the French coast and in the Channel, however agreeable they might have been in 1783, had some drawbacks in 1794, as it is recorded in a Hampshire paper that "on July 28, 1794, some gentlemen who were taking a cruise round the Isle of Wight fell in with the *Dugomar* privateer, and were taken into Dunkirk, where they were stripped of everything valuable, and then set at liberty."



"Gazelle" Cutter, Colonel Peers Williams, 1820 and 1875.

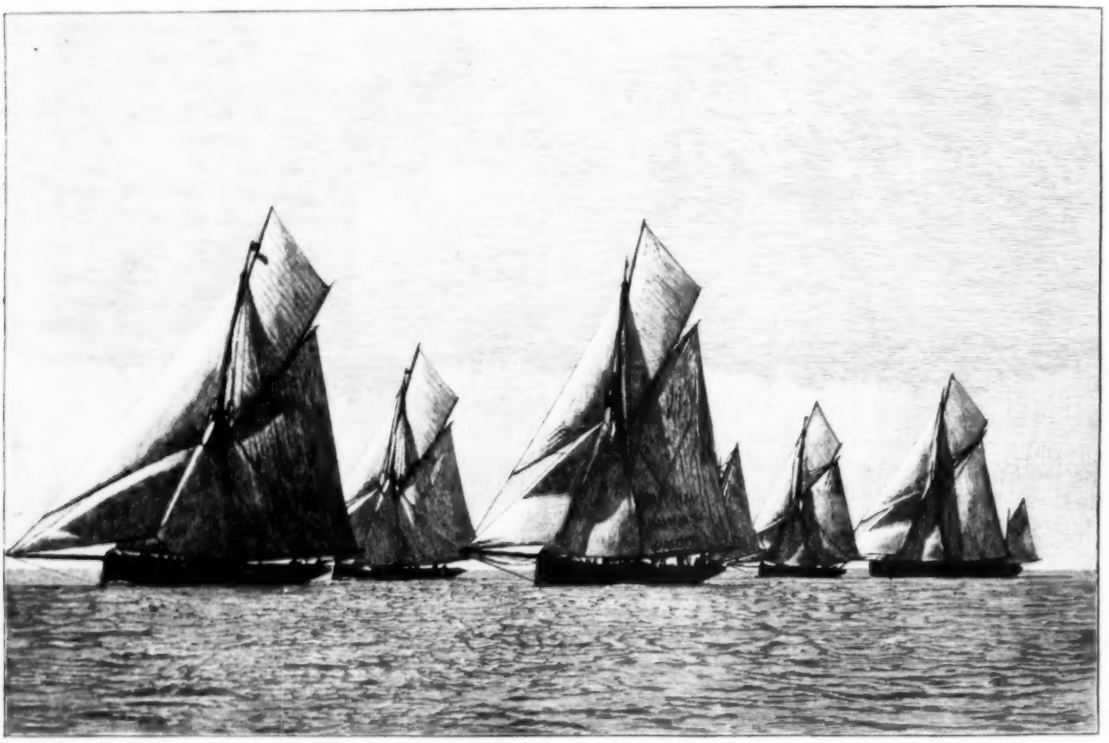
Although frequent matches were sailed at Cowes and on Southampton Water before the commencement of the present century, it does not appear that any organization resembling a yacht club existed in England until the year 1812, when steps were taken to establish the Royal Yacht Squadron, and first known as the "Yacht Club." The club was formally organized in 1814 by about fifty noblemen and gentlemen under the commodoreship of the Hon. Charles Pelham, afterwards Earl of Yarborough. The yachts of this date were mostly on the model of the revenue cutter or man-of-war's brig. Noted examples of the latter class were the *Falcon* of Lord Yarborough and the *Waterwitch* of Lord Belfast. The yachts of this date had very little ornament about them, in fact above the copper line many were painted plain black, without a ribband or scroll of any kind. Some, however, affected black and white ports, in man-of-war style, and the ketch *Kestrel*, belonging to the Earl of Yarborough, was so painted, and so were some cutters. The fashion did not last long, but the late Colonel Peers Williams, who died at the age of eighty-four in December, 1875, had his cutter *Gazelle* so painted to the last. An exact representation of this cutter is given on this page. She was built in the year 1820 by Sainty of Colchester, a noted smuggler, and was never altered in hull or rig. She had all hemp standing rigging to the last, and a veritable "gaff top-sail" with gaffed jaws.

Yachting as a pastime grew very rapidly into favour after the peace of 1815, and the annual regatta at Cowes became one of the most fashionable events of the year. "Nimrod," in one of his delightful sporting sketches, tells how in 1828 he journeyed down to Cowes in a postchaise, as "not a place was to be had in any coach six days previous to the regatta, so great had its attractions become." "Nimrod" was berthed on board the *Blue-eyed Maid*, and he saw a great deal of the match-sailing and the festivities on shore. "Nimrod's" enjoyment, however, appears to have been somewhat alloyed by the brilliant sunshine and the heat. Turner's picture of the Royal Yacht Squadron



The "Genesta" winning First Prize in her Maiden Race at Harwich.

was painted about four years later, and he makes the Medina and the Solent ablaze with sunshine. His yachts may perhaps be objected to by a nautical critic, but the picture is quite in his best style, before the 'Ulysses' and 'Téméraire' period of gorgeous colouring. Yachtsmen at this period not only affected a distinctive character, but gave expression to it in the matter of dress; but this had long been a peculiarity with yachtsmen. In the regulations of the Royal Cork Yacht Club, dated 1806, we read "That the wives and daughters of the members of the club shall be entitled to wear the uniform." What this uniform consisted of we do not know, but "Nimrod," describing that of the Royal Yacht Squadron men of 1828, says that the "uniform of the club is a blue jacket and white trousers, and to such as are not too square in the stern the dress is far from unbecoming." The festivities at Cowes appear to have mostly consisted of dancing, dining, and love-making, and without any other regulations than the customary restraints of society. The Royal Cork men, however, appear to have found it necessary to have stringent regulations for their entertainments, and among their early rules we find "That no admiral shall presume to bring more than two dozen of wine to his treat, except when the Lords the Judges are invited," and "That unless the company exceed fifteen no man shall be allowed more than one bottle to his share and a peremptory." The peremptory was a bumper which everyone was bound to drink, but it does not seem very clear why there should be a limit to one bottle only in the case of the company not exceeding fifteen. Fashions in yachting have very much changed; a yachtsman now is thought no more of than a man who shoots or hunts, and uniforms are abjured as much as knee-breeches are by the "advanced Radicals."



A Start.

"*Wraith.*" "*Quickstep.*" "*Vega.*" "*Waterwitch.*" "*Erycina.*"

The principal alteration which the model of yachts underwent between the years 1820 and 1850 was that the transom aft was covered in with plank fair up to the archboard. This was a great improvement on the old square tuck, and Ratsey, of Cowes, can take credit for first teaching us what an advantage, so far as appearances go, the long clean tail above water is over the harsh broken line formed by the transom and short counter abaft it. Another important alteration made in the form of hull about this time was in the introduction of a fine sharp bow. The old theory as to the best form for speed was that the forebody should be shorter and fuller than the afterbody. The late Mr. Scott Russell, in contradistinction to this, asserted that the bow should be longer and sharper than the stern. This, at the time, was considered rather a startling revolution, but it was nevertheless adopted, and still generally prevails. He also introduced a beautiful theory that the lines of the yacht in the forebody should be wave lines, and in the stern wave lines of another character. There seems to be some advantage in this system under certain conditions, but much importance is not attached to it at the present day.

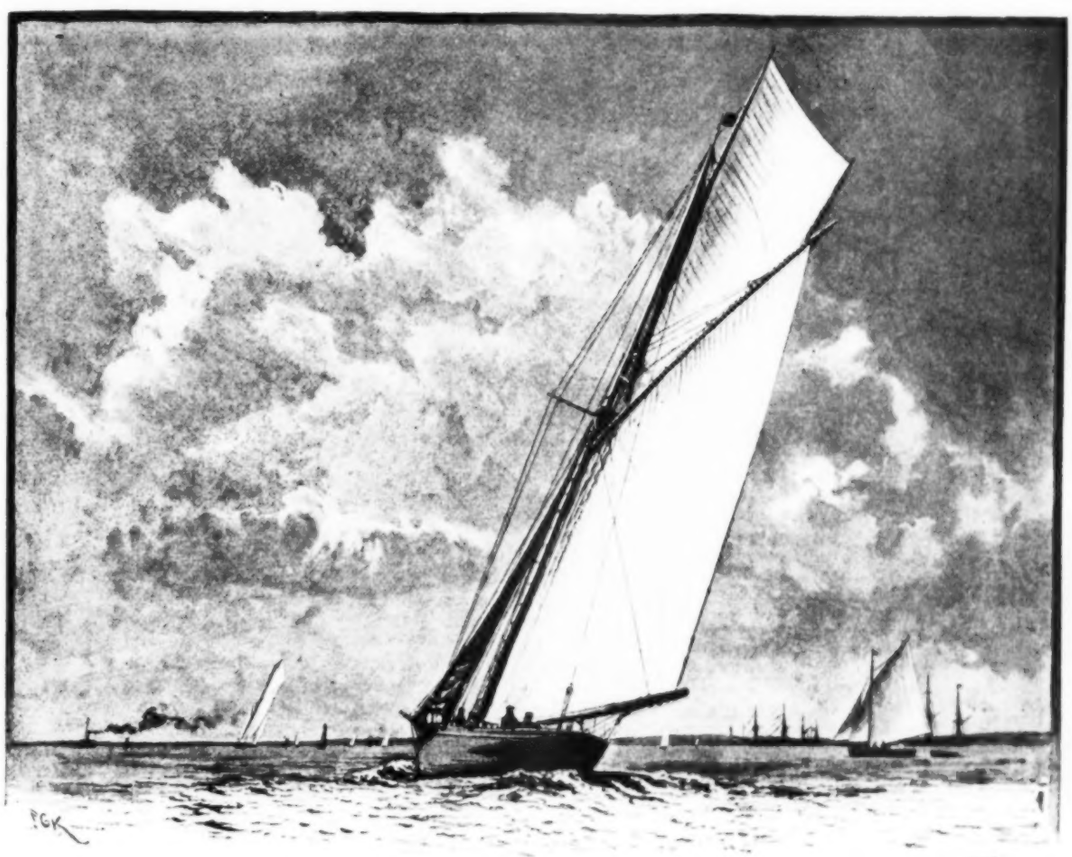
The yachts of this date, it should be said, are very much narrower for any given length than they were some years ago, and this circumstance affects their appearance somewhat. For instance, the *Gazelle*, which was a typical cutter of the 1820 period, was 64 feet on the load line and 19 feet in breadth; a yacht of the present day of 64 feet length has only a breadth of 12 feet, like the *May*, 40-tonner, for instance. Two such yachts viewed end on must necessarily present a very different appearance, but from a broadside view they might bear a very close resemblance. The *May* cutter, just referred to, was always considered a very beautiful vessel, but the palm for beauty has, by common consent, been awarded to the *Marjorie*.

Yawls, so far as their hulls go, are modelled the same as

cutters, but their rig is different, as they carry a mizen sail. The yawl has been sarcastically described as a picturesque rig, but to a sailor's eye, all the sails appear to be of an ugly and awkward shape. For compactness and handiness, no rig equals that of the cutter, and it has always been the greatest favourite with those who are fond of yacht-racing. A very good example of a cutter under way, close hauled, is shown by the *Marguerite*, an exceedingly handsome vessel, which we have illustrated on this page.

We were just saying that the cutter was the generally favourite rig for match-sailing; but this has not been uninterruptedly the case. In 1851 we were visited by the schooner *America*, and she was very unlike any of our schooners. Her masts had a great rake aft, she had only one head sail, and her sails were as flat as boards, contrary to the prevailing opinion that sails, to have a maximum of effectiveness, should bag or swell to the wind, and not remain flat. The undoubted advantages possessed by the *America* revolutionised our yachts in some particulars, and so anxious were yachtsmen to copy her good points that nothing but a schooner was thought worth regarding for racing. However, the excessive rake of mast and one head sail was proved to be all wrong, when in 1859 Mr. Thellusson brought out the *Aline*, of two hundred tons.

She had little or no rake to her masts, had a bowsprit like a cutter, and proved a most successful match-sailer. So far as the appearance of her hull went, it was generally looked upon as one's *beau idéal* of what a schooner should be like,



The "Marguerite" at Southampton Regatta. Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

a gracefully outlined swan stem (without any clumsy figure-head representing a sea nymph, a triton, or a hideous reptile) and a gracefully fashioned counter. The general attributes of the *Aline* (now owned by the Prince of Wales) have ever since been retained, and are more or less apparent in the *Miranda*, built by Sir George Curtis Lampson, and illustrated on the next page.

The overhanging stem, until within the last four years, was seldom adopted for the cutter rig, although it was occasionally met with, and the *Jullanar*, built in 1875, had a stem so fashioned. At the present time most of the ten-tonners and smaller yachts have "swan stems," and the large yawl *Wendur* is distinguished by one. A yacht's stem, it must be understood, has as much to do with her appearance as a nose has in the human countenance, and although it would be as difficult to define what makes beauty in a yacht as it is in a woman, there are certain canons which cannot be violated. For instance, if a cutter is given a perfectly perpendicular stem, she will look angular and awkward at the bow; there should be a little overhang or rake in even a straight stem. Again, if the sheer rises suddenly after touching the lowest point abaft amidships, she will have what is called a broken sheer and look very awkward aft; but why these peculiarities should be unpleasing to the eye we cannot of course say, nor will the "Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful," or the "Line of Beauty," assist us into the causes of the mysterious influence certain forms and lines have on our senses.

Formerly, in the old "rule-of-thumb days," stages were put

up level with the vessel's deck, but some distance off, upon which the builder mounted to put in the sheer by his eye. On the building stage by the vessel there would be men with a long pliant batten, which was fixed to certain points on the timbers under the direction of the builder's eye. Now, however, this is all done in the drawing office by the designer, and yachts are so accurately laid off in the mould loft, and the frames so carefully put up, that the sheer is seldom or never altered afterwards by the eye.

With regard to the internal decoration of yachts, they were of an almost stereotyped character until within the last half-dozen years. Mahogany stiles with maple panels, or some other similar contrast of woods, zinc white ceilings and upholstery of chintz, cretonne, velvet, rep or leather. Within the last half-dozen years, however, some yachts have been much more tastefully fitted and decorated, the work being intrusted to well-known art furnishers and decorators instead of to the upholsterer and joiner employed by the builder. Of course, this manner of fitting up is a great deal more expensive than the homely, but serviceable, fittings of the builder; and as they rapidly deteriorate during the eight or nine damp months the yacht may remain on the mud under the charge of a "caretaker," who may or may not properly ventilate her, the more indestructible fittings supplied by the builder are likely to generally remain in favour.



The "Miranda." Drawn by F. G. Kitton.

Although it cannot be said that any artists of eminence have ever devoted their talents to depicting yachts, many have cultivated their power of depicting sea waves by spending a great portion of their time on yachts, and Mr. Brett, A.R.A., owner of the 200-tons schooner, *Viking*, has often introduced yachts into his sea-pieces, notably so in his well-known picture of 'Britannia's Realm.' A yacht, however, with its snow-white sail and rigid outlines, is not altogether an attractive subject to the painter.

Of yacht portrait painters there have been a large number, the best known of whom are Mr. T. G. Dutton, whose most successful work, from an art point of view, is the '*Livonia* off the Eddystone;' the late Mr. Josiah Taylor; the late Mr. E. Weedon, of the *Illustrated London News*, who as a marine draughtsman has never been equalled, and the late Mr. Nicholas Condy. Mr. Charles Taylor, the well-known marine artist in water colours, has painted many yachts among other subjects, and, whilst less strictly accurate, has a much bolder and more picturesque style than the ordinary portrait painter. The late Mr. A. W. Fowles was perhaps the most accurate of the portrait painters, so far as details of rigging and sails go, but his faults of perspective, bad colouring, immobility, and inability to depict waves, rendered his pictures of yachts of little value. These remarks apply more or less to all the "portrait painters" of yachts, and directly they attempt to introduce anything but the yacht itself, the result is generally like the central figure of a photograph portrait with the usual studio "properties" as a background. Here photography has stepped in and achieved a signal triumph, as our portrait of the start at the Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta, Southsea, demonstrates. There is life in the scene, whilst the details of rigging, sails, and sea are necessarily accurate. The photographs from which our illustrations are taken are by Messrs. West and Son, of Gosport, who have made a great name for this kind of work; and, as need scarcely be said, they are taken instantaneously from on board a small yacht.

DIXON KEMP.

(*To be continued.*)

A NEW GROUND FOR ARTISTS.

THE quaintly picturesque little watering-place of Berck-sur-Mer, on the north coast of France, well deserves to become as favourite a resort of English, as at present it is of



No. 1.—An Old Well.

French artists. In time perhaps it will be better known, but few of our countrymen have as yet selected their studies from its wide-stretching sand hills, its brightly painted, many-gabled houses, or from the sturdy fisher-folk who form its population. It was on an evening in early summer that I first made acquaintance with this charming spot. Memory recalls a wide stretch of firm yellow sand, enriched in tone by the rays of the setting sun, which flooded with a rosy hue the pools left by the receding tide, blue waves beyond bore slowly onward the dark-sailed fishing-boats till they disappeared on the horizon, picturesque châlets prepared for summer visitors dotted the shore, but no human form was visible; no living creature diversified the scene, no sound broke the profound silence. The fishermen had gone out with the tide to their work, and the season for summer visitors was not yet come; witness the closed doors and windows of the châlets, sure sign that their interiors were still wrapped in their winter garb, waiting until the annual influx of health-seeking Parisians shall induce the thrifty owners to display their household treasures to the common gaze! As for the fishermen's wives, they were doubtless busy at home, preparing for the hour when the returning tide shall bear back boats and men, enriched with the harvest of the sea. The old town of the fisher-folk extends a mile and a half along a straggling street (Illustration No. 5) which joins the beach, and the passing to and fro of busy toilers affords a daily study of life such as is seldom met with elsewhere. The costume (as in many similar fishing villages) has remained the same from time immemorial, and shows no indication of being likely to change in time to come. Do the people realise how charming is the combination of their white caps and sleeves with the brightly coloured skirt and bodice? Or to what must be attributed the fact that Fashion, elsewhere so fickle, here remains immutable, and having outlived the Monarchy, Revolutions, Empires, English Invasion, German Invasion, bids fair to outlive as many more political crises as our versatile neighbours choose to indulge in? In colder weather the women often wear over their skirt of red flannel a second skirt of darker colour, a thick warm bodice and a bright blue kerchief—I can recall a charming picture of a shrimping girl thus attired, standing on the shore, her shrimping net falling from its pole in graceful folds behind her as she emptied its contents into the fish basket at her feet. The sky and the green-tinged sand hills formed the background; the white of her cap was repeated in the foam of the distant waves, and in the wings of the sea-gulls; and the whole fair image was reflected in a pool of water in the foreground.

The vivid colouring seen in the dress of the people is conspicuous also in the gaily painted roofs and striped gables of the houses; but tints which under other skies might appear too crude and garish are harmonized to a wonderful softness of tone by the peculiar mellowing effect of the atmosphere



No. 2.—The Grand Hôtel, Berck.

Stunted leafless trees, with knotted trunks and crooked branches, break the line of houses. Here and there images of the Virgin or of saints may be seen, speaking of devotion and faith still maintained amongst these simple folk. Very picturesque are the wells of water (Illustration No. 1) placed at intervals on each side of the street, walled round with erections of bricks of various shapes, often painted white and roofed over like a house. A little aside from the street is a windmill, its long arms turning lazily round, the machinery inside creaking and groaning, and a group of children on the steps at play. After all, it is the human life that makes the great attraction of the street. Look at that group of net-menders, and notice what a curious pale green tint the sunlight gives to their nets. A tilted cart, its awning of the prevailing emerald green, has just come out from the yard of the red-roofed café; in front of another café on the left, donkey carts are waiting to be hired, the wheels sinking in the loose sand of which the street is composed. This loose sand forms a capital playground for children, but it is anything but agreeable to pedestrians. In the season planks are laid over it from the chief hotels for the convenience of visitors; but on my arrival at Berck, a little before the season began, the mass of sand at the head of the street prevented the further progress of the omnibus which had conveyed us from the station, and our luggage had to be carried by porters (at considerable expense) to the Hôtel de la Plage, whither we were bound. An animated scene takes place in the market-place on the arrival of the fish for sale; the ringing of a bell brings all the people together, including even the visitors, who congregate and bid for the fish, which is sold by auction, the modern device of fish shops being quite unknown in the primitive village.

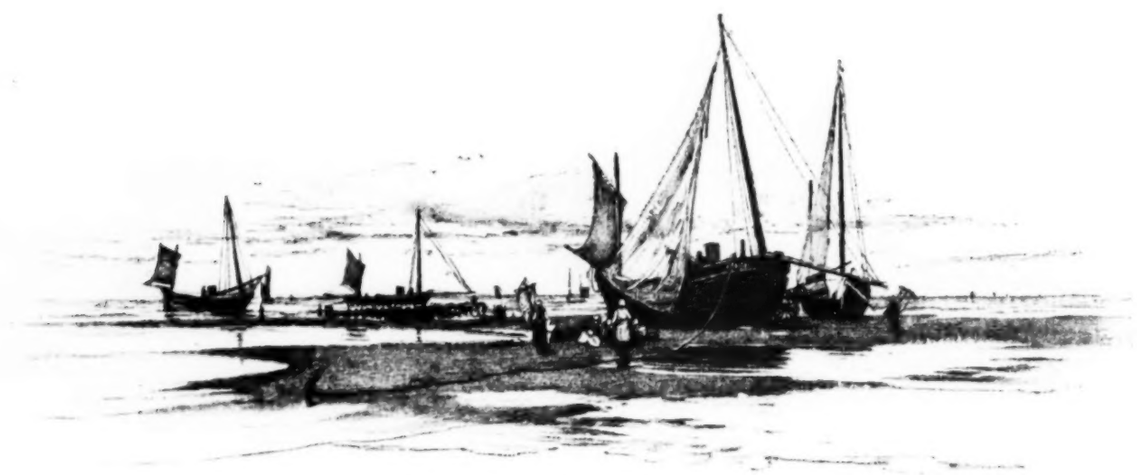


No. 3.—Hôtel de la Plage.

The châlets and hotels have quite a character of their own, and are mostly built of wood, with delicate ornamental tracery work. They cannot, however, lay claim to antiquity, having all been built within the last few years, since Berck began to rise in public estimation. There is no gas, most of the buildings being illuminated by oil lamps, though the Grand Hôtel (Illustration No. 2) is lighted by electricity.

We found that hotel life, with its restriction as to hours, etc., was quite unsuited to artists at work; so on the second day of our stay we sought a home in one of the châlets. The one we selected was a quaint little wooden erection of one story, in the street depicted in Illustration No. 5, so frail in structure that when we wished to open our front door for the admission of air, it was only necessary to bend the planks of which it was made and keep them apart by a wedge while the fastening remained closed.

Berck-sur-Mer is a remarkably healthy place, and the inhabitants, curiously enough, attribute the purity of the air to the absence of fresh water! The mixture of salt water and fresh is, they say, injurious; here there are neither rivers nor brooks, but sufficient water for drinking can always be obtained by digging. Hence the number of wells already referred to.



No. 4.—The Return of the Fishing-Boats.

The pure air and the facilities for bathing attract a number of invalids to the place; an excellent Sanatorium has also been

erected by Baron Rothschild, where a hundred poor children are received and carefully tended during convalescence by skilful doctors and nurses. The bathing is, perhaps, one of the most characteristic features of the place, and is a source of unfailing amusement to the casual visitor.

The bathing machines seen in Illustration No. 3, in front of the Hôtel de la Plage, are of large size, containing two rooms, but they are not numerous, as people usually bathe from the châlets on the shore. I have even seen them walk up the street in their bathing costumes, which in eccentricity of design and brilliancy of colour exceed anything of the kind to be witnessed elsewhere. Our landlady, for instance, was resplendent in a white bodice and tunic, and scarlet felt hat, and thus attired has no hesitation in walking up the street from the châlet. I may add that this gaiety of attire is mainly confined to the bathing costumes, even the Parisian ladies bringing as a rule only their simplest toilets to this primitive place. I once saw an English lady who happened to be wearing a silk dress surrounded by a merry group of donkey girls, dancing round her, holding out their own woollen skirts in token of admiration, and exclaiming, "O Mademoiselle, Mademoiselle, vous avez une robe de soie, une robe de soie!"

The scene in front of the Grand Hôtel is frequently a very animated one (Illustration No. 2). Here may be witnessed the "fashionable life" of Berck-sur-Mer, and a strange contrast it presents to the primitive ways of the fisher-population. Croquet, so long out of vogue in England, is still a favourite game at Berck. Near the croquet players, on the right, children are digging with their spades in the loose sand; behind, some shrimpers with their nets may be seen approaching, who will soon be joined by some of the loiterers on the beach. Tents are erected for shade from the glaring sun, and in front of



No. 5.—Rue de l'Impératrice.

them cows have been brought down to be milked, that glasses of milk, literally "fresh from the cow," may be sold to the visitors. The hotel itself, with its many balconies, its gables, and its dormer windows, is a sufficiently picturesque object.

Our fourth Illustration represents the return of the fishing-boats. The sands are so wide that we must follow the fisher-folk at least a quarter of a mile, wading through pools as they do, and stepping carefully in the track of those who know the beach to avoid the quicksands. But the beauty of the scene amply repays an artist for the discomforts of the walk. It is a peculiarity of Berck fishing-boats that the mast is placed at one end of the boat. From the mast, when the boat is at anchor, the fishing nets are hung up to dry, producing an effect as of delicate lace-work through which the sky and other objects are distinctly visible. Just beyond the rope by which the principal boat is anchored a group of women are sitting with their baskets waiting for the return of their own boat, which is still at a distance. Another vessel has reached the shore and is seen surrounded by women, whose white caps make a noticeable line of light along the dark side of the ship.

The prevailing tones of this picture were soft greys, blending with the blue of sky and sea and contrasting well with the deep black of the boats.

The cottages in which the fishermen dwell are low one-story buildings variously painted, and often look as if they were half buried in the midst of the sand hills. To bind the sand together a coarse kind of grass, of a bluish-green tint and growing very high, has been planted in irregular patches, as may be seen in Illustration No. 6. Vines are frequently trained

over the houses, which are also diversified by many curious freaks of architecture. A whitewashed thatched cottage not far from the principal street, for instance, had its chimney pipe protruding through one of the windows.

The country immediately outside the village is flat and sandy; the eye sees a wide plain, enlivened here and there by groups of cattle under the care of childish guardians, and dotted with patches of marshy ground, the abode of wild ducks.

On the right, three or four miles inland, is the village of Groflieurs, which can be reached by means of the only kind of conveyance to be hired in Berck—a donkey and cart, with a girl as driver. Groups of fine trees border the road at intervals on either side. A rest by the way will give you an opportunity of inspecting a picturesque-looking, barn-like building, evidently the village school, and this with the children trooping out in their blue blouses forms a charming picture. At the village inn you can obtain an omelet, which will be brought to the table in a frying-pan, and you



No. 6.—Fisherman's Cottage.

will be waited on by the good-natured landlord, probably smoking his pipe.

Another important place in the neighbourhood is St. Valery-sur-Sommes, the chief interest of which consists in its old gateways and houses, and in the church of St. Martin, dating back to the fifteenth century, which has evidently been used as a fortress. Tradition says it was from this port that William the Conqueror and his Normans set sail to take possession of our island.

Berck is not difficult of access, being within five hours of London. The nearest station is Verton, on the line from Boulogne to Paris. The inhabitants of every class are most courteous to strangers; it is true there are no public amusements—no casino and no pier, but for those who are content with simple pleasures, or devoted to artistic pursuits, few places are more attractive. Both scenery and people made so favourable an impression upon my mind that I should welcome with delight any opportunity of revisiting it.

PATTY TOWNSEND.

SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

THIS now-important Art centre is still exercised with the question of the reliefs which have been placed upon the front of its Post Office. Readers of this Journal will remember that we felt it so incumbent to draw attention to their feebleness as works of Art that we last year engraved one of them. Strenuous efforts have since been made in the colony to do away with this eyesore, and a motion was recently made in Parliament by Mr. Darley "that it was the duty of the Government to order their immediate removal;" but the matter after several close divisions stood over for the report of the Architect to the colony, Mr. Barnet, who was primarily responsible for them. That has now been issued, but it most carefully avoids the real point at issue. The reliefs upon Giotto's Campanile at Florence (*Art Journal*, 1882, p. 47), and similar works both there and at Venice, Milan, Paris, and even the recent statue to the architect, Mr. Street, R.A., in the Law Courts in London, are quoted as evidences that realistic sculpture has always found a place in the adornment of buildings. But who ever disputed this fact? We never asked for ideal sculpture, nor did Sir Frederick Leighton, whose opinion the architect considers "of no importance." What he protested against and we endorsed was "its intrinsic vulgarity and badness," and this the architect either cannot or will not see.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

GALLERY III.

WE have praised the hanging of the Exhibition, and from the view of general harmoniousness the praise is deserved. But there are other claims beside those of harmony to be considered, and taking them into account, what are we to say to the fact that in this, the *salle d'honneur*, Mr. Ouless has no less than four pictures; Messrs. Herbert, Sant, and Holl, three each; and Messrs. Frith, Goodall, and Boughton two each; while three or four prominent members who only send one work each are not represented in this room of honour at all? Further, one lucky outsider has three pictures here and two others have each two. It is difficult to find any sufficient explanation for these anomalies.

No. 155. 'Mrs. Edgar Flower and her Youngest Son,' P. R. MORRIS, A. A fair specimen of the artist's powers as a painter of women and children.

No. 158. 'The Death of Cain,' G. F. WATTS, R.A. We believe this picture is to be presented to the Academy as a pendant to the artist's diploma work, the 'Punishment of Cain.'

There is considerable cleverness in (161), 'A Visit to the Astrologer,' R. J. GORDON, and (162), 'The Beacon Fire,' and (163), 'Sir Henry Pitman, M.D.,' are good examples of Messrs. E. CROFTS, A., and W. W. OULESS, R.A.

No. 164. 'Decoration in Painting for a Ceiling,' SIR F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A. Of the three panels the left one, containing figures emblematical of the Poetry of Love, is the best, both in form and colouring; the action of the figures in the right representing Revelry is too violent, and the arrangement of the large centre panel with Mnemosyne seated, Melpomene and Thalia on either side of her, and the spirits of Music and Poetry floating above her, too formal; the gold background is very effective.

Mr. SANT'S portraits of ladies are always pleasing, and (177), 'Mrs. A. Douglas Ainslie,' is no exception to the rule.

No. 179. 'The Slain Dragon,' SIR J. GILBERT, R.A., is a very good specimen of Sir John's well-known manner.

Two good foreign pictures hang above, (180) a capital likeness of Hans Richter the musician, by G. PAPPERITZ, and (181) 'The Insatiable,' two old people watching a boy feeding, by G. JAKOBIDES. Below this last we have in (182) a very pretty view of Tewkesbury across peaceful meadows, by V. P. YGLESIAS.

No. 189. 'The Musician,' JOHN PETTIE, R.A. A youth "dying with all his music in him," cleverly painted as it is, does not impress as it ought.

No. 190. 'T. O. Barlow, Esq. R.A.,' Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., R.A. Those who remember the 'Ornithologist' of last year will be glad to see him raised from the (pictorial) bed of sickness, and looking the very image of himself as he turns away for a moment from the completion of the latest triumph of his graving tool. A capital likeness.

W. Q. ORCHARDSON shows all his accustomed technical skill in (196), 'A tender Chord,' though the quotation, "Have I forgot the words? Faith! they are sadder than I thought," do not seem to fit either the attitude of the lady or her expression.

No. 197. 'Oh, why left I my Hame?' T. FAED, R.A. The figure of the old Scotchman seated on the shore of Lake Ontario, gazing at the setting sun, is very striking and impressive, and better than anything Mr. Faed has done for some time.

F. HOLL, R.A., is not at his best in his (203) 'Lord Carrington,' it gives the impression of a bigger and older man than the original.

No. 204. 'A Flood on the Wye, subsiding,' H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A. We have already alluded to this picture as the landscape of the year. The turbid rush of the river, the terrified cattle crowded together on an oasis of dry land, the lovely distance, the rainbow, all are admirable, only the sky leaves anything to be desired.

In his portrait of the 'Marquis Tsêng,' the Chinese Minister, in full official robes (205), KNIGHTON WARREN has achieved a considerable success, and the same may be said of W. L. PICKNELL'S 'Sunshine and Drifting Sand' (209).

No. 210. 'The Duke of Cleveland, K.G.,' F. HOLL, R.A. This, as has been already said, is a masterpiece; it would be impossible to render old age with more truth and character.

No. 211. 'Sea-girt Crags,' P. GRAHAM, R.A. An admirable picture, deep sea and verdure-clad cliffs very like nature. It is impossible not to recognise the cleverness and the vulgarity of (215) 'La Comtesse de Martel,' A. AUBLET; the lady and her pictorial treatment *marchent ensemble*. Very different is (217) 'R. Norman Shaw, Esq., R.A.,' by J. C. HORSLEY, R.A.; here we have an admirable likeness of the well-known architect's clear-cut and refined features. There is a great deal of tender sentiment in (218) 'Give us this Day our Daily Bread,' J. H. BENTLEY; and DAVID MURRAY'S (221) 'A Picardy Pastoral,' ought certainly to have had a better place, where the delicacy and refinement of the painting could have been properly seen and appreciated. No one should pass No. 223, 'St. Augustine's, Canterbury, in 1833,' T. SIDNEY COOPER, R.A., without a well-deserved tribute of admiration to the steady hand and undimmed eye of its veteran author, who at eighty-five can draw with an accuracy which might put many a much younger man to shame.

No. 225. 'The Councillors of Peter the Headstrong,' G. H. BOUGHTON, A. A capital rendering of a humorous incident related by Washington Irving in his "Knickerbocker History of New York."

W. R. SYMONDS' full-length portrait of 'Lord and Lady Sherbrooke' (226) is well painted, but looks as if it had been done from photographs rather than from life. The 'Violin-Player' (231) by G. A. STOREY, A., is a pretty female model.

No. 233. 'George Scharf, Esq., C.B.,' W. W. OULESS, R.A. The learned director and secretary of the National Portrait Gallery engaged in the congenial occupation of transferring to one of the well-known red note-books the features and characteristics of some ancient worthy.

* Continued from page 187.

There is careful work in (252) 'Oh, bother!' J. E. HODGSON, R.A.; and (253) 'Sacred to Pasht,' E. LONG, R.A., introduces us to another attractive grouping of the same sleek damsels as before, with some very well-painted cats, but sour cream. T. B. WIRGMAN'S 'Mrs. Knowles' (254), is the first of a series of six well-painted portraits by this artist to which the hangers have assigned a place; 'Miss Teresa Mayer' (256), by S. J. SOLOMON; and 'The Heart of the Coolins, Isle of Skye' (258), by KEELEY HALSWELLE, are good in their way; but (259) the 'Marquis of Ripon, K.G.,' by E. J. POYNTER, R.A., is more suggestive of a design for a playing card than anything else. Immediately above one of Mr. VICAT COLE'S lovely bits of Thames scenery, 'Cookham' (260), is a full-length portrait, very refined and sober in treatment, called 'An Aide-de-Camp' (261), by VEREKER HAMILTON, capitally matched a little farther on by a well-painted likeness of Captain Verner (277), by his sister, Miss IDA VERNER. Before reaching this last, however, there are others which must not be passed unnoticed, such as (266) 'Old Maid,' F. GOODALL, R.A., two little girls engaged in the serious task of deciding which of them is to *coiffer Ste. Catherine;* and W. W. OULESS'S excellent likeness of his brother Academician, Edward Armitage, Esq., R.A. (267).

No. 268. 'Rizpah,' B. RIVIERE, R.A. A touching and solemn rendering of the familiar Bible story, showing us the *mater dolorosa*, if the expression may be allowed, of the Old Testament watching at the foot of the crosses over the bodies of her sons.

'Life on the ocean wave' (270), ALLEN C. SEALY, is a very quaint, clever picture, and ought to have been placed where it could be seen; but there is not much to be said for (273) R. C. WOODVILLE'S 'In vain: return of Sir Herbert Stewart from Metemneh, 1885;' it is painful without being interesting, and the painting is slovenly.

We now come to three typical examples of their respective artists: Mr. FRANK HOLL'S masterly portrait of the 'Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain' (274), in which we fancy the orchid must have cost the painter more trouble than the face; Mr. FRITH'S 'Dr. Johnson's tardy Gallantry' (275), an uninteresting scene painted with all Mr. Frith's cleverness; and Mr. HOOK'S delightful-looking 'Salmon Pool' (276), which makes us long to be throwing a fly into it. Not forgetting to notice (281) 'Kelp-burning, Ballochantny, Kintyre,' JOS. HENDERSON; (282) 'Roses,' CHAS. STONEY; and (283), 'Mde. Adelina Patti,' JAS. SANT, R.A., we come to—

No. 285. 'An Apodyterium,' L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., painted with all the artist's unerring precision and skill; nothing could be more dainty than the nude figure of the girl stooping to fasten her sandal, or the group of damsels in the background.

GALLERY IV.

No. 294. 'If thou hadst known!' W. HOLE. The only scriptural subject in the Exhibition that shows any thought or feeling, and this in spite of the fact that there is little or no attempt at local colouring in it, indeed it is the general muddiness of his palette that constitutes Mr. Hole's chief fault. This picture emphatically deserved a better place.

'Algerian Gossip' (296), A. G. GOW, A., is capital. But we can see nothing in (297) 'Recruiting for Savonarola; F. W. W. TOPHAM, or (307) 'Debt, a Parental Lecture,' CLAUDE CALTHROP, to warrant their being on the line; (309), 'Tullos Hill, near Aberdeen,' A. M. LINDSTRÖM, is a far better picture than either of them; and so is Mr. A. S. COPE'S portrait of 'Mrs. Pfeiffer' (312). Everything, however, on this side of Gallery IV. has been arranged apparently for the purpose of forming an harmonious setting to—

No. 314. 'The Depths of the Sea,' E. BURNE-JONES, A., a very clever study of a mermaid dragging her hoped-for lover to the bottom of the sea, only, alas!—infelix—to find she is clasping a corpse; the elfish expression of the woman's face is excellent, and we can quite believe her capable—as the story runs—when she realises her disappointment, of giving the useless body a flick with her tail and sending it up again.

H. M. PAGET'S 'Portrait of a Lady' (317) is good, and so is FRANK WALTON'S 'Paddington Pond, Abinger Hammer' (318). A very beautiful landscape hangs near, (321) 'The Haven under the Hill,' EDWIN ELLIS. Deservedly placed on the line is a sober and refined portrait of a young lady (329) 'Miss Grey,' by WILLIAM CARTER, the son, if we mistake not, of the animal painter, and not long since a successful student at the Academy. There is good work in (333) 'An Amateur,' E. WYLY GRIER. 'Dunstanburgh' (334) is the best bit of oil painting that has come from ALFRED HUNT'S brush for a long time. Mr. HOLL, in his capital portrait of the 'President of St. John's College, Oxford' (335), has revelled in the colour and texture of the velvet and red robes.

No. 339. 'Toil and Storm,' JAMES P. BEADLE, reminiscent perhaps of other painters' work, but both figures—the women stooping at their work—and landscape are good. Below hangs an important work of J. BRETT, A., which he has fantastically christened 'An Argyll Eden' (340). 'In Golden Fetters' (341) is a good example of P. H. CALDERON'S, R.A., prettiness, and (346) 'When the West with Evening Glows,' is one of the best landscapes B. W. LEADER, A., has done for some time. So too is (347) 'Blue Eyes and Pink Eyes,' a very characteristic example of MISS ALICE HAVERS; 'Double Larkspurs' (353) is one of H. FANTIN'S inimitable flower pieces; and 'Gulnihal' (354), an exquisite bit of the President's choicest workmanship.

No. 355. 'On the Banks of the Nile,' JOS. FARQUHARSON. There has been no truer bit of Egyptian life and scenery at the Academy since Mr. Bridgeman's 'Towing on the Nile,' which was in this same gallery in 1877.

In 'Polly' (put the kettle on), (361), MR. LESLIE shows more vigour and less prettiness than is his wont, and MR. SANT'S charming portrait of a 'Lady' (362) is well suited with the two lines of poetry attached to it. "Vaulting Ambition which o'erleaps itself" must be the comment on (364), 'Dante in the Vale of Terrors,' W. FRANK CALDERON; still it is an attempt to paint a good subject, and that is something in these days of facile mediocrity. There is excellent work in (370), 'The Mullion Cove and Gull Rock, Cornwall,' OTTO WEBER; while ALBERT MOORE'S full-length female figure, affectedly called 'Silver' (372), is a beautiful piece of decoration.

No. 374. 'Memories,' FRANK DICKSEE, A. Like all Mr. Dicksee's work this picture is full of refined sentiment and good honest painting, and should certainly have had a better place, especially as it is the artist's only contribution. It only remains for us to notice in this room MRS. HOPKINS'S 'Autumn on the St. Lawrence' (375); VAL PRINSEP'S, A., 'Five o'Clock Tea' (380), a portrait, if we mistake not, of the painter's wife, and W. P. FRITH'S, R.A., 'Match-Sellers' (382).

(To be continued.)

SUMMER EXHIBITIONS.

THE various depressing influences, which have been somewhat hastily assumed to have produced a baneful effect upon the quality of the Royal Academy exhibition, do not seem to have in like manner affected the less prominent summer shows. Of these none can be said to manifest any excessive falling off. Neither of the Water Colour Societies this year fails too obviously to reach the level of average performance that has characterized them in the past; while the Society of British Artists, whose progressive regeneration seems now beyond dispute, makes again a quite perceptible advance. Moreover, satisfactory evidence of the unimpaired vitality of the British school is afforded by the first display of the "New English Art Club," an association of young painters that has established itself in Pall Mall.

The display made by the Royal Water-Colour Society includes much work that is of the very finest quality, and also much that is out of date, if not entirely obsolete. One of the best drawings is Mr. Albert Moore's 'Myrtle,' an unusually favourable example of his powers—a colour and line harmony characteristically charming. No small amount of praise is also due to Mr. Henshall's 'Sisters,' a hackneyed but pathetic subject painted with considerable skill and judgment. Mr. Carl Haag, however, is not seen at his best; nor is Mr. Marks in his drawing, 'The Pen.' On the other hand, one of the younger members of the Society, Mr. Wainwright, touches in his picture, 'Imperial Drawing,' a level that is within the reach of few of his fellows, and shows himself to be a craftsman of the highest order. Sir John Gilbert is as vigorous and forcible as ever; and Mr. Du Maurier paints 'Time's Revenge' with all his accustomed grace and humour. First among the studies of out-of-door Nature are Mr. Henry Moore's two sea and sky studies, 'After Rain,' and 'Poole Harbour,' both superlatively able in execution, and both inimitable examples of accurately recorded observation. Mr. Powell is also a skilful painter of the sea, and shows his capacity quite adequately in his bright and breezy 'Cantire Coast.' Less true, but technically remarkable, Mr. Thorne Waite's work impresses us by its dignity and style; and similar virtues and deficiencies characterize the contributions of Mr. Phillip. The new Associate, Mr. D. Murray's 'Abingdon,' 'Roadside Pasture,' and other drawings, are, however, sincerely and unaffectedly inspired by what he has seen when face to face with Nature, and his powers of expression are, it is pleasant to note, satisfactorily efficient. Mr. A. W. Hunt's landscapes, again, are poetical visions of Nature; and of kindred intention is Mr. Boyce's work. Mr. Goodwin sends only two drawings, but Mr. Marshall is better represented. One at least of Miss Montalba's Venetian subjects, 'A Grey Day,' is charming; and Mr. C. Rigby, Mr. Naftel, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Brewtnall, and Mr. C. Gregory are seen to advantage. A portrait study of much merit is also contributed by the Princess Louise.

The drawings on view at the Royal Institute may be said to present identically the same characteristics as the preceding exhibitions under the same auspices. The majority of the members of the society, whose productions in the past entitle us to expect from them a high standard of performance, do not disappoint us. Some, indeed, like Mr. Langley, in his 'Going to Market' and 'Cornish Fishing Village,' and like Mr. Clausen in his 'Mowers,' have made unmistakable progress; while few of them have appreciably gone back. Mr. Abbey, in his 'March Past,' gives us fresh proof of his exceptional technical power, and of his appreciation of humour that is telling without being coarse, and sparkling without being exaggerated; and Messrs. Green, Kilburn, Staniland, F. Dadd, and H. R. Steer, able exponents of the same class of work, continue to bring quite adequate skill to bear upon subjects which are, perhaps, trivial, but which are certainly amusing. Mr. Weatherhead this year paints a group of Chelsea pensioners with greater observance of technical subtleties than is his wont, failing to realise neither the picturesqueness nor the pathos of his subject. Sir James Linton, however, hardly does himself justice in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Mr. Caffieri also is less successful than of late. His handling is as clever and deft as ever, but his colour has deteriorated. Mr. E. J. Gregory is, certainly, not to be surpassed. Both of his contributions to the exhibition are admirable, but the 'Hoyden' is a really phenomenal piece of execution. Among the landscape painters Mr. Keeley Halswelle barely holds his own; Mr. Alfred Parsons, on the other hand, is in very full force. His 'By the Avon' is really excellent, both in colour and in feeling for Nature. Messrs. Hine, E. Hayes, Orrock, Napier Hemy, and Pyne continue to produce satisfactorily what they have accustomed us to expect from them. Of the unprivileged contributors to the exhibition several deserve praise. There is Mr. Gotch, whose 'Novel' is treated with undoubted power, although at the same time with a somewhat exaggerated idea of relations of tone; Miss Armstrong, whose drawings are noticeable for their technical merits; and several other artists, like Mr. Becker, Mr. Kennington, Mr. C. H. Shannon, and Miss Gow, who deal with figure subjects. We must also not overlook Messrs. Llewellyn and Haddon, who paint the figure in the open air; nor Messrs. Mackintosh, Hepworth, Deane-Simmons, Cartwright, and Chapman, who show more than average skill in pure landscape work.

At the Suffolk Street Gallery the chief attractions are Mr. Whistler's 'Harmony in Blue and Gold' and Mr. Sidney Starr's 'Paddington.' Of Mr. Whistler's picture—a study of a single female figure lightly draped—it must suffice to say that it is worthy to rank among his greater productions, and that it presents qualities of handling, and beauties of delicate colour and of subtle tone relation, such as are marvellous. Mr. Starr's 'Paddington,' although a rendering of a subject that is familiar to almost every one, is an exercise purely in technicalities. The artist, who is yet on the threshold of his career, is greatly to be praised for so honest and capable an effort. Mr. Stott's 'Kissing Ring' is an adequate example of a particular class of modern work, but lacks tenderness and real beauty. The portraits by Messrs. Gotch, Pennington, and Dannat are also not by any means to be overlooked. Mr. Ludovici's 'Kept Waiting' is excellent in many ways; and the contributions of Messrs. A. W. Allen, King, Mempes, Roe, and Rossi, have claims upon our attention. Mr. Francis Bate's "naturalistic" landscapes illustrate a new and growing phase of artistic conviction; and other schools are represented by Mr. Toovey's impressions of Thames scenery, by Mr. Belgrave's broad and effective work, and by Mr. Haddon's 'Berkshire Meadows.' We also note Miss Connell's 'Waiting' and Mr. Trood's 'Rejected Addresses.'

B.

THE PARIS SALON.—No. II.*

No. II.

PORTRAITS of M. Pasteur of course abound. M. Bonnat heads this list with what would be a very fine work, were it not for the blackness of the shadows and the general hardness of the tone. Better far is M. Rixen's fine portrait of Jules Delsart playing the violoncello; easy of attitude, sober, but rich in colour, and harmonious in general tone. Another portrait of an artist is that of Mdlle. Théo, by M. Comerre. It will be seen that the prevailing colour is pink, but the picture is by no means monotonous, for there is scarcely a tint in nature, however subtle, that may not be found in it, and all most harmoniously combined. 'A Trio: fantaisie,' by Mr. Denman, the American, ought not to be passed by.

The studies of the nude seem fewer and less good this year than in former Salons. M. Bouguereau of course exhibits. Always correctly drawn, always possessing a certain charm, his pictures are amongst the most refined of their class. But M. Bouguereau is wanting in passion; his art is somewhat like Mendelssohn's music, highly respectable and strictly correct, but essentially *bourgeois*. M. Jules Lefebvre has no subject picture this year, only two very excellent portraits; and M. Carolus-Duran's reputation will not be enhanced either by his 'Eveil' or his portrait of 'Miss ——.' The 'Eveil' is well modelled, but the head is so obviously modern that the picture becomes unpleasant. M. Roll's 'Etude' is another example of the wrong manner of treating the nude. Who would dream of putting a model in semi-costume on a garden chair in the middle of a wood or shrubbery? True, a large black dog is the only living creature near; but the "study" is so thoroughly modern, and so utterly mundane, that no one could take her for a nymph or other denizen of the woods.

The 'Réfectoire dans un Couvent Grec' is a very original picture by M. Ralli, a pupil of M. Gérôme. Sober and severe in colour, it is painted with much true effect of light and shade. Another one, 'Le Réfectoire des femmes à l'hospice des vieillards à Bruxelles,' is also decidedly original, and also by a foreigner, M. Vos. M. Blayn's 'Enterrement d'une jeune fille dans un petit village de Picardie' is one of those subjects that the French alone seem to know how to treat. Funerals are not the hideous performances in France that they generally are in this country, but, besides the extra picturesqueness, there is a pathos in a Frenchman's rendering of the *tristesse* of the subject which seems invariably to be missed by the artists of other nationalities.

One of the marvels of a Salon is the enormous quantity of pictures of "still-life," and some of them of huge dimensions. M. Vollon's 'Poteries' is a splendid example: a large red jar, a pipkin, three eggs, and an oil flask, things without any apparent connection and utterly uninteresting, and yet rendered with consummate art and richness of colour. So, too, M. Bail's 'Bibelots du musée de Cluny' is a marvellous study of a gold repoussé altar, a silver cross, and a censer. That subject is really of little importance to the truly artistic mind is proved by the number of marine pictures on the Salon walls—mere streaks of sky and sea, with a few boats. M. Hagborg's 'Arrivée de bateaux de pêche: un matin à Cayeux,' would be better with less sand, but the effect of early morning light is charming. M. A. Flameng keeps to the older traditions in this matter, and also proves the possibility of making much out of nothing in his 'Tamise.' The dirty, foggy Thames is fascinating to some of our younger neighbours, and certainly to many artists; the only really interesting part of London is below bridge. M. Vail's 'Tamise' is a very just effect of a London fog. It is not a clean blue mist, as Mr. Marshall too often makes it, but a positively dirty atmosphere. Much more picturesque, and much less vulgar, are the folks in M. Dupré's 'Ballon' than our Thames men and maidens. Very charming in its soft grey tones is the latter picture; and the action of the peasants gazing up at the balloon, arrested in their haymaking by the strange visitor, is true to the life. M. J. Bréton's 'Le Goûter' forms a sort of link between the grey sunny effects of M. Dupré and his friends, and the intensely brilliant sunlight school as represented by MM. Gagliardini, Hanoteau, Montenard, and Isembart, whose 'Avril en Franche-Comté' is a blaze of warm light. Poetic landscape finds a lover in M. Appian. Nothing could be more exquisitely tender than his 'Calme plat à ivoire,' a phase of water beauty few persons ever witness.

'Le Camarade de l'Atelier' is a refined study of grey and gold by M. Berteaux. 'La Mort de l'évêque Prætextatus' seems to have been chosen by M. Bordes as an opportunity for painting some splendid cloth of gold upon a red-haired figure who represents that unpleasant type of royalty and womanhood, Frédégonde. M. Dagnau-Bouveret's 'Pain bénit' is a new reading of an old subject.

The only picture in this year's Salon which at all verges upon the style of the pre-Raphaelites is 'Un Jugement de Pâris—Florence, XV^e^ Siècle,' by M. Wagrez.

Of pictures of every-day life, without the slightest effort at idealisation, M. Geoffroy's 'Les affamés' deserves notice for its uncompromising realism. M. Gelhay's 'Crêche aux Enfants Trouvés' is equally true, but much pleasanter to look at. M. Truphême also has an example of feeding the hungry in his 'Déjeuner à l'école communale,' which, in the attitude of some of the figures, savours of affectation. It is pleasant to turn to M. Dantan's 'Les Guideaux à Villerville' and M. Denneulin's 'Procès-verbal,' a gamekeeper taking down the name of a poacher found in the act. M. Laurens is too melodramatic; his 'Torquemada' is fine in attitude, but the contrast between the grand inquisitor and the cringing, shrinking fear of Ferdinand and Isabella is too great.

Excellent landscapes are those of the neighbourhood of Marseilles by M. Olive, a pupil of M. Vollon, the great still-life painter. M. Aimé Morot has struck out a new line in his 'Rezonville—30 Août, 1870.'

Three or four artists, who have done great things in former years, are not up to the mark. M. Maignan's 'Roméo et Juliette' is weak and sentimental; M. Moreau de Tours' two pictures are very inferior to his former works; M. Olivier-Merson is only to be seen in a cartoon for stained-glass windows; and many more of our former friends are either absent or not at their best.

S. B.

* Continued from page 110.

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CONDOTTIERE COLLEONI: HIS LOMBARD CASTLE AND MOUNTAIN SEPULCHRE.

BARTOLOMMEO COLLEONI, in the fifteenth century, stands a conspicuous figure in the chronicles of Lombardy and Venezia. His character is brave and generous, proud, vain, and treacherous. His career, as the Great Condottiere, displays the ferocity of the tiger with the cunning of the fox: his adventurous life might serve to epitomise those turbulent times wherein liberty could hardly be distinguished from license, and when patriotism was often but the mask of personal ambition. The warrior's story reads as a romance of the Middle Ages: it is stirring in dramatic plot and highly coloured as a Venetian picture. And when long years of toil and peril found reward in princely wealth and all but regal state, Colleoni not unnaturally disported himself among the arts, and made display as an Art patron. The sequel will show how architecture, sculpture, and painting, with one accord, celebrated his deeds and perpetuated his memory.

The Colleoni family was ancient in ancestry and noble in blood, and the Great Condottiere added lustre to a house already known in history for two or more centuries. The father, Paolo, won distinction in the local wars that in the fifteenth century wasted the Lombard plains, and exercised a minor sovereignty in his native province of Bergamo. His goodly dwelling in the Upper City is still pointed out, and on a wall within appears the adventurous hero, painted on horseback, as he was accustomed to lead his followers to assault.



Bartolommeo Colleoni. By Verocchio and Leopardi.

Bartolommeo was born in the year 1400 at Solza, in the province of Bergamo; while yet in his teens the future hero attached himself as page to Filippo d'Arcelto, tyrant of Piacenza, learnt the use of arms, and otherwise trained himself as a soldier. Young Bartolommeo further served apprenticeship under the most skilful commanders of the century: he became the greatest among the "Condottieri," a recognised class of military commanders who enlisted and led brave bands of horsemen, either waging war on their own account, or selling their services to the highest bidder.

The incessant wars waged between Milan and Venice gave changeful occupation: with a shrewd eye to business, Colleoni transferred allegiance from the losing to the winning side, the result being that he was hardly more dreaded by enemies than distrusted by friends. The Visconti in Milan cast him into prison: the Council of Ten in Venice conspired for his assassination. Yet so greatly were his abilities prized that the Venetian Republic, in 1454, made him generalissimo of its land forces, with absolute power and a handsome stipend. This appointment, with rare constancy, he retained for twenty-one years; up, indeed, to the day of his death in 1475. By common consent Colleoni was the best tactician of the century: he advanced the art of war, and stood without equal as a disciplinarian. His personal presence proved irresistible: he inspired both courage and love: his devoted followers rushed fearlessly on danger and death.

Colleoni's vast wealth contributed not a little to the lustre of his life, and to the scenic pomp pre-arranged as the sequel to his death. The works of Art which celebrate the greatness of Colleoni are situated at three separate localities, each more or less associated with his life. Venice boasts of the grand equestrian statue, which, though not set up till more than twenty years after death, represents the hero in the full vigour of manhood (see illustration). Secondly, the Castle of Malpaga, a few miles south of Bergamo, shows a princely residence enriched with frescoes recording signal events in the Condottiere's career. Thirdly, Bergamo, within the "Alta Città," contains the hero's chapel and tomb. Of these works and monuments I shall now give some account.

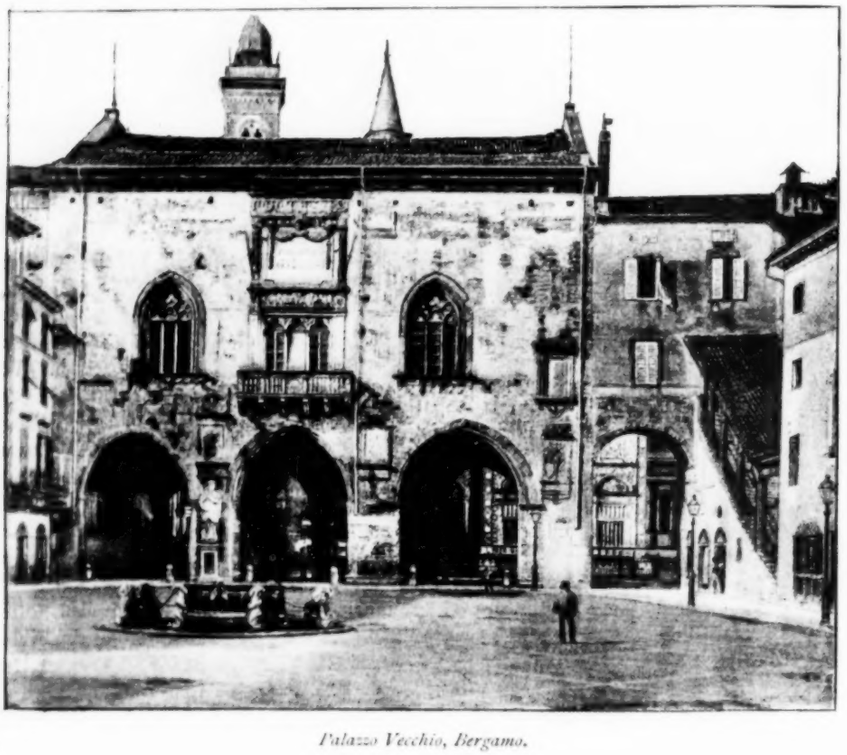
The bronze figure of Bartolommeo Colleoni, clad in full armour and mounted on a charger, set up, nearly four centuries ago, in the Piazza of SS. Giovanni e Paolo, has been justly designated "the noblest equestrian statue of modern

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times." Indeed, its only conspicuous rival is the classic statue of Marcus Aurelius on the Capitol. The sculptor's name cannot be determined with absolute certainty, but on the evidence of Vasari and others, the reasonable conjecture is that Andrea Verocchio made the design and in part executed the model, and that on his death Alessandro Leopardi having ventured on some modifications, completed the model and carried out in bronze the present casting. A companion work, and its immediate predecessor in date, is Donatello's equestrian statue in Padua of 'Gatta Melata,' a contemporary commander with Colleoni, and like him in the pay of the Venetian Republic. These two masterpieces, due to the Tuscan school, did much to model the art of Lombardy. Donatello and Verocchio embodied the spirit of the age, their work is trenchant, rugged, valorous—traits in favourable contrast with the later Renaissance.

The heroic head in Colleoni's statue bears out the designation "Testa di leone;" the portrait is otherwise known by a medal and an engraving, and it is repeated with more or less of the figure some half-dozen times on the frescoes within the Castle of Malpaga. The bronze helmet casts an ominous shadow on the countenance, comparable to the mysterious darkness in which Michael Angelo has shrouded 'Il Pensiere' on the Medici tomb. This grand equestrian statue owes the astounding impression it makes on the spectator partly to the oneness of the motive and movement which animate alike the hero and the charger. With one accord they advance valiantly. See how the armoured knight, impatient of repose, springs in the stirrup, how the arm seems eager to strike, how defiance is flung from a face which speaks daggers! Well may we imagine Buonarotti—whose manner was to address statues as living men—to have exclaimed: "Why dost thou not speak to me, Colleoni?"

I will now leave Venice and ask the reader to accompany me to Bergamo: and at the outset I may as well explain that Bergamo has a threefold signification. It is the name equally applied to the province, to the commercial town lying in the Lombard plain, and to the ancient "Alta Città," rising above as a bold acropolis. The commercial town is of easy access, being the junction of railways entering from three directions. On the side of the east the communication is open to Brescia, and so on to Verona and Venice: on the south-west lies Milan, at a distance of only an hour and a half, and on the north-west in little over an hour is reached Lecco, a steamboat station at the southern extremity of the Lake of Como. The guide-books say that the lower and upper towns of Bergamo may be seen in one day, between the arrival of an early and the departure of a late train. This I proved to be possible on my first visit, but last autumn I found pleasant occupation for five days in the old "Alta Città."

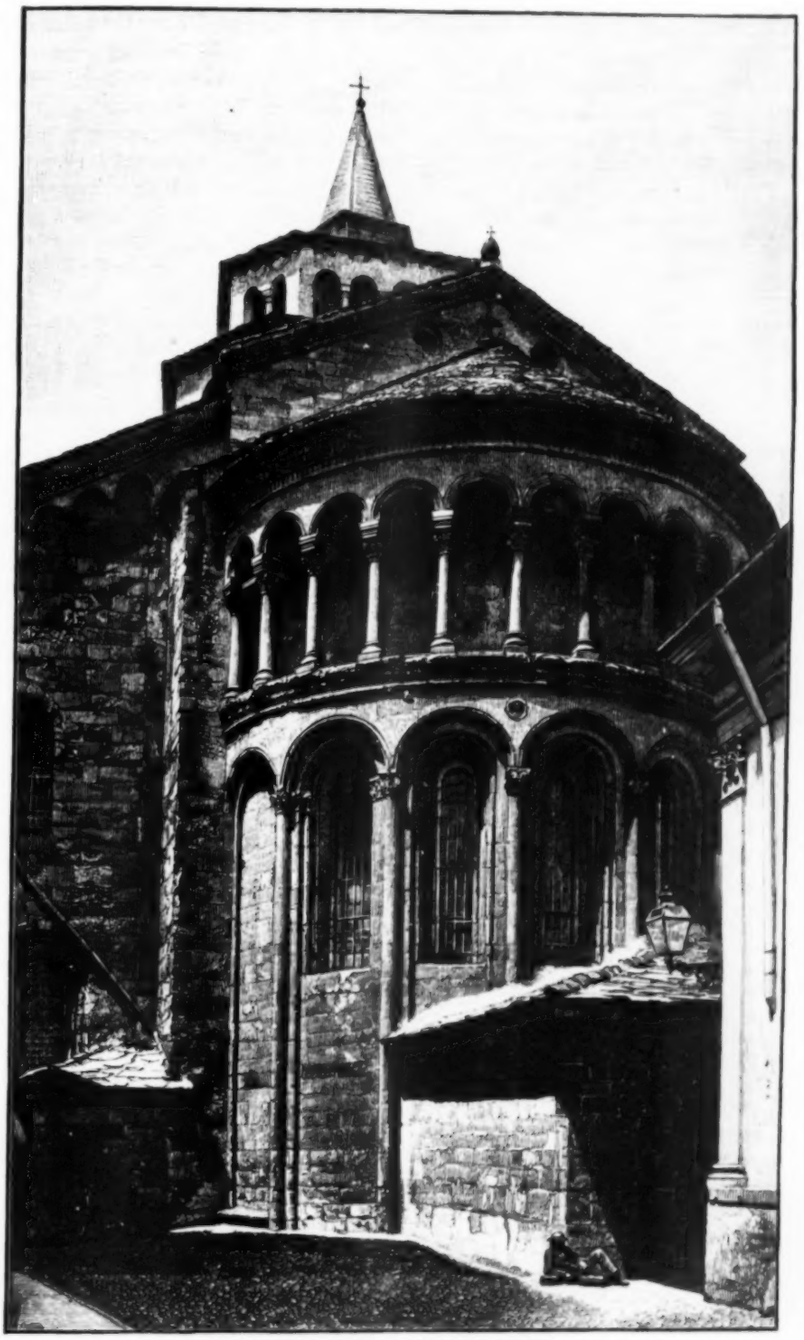


Palazzo Vecchio, Bergamo.

I have made on foot the ascent to the Upper City (see illustration) more than half-a-dozen times, yet never twice precisely by the same way, so variously do the roads and paths deviate among houses, along terraces, and fortifications, or amid gardens, chestnut avenues, and vineyards. The steep ascent is circuitous, running zig-zag, with level reaches for taking breath where dismantled ramparts are turned into promenades. The point of view varies at every step; the eye is startled by surprises; a foreground of luxuriant verdure changes into barren rocks; on the one hand lie below the crowded roofs and picturesque chimneys of the lower town, leading down to the vast plain which stretches as an illimitable sea far as the eye can reach; on the other side rise in grand array mountains that mingle with sky and cloud. When the city gate is reached, in somewhat less than an hour, the spectator finds himself mounted upon an isolated headland, overhanging as the balcony of a tower. At this station of command, close upon the old city, its ancient ramparts reminding of war and its church towers calling to worship, with the beauties of nature on every side, the spectator is able to realise what artists mean by "historic landscapes." Nature is here permeated with history; the landscape breathes in memories: it becomes even heroic under the thought that the great Condottiere with his troopers trod these mountain paths, and by this gate entered the city.

Bergamo, if we can credit local and partial historians, boasts of remotest antiquity, dating back to some undefined period between the Deluge and the fall of Troy! But at all events we can well believe that a position of such extraordinary strength, fortified by the hand of Nature as the sites of the cities of Etruria, must have been, from the earliest times,

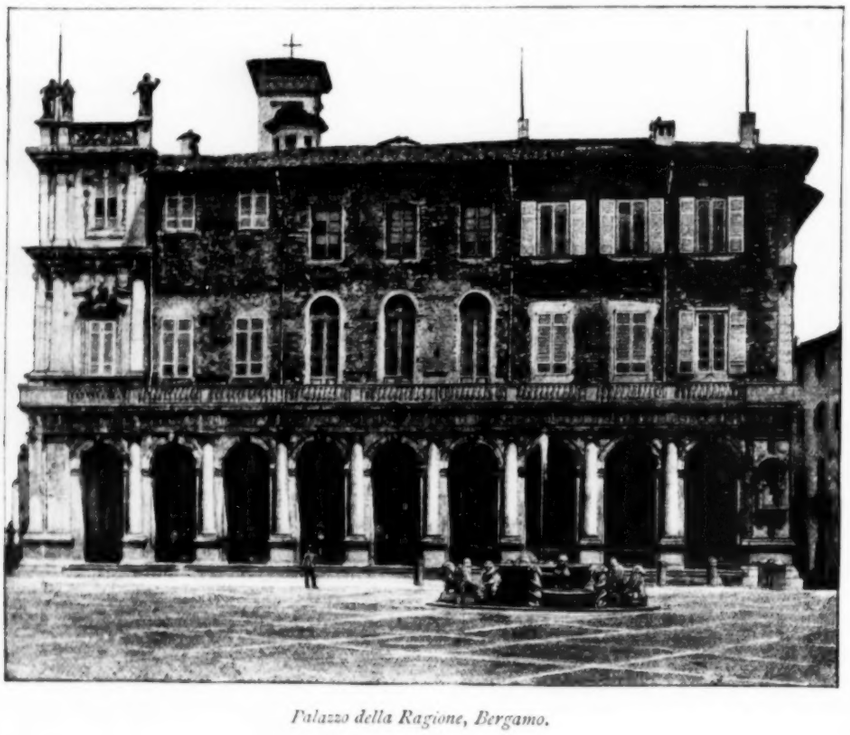
a greatly coveted possession, worth hard fighting either for the winning or the keeping. When the tide of battle surged furiously along the level plain, this bold promontory withstood the wild wave's onslaught, and sorely pressed combatants, to escape slaughter, here rushed as to a rock-built citadel or city of refuge. For better protection were raised, from century to century, walls and towers, which in turn provoked attack and invited capture, and so it came to pass that the fortifications raised in defence by the refugees of one age, were levelled to the ground by the next foe that gained ascendency. The stronger the position grew, the greater was the necessity to wrest it from a hostile hand. Almost beyond power of belief is the destruction and the loss of life from perpetually recurrent war, from the avenging onslaught of parties and families maddened by mutual hate, from the deadly strife between Guelfs of Bergamo and Ghibellines in Milan devastating towns and territories with sword, fire, and consequent pestilence. And we may read in the tragic story of Bergamo an epitome of Italian history: the province with its twin cities shared, though often in aggravated form, the fortunes, and especially the misfortunes, of neighbouring states. And as Bergamo is an exemplar of the dukedoms and minor kingdoms of Lombardy and Venezia, so stands Condottiere Colleoni a representative man in the factions of the fifteenth century. A state of war had become constant as a law in nature, and brief intervals of peace came but as accidents or interludes. Populous cities and wide territories, unsurpassed for beauty and fertility, were given up to slaughter, plunder, lust. And it is to the praise of Bartolommeo Colleoni that he did much to mitigate the cruel scourge by military discipline and generous chivalry.



Apse of Santa Maria Maggiore, Bergamo.

That the arts of peace flourished while war dealt destruction, tells how inextinguishable was the genius of Art in the race and clime of Italy. Also we recognize how the Fine Arts in these times and places had specific vocations and ministrations: how they came to the relief of man's terrible estate, how they unburdened his sorrows, embodied his aspirations, and gave promise of the better life when the wicked cease from troubling. Moreover, we are struck with the anomaly, which runs indeed throughout the troubled current of Italian history, that the fiercest conflicts of parties were provocative of mental activity and prompted the creations of poetry and art. Indeed we find how the Fine Arts, in common with political liberties, were cradled and rocked, cast adrift yet seldom wrecked, on the turbulent seas of the Middle Ages. And here at Bergamo we discover with agreeable surprise that military conquerors served as Art pioneers, and that thus architecture, sculpture, and painting advanced in the steps of the invaders.

Bergamo was geographically stationed at the confluent point of divers races and political parties, all leaving in transit deposits, and raising monuments attesting their presence and power. The glacier torrents of the north descended from the neighbouring Alps: the warm winds of the south were wafted from the land of the vine and the olive. The iron races of the Teuton and the Goth rested at Bergamo as a strong tower of safety. The Sybarite peoples of Italy here came to the mountains to cool passion or to nerve to endurance. We find that from the earliest centuries of our era hordes of barbarians approaching from Germany took the nearest Alpine pass and formed a camp and a colony at Bergamo. The Lombards not only planted on hill and in valley a dynasty which reigned from the sixth to the ninth century, but became the parents in Art of the style known as the Lombardic, of which the church of Santa Maria Maggiore in Bergamo stands as a signal example (see apse, illustrated).



Palazzo della Ragione, Bergamo.

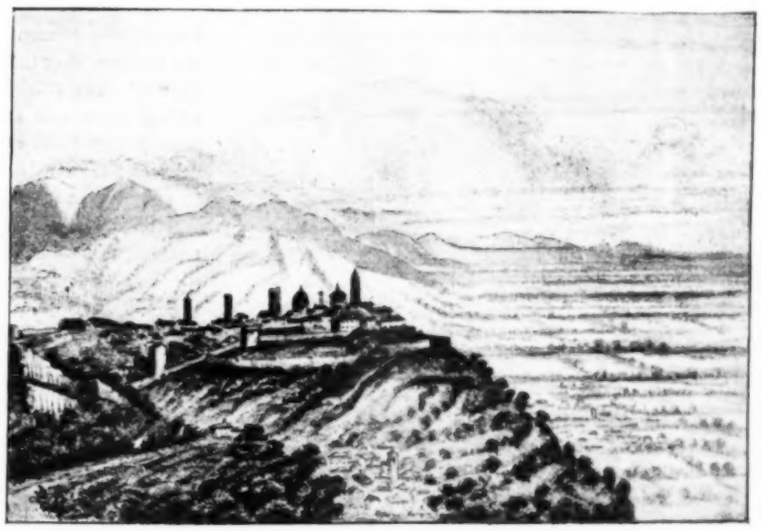
The Goths, using the term not specifically but generically, in like manner brought from Germany and transplanted into Italy, not only political rule, but the architecture of the pointed arch commonly known as Gothic. Again, in the upper town of Bergamo the monuments record the history: the Palazzo Vecchio, or Broletto (see illustration), is mounted on open Gothic arches, and the otherwise Gothic façade shows surviving types of the prior Lombardic style.

But Bergamo, as we have seen, had to acknowledge many masters: not only from the side of the north, but from the south and from the east, came both foes and friends, Italian in blood, bearing in one hand the sword and in the other the olive branch. Milan, often an implacable enemy, lent for the adornment of the city the best skilled sculptors of the sixteenth century, conspicuously Amadeo for the Colleoni Chapel. And Venice, a stern ruler, yet prone to luxury and show, not only furnished experts for the construction of military forts and walls, but gave the services of no less an architect than Scamozzi for the design of that essentially Venetian façade, the Palazzo della Ragione (see illustration).

The Piazza, with its contiguous Piazzetta, at the centre and on the summit of the Upper City, is among the most noteworthy in Italy. On issuing from the narrow street which clambers tortuously up the hill, the eye is assailed by a little company of remarkable buildings with a chronological lineage of five centuries, and an architectural range from early and severe Lombardic, through transitional Gothic to palatial Renaissance. The architects, with the ingenuity and dexterity of the old craftsmen, turned the difficulty of the ground to advantage: they managed to get space enough, with nothing to spare, for façades, towers, arches, doorways, and apses, crowded together without confusion, and combined picturesquely with indifference to symmetry. Straight lines wander into curves, squares merge corners into circles, levels spring into sharp ascents. The foot rises into one church and descends into another: the eye is caught by an angle, the step turns round a corner and the view is transposed: instead of a Lombardian apse, peers into sight a Gothic pinnacle or a Venetian façade. No "chapter of accidents" could contain a greater variety of unlooked-for material than this most picturesque Piazza.

Two illustrations to these pages, the Palazzo Vecchio and the Palazzo della Ragione, will enable the reader to picture the opposite sides of the Piazza. The other sides are, unfortunately, occupied by shops. The old-roofed staircase, however, to the Palazzo Vecchio still remains (see illustration). This Gothic Palazzo, or Broletto, now the Biblioteca della Città, rests on an open basement of bold pointed arches. The late Mr. Street extols the grouping of this building with the cathedral, church, and chapel, seen through the arches behind, as an example of the old habit of composition, which permitted irregularity, accident, crowding, confusion, with the gain of picturesqueness. The design of this Palazzo he praises for its simplicity in the mass and for its boldness in the detail: the style is the Gothic of the thirteenth century, modified as usual under Italian influence. The middle window has a balcony or *ringhiere*, from which the people, assembled in the Piazza, were addressed by the governor. On the façade appears a statue of Tasso, claimed by Bergamo as a citizen, though born elsewhere. In the middle of the Piazza I marked, a few years since, an old fountain adorned with lions and serpents, as seen in two of our illustrations: but this quaint piece of antiquity, falling under a now common fatality, has lately been swept away to give place to a statue of Garibaldi!

Three turbulent centuries surged within this Piazza between the completion of the Gothic Palazzo on the one side, and its *vis-à-vis* the Palazzo della Ragione on the other. The political revolutions therein enacted were registered through corresponding mutations in Art. Under the dominion of Venezia, the ornate palaces which had risen from the waters of the Lagoon were transplanted to the hilltop of Bergamo. And the structural style that took its name from Palladio, and received development through Sansovino, finds here in the Palazzo della Ragione grandiose expression, at the hands of one of its greatest masters, Scamozzi (B. 1552; D. 1616). The façade approximates to that of the Libreria, in the Piazetta, Venice, designed by Sansovino and completed by Scamozzi. Only the basement and a single bay of the Palazzo in Bergamo have been fully carried out. But these suffice to tell how truly palatial was the composition. Three orders, adaptations from the Classic, are superimposed: the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian, with corresponding columns, capitals, and cornices. And the sky outline has a fitting consummation in a parapet of singular beauty in design, mounted by statues. The whole composition comes as a logical sequence from classic styles, and in its symmetry and compactness of proportion, stateliness of bearing, and somewhat lavish enrichment, displays to advantage the characteristics of the highly yet soberly developed Renaissance. A bust of Colleoni on the first story connects the Palace with our hero.



Bergamo: Alta Città.

Beyond this larger Piazza the open arches of the Palazzo Vecchio (see illustration) conduct to a smaller space, bounded by historic structures with a chronologic span of not less than four centuries. The traveller passing under the vaulted basement of the old palace emerges from broad shadow into a flood of light; on the left the eye rests for a moment on the Duomo, and full in face rises the Colleoni Chapel, with the elder Church of Santa Maria Maggiore by its side. And so varied, closely packed, yet irregular are these congregated structures that a mere turn on the heel brings within view a new picture. The Duomo, over a period of more than a thousand years, has suffered cruel mutations. Its octagonal Baptistery (illustrated in the second article), which some authorities boldly assign to the remote date of the fifth century, was as recently as the year 1865 reconstructed on the lines of the ancient design. The original Duomo was probably in the mixed Lombardo-Gothic style. But we hear of its reconstruction in the middle of the fifteenth century: the architect engaged was Antonio Filarete, of Florence. The cathedral in the seventeenth century fell into the hands of Carlo Fontana, a scholar of Bernini, and having been thus modernised, is, in the words of Mr. Street, "of course uninteresting, and in no way deserving of notice." It is again suffering restoration; last autumn I found the façade hidden behind cumbrous scaffolding!

The Church of Santa Maria Maggiore would alone suffice to make the Alta Città a place of pilgrimage; altered and augmented through successive ages, its structure is a history, while its contents are rich and varied as a museum. This noble example of the Romanesque Mr. Thomas Hope assigns to the year 1134, and names Maestro Fedro as its architect. The northern portion, including the fine Gothic portal, was erected in 1360 by Giovanni di Campello. The plan is cruciform, consisting of usual nave, aisles, choir, and transepts: the exceptional features are the apses, the porches, and the tower. This Gothic campanile, rising without buttress and crowned with arcading and open belfry, is visible from Milan. The apses, not fewer than five, are of noble round arch arcadings after the broad, simple type found in Pisa or Lucca (see illustration). The two porches are among the richest and most elaborate specimens of Italianized Gothic; and that on the north is quite the most remarkable. Mr. Hope gives as its architect Giovanni di Campello, and as its date the year 1360.

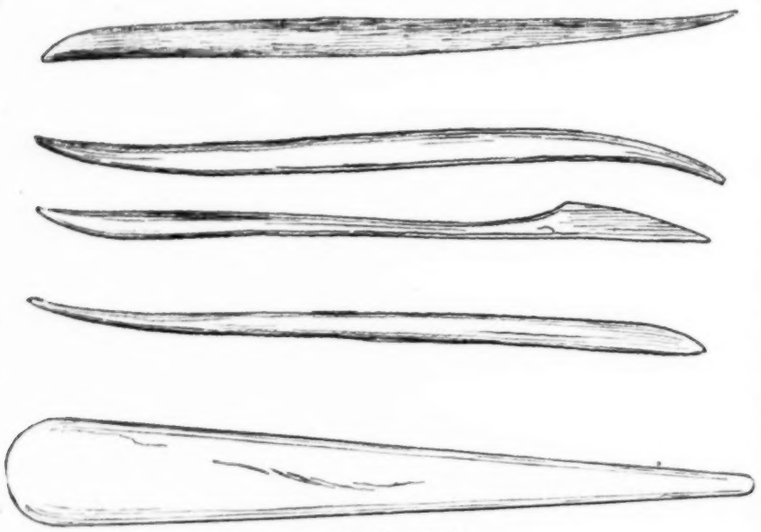
We cannot but recognize the fitness of relationship between Bartolommeo Colleoni, the personification of a ferocious age, and the fiercely fortified city of Bergamo. And as in classic times the strong and sacred Acropolis served jointly for citadel and temple, so here in the Middle Ages the same heights held alike castle and church, for war and for worship. And equally in the character and career of the Great Condottiere do we recognize the union between the temporal and the spiritual powers. The warrior brave in battle and impregnable in strongholds, proved himself the devotee, built churches, founded religious houses, and mindful of his death and immortality, here in Bergamo raised for his sepulchre a chapel to the glory of God who had given him the victory.

J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.

(To be continued.)

HOME ARTS.—No. V. MODELLING IN CLAY.

IT is gradually being understood that the minor arts, such as wood-carving, sheet-metal and leather work, mosaic setting or embroidery, form in reality but one, and that they may be acquired almost simultaneously, if the pupil has before all learned something of outline decorative design. But to proceed perfectly, the next step ought to be to study modelling. Design, according to organic development or the vine, teaches us all the graces and inflections of curved lines with their infinite combinations, so that by means of it we are prepared to appreciate them in living beings. Modelling, which is *drawing in clay*, goes a step farther, for with it we produce in every work, not one arrangement of lines, but an infinite number, varying with every position from which we contemplate it. And so greatly are our critical and appreciative powers impressed by a study of design and modelling when thus intelligently studied as one, and in co-relation, that probably future ages will not understand how any kind of education can exist without it. For not only does it develop our power of understanding the beautiful and fit in all things material, or where taste is concerned, but it also awakens our constructive faculties, and with them quickness of perception, so that it may be fairly claimed that, when properly taught, *Art* is fully equal to mathematics or philology as a means of discipline for the young.

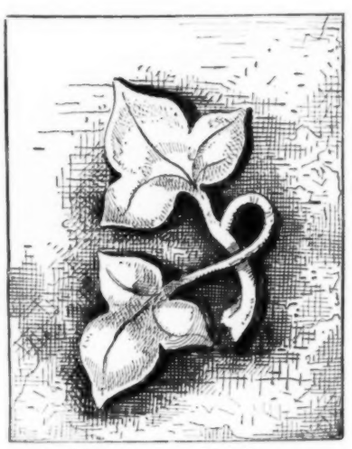


Some Modelling Tools.

As regards its close affinity to the minor arts, it may be mentioned that no wood-carver can manage work in high relief so well as when he understands modelling. In my own school, boys of thirteen years knew this perfectly, and preferred to execute their designs at first in clay. It would seem, from the enjoyment which children take in it, that it must be innate, as it is in certain wasps who model their nests so much like Etruscan vases, that when baked any one seeing them would suppose of course that they were miniature imitations by a skilful potter. Children who are so young that it would require twice the time to teach them the other arts which it would to those of thirteen or fourteen years, will grapple with the clay, and learn in a short time to execute what seems to the uninitiated to be extremely difficult and beautiful work; and, in fact, in several countries very good and saleable work, in the way of highly decorated and apparently difficult work, is thus made by little ones.

Those who are inspired by the *Geist der stets verneint*, or the devil, according to Goethe, invariably say, "But children cannot, I suppose, achieve sculpture or well execute the human form; what then is the *use* in setting them to muddle at small work?" The small work which children of ten years can execute in ornamental pottery may yield enough to pay the expenses of their living; and if they choose to continue at it, either to become sculptors or any other kind of artists or mechanics, they will have made a good beginning. But the main use of it is that their minds are quickened and their fingers rendered deft.

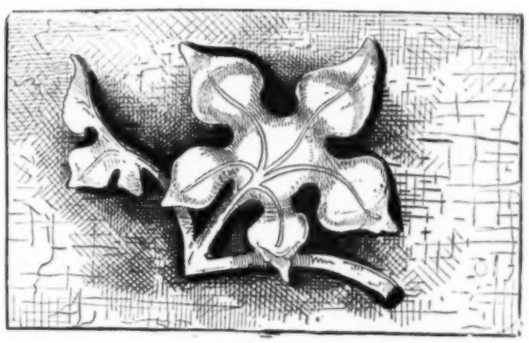
Clay is to be had at all potteries, of plasterers and pipe-makers, and it is often supplied by dealers in artists' materials. There are several kinds, of different colours, of which the grey is best for beginners, "as one is better able to see the shadows than when the red or blue is used" (*Art Work Manuals*, No. XII., *On Modelling in Clay*, by J. Liberty Tadd). It is generally sold in a dry state, and then requires wetting and working up. Avoid too much water; it should be just moist enough to roll in the hand without leaving any on the skin. It is usual, in order to get bubbles of air out of it, or to detect stones, bits of



First Lesson in Modelling.

wood, etc., to cut it into many pieces with a fine wire, which, as it is made with handles, resembles a short skipping-rope.

Any person who can draw a little, or even one without that accomplishment, can, by carefully studying the directions



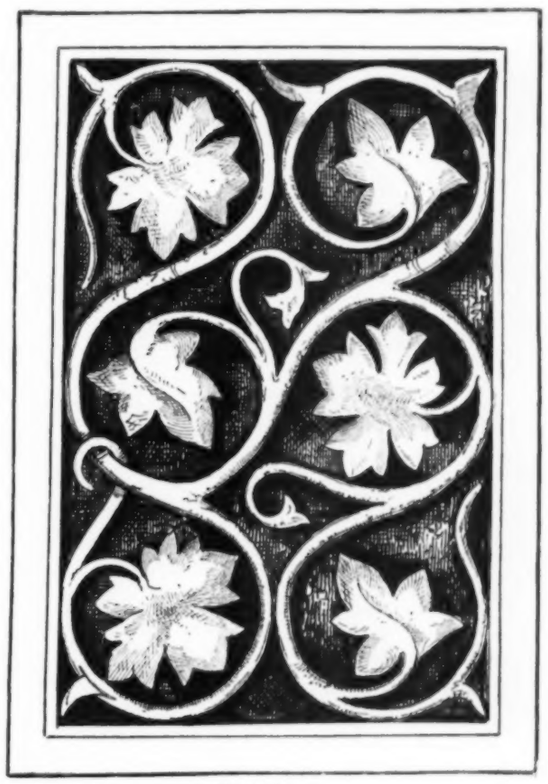
Second Lesson.

which I shall give, learn not only to model a great variety of beautiful and saleable articles, but also to instruct a class. I lay stress on this, because there is every day an increasing demand for teachers, especially ladies who are familiar with the minor arts.

TOOLS.—The fingers should always be regarded as the chief tools, and the best part of work is often done with them alone. In addition to these, artists use about from eight to ten kinds of straight or curved blades and scrapers, made of boxwood, but which any ingenious person can make from ordinary wood of any kind, with only a penknife and sand-paper. In fact it is often necessary for very large or small work to make or have made special tools. And here I would lay stress on the important fact that the ingenious or inventive pupil who *thinks* and is quick at seeing what will aid in certain work, has an immense advantage over all others. Though this faculty is in many innate, it can be awakened or developed, as is seen by dull children associating in a class with clever ones. Thus I have seen a girl utterly at a loss to know how to imitate the rough bark of a tree. Another took a pine-stick or a piece of kindling wood, broke it in two and used the jagged end to prick and scrape the surface with. I have also known children wishing to imitate the scales of a serpent, to make a raid on the wood-carver's gouges, and appropriate their skew-chisels for peculiar lines. One quite young child invented a method of making semispherical cavities in vases, by taking a sixpence and turning it round in a vase.

All large objects are made by adding clay, piece by piece. Of course a table, stand, board or slab is necessary according to the extent of the work. To begin, let it be remembered that the chief thing to be done is not to produce something to be exhibited as a proof of cleverness and taste shown in a first effort, but to learn the proper use of the tools, the management of the clay, and confidence in manipulation. Any simple object may be chosen to begin with, as, for instance, a large leaf with a slight curve. Begin by cutting a slab or piece of clay of such a size as to include all the points of the object to be imitated. Then with the fingers press it into a general likeness with the original. In all such work scraping away or removing alternates with adding fresh material. When the whole is shaped, use the tools for making veins, lines, or other characteristics which cannot be formed with the fingers.

It is very much to be desired that the pupil, even if a child, should get as soon as possible into rather large work. Even children of six or eight years make more progress at larger work than little birds' nests and rolling clay pills. As soon as the pupil by copying and combining one or more leaves has acquired some facility with the use of fingers and tools, let him or her take some larger object; for this purpose a wooden or leather shoe is as good as anything. Form the clay into a general resemblance of the original, measuring point for point with a pair of compasses. It may be here observed that a pair of compasses of any size for such a purpose may be easily made from two slender sticks, by simply cutting a cavity in one and making the other fit to it. As the large compass is needed in all modelling, this suggestion as to making one may be found very useful. Before beginning the shoe or *sabot*, or any similar easy object, prepare a ground, slab, or pedestal on which it is to rest. Begin by taking a piece of clay and spreading it out, let us say to the length of a foot, with a width of six inches and a thickness of one. Knead and press it into a firm mass, and to make it perfectly level place flat pieces of wood or square sticks one inch in diameter at the sides and scrape the surface smooth with a straight ruler. (*Modelling in Clay*, *Minor Arts*, by C. G. L., p. 101; Macmillan & Co.) Cut the edges straight with a common knife. Any superfluity is easily removed, but additions are for the beginner more



Third Lesson.

difficult to manage. Instead of a shoe, the pupil may obtain a cheap cast of a rabbit or cat or dog. Hair can be imitated either with a tool which has an end like a comb, or even with a fine comb; certain hollows are sometimes easily managed with an iron spoon. What is called *matting* in brass or leather work, is known as *grounding* or *indenting* in

clay. It consists of dotting or roughening the ground, which makes it darker by the shadow formed by the innumerable small holes, thus giving a relief to the smooth and consequently lighter pattern. In this the pupil may observe an important point of identity not only between several minor arts, but of all of them with drawing and shading.

Though modelling is so easy, when taught in this way, that children almost babes master its rudiments and find it play, it requires more independent or voluntary thought, as I have already hinted, than any other work. "As there is no art in which the tools and material are so simple as in modelling, so in proportion there is none in which the pupil is so self-dependent. Having his clay and a few very simple tools he must work out nearly all for himself, there is really very little which can be shown him or done for him. In a studio or with a clever teacher or companion he may catch the spirit of work, and be inspired with lines or contours; but in the main all his progress will depend on his own innate taste and industry."



Fourth Lesson.

Objects suitable for models may be had in great variety, very cheaply, at the plaster-cast or plaster-of-Paris shops, of which there are many in London. A supply suitable for beginners is always to be had at cost price at the Home Arts and Industries Association, which society also lends them *gratis* under very easy conditions. When a beginner can copy a shoe or a cat, he or she will, with simple care, find it no difficult work to reproduce a foot, a hand, and then a bust. Use the compasses freely, and above all train the eye to observe curves and contours, and labour until you can repeat them perfectly. When you can make something worth being kept, let it dry for some time in a warm room until every trace of moisture is gone. Then, if there be a potter in the neighbourhood, take it to him and have it "fired" or baked. Such a potter can supply you with vases, jars, etc., while "green," that is, while as yet soft. Having learned to make leaves you will find it no very hard matter to also form flowers, fruit, etc., and stick them to the vase. Lizards, and all kinds of "shell fish," or ordinary fish or animals, may also be moulded and made a part of the object to be ornamented. When dry, pottery may be painted over with certain colours made for the purpose. When fired in this, which is called the *biscuit* state, the colours are fixed, being made to melt or fuse by heat. Then they are glazed and fired again, which completes the work. The pupil will do well not to cover vases with brittle projections, which will break off at a touch.

It will soon occur that the pupil will find that as he makes large objects they will not hold together, and that the clay falls apart by its own weight. To obviate this there is made what corresponds to the skeleton which supports the human figure. This is sometimes a rude connection of iron rods or wires; more frequently it consists of blocks of wood connected by copper, not iron, wires. Sometimes projecting arms, etc., are supported by pieces of wood, which are of course removed when all is finished.

Do not attempt to make leaves and flowers too thin, so that they may be "as natural as life," unless you are modelling in wax which is to be reproduced in bronze. Rather sketch the general effects with a tendency to conventional form, than follow petty and close imitation. It has often happened that I have been asked to admire modelling and wood-carving solely for this thinness and fragility. Among those who are without any real intelligence of Art, and especially with all utterly uneducated people, such work is judged to be best which is simply and manifestly *hard to make* or difficult. This spirit is, however, often enough found even in Art schools, where the object of many pupils is not so much to set forth the beautiful, *per se*, as to do something that others cannot, and make objects which were manifestly the result of mere skill in a manufacturing sense.



Design for a Vase. Drawn by C. G. Leland.

Grinling Gibbons, the wood-carver, was a great man in an age which was small in criticism, and it was characteristic of the *dilettanti* of his time that they specially admired his

literal imitation of flowers because they looked as if a breath of wind would shatter them, so delicately were they carved. A bold and original sketch is far better than the most highly finished work which has nothing but finish to commend it. The great defect in all "culture-work," and, we may add, letters, at the present day is the preference of finish according to "good form" to originality or inspiration, or, as it is phrased, "Art for the sake of Art." I therefore advise the pupil in modelling to acquire as soon as possible what may be called a free hand in clay, so as to produce bold and beautiful lines with the fewest possible touches. *Finish* may be postponed. It is absolutely essential to *perfect* work, but it should not, as is generally the case, be altogether preferred to freehand sketching in clay.

Work should be kept damp till finished. Sometimes it is sprinkled from time to time with a syringe with a rosette. When put away, large work is covered with a damp cloth. Smaller articles will retain their softness by being merely put into the large chest in which the clay is kept, the vicinity to which is always cool and damp. This may be increased by keeping a wet blanket or large cloth in the same box. There is a great deal of work in small objects such as pipes, card-receivers, cigar-ash cups, etc., which is executed with very fine tools. When fired, coloured, and glazed, these may be sold at a good profit, especially if the artist can hit upon new and original devices, and to get these, he or she should think and carefully examine the museums or Art works or gardens for ideas. As a very general rule, artists have a great antipathy to trying anything *new*, just as tradesmen have to selling it; but when by chance it becomes "the rage," they all wish it had occurred to them. Then it is over-done, and people who cannot sell their second-rate imitations bewail that there is no demand for Art work.

Every modeller in clay should learn to work not only after "objects" or life, but also from shaded drawings or engravings or photographs. This is denied to be a proper course by some, but I have found by practical observation of scores of pupils and by experience, that when alternated with object modelling it induced the pupil to think more and to exert his ingenuity.

It is to be observed that beginners must study the temper of clay and its powers of adhesion. "Great care should be taken to have the whole material homogeneous with the rest, that is to say, of the same grain and texture. Thus, for instance, the handle of a jar, if simply stuck on to clay which has become dry or smooth, will generally fall off in baking." To secure this it should be somewhat pressed and incorporated with the body while both are in a plastic and similar condition. This brings us back to the statement that we should rather rely, on the whole, on removing and pressing in, as in modelling in wax, than in sticking pieces on.

There is a pretty and popular kind of modelling known as working in *gesso*, which is a combination of fine clay and plaster with gelatine or size. It may be applied to any surface so as to produce the most delicate low relief; it adheres firmly to all substances and sets hard.

It is greatly to be desired that all who have it in their power would realise by observation what children and young women are actually able to effect in a few weeks' work, even if they only give four hours a week to it, by working at modelling. If they would do this, and ascertain for themselves, and realise what are the actual results in all cases, *without exception*, of teaching industrial Art to the young, I am certain that not a boy or girl in Great Britain would be allowed to grow up without learning it.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

THE BUNGALOWS OF BIRCHINGTON.

BIRCHINGTON differs from any other of the many pleasure resorts that stud this breezy coast, in that it is new without being garish.

After a first whiff of the sea at Whitstable with its numerous oyster-dredgers, and passing Herne Bay, the train draws up at an altogether insignificant station; one's baggage is quietly shouldered by a porter, and a trudge of a quarter of a mile brings us to "Rossetti," as the last home of the painter-poet is now called. Should one arrive at night, there is but time to notice that this building is a study in brown and red, low-pitched, and surrounded by a dwarf-wall of the familiar Kentish flint, ere one is in the centre of a long corridor, lighted shipfashion by swinging lamps, with doors opening on either side and at each end. Everything is of wood, matchboarded within and clinker-built without, and one's first feeling is of surprise at the absence of snakes! Everything suggests the tropics, from the cool colour of the painted



"Rossetti." *Drawn by J. Stevens.*

woodwork to the mild suffused light of the hanging lamps. A wonderful view of the ever-changing sea greets one upon issuing forth in the morning. Immediately in front, at a distance of about a mile, the sun-lit ocean spreads its length and breadth to the horizon, studded with every kind of craft, from the three-masted steamer making for the Nore to the sailing-barge hugging the coast and waiting for high-water to discharge its cargo. Away to the right the main group of the Bungalows (see below) nestle close to the edge of the low-lying cliff, and Westgate-on-Sea, the home of Mr. Orchardson, R.A., lies a little farther on. To the left the "Birchington Brothers" stand out clear against the morning sky. These, although known to have been many miles inland in Roman times, are now sheer on the seaboard. Midway, and far enough off to be comparatively inoffensive, lies the new "quarter" of Birchington Bay, built with all the reckless unpicturesqueness of the modern builder. From the other side of the bay, however, "the Reculvers," with the intervening expanse of sea, varying in its tints of blue from light to dark as the deep water or the sand-bars predominate—quite after the heart of Mr. Brett—forms a capital subject; and behind them the landscape is broken and wooded, with an occasional glimpse of a venerable, grey or ivy-mantled, church tower. All round Birchington, a few miles inland, the massive Norman churches with their backings of fresh foliage afford many a paintable subject for the artist, and the churches themselves are full of historical and architectural interest. It is from the end of the Bay that our artist has made the sketch which we give on the next page.

The new "quarter" of Birchington Bay, with its asphalte "parade," its tennis-ground, and its "desirable villas," may be rendered necessary if the neighbourhood continues to grow as steadily in public estimation in the future as it has done during the past few years, but it cannot claim to deserve any large degree of attention from the visitor allured there either by the fame of the Bungalows or by Rossetti associations. In its want of architectural beauty it contrasts unfavourably with Westgate-on-Sea. Returning therefore towards Margate, and once more passing over the threshold



Some of the Bungalows. Drawn by J. Stevens.

of "Rossetti," we find ourselves in the drawing-room or studio (see page 235), a large and comfortable room with two bays and an entrance into the conservatory. Taking short walks on the cliff or round the road that winds about the churchyard, and subsequently lying in the "studio" on one of the curiously-contrived couches, in constructing which the architect, Mr. Taylor, expended much ingenuity, Dante Gabriel Rossetti spent most of the last nine weeks of his life, reading, or, latterly, being read to by Miss Rossetti, and occasionally, when strong enough, painting.

It was here that, on Easter-day, his spirit took its flight. His grave nestles under the south-west porch of the church, which, says Mr. Hall Caine, in his "Recollections," "is an ancient and quaint Early Gothic edifice, somewhat rejuvenated, however, but with ivy creeping over its walls. The prospect to the north is of sea only: a broad sweep of landscape so flat and so featureless that the great sea dominates it. As we stood there, with the rumble of the rolling waters borne to us from the shore, we felt that though we had little dreamed that we should lay Rossetti in his last sleep here, no other place could be quite so fit. It was, indeed, the resting-place for a poet." A curious Runic cross, in an all-too-soft stone, marks the grave, and on it is the following inscription:—

HERE SLEEPS
GABRIEL CHARLES DANTE ROSSETTI,
HONOURED UNDER THE NAME OF
DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI,
AMONG PAINTERS AS A PAINTER,
AND AMONG POETS AS A POET.
BORN IN LONDON,
OF PARENTAGE MAINLY ITALIAN, 12 MAY, 1828.
DIED AT BIRCHINGTON, 9 APRIL, 1882.

And at the back the following:—

THIS CRUCIFORM MONUMENT.
BESPOKEN BY DANTE ROSSETTI'S MOTHER,
WAS DESIGNED BY HIS LIFELONG FRIEND,
FORD MADOX BROWN,
EXECUTED BY J. & H. PATTESON,
And erected by his brother William and sister Christina Rossetti.

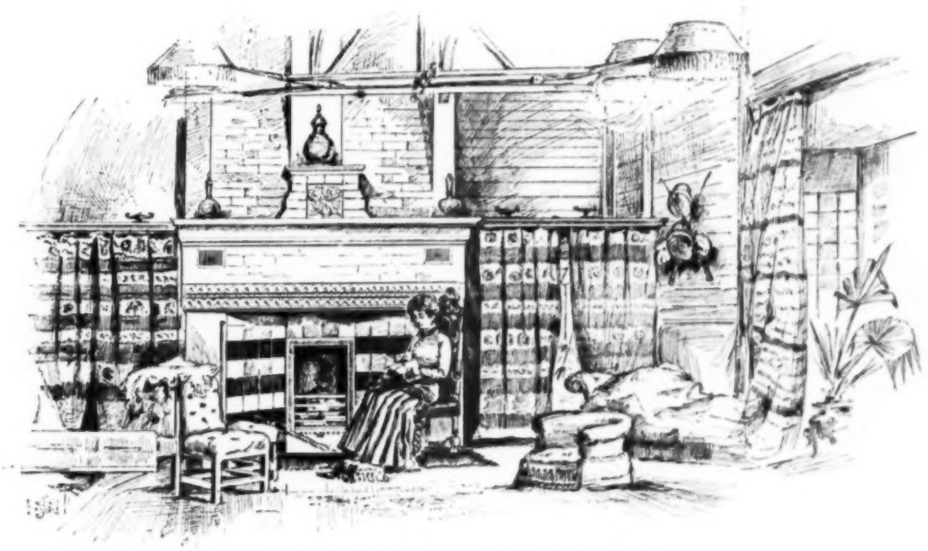
In the south-west wall of the old shingle-tower church is the memorial window erected by the painter-poet's mother (see page 236). The left-hand light is from a design by Mr. Shields, the right-hand one was adapted from Rossetti's own



The Birchington Brothers. Drawn by J. Stevens.

picture of 'The Passover,' which was given by Mr. Ruskin to Oxford. As a whole it is a notable piece of stained glass. The old church is in itself an important feature in "the village," standing in what, but for the absence of petty merchants and merchandise, would be the market-place. It is but a short walk from the station, and on the road to Margate, which lies some four miles to the east. It is worth a visit, and contains a well-painted reredos, and an old black-letter Bible (which since an enterprising Vandal cut out a large initial letter is kept locked) that will repay inspection. No greater contrast could perhaps possibly be found between this quiet sea-side churchyard where Rossetti "must, at length, after weary years of sleeplessness, sleep the only sleep that is deep and will endure," and the desolate and dreary old house in Cheyne Walk, where so much of his life was spent.

Leaving, however, much more concerning the painter of "Dante's Dream" and "Beata Beatrice" to the personal investigation of the reader, the more immediate subject of this article demands our attention. The public interest in Birchington certainly had its birth with the bungalow which Mr. Taylor built. From his original plan the others have sprung, and so flourished that there is danger of the original designer being forgotten. This, however, is not our concern. "Rossetti," which, after the hotel, is the first bungalow come to, is different from the rest in many respects, chiefly because it is built entirely of wood on brick foundation; and, secondly, because the builders of subsequent bungalows have



The Studio in "Rossetti." Drawn by J. Stevens.

improved the original plan almost out of recognition. There is little difference between the exteriors of Mrs. John Wood's summer residence, or Mr. Martin's "Orion," for instance, and "Rossetti," but the ground plan is very different. Instead

of the long corridor in the one with the rooms opening on either side on to the passage, and all on one floor, the rooms of Mrs. Wood's bungalow lead from one into the other, and "Orion" has a charming room on a first-floor. Interior decoration, too, contributes much to emphasize the distinction, for whereas "Rossetti" is wonderful in its simplicity, "Dilkoosha" (or "Heart's Delight") is decorated and furnished with all the lavish elegancies of a "high-art" firm, and "Orion" derives its name from the astronomically correct representation of that constellation in a blue-and-gold morning-room. It would be invidious to express any final opinion respecting the two methods of treatment, but the happy simplicity of "Rossetti" is, perhaps, more in character with the spirit of a "bungalow." The other bungalows which lie between "Dilkoosha" and "Orion," and are indicated in our picture on page 234, differ but little from those just described, except in that they are either larger or smaller, and some of them of substantial brick. The coach-houses, too, of those in the centre are decorated with sgraffito work by Mr. Frampton, a late Academy student of promise. The method is simple; two layers of different coloured plaster or cement are superimposed and the artist works his design on the second layer until he comes to the first, thus leaving his figures in relief. It is effective on a small scale, but easily overdone.



The Rossetti Memorial Window.

A curious instance of the portability of a small wooden bungalow was afforded by the action of Mr. Martin, a Hereford architect, who has become much identified with Birchington bungalows. Having some difficulty with the local authorities respecting a right of way, he took the unusual course of removing his structure one night, by the aid of rollers and two powerful traction-engines which were on the estate, and planting it, by the time the surveyor arrived the next day, over the disputed way—a course of action which was as effectual as it was unique.

Outside its bungalows, Birchington has attractions which should not come amiss either to the artist or the visitor. The village is quaint, and the walks abroad full of paintable subjects. Within easy distance, too, is Minster, where the railway to Canterbury is tapped, with a fine Norman church; and near by, in the hamlet of Acol, is the disused chalk-pit where "Smuggler Bill" took his famous leap. According to the Rev. Samuel Pegg, the tradition runs that a riding-officer from Sandwich, one Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the last century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler's horse *only* it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since. But all this is written in *Ingoldsby*.

The sea, too, has its attractions for the marine artist, and altogether this new Thanet watering-place is by no means devoid of interest. It is rapidly growing in public estimation, and as one of the nearest "lungs" to London on this part of the coast, it is a welcome addition to that class of summer resorts which commends itself by its surroundings rather than by the quantity of its visitors.

W. L. C.

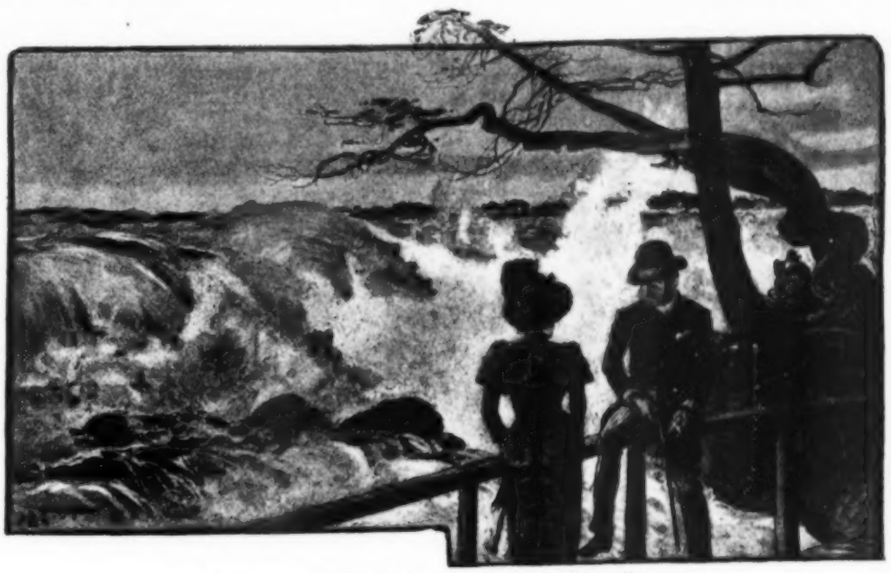


The Niagara River one hundred yards above the Rapids.

NIAGARA.

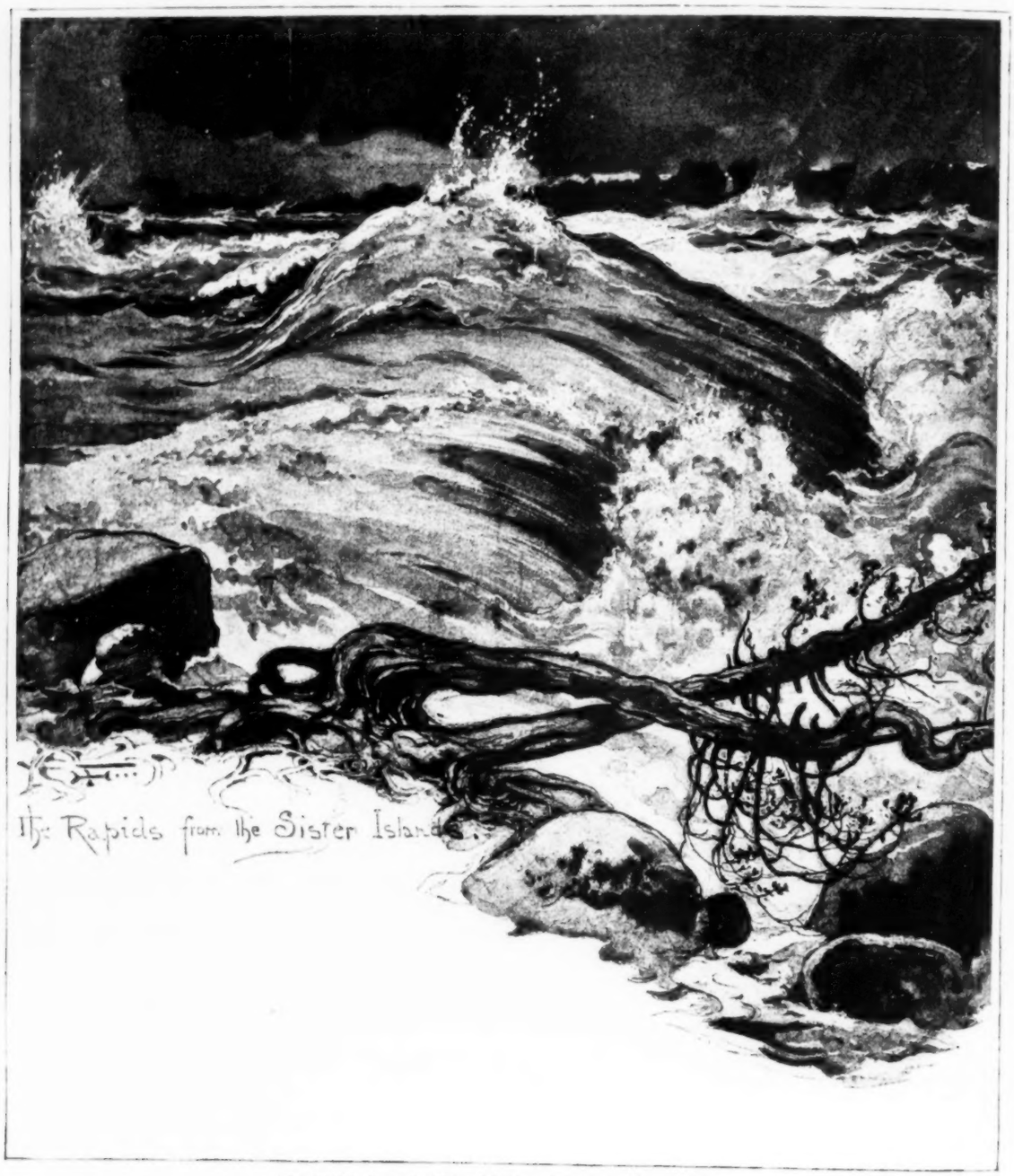
TO make a week at Niagara perfect the pilgrim should borrow Aladdin's lamp, and have the genii transport him to the southern point of Goat Island. He may then open his eyes and behold a broad river flowing tranquilly towards him, calm and dignified, except just near his feet, where he will see that the water, detecting what is before it, draws back in fear, so that its waves are tossed high in the air and descend in agitated foam, fraught with terror. A feeling begins to creep over one that the river is invested with a soul, is suddenly conscious of the abyss to which it is irresistibly hurrying, and struggles against fate. Even the old cedars on the shore seem caught in the universal dread, and twist and turn their weird trunks like anacondas, in harmony with the serpentine movement of the slippery element near them, whilst great fields of foam seem to creep up the hills of water against the stream, and then pass on to seemingly motionless masses of fretted frosted silver, with great mounds of emerald slipping under them at forty miles an hour. One perforce walks along the island, accompanying the current, until it touches the emerald arch, and with the calmness that comes with a sense of the inevitable, the billows pause, the foam subsides, and after a momentary hesitation the flood goes over the cataract. After gazing at this wonder for even a few minutes, one begins to imagine that the volume and velocity cannot last, and even with the assurance that the bodies of water which feed it cover one hundred and fifty thousand square miles, there is still no way of understanding how those great placid lakes can year by year spare the ninety millions of tons which it is estimated pour over the falls every hour. There is a dramatic culmination in thus following the quiet river through the phases of its career up to its final grandeur, and a thought of the hundreds of miles of uneventful easy-going life which all unswerving are to result in one of the world's wonders, gives the place a fascination which no spectacular marvel could possess.

To most persons the first sensation about Niagara is a feeling of familiarity; its form and geography they have known since the days of nursery picture books, and thus the sense of magnitude is all they gain in the first gaze. The colour, motion, power, and solemnity are aftergrowths. We begin by admiring, but soon realise that the mighty cataract does not display its force for our approval, and that it will go on sounding its dull cannonade long after we may be forgotten. It is a mistake to endeavour to absorb very much of Niagara at once, and as I have never heard of any one who was accompanied by the beneficent genii of the lamp, I must conclude that every visitor, when he turns his back on the falls, seeks refuge in the undignified village, which is com-



The First Plunge of the Niagara. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

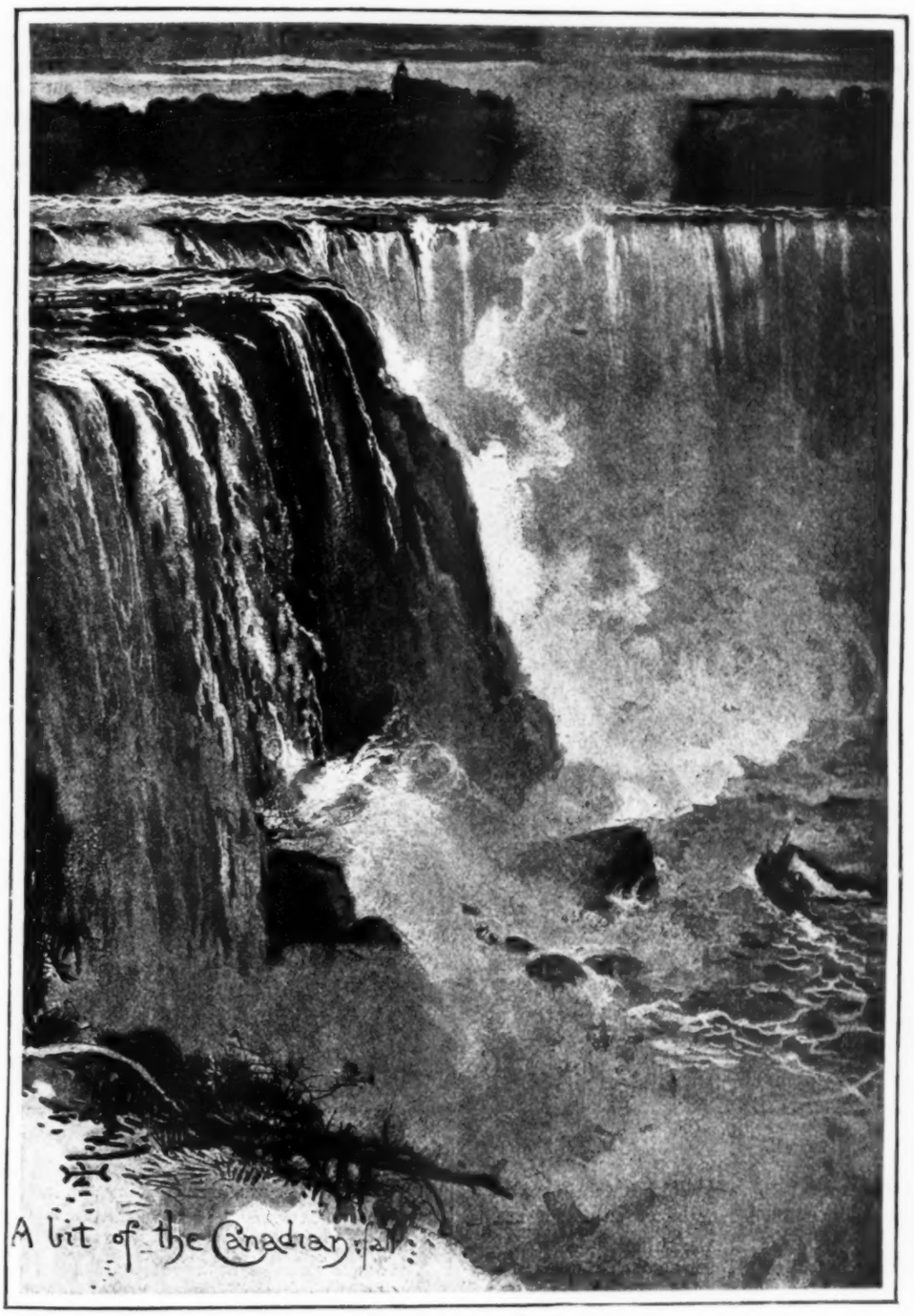
posed of huge barn-like hotels and very small shops. There are no happy mediums in Niagara, everything is large or small, being typical, says the moralist, of the immensity of the cascade and the diminutiveness of the mortals who behold it. The bazaars are filled with the most trumpery and useless wares, which are pressed upon the traveller, and only the strong-minded leave the place without filling up the corners of their bags and trunks with violently coloured bead pincushions, feldspar ornaments, or birch-bark canoes. The Indians are terribly disappointing, for instead of a wild squaw we find an aboriginal mother who will converse in good English, and call her little bambino by the euphonious



The Rapids from the Sister Islands. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

name of Jane. It is delightful to know that Indians are becoming civilised, but not so delightful to meet the transformed savages in their capacity of merchants. The hotels are crowded with pleasure-seekers, most of whom, after a moment's inspection, turn out to be bridal couples, and ere many days are past we conclude that it must be obligatory in the United States to visit Niagara as part of the wedding ceremony. I have heard a gentleman say that he arrived one night at a large hotel, and was placed at a solitary little table surrounded by nine brides who gazed at him in pity, and nine bridegrooms who looked at him with contempt; in fact, by the time the meal was over he was ready to agree

with Mr. Howells, that "a man of any sensibility must desire to veil his face, and, bowing his excuses to the collective rapture, take the first train for the wicked outside world to which he belongs." Everywhere he comes upon these blissful pairs, and if he can only stand it long enough to get accustomed to breaking in on tender *tête-à-têtes*, he may grow perfectly indifferent. The brides certainly look very pretty, but their dainty fabrics and thin French shoes are not at all in keeping with the rough work to be done by an earnest traveller at Niagara. Not many of them have the

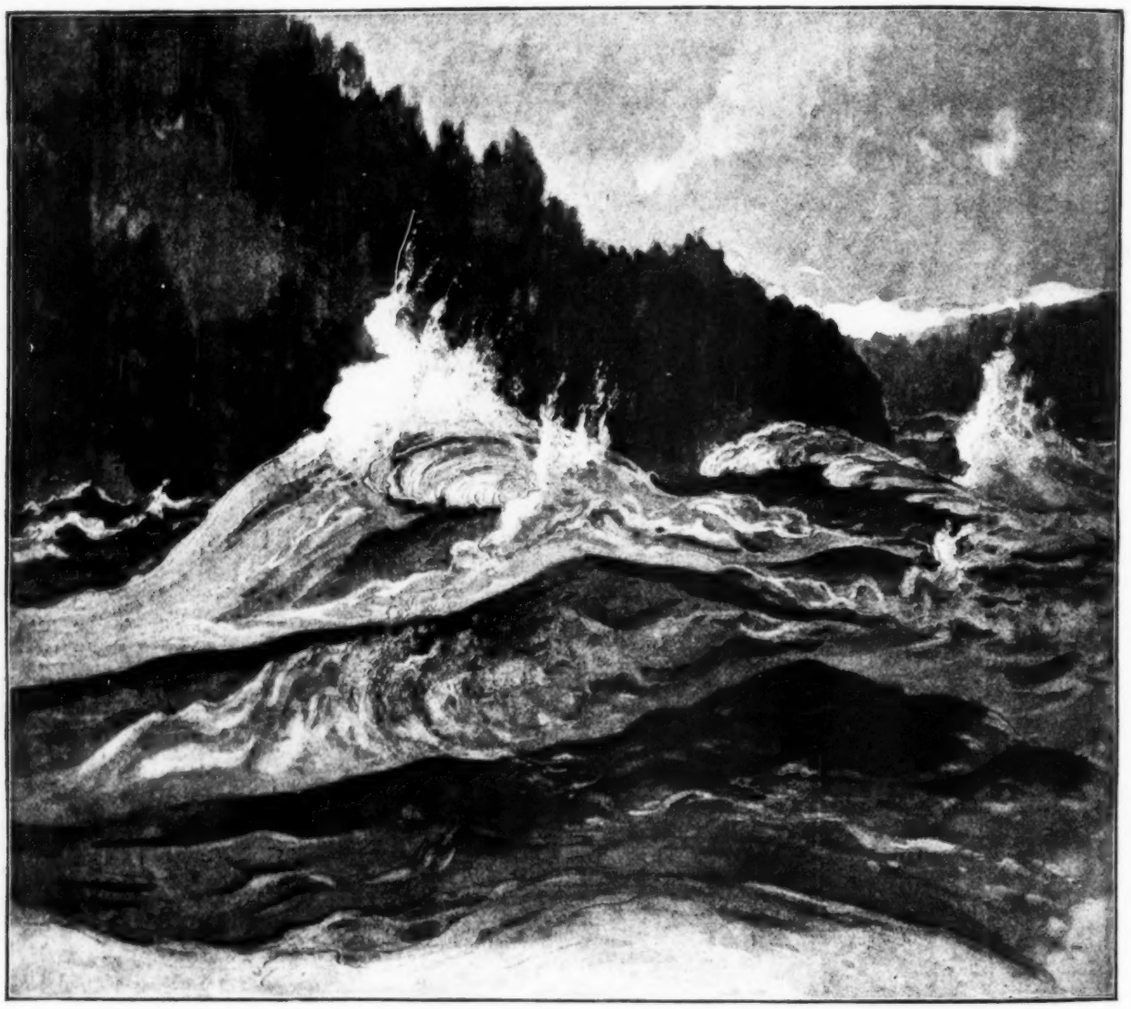


A bit of the Canadian fall. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

courage to attempt the journey under the Horse-shoe Falls through the Cave of the Winds. There is a good deal of nerve required to step out of the shelter (clad in hideous waterproofs) into the mist of fine pelting rain, where you are soon almost deafened and half-drowned in pushing through the sheet of water which veils the entrance of the cavern. Once within, there is some difficulty in breathing, but the worst is over, and the reward is great. You stand in a huge

tent of rock, the outward walls of which are the mighty cataract, and can you but arrange the time when the sun strikes full on the water, the colour is magnificent. Loose slippery stones are under the feet, clouds of spray play on the face, the ears are stopped by the roar, and all the enjoyment is concentrated in the eyes, which receive an impression that no retina could fail to recall for a lifetime. In truth, the whole expedition is more enjoyable to remember than achieve.

Niagara has been an American Moloch from the time when the ferocious savages revered it as a mighty devil, to the recent sacrifice of Captain Webb. About fifty years ago thousands of people were drawn to the Rapids to watch a large vessel freighted with numbers of wild beasts and domestic animals which was set adrift for the amusement of this cruel throng. After a fair start, she drifted down stream into the boiling water, and there became wedged in the cleft of a rock. Here the monkeys, bears, and such animals as could climb rushed up among the rigging, and the rest of the terrified creatures tore around the deck. To the disappointment of the morbid multitude, the vessel went over the falls in the night, and they were cheated out of their brutal entertainment. The only survivor of the crew was a poor



The Whirlpool, Niagara. Drawn by Harry Fenn.

goose, who was rescued from the water with no injury but a broken wing, and was exhibited for the rest of its existence as a curiosity.

A queer story is told of a Tonemanta chief, who, after a violent quarrel with his squaw, hid himself in his canoe, which was moored in a little creek. Here, with his rum bottle for a solace, the Indian fell asleep, and was shortly discovered by the enraged lady, who cut the boat adrift, and swam out into the current pushing it before her. Tossing amid the noisy rapids the chieftain awoke, and realising all effort to be useless, he groped for the rum, and as the canoe shot over the huge arch he was seen draining the last drop, with his head thrown back and the bottle pressed to his lips. Niagara, of course, had its hermit, who was no more interesting than most ascetics who live on their reputation, and whose light was obliterated by a strange, crazy Jew named Mordecai Noah, who fostered the idea that the Indians composed the lost tribes, and that if he could only gather these two nations on Grand Island, Jerusalem would be rebuilt. The poor fanatic went as far as laying the corner-stone of the new temple.

The next most wonderful thing to Niagara is the people who go there, in the same way they would start off for a day

at the Crystal Palace. They settle in some spot where they can talk and laugh at ease, play their rollicking games, and take home photographs as mementoes of "an awfully jolly time." With the most unconscious, pitiable egotism, they place themselves before the camera, with the falls as a background, and are delighted with the result, which portrays the cataract as a pigmy relief for their own large and imposing proportions.

Niagara is one of the most difficult places in the world to represent by either pen or brush, and I think every writer or painter who has attempted the task, has found himself baffled in greater or less degree according to his talent and sympathy. No words or forms will give the sense of motion to its fullest degree, because there must be a penetrating consciousness, immediately affected by physical sensation, which no attitude of the mind can call forth of itself; and the same conclusion applies to colour, force, and solemnity.

One of the most awe-inspiring moods of the Falls may be felt by a trip across the river on the *Maid of the Mist*, a sturdy propeller which pushes up against the stream close under the cascade, so that one can look up the wall of waters. Each passenger is obliged to don a waterproof cloak and hood, and it is not a little amusing to note the levelling influence of an unbecoming uniform. The British baronet and the Chicago pork merchant look much the same in oilskins; but we have little time to note such things in the face of Niagara. When the boat has worked up stream as far as possible the engines stop, and she curves round towards the Canadian shore, and lands us on English ground, where the most familiar object is a poor imitation of the London policeman.

A Bill has lately passed Congress which will eventually do away with all the mills and factories along the banks, and transform the American shore into a park.

No one should leave Niagara without an excursion to the whirlpool, some distance below the falls, where the vast body of water becomes gradually wedged in between cedar-clad cliffs two hundred feet in height. The great inland seas, Huron, Erie, Michigan, and Superior, all find their outlet in this narrowing channel, where the velocity increases as the passage lessens, until it culminates in a grand procession of domes that hiss and roar as they break into spray, like Lowell's ocean waves—

> "Cliffs of emerald, capped with snow,
> That lift and lift, and then let go—
> A great white avalanche of thunder!"

Unlike sea billows, these Maelstrom rapids have a peculiar action of their own. However fierce and wild their outward motion, the crests of foam always break back and comb down into the valleys of their own waves, and thus tend to give an appearance of greater rapidity of motion than is really the case. The waters toss and whirl as if they were delirious, and dance and play for days with anything that comes within their grip, be it the body of a drowned man or a log of timber.

When the river bed broadens the disturbance decreases, and the stream is comparatively quiet when it empties itself into Lake Ontario. Later it recommences a picturesque life among the "Thousand Isles," and so on by Quebec to the sea.

ALICE MAUD FENN.

THE ENGRAVINGS OF RICHARD EARLOM.

IT is no uncommon complaint to make of a painter that he has, in his later works, fallen short of that standard of excellence which, in his earlier productions, he had so conspicuously aimed at. For this breach of trust, as it were, between an artist, who is a public character, and his public, many causes are responsible. No first success is scored without the genius and fancy of the *artist* being coupled with the great labour and perseverance of the *man*. No pains are spared to secure the safety of the first step. That step taken, the rest are comparatively easy: they follow the first. It takes many badly served "plats" to destroy the pleasing titillation of a once-satisfied palate. A public whom an artist has once pleased do not forsake him quickly. He yields to the fascination of success, and develops his cleverness or his popular mannerisms at the expense of his real work. A not unnatural vanity, and a desire to keep the pot boiling, together help to damage his real fame. This is not to be wondered at. The question is often asked—"Which is the true fame? to be appreciated when living, and then die; or to die first, and then be appreciated?" From a selfish point of view, perhaps the former is the more desirable; we then have the satisfaction of enriching ourselves, and, at the same time, of cheating our posterity—that necessary, but doubtful blessing. But inasmuch as an artist is one of the children of men, unquestionably the latter is the true fame. With an engraver the case is somewhat different. Engraving is more mechanical, and requires a more careful technical training, and a longer time to reap a full reward than painting. An engraver, too, is more likely to go on improving in the mechanical portion of his work; and his downward career, if any, is due to failing sight or health, and not to an overstrained obedience to a popular fashion.

All labour, nay, even all genius, tends towards specialisation. Every man has some pet subject. If he is an artist he can choose his own. If he is an engraver it is generally chosen for him, though at the present time certain men are generally deputed to execute certain styles of work. Can it be wondered at that an engraver occasionally produces work which is said to be unworthy of his powers? It would be fairer to say that the subject which he had to work upon was unworthy of those powers.

These remarks are prompted by the peculiar variety of the engravings which Richard Earlom, the subject of this paper, has left us. The immense variety of the subjects he engraved precludes the unfluctuating excellence of the specialist, but, at the same time, the versatility and power of the engraver, in so varied a task, command our deepest admiration. He was almost entirely an engraver in mezzotint. A few etchings and stipple engravings are comprised in a complete list of his works, but they are comparatively unimportant. That department of painting which is most agreeably and faithfully represented in mezzotint is portrait painting. At a time when

mezzotint engraving had attained its highest perfection, at a time when it was, as it were, seeking whom it might reproduce, the fertile brush of Reynolds, on canvas after canvas, was giving immortality to the countless beauties, statesmen, warriors, and divines of one of the most interesting periods of English History. At such a time the engravers J. R. Smith and Valentine Green came forward, and linking their names with that of Reynolds, made unto themselves an everlasting fame. No such happy combination was in store for Earlom. He was instructed chiefly to engrave subject pieces, and yet few finer portraits engraved in mezzotint exist than his of the Marchioness of Wharton, "after Sir Peter Lilly Eques," formerly in the Houghton Collection. For clearness and brilliancy, as well as for softness of tone, it would hold its own anywhere. There is no doubt that J. R. Smith, Valentine Green, Houston, and others deserve all the praise which has been bestowed on them; but there is also no doubt that the popularity of their subjects has materially added to their own. The present prices obtained for engravings by J. R. Smith, though higher than those obtained for engravings by Earlom, are merely regulated by supply and demand. There are ten people who would prefer a splendid engraving of some fair countess after Reynolds to one who would have a splendid engraving of a fish market, let us say, after Snyders and Long John. The one can always be hung and command admiration, the other is more suitable for a portfolio. These facts do not detract from the excellence and power of Earlom's engravings. It by no means follows that a work of Art which we love is better executed than one which we merely like.

Richard Earlom was born in 1742 in London. He was the son of the vestry clerk of St. Sepulchre. His latent love for Art, it is said, was first called into being at the sight of the gorgeously painted coach of the Lord Mayor of London. This coach had been decorated by Cipriani. These decorations Earlom copied with such success that his father allowed him to follow the profession for which he had so great a passion, and sent him to study under Cipriani. In the year 1757, when he was only fifteen years of age, he was awarded a premium by the Society of Arts. He acquired great skill as a draughtsman, and at the same time mastered, without assistance, the art of engraving in mezzotinto. In 1765 he was employed by Boydell to make a series of engravings from the pictures at Houghton Hall, the property of Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford. The whole collection was sold to Catherine II. of Russia. We now know the pictures in this collection chiefly from these engravings.

Earlom died in Exmouth Street, Clerkenwell, on October 9th, 1822, in his eightieth year, and was buried in the lower burial-ground of St. Mary, Islington.

His portrait was painted by G. Steuart, and engraved by T. Lupton. In the second volume of the "Liber Veritatis" there is a reproduction of this picture, but the face is so touched up that it is difficult to deduce much character from it.

His engravings are not all of equal merit, but they possess brilliancy, truth, and power. The drawing is good, and his imitative power strong; but with one or two brilliant exceptions he has been a too slavish imitator, and has scarcely infused enough of his own character into them to raise him to the highest pinnacle among engravers. The engravings of the pictures at Houghton Hall, which may be said to have made Earlom's name, were of very different styles and subjects; but it is fortunate that so many were adaptable to reproduction in mezzotint.

Though not particularly suitable for landscape proper, Earlom has given a very spirited reproduction of one of Hobbema's pictures. He was, however, most successful in his engravings of still life. Two grander engravings of their kind do not exist than his 'Fruit Piece' and 'Flower Piece,' after Van Huysum, engraved in 1778. Grand groups of flowers and festoons of fruit, painted only as Van Huysum could paint them, are reproduced in soft and delicate mezzotinto. The dewdrops lie on the open flowers. A touch of the finger and they would drop noiselessly to the ground. The petals of the roses are softer and more fragile than in the picture itself. A breath of wind and the insects would flit away. In the painting these things are put there, in the engraving they may almost be said to have been taken away. Yet the effect is as wonderful in the one as in the other. These two engravings are Earlom's masterpieces, and proud might any artist be of such creations. He engraved many other such subjects. A herb market, a fish market, a game market, and a fruit market, all after Snyders and Long John; also several fruit pieces after other artists, all of sterling merit, and only failing to please as much as the two after Van Huysum because of the unloveliness of the subject. In 'The Game Market' there is a boy holding a peacock, the tail of which, for faithfulness to nature and for detail and beauty combined, cannot, outside the range of colour, be surpassed. The plumage of a great white swan, in the same picture, hanging up on the wall and extending over a bench covered with various kinds of game, is masterful and perfect. The nearest approach to it in modern times is in Sam. Cousins's admirable engraving of 'Bolton Abbey in the olden time.' We may not love these "garden" pieces of Earlom's; but his heart must have been in them, or the hand that wrought them would have left more faults for us to find. He was wonderfully skilful in imitating the velvets, satins, and gorgeous drapery in Rubens' pictures. His power may be seen conspicuously in the engraving of 'Mary Magdalen washing the feet of Christ,' after Rubens, engraved in 1771; and in the engraving, after the same master, of Rubens' own wife.

One of the best of his works is the 'Concert of Birds,' engraved in 1778, after the picture at Houghton Hall, by Mario di Fiori, a painter who had a goodly fund of humour, and who found frequent vent for it in his paintings of birds. In the 'Concert' a number of birds of different kinds, some perched on a bare tree, and some fluttering about in the air, all with their mouths open, are evidently uttering the most discordant of sounds. A grand peacock, with a sweeping tail, faultlessly drawn, seems to be leading. A macaw, an owl, a raven, and many other birds, none apparently chosen for the melody of their notes, are all holding forth, doubtless as it pleaseth each one best. It is admirably engraved, and is full of humour.

Earlom seems to have agreed with Boydell to work for him only. It appears that, to avoid this restriction, he engraved several works under the name of Henry Birche. In J. Chaloner Smith's "British Mezzotint Engravers," it is stated on the authority of one Weijel (Kunst Catalog. ii. 12696), that Henry Birche was a name placed by Richard Earlom, for the reason given above, on prints engraved by him for B. B. Evans. Redgrave does not mention this, but gives Henry Birche as an engraver practising at the end of the last century. Both authorities quote a pair of prints by Henry Birche, 'The Gamekeepers' and 'The La-

bourers,' after Stubbs. The truth of Weijel's statement, the extract from J. C. Smith's book goes on to say, cannot be absolutely accepted, but the probabilities are strongly in favour of it; the prints with this name, so far as are known, are all published by Evans, and the style of the work strongly resembles that of Earlom. "There is an interesting pair of prints after Gainsborough, published by B. B. Evans, Sept. 1, 1791, Henry Birche sculpt.: size—height 23 in., width 15½ in., viz. (1) 'Cottage Children' (a girl holding a child on a donkey), from the picture in the collection of the Earl of Gainsborough; (2) 'Boys and Dogs' (one shepherd lad trying to prevent another from interfering in a fight between their dogs), from the picture in the collection of the Hon. Mr. Tollemache."

Perhaps the most unsatisfactory portion of Earlom's work is his series of engravings from the "Liber Veritatis" of Claude. In 1777 John Boydell published in three folio volumes a series of reproductions from original drawings. He dedicated the work to the Duke of Devonshire, in whose possession, either at Devonshire House or at Chiswick, most of the original drawings were.

It was this reproduction of the "Liber Veritatis" that led Turner, always anxious to beat Claude on his own ground, to publish his "Liber Studiorum." Beyond a similarity of name, and, to a certain extent, of subjects, the two works cannot be compared, they can only be contrasted. That richness of colour which renders many of the plates of the "Liber Studiorum" such fascinating pictures, is entirely wanting in the "Liber Veritatis." The prints in the latter work are of a dull mud colour. It must, however, be remembered that Turner painted the subjects first, and engraved, or superintended every stage of the engraving himself.

In Claude's pictures we pardon the unreality of the scene, by reason of the often glorious colouring. In his drawings everything is lifeless and unreal. The ships and vessels, which in the pictures come looming into noble old-world harbours, "bathed in the rays of the great setting flame," in the drawings, and none the less in these reproductions of them, are rigid and lifeless. They stand on the top of the water. Below there is neither keel nor hull. There is nothing. All the harbour pieces in the "Liber Veritatis" are stiff, and false to nature. The most easy and natural of the series are the strictly pastoral ones. The trees are occasionally conventional, but are sometimes very happily executed. No. 18, vol. i., is a good example of his power of engraving and etching trees.

No. 26, vol. i., is a good representation of sunset on the sea, but is spoilt by the crude appearance of the shipping. The drawing of the buildings is generally free and effective; for their shapes and architecture Earlom is not responsible. No. 33, vol. i., is a tossing, tumbling sea, which has not quite attained to the dignity of being really rough. It gives one almost a better idea of the sea in that state than the drawing itself.

A list of Earlom's engravings is subjoined, which may be useful to collectors and those interested in his work. Whenever a date is given it is that of the engraving. Those of the works engraved after pictures in the Houghton Collection are signified by the letter H in front of their title. The engravings, mentioned above, by Henry Birche, are not included.

It comprises, however, all the important works of Earlom. If they are not all of equal merit, there are those among them which stand in the very highest rank of mezzotint engravings. Taking into consideration the number of works he engraved, the supreme excellence of some few of them, and the general high quality and honest work of the rest, there can be no doubt that Earlom is entitled to take a high and honourable place amongst the mezzotint engravers for which this country is so justly famous.

ETCHINGS.

	The Portrait of Rembrandt	after Rembrandt.
	Banditti and Travellers	,, S. Rosa.
	Jacob wrestling with the Angel	,, ,,
	David and Goliath	,, ,,
	Venus and Adonis	,, Nicholas Poussin.
	The Death of Abel	,, A. Sachi.
	Æneas saving Anchises from the Ruins of Troy	,, Tintoretto.
	The Holy Family	,, Guercino.
	Cupid bound	,, Guido.
H.	Jacob burying Laban's Images, 1785	,, Bourdon.

N.B.—This is engraved in line and stipple.

PORTRAITS IN MEZZOTINTO.

H.	The Marchioness of Wharton, 1776	after Sir Peter Lely.
	William Henry, Duke of Gloucester	,, Hamilton.
	Thomas Newton, Bishop of Bristol	,, West.
	Sir Edward Astley, Bart.	,, West.
	George Augustus Elliot, Lord Heathfield	,, Sir J. Reynolds.
	James Stuart, Duke of Richmond	,, Vandyck.
H.	Sir Thos. Chaloner, 1778	,, ,,
	Admiral Kempenfelt	,, T. Kettle.
	The Duke of Aremberg on Horseback	,, Vandyck.
	Rubens' Wife	,, Rubens.
	Rembrandt	,, Rembrandt.
H.	Rembrandt's Wife, 1777	,, ,,
	James McArdell	,, ?
	Portrait of a Lady, 1782	,, Rubens.
H.	A Lady reading, 1775	,, F. Boll.

SUBJECTS AFTER VARIOUS MASTERS.

	The Repose, called La Zingara	after Coreggio.
	The Virgin and Infant	,, Guercino.
	The Virgin with St. John	,, Carlo Dolci.
	Salvator Mundi	,, ,,
	The Virgin and Infant	,, Cantarini.
	The Infant Jesus	,, Domenichino.
H.	Simeon receiving the Infant Jesus, 1778	,, Guido.
	Christ curing the Blind	,, An. Caracci.
H.	A Sleeping Bacchus, 1780	,, Luca Giordano.
H.	The Judgment of Paris, 1788	,, ,,
	The Misers	,, Quentin Matsys.
	The Holy Family	,, Rubens.
H.	Mary Magdalen washing the Feet of Christ, 1771	,, ,,
H.	Nymphs and Satyrs, 1783	,, ,,
H.	Meleager and Atalanta, 1781	,, ,,
	The Death of Hippolytus	,, ,,
	Rubens' Son and his Nurse	,, ,,
	Elijah restoring the Widow's Son to Life	,, Rembrandt.
	The Presentation in the Temple	,, ,,
	Susanna and the Elders	,, ,,
	A Boar attacked by a Lion, 1772	,, Snyders.
H.	The Fruit Market, 1775	,, Snyders and Long John.
H.	The Herb Market, 1779	,, ,,
H.	The Fish Market, 1782	,, ,,
H.	A Game Market, 1783	,, ,,
H.	A Fruit Piece, 1781	,, Van Huysum.
H.	A Flower Piece, 1778	,, ,,
	David and Bathsheba	,, A. Vanderwerp.
	The Enchantress	,, D. Teniers.
	The Singing-Master	,, G. Schalken.
	Galatea	,, Luca Giordano.
	The Interview between Augustus and Cleopatra	,, Mengs.
	The Royal Family of England	,, Zoffany.
	The Royal Academy	,, ,,
	Angelica and Medora	,, West.
	Cupid stung by a Bee	,, ,,
	Meleager and Atalanta	,, R. Wilson.
	Apollo and the Nymphs	,, ,,
	A Brewer's Yard, 1791	,, Garrard.
	An Iron Forge	,, Jos. Wright, of Derby.
	A Blacksmith's Shop, 1771	,, ,,
	David and Abishag, 1779	,, West.
	A Landscape, 1761	,, Hobimar (*sic*).
H.	The Larder, 1775	,, Martin de Vos.
H.	A Fruit Piece, 1776	,, M. Angelo Campedoglio.
H.	The Exposition of Cyrus, 1781	,, Castiglioni.
H.	Orpheus, 1781	,, ,,
H.	Concert of Birds, 1778	,, Mario di Fiori.

THOMAS T. GREG.

LADY STUDENTS AT MUNICH.

AT the present time, when women are everywhere studying drawing and painting for artistic or decorative purposes, and so much is being written on every place and subject, it is surprising that so little is known of Munich, its capacities for learning, and its advantages for study. Mrs. Howett Watt's book, "An Art Student in Munich," written in 1866 and revised in 1877, is only her experiences at the studio of Kaulbach the elder (died 1877), and gives almost no information which would be of service to any one wishing to study there now.

It is much more difficult to get information in Munich than in Dresden, even one's final resource of inquiring at shops being quite useless. None of the academies in Munich are open to women. This fact I mention at the outset, as many who go to study abroad are unaware of this, and are consequently often disappointed.

The means of studying in Munich are manifold, but a stranger is often puzzled, not knowing where to obtain information respecting them. For instance, before coming to Munich I had heard of the Kunstlerinnen Verein, and looking in the address-book, found it mentioned in the Promenadene Strasse; I went there, but could hear nothing of the school, only that some lectures had been given there the year before. It was only by chance, in looking over the *Fremdenblatt*, I saw the following notice:—"Kunstlerinnen Verein, 52, Türken Strasse; inquire at Fräulein Streeker, 54, Theresien Strasse;" where I accordingly went, and preferring to work in a school to taking an atelier by myself, I studied there during my stay in Munich.

The Kunstlerinnen Verein, having been started only recently, is at present merely a large studio. It aspires to being an academy for ladies. Its rooms are very pleasant and well situated, with a north aspect. There are always one or two costume models to be drawn from at the same time; the mediums used are charcoal and oils, which are both worked rapidly, the models being frequently changed. The method is good, especially for those who are advanced; but unless any one has a thorough and accurate knowledge of drawing, I should not recommend their studying from the life as taught there. A high value is set on technique, and the method of placing the shadows in first requires a great deal of sureness. For any one wishing to paint portraits and seize likenesses, the teaching is excellent. The master comes from two to three times a week, but seeing some of the others work is quite as helpful. The terms are, for three months forty marks a month, or fifty marks for a single month.

The hours are from 8 to 1 and 2 to 4. Fräulein Streeker, who is an artist and superintends, or her sister who is secretary, would also give any information required about private studios.

Another school where women work is the Kunstgewerbe Schule; this is more especially for all kinds of trades. The drawing taught is thorough, though more resembling English schools of Art. The hours of study are strictly kept, 8 to 11 and 2 to 5, and though one may work for half the time, much of the teaching would be lost. Glass painting, modelling, engraving, perspective, etc., are taught, but without passing examinations one cannot get to the more advanced stages.

There is a shop in Pfanhaus Strasse where the students' work, china paintings, repoussé, and wood-carving, is sold. This last is not taught to women, but any one wishing to learn would find an excellent teacher in Herr Glatz, Otto Strasse.

I recommend any one going for the first time to Munich, to work for three months at one of the before-mentioned schools; they would thus obtain information, and be better able to find out what might be best for their further requirements.

A lady experienced in Continental ways told me she had been three months finding out any place where she could learn, and then, to start with, she studied another branch of Art to that she had originally intended. There are many artists in Munich who are willing to teach, and the great number of these are mentioned in the *Fremdenblatt*, where are also to be found advertisements of ateliers, dwellings, etc. The rent of a good atelier is about 30 marks a month; masters' fees of course vary; but the better plan is for two or three girls to club together and share an atelier and teacher.

There is no difficulty in getting models; numbers are to be had, and being able to choose the drapery or costume is advantageous. Flower and landscape painting is only well taught by some few artists.

Munich is renowned for its cheap living, and once it is decided which quarter one wishes to be in, it is not difficult to find rooms. The *pensions* are comparatively dear, most of them 6 marks a day; they have few or no advantages. Many hotels, such as the Leinfelder, which is very comfortable, take one in "en pension" at the same price. This, except for a short time, is more than many students would care to give, and they would very likely prefer, especially if alone, to live in a family. About this there is no difficulty A good room with board would be from 100 marks a month to as little as 70 marks. An advertisement in the *Fremdenblatt* is the best way of procuring this. A good and reasonable plan when two or three are together, is to take rooms with perhaps breakfast served in the house, and then dine out at a restaurant. A very good dinner may be got at one mark a head.

Wherever one goes in Germany, and even in Munich, one hears much against its unhealthiness and climate. This, if the stranger is unprepared for it, is rather alarming. Of all the places in Germany I have been to, Munich has the least bad smells. Its drainage is good, and has been greatly improved. Its streets are wide and clean, and rooms away from the branches of the Isar and in the higher part of the town ought not to be unhealthy. Its water, about which the inhabitants warn one, is pure except for the great amount of lime.

The climate is variable, and consequently it is well to remember that when the sun shines it is hot, and when it does not the air is cold, keen, and penetrating. M. B.

AN ACTOR'S HOLIDAY.

II.

THE traveller who tortures himself with reflections on the excessive charges of hotel-keepers in Holland will hardly be in a condition to see and feel the artistic side of the Low Countries. It must be a mind at ease that can enter into the poetic mysteries of Holland. The artist whose first sketch is the miserly face of a grasping landlord, can hardly hope to find immediate inspiration in the brown sails and gilded prows of Dutch barges, any more than the writer, whose exordium is a protest against the costliness of his dinner, can expect to find himself in pathetic sympathy with an historic past, that peoples slumbering villages and busy cities with the ghosts of heroic sacrifices for freedom and for Fatherland.



"The House of the Thousand Terrors."

Thackeray had noted the jangle of the bells at Antwerp, and we found an echo of their æsthetic music in the atmosphere of the market-place at Rotterdam, mixed up with the perfume of its fruits and flowers. The footsteps of "the Spanish fury" had been here. Right opposite the statue of Erasmus, which looks down upon the market, stands that quaint relic of the past, "The House of the Thousand Terrors." Bossu, defeated at Brill, entered Rotterdam by a perfidious stratagem, discovered too late for the unhappy citizens, but in time to immortalise the patriotic valour of the blacksmith, who with his hammer confronted an army at the gate, and to send down the rolling years the infamous deed of the Spanish general. A great number of non-combatants, men, women, and children, crowded into this corner house by the market. They closed the shutters, barricaded the doors, and killed a goat, the blood of which they allowed to flow underneath the doorway into the street. The Spanish butchers accepted the awful sign and passed on. I need hardly say that these shadows of a weird and terrible drama did not cross Irving's mind without a sympathetic response. He saw the splendid figure of the Dutch blacksmith standing in the breach, the Horatius of the Hollanders, but without the Roman's reward. His habit of looking at dramatic incidents from a Lyceum point of view did not fail to fix upon this historic fact as the central motive of a stage story; but there the matter ends, be assured—the forthcoming play in Wellington Street does not deal with the Spanish fury.

After a stroll about Rotterdam, we returned to our hotel, hired a carriage and drove to the Hague, taking Schiedam and Delft *en route*, over a roadway that recalled the mosaic work of the ancients; through luxurious meadows dotted with black and white cows; skirting sleepy canals with lazy-looking windmills on their banks; distancing cumbersome wherries sailing over waters that were above the level of the highway (suggesting railway tracks with a new and mysterious traffic); passing moored barges, with their occupants dozing beneath pleasant awnings; pausing now and then before pretty moated villas with green shutters and white steps and artistic foregrounds of tall, rude, and waving rushes; and noting many a living hint of familiar pictures in groups of children with ruddy cheeks and square shoulders who looked at us out of dreamy eyes.

We passed through a one-street village; the houses shone in the sun, they had been polished to the very roofs for Sunday. As we neared Delft the wind began to rise, coming up salty and fresh from the sea, ruffling the reeds in the ditches, and bending the great brown sails of the barges that still in the distance seemed in an uncanny way to be navigating green fields, and inviting the windmills to race with them, the mills tossing giant arms and screaming as the weird ships went scudding away among cows and pollards, and by sleeping villas and lonely homesteads.

"How beautiful it all looks, but how doleful!" said Irving, the forlorn picturesqueness of Delft appealing to the something that is sombre in his nature, a bit of Venice under a cloud.



The Statue of William, Prince of Orange, at the Hague.

The principal street in Delft is very handsome, an avenue of fine old residences, with broad boulevards of limes and in the centre the canal, which we saw creeping out of Rotterdam away into the broad, flat, open country. It had evidently been a special washing day at Delft. The fronts

of the houses were still reeking with the Saturday scrubbing. All the thoroughfares seem to have canals, limes, and poplars in the centre of them, but little or no traffic. The busy cries of trade are no longer heard in the streets, the grass grows by the side walks. The hum of the potter's wheel is silent, but the spirit of the beautiful is in the air. It lingers by many a quaint bit of ancient architecture, and moves upon unruffled waters that repeat in their calm depths the form and colour of the quaint old town.

"All the people look well enough," said Irving. "I don't see any local reason why funeral wreaths should be a staple commodity of the place; it is, anyhow, a poor and melancholy substitute for its old pottery." Wandering farther afield we found ourselves in front of the Prinzenhof, where "Father William," Prince of Orange, was assassinated, and learned that next year Delft would commemorate the tercentenary of his death.



The New Church (1381), *Delft.*

Motley has told the story so graphically that you can follow it step by step, as if it were being enacted before you. An old sergeant will show you the scene of the tragedy, which, with its sequel of the capture and torture of the murderer, is one of the most exciting pages in the history of the defence of the Netherlands against the onslaughts of Philip of Spain, the keynote of whose selfish character was sharply struck by Irving years ago in the short but well-remembered scene of Tennyson's *Queen Mary*.

The storm came down at last, in thunder and lightning, and with a rush of rain. The storm ended, our carriage having been housed from the wet, we resumed our journey, and found pleasant quarters at the Hague, "the most delightful village in Europe," according to Lord Chesterfield; "the neatest, gayest little city," according to Thackeray a century later; and we found it a happy combination of the two, the court capital of a busy little kingdom, the æsthetic village of an artistic country, whose painters have immortalised its natural and national characteristics, and whose works are among the most cherished treasures of the world's Art.

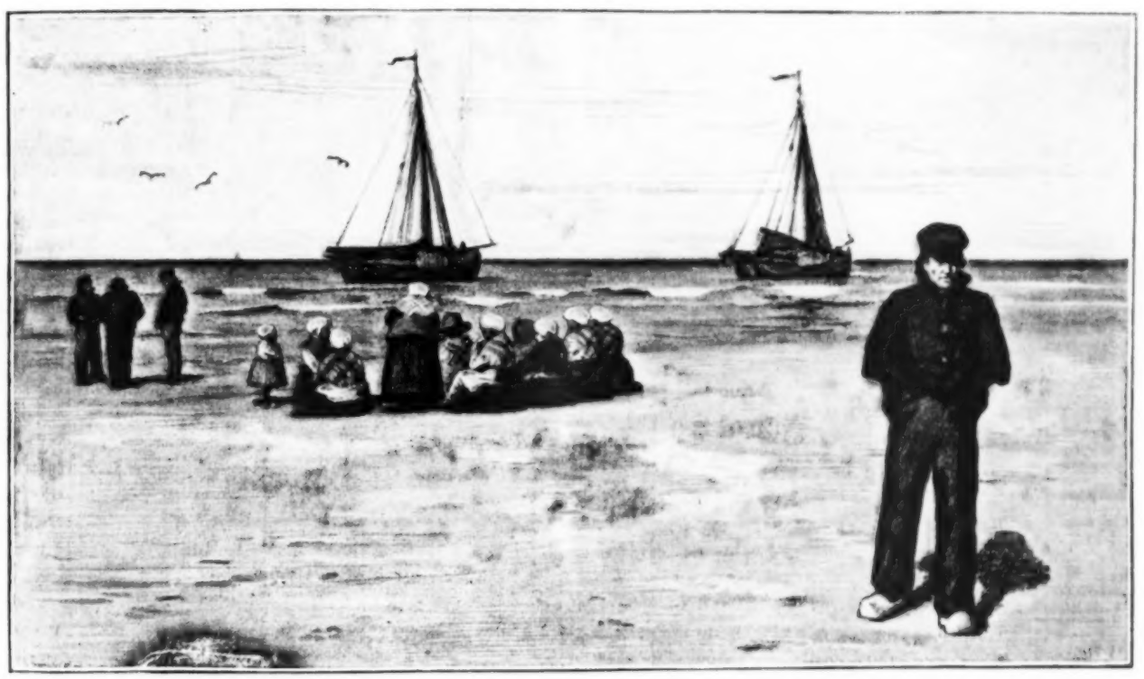
Among what may be called the suburban sights of the Hague is the Panorama of 'The Battle of the Pyramids.' Irving was much interested in the work. "Notice," he said, "where in the details of the battle the painter fails because he tries to do too much, and gets one incident out of proportion with another; see where he is successful in the true realism of the foreground effects, where there are no figures—the ruined well, shattered houses, broken palms, the remnants of clothing and harness. How suggestive all this is, and how the fidelity of the painting helps the general effect! Some of our friends who talk glibly about realism would quote these details as a fine illustration of the simplicity of truth. But the artist, you see, has painted them in tone, in harmony with the back cloth. They are not the real things: if they were they would be blots on the canvas. As it is they are to all appearances realities. There is a lesson here for scenic artists and stage-managers, touching this everlasting question of realism." *

* Discussing the details of the representation of *Faust* (since these lines were written) with a critical friend of a wide range of practical Art knowledge, he said,

We had an early dinner at Scheveningen. It was a hot sunny day. We lighted our cigars and found a little shady valley among the sand-hills that fringe the beach, and imitate, but in restful, silent waves, the moving undulations of the sea. The coast hereabouts is a sandy world of hillocks, held together by grasses and flowery weeds, matching oddly enough the characteristics of the English coast on the other side of the sea that rolled between us and the sand-hills of Norfolk and Suffolk. We rested in our little valley and watched the Sunday folk in groups along the beach, the women in their picturesque though somewhat barbaric finery, the men in their bulky trousers and curious hats. A calm sunny Sunday with a calm sunny sea, quiet dreamy groups of women in white capes, and ships that lay still as those of Coleridge's painted ocean. Life is long in these uneventful wastes. When we started for the Hague again it seemed as if we had been a week at Scheveningen instead of a few hours. But what a rest from the work and excitement, the glare of gas, the late hours of a London season!

Returned to the Hague, after a cup of tea we concluded that we would like to take a roundabout drive, a lazy jaunt through the woods, a lingering trip in the sunset, finishing with the concert at the Kursaal. Our driver, though he had a fresh team, seemed to resist the proposal.

"Some one telling pleasant lies," says our friend Boughton in his delightful book on Holland, "has told me that with the English and French languages you can go everywhere in the Low Countries. But when one asks an intelligent railway official where the ticket office is, and he looks puzzled, not to say pained, and we put the question in another form and point to a crowd, and say, 'ticket office,' and he says 'yes,' and nods vigorously, and we rush off and find the refreshment bar instead, it must be admitted that faith in the prevalence of English in Holland is somewhat shaken."



Sunday on the Beach at Scheveningen. From a Sketch by W. H. Margetson.

Our driver was Flemish and reticent. With the energetic aid of our landlord we appeared to have penetrated his inner consciousness, and we started merrily on our way. The time came, however, when we doubted whether our driver understood any language spoken or suggested.

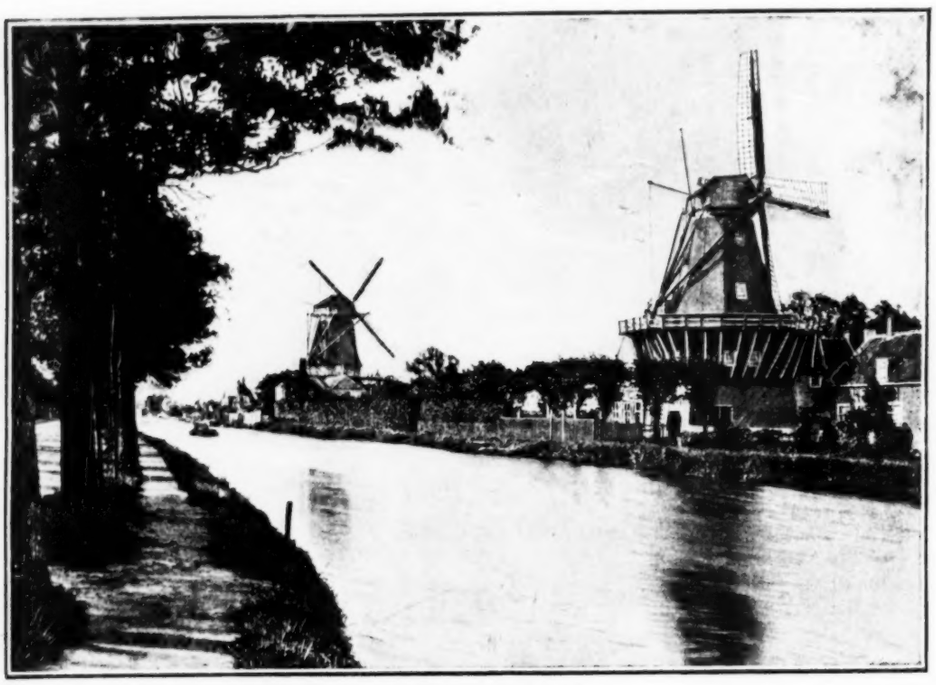
The first part of our drive was very enjoyable. We were to have arrived at the Kursaal at a quarter to eight. Time went on and we seemed to be penetrating the interior of the land further and further away from the point of our destination. The sun set, distant lights began to appear. We grew tired, but addressed the driver to no purpose. A quarter to eight, eight, a quarter past, half past; still we were nowhere near the Kursaal. Our driver pointed to the lights of Leyden in the distance, flourished his whip in the direction of other far-away places, and on he went. Cottage windows began to gleam with evening lamps, a star or two glimmered in the darkening sky above us.

Irving, with thoughts of Vanderdecken in his mind, hinted that we might never return, that we were at the beginning of

"I can quite understand Irving recognising some good points in that Panorama at the Hague, and I have never seen a shrewder intelligence in the working of stage scenery than at the Lyceum; but let me recall to your recollection an incident in that Panorama which as a matter of detail may have escaped you. Irving noticed the modification of the strong effect of definite and more or less pathetic objects. There is an old military boot in the foreground. If it had been realistically rendered in the commonly accepted view of realism, it would have been an eye-sore. What has the painter done to reduce its crude force and bring it into harmony with the rest? merely daubed a brushful of white paint over it; and I could not help thinking of this realistic fact when I saw Margaret's chamber at the Lyceum. The old chest looked black from where I sat, it was too much in evidence in that clean white room; it wanted a thin daub of whitewash upon it, to bring it into harmony with the rest of the scene. I thought of the lesson of the old military boot in the Panorama. I know you will reply that Irving had Albert Dürer in his mind, and wanted to reproduce his clear sharp lines, his simple true effects. But I am so delighted with his sense of the suggestiveness of the foreground effect of the Panorama, that I remember my own a little egotistically perhaps, especially when I feel that I can illustrate his views from a slight failure in carrying them out on his own stage. Some of the incidents of this foreground are made up of real properties, but they have had to be more or less disguised to give them the effect of reality."

a romance that should give to the land what the legend of the Flying Dutchman had given to the sea. Then with a chuckle he developed the idea of a phantom carriage, with phantom guests, who had ordered a late dinner at the hotel, at a quarter to ten o'clock, and had never turned up, but had, through some strange enchantment, gone on and on, by dyke and wood, skirting the sea, scouring the plains, a phantom carriage and pair with a second Vanderdecken and his friends, expected every night at the hotel to dinner at a quarter to ten and never coming. "One can imagine it," he went on as we pursued our way into the night, "startling travellers in lonely places, appearing on stormy nights in the glare of a lightning flash, and it would be easy to fit the phantom carriage with some story of banishment, or some romantic fancy belonging to the days of witchcraft and warlocks of the glen." We followed the idea with many a hearty laugh, through its many possible windings, and at last post-dated the years and imagined the future of the room where the host and his guests were to have dined. We saw it as a show place, a quaint old wainscoted room (in a showy wall-papered hotel), with everything remaining as it had been prepared for the doomed guests; the dinner table with curiously-designed crockery, odd-looking bottles, knives and forks of an ancient pattern; the table-cloth worn with age and beginning to decay; tall high-backed chairs for the guests that never came. We saw our luggage laid out upon an old worm-eaten chest, our leather trunks, out of date and stiff, with rusted buckles, our combs and brushes, our razors, and our change of linen, all looking very much like the relics of some awful tragedy; and we imagined nervous visitors being shown into the ghostly room on the anniversary of the original dinner-hour, doubtful whether the phantom guests might not take it into their phantom heads to come and eat the dinner they had ordered a hundred years ago.

The last bars of a Wagnerian march fell upon our ears as we arrived at the concert, just as it ended; but our disappointment had given us pleasant material for thought and fancy. Our ramble about Delft increased our interest in the fine equestrian statue of William, that famous Prince of Orange whose biography, as Motley says, is the history of the rise of the Netherlandic Republic. We found plenty to amuse us in the market, which reminded us both of more than one old English town, notably Nottingham, Derby, and Yarmouth; and our last view of the country about the Hague was singularly picturesque, the curtain coming down, as one may say, in the language of the theatre, with a fine sunset effect, through which we crossed the Maas on our way to Rotterdam. From a cold blue above, through gradations of pale yellow and pink, the sky deepened into a rosy tint all along the margin of the river, which was full of reflected colour. There were ships standing out clear and sharp against the western horizon, and on shore distant lamps were being lighted. In the east the water was in deep shadow with banks of heavy rushes, and we saw, in a glow of fantastic cloudland, a phantom chariot making for the darkness that was dropping down, like heavy gauzes in a theatrical set, upon the wide reaches of the river.



On the Delft Canal, near Rotterdam.

JOSEPH HATTON.

'FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.'

FEW catastrophes in the written history of the world have suggested more subjects to the painter, the author, and the novelist, than the destruction of Pompeii. In the picture before us, Mr. Poynter carries us back to the first century. A member of the Roman guard stands faithfully to his post whilst Vesuvius pours forth its deathly streams of molten fire. All around him is panic and flight: he alone stands unmoved and without fear. The subject of the picture was doubtless suggested by the reports that have reached us of the discoveries of skeletons of men leaning on their spears, in attitudes of brave resignation, which have been made amongst the lava-imbedded buildings of the ill-fated city.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

GALLERY V.

NO. 383. 'Old Mill, Mapledurham,' is a small but excellent example of J. W. OAKES, A., and the same may be said of (384) 'Asleep,' C. E. PERUGINI. The 'Archbishop of York' (386) has been done full justice to by W. W. OULESS, R.A.; and so has 'Mr. John Foster' (392), by his son, A. J. FOSTER; but neither portrait strikes us as being so satisfactory as 'Dr. Kennedy' (402), C. N. KENNEDY. The likeness of 'Sir J. E. Millais,' by F. HOLL, R.A. (405), is a great disappointment. Noticing a very true bit of Scotch scenery (411), 'The Silent Hills,' JOHN SMART, we come to—

No. 412. 'Cromwell at Dunbar,' A. C. GOW, A., which we have already spoken of as one of the pictures of the year, and which has since been bought by the Academy for the Chantrey collection; it is in every respect an excellent piece of work, well composed, and at once broadly and solidly painted.

A capital portrait of 'Mr. C. T. Ritchie, M.P.' (413), by J. PETTIE, R.A.; a wretched one of 'Lord Charles Beresford' (419), by A. STUART-WORTLEY, and a namby-pamby one of 'Lady Robartes' (422), by E. LONG, R.A., bring us to another first-rate work of H. W. B. DAVIS, R.A., 'Fording' (421), in which the cattle and the foreground are delightful to look at.



Preparing for the Procession of San Giovanni Battista, Venice. By Wm. Logsdail. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.

'For better, for worse' (427), Scotchmen pledging their faith, by WATSON NICOL, is a good bit of character painting; and (428), 'Union is Strength,' a flock of sheep terrifying a dog, is Mr. BRITON RIVIERE'S best work this year.

No. 450. 'The Magic Circle,' J. W. WATERHOUSE, A., is another of the pictures of the year, and has also been bought for the Chantrey collection. Though not perhaps equal in interest to some of the painter's former works, it has all the same qualities of imagination combined with executive power which raise him above the ordinary level of successful artists.

The three withered trees with the lightning playing about them, fancifully called 'The Three Witches' (455), J. MACWHIRTER, A., form a weird picture; and (460) 'Down Mainsail!' A. J. HOOK, shows a sailor's thorough acquaintance with the condition of wind and sea. There is no more pleas-

* Concluded from page 222.

ing landscape in the Exhibition than (473) 'The House by the River,' VAL DAVIS.

GALLERY VI.

We may first notice in this gallery 'Scallop Trawlers in the Channel' (482), JOHN FRASER, a nice breezy sea piece; (483) 'The Approach to the First Cataract of the Nile,' FRANK DILLON, a faithful transcript of the scene, pitched in rather too low a tone of colour; and (491) 'Domino!' FRANK BRAMLEY. No. 493, 'Miss Robbins,' E. A. CAROLUS-DURAN, has a spice of vulgarity about it which mars the satisfaction the beauty of the painting would otherwise inspire one with. Inferior though it may be as a work of Art, we infinitely prefer the charming simplicity of (508) 'The Squire's Daughter,' W. H. MARGETSON. Before reaching this, however, we ought to stop and admire three charming landscapes, (496) 'On the Kennet,' G. F. MUNN; (501) 'The Sultry Hour,' VICAT COLE, R.A.; and (505) 'By Tranquil Waters,' ALFRED EAST. Nor should (502) 'The Daughters of William Reed, Esq.,' Hon. JOHN COLLIER, be overlooked.

There is refinement and careful work in (534) 'A Venetian Girl,' ELLEN MONTALBA; and real fun and humour, without vulgarity, in (538) 'A Rod in Pickle,' ARTHUR STOCKS. No. 554, 'Preparing for the Procession of San Giovanni Battista, Venice,' WILLIAM LOGSDAIL, of which we give an engraving, is a clever rather than a satisfactory performance. The artist might perhaps take example for size and finish by the work of an Italian that hangs close by (558), 'Melon Eaters,' ANTONIO PAOLETTI, an exquisite little picture.

No. 566, 'The Shipwreck,' JOHN R. REID, is the best work this artist has done for some time.

GALLERY VII.

No. 598, 'Sodden Fen,' and No. 604, 'Fen Lode,' R. W. MACBETH, A., both capital pictures of the fen country, of which the latter pleases most, if only for the two charming figures of girls in the foreground. Admirable as Mr. Macbeth's etchings are, we should be sorry if, as at one time seemed to threaten to be the case, he should neglect the brush for the needle: but these two pictures are reassuring. Between them hangs what we must regretfully call a failure (603), 'Lieut.-Gen. Sir Gerald Graham,' E. J. POYNTER, R.A.; and above is a picture which is sure to be popular (605), 'Habet!' W. DENDY SADLER.

Among the few remaining pictures in this room which merit attention are (610) 'Ramblers,' P. GRAHAM, R.A.; (617) 'Little Breton Maids,' H. W. FOSTER, a charming little work; (623) 'Hagar and Ishmael,' by W. H. MARGETSON, an Academy student, to the excellence of whose work we have already drawn attention; (624) 'The Polurrian Cove, Cornwall,' OTTO WEBER; (625) 'Winter Morning,' and (630) 'Autumn Evening,' both characteristic specimens of the painter, J. MACWHIRTER, A.; (645) 'When the Boats came in,' COLIN HUNTER, A.; (646) 'Raising the Standard,' C. E. JOHNSON; (654) 'The End of the Day,' B. W. LEADER, A.; and (653) 'Peter the Great at Deptford,' SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.

GALLERY VIII.

The first picture to arrest attention is (687) 'Beg, Sir!' by J. LAVERY, a Scotch artist of whose work we have already spoken, and who has another picture in this room (740), 'The Tennis Match.' There is nothing that need offend the British matron in (688) 'Susannah,' F. GOODALL, R.A., but a good deal that might be objected to by the captious critic. In (697) 'Tempora Mutantur,' a modern young lady standing in a courtyard surrounded by ancient Egyptian statues, and (708) 'The Port of Amsterdam,' no one could fail to recognise the pleasing mannerisms of the respective artists, C. E. PERUGINI and CLARA MONTALBA. Another lady whose work merits looking at is HENRIETTA RAE (702), 'Doubts.' No. 709, 'The Misses Vickers,' JOHN S. SARGENT, is the best of this artist's contributions, as the pose of the figures is natural, and the colouring, though black and opaque, less startling in its contrasts.

There are several good pictures on the east wall of this room. Among them (729) 'A dreary waste of sand and shore,' W. L. PICKNELL; (732) 'Letters from Home,' A. LUDOVICI, a number of girls in a schoolroom, charming in the dainty gracefulness of the figures, and the delicacy of the colouring; (733) 'Cornish Fishers,' BRYAN HOOK, a capital picture of cormorants on a rock; (734) Cassandra, S. J. SOLOMON, an ambitious but not quite successful attempt, though there is a great deal of vigour in the action of the nude figure; and (741) 'Orphans,' T. B. KENNINGTON.

No. 757, 'Mænads,' Hon. JOHN COLLIER, is full of life and action, but the figures smack a little too much of models in a studio. Below it hangs an admirable piece of painting, (758) 'The Flower Merchant,' EUGÈNE DE BLAAS. The only pictures yet requiring mention in this room are, (759) 'Canal Life,' C. W. WYLLIE; (770) 'Flowers and Fruit,' CHARLES VERLAT, a brilliantly painted canvas much too large for its subject, by the President of the Royal Academy of Antwerp; and (771) 'The Angler's Rest,' HOWARD HELMICK, of exquisite tone and harmony.

GALLERY IX.

Since the completion of the new Water Colour Room this small gallery has been used for cabinet oil pictures, and a very good use it is to make of it, for it enables these small works which were formerly lost in the large galleries and overpowered by the neighbourhood of large works, to be properly seen. This year it has been hung with drapery, the effect being pleasing and satisfactory. No less than 168 pictures nearly all of small size, fill the walls, and many of them are excellent works. We regret that space obliges us to mention only a few. A capital key-note is struck on entering by (781) 'Springtide in Venice,' C. VAN HAANEN, girls taking off their shoes and stockings to cross an overflowed Piazza; and it is maintained by such pictures as (817) 'Great Yarmouth,' 1886, E. H. FAHEY; (818) 'Rose of all the Roses,' L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A., in which we do not know which to admire most, the girl or the flowers; (821) 'Loch Ranza Castle,' J. W. OAKES, A.; (823) 'Palm Sunday,' a fanciful title given to a pretty face, HERBERT SCHMALZ; (827) 'An Undergraduate,' and (924) 'Gathering Limpets,' both by J. C. HOOK, R.A., the latter a beautiful sea-piece intended to replace the artist's diploma-work, which is by no means so characteristic of his usual manner; three capital scenes in Venice (835, 881, and 928) by MARIAN LOGSDAIL, who quite holds her own with her brother, W. LOGSDAIL, as represented in (861) 'In the Villa Borghese, Rome;' two exquisite studies of flowers, (860) 'Roses,' and (889) 'Lilies,' by H. FANTIN; (862) 'Minding the Pot,' 'Gipsy Life,' CLAUDE HAYES; (893) 'Take us, Daddy!' TOM LLOYD; (894) 'A Quiet Corner,' J. H. LORIMER; (930) 'Gossips: at Beer, South

Devon,' S. LLEWELLYN; and last but not least (939) 'Pilchard Carriers returning from Work,' ARTHUR W. NORTH.

GALLERY X.

No. 946. 'The course of true love never did run smooth,' WILLIAM STRUTT, is a humorous incident well painted. There are three military pictures in this room, two depicting incidents in the Soudan campaigns: (960) 'Charge of the 19th Hussars at El-Teb,' G. DOUGLAS GILES, and (988) 'The Attack on Sir John McNeill's force at Suakim,' CHARLES E. FRIPP, both true and life-like; the third is (976) 'Hougoumont, June, 1815: the day after the battle,' EYRE CROWE, A., painted with all the accuracy of detail to be expected of a scholar and man of letters, and well composed, but disagreeably crude and heavy in colour.

No. 986, 'In Vacation,' ANTON LAUPHEIMER, is an admirable specimen of modern German genre at its best; humour without vulgarity, sober colouring, accurate drawing, and a complete mastery of all technical detail. The only other pictures to notice here are, (995) 'Village Lasses,' W. PETER WATSON; (999) 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' HERMAN G. HERKOMER; (1000) 'Prayer,' S. MELTON FISHER; (1008) 'In Disgrace,' C. BURTON BARBER, a fox-terrier trying to comfort its little mistress in her trouble; (1020) 'The Welcome,' BRITON RIVIERE, R.A., in which the relative sizes of the navvy and the pup are surely exaggerated; and (1027) 'The Return from a Raid,' ERNEST CROFTS, A.

GALLERY XI.

One of the pleasantest, least affected portraits in the Exhibition is (1030) 'Mrs. W. Horne,' ROBERT HERDMAN, and it is well matched in the same qualities on the opposite side



A Picardy Pastoral. By David Murray. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

of the doorway by (1109) 'The Duchess of Buckingham and Chandos,' ARTHUR S. COPE. At last we find one of DAVID MURRAY'S pictures (1041), 'Glen Falloch, Head of Loch Lomond,' where we can see it and appreciate the beauty and delicacy of the painting. No. 1046, 'James Anderson, Esq.,' J. PETTIE, R.A., is in the artist's usual vigorous manner; and No. 1047, 'A Venetian *al fresco*,' W. LOGSDAIL, is full of light and sunshine; but here again the canvas is too large for the subject.

To the frequenter of the river (1052) 'Great Marlow on Thames,' VICAT COLE, R.A., must bring back the memory of many a pleasant hour spent in a lovely spot to which the artist has done full justice. And (1074) 'The Harbour's Mouth: tide running out,' and (1094) 'Mount's Bay: Early Morning—Summer,' both by HENRY MOORE, A., may be looked at with equal pleasure by the lover of the sea. Other pictures to be noticed in this Gallery are (1073) 'Prof. G. M. Humphry,' W. W. OULESS, R.A.; (1088) 'Returning from Market: West of Ireland,' WILL. SMALL; (1093) 'Autour du Piano,' H. FANTIN, several male portraits grouped round a piano, clever but unpleasing in colour; and (1100) 'Sunny Hours,' ERNEST A. WATERLOW.

WATER-COLOUR ROOM.

Of the contents of this Room, and of the Black and White and Architectural Rooms, we have already spoken in general terms of praise, and space will now not permit of more than a mere enumeration of a very few of the principal works. These are—(1117) 'A wee bit Doleful,' and (1136) 'A wee bit Cheerful,' both charming child studies, by JANE M. DEALY;

(1125) 'Sheep-Clipping: at the foot of Benvoirlich,' J. J. BANNATYNE; (1128) 'Angioletto,' popular name for a child's funeral in Venice, A. N. ROUSSOFF; (1140) 'Fish Street, Clovelly,' THOMAS WADE; (1159) 'Ben Cruachan, Argyll, February, 1885,' COLIN B. PHILLIP; (1165) 'At Walberswick,' H. CAFFIERI; (1168) 'Chartres Cathedral: Porch, North Transept,' ALFRED WATERHOUSE, R.A.; (1174) 'Summer Holiday, LIONEL SMYTHE; (1209) and (1218), each representing a 'Street Scene in Bombay,' ARTHUR MELVILLE; (1216) 'A Herefordshire Orchard: Spring Blossoms,' J. DENOVAN ADAM; (1243) 'Eton Chapel,' ANNA ALMA-TADEMA; (1280) 'The Sands of Iona,' HUBERT COUTTS; (1325) 'Feeding Time,' BENJ. D. SIGMUND.

A NEW ART CLUB.

THE organization of the "New English Art Club," which has established itself in the Marlborough Gallery in Pall Mall, may be considered to have been in great measure promoted by the scant justice that has hitherto been shown by the already existing Art societies to the younger artists, who strive by their work to protest against Art traditions that have become obsolete, and against methods of practice that are inconsistent with modern aims and modern aspirations. With a practical exposition of their theories, the fifty members of the new Club have appealed to the tribunal of public opinion. They state their case fully enough, and recently brought forward a body of evidence that seems well-nigh overwhelming. There were figure pictures by Messrs. Solomon, Tuke, Greiffenhagen, F. Brown, and Hacker; studies by Messrs. Stanhope Forbes, and Shannon; and landscapes by Messrs. Goodall, Bartlett, and Parsons; with excellent contributions from many another artist, whose reputation, though as yet incomplete, can at least be said to possess a secure basis and a sound foundation. Mr. Solomon displayed in the pictures he sent even more than his wonted executive skill, and all his most refined knowledge of colour juxtaposition and of colour harmony. Mr. Greiffenhagen, too, with his 'Laertes and Ophelia,' improved his position in the Art world, and showed himself to be able to treat tenderly, and yet with full dramatic force, a subject at once both subtle and intense. A distinct advance was also made by Mr. Arthur Hacker. His 'Cradle Song,' a picture entirely pleasing and justifiable in motive, testified to the beneficial change that experience is bringing about in his practice. Vigorous and capable he always has been, but he has also been hitherto frequently wont to exaggerate differences of tone; now, however, he has apparently learnt the superior charm of delicacy and reticence. Mr. Tuke is as thorough a workman as ever, and in 'Basking' chose his subject well. Mr. Stanhope Forbes' study of a fisherman's head was painted in his finest style; but there was metal more attractive in Mr. Shannon's 'Madge,' where we found not only fine technique, but also beauty of a type that is hardly to be approached. Did space permit, it would be possible to enlarge upon the contributions of Messrs. Taylor, F. Brown, Bartlett, Clausen, La Thangue, and many another; but it must suffice to point out the unusual excellence of the wintry landscape by Mr. T. F. Goodall, 'The Last Load,' imbued with the spirit of Nature, and characteristically true in its rendering of the atmospheric effect dealt with. It stood almost alone as a worthy illustration of the landscape painter's art, although we also found contributions from more than one painter whose efforts have been almost entirely confined to this one branch of artistic practice.



A Cradle Song. By Arthur Hacker. Engraved by R. S. Lueders.
(By permission of Mr. Martin Colnaghi.)

THE PERMANENCY OF WATER COLOURS.

THE method in which the discussion raised by Mr. J. C. Robinson, as to whether water colours fade or not, has been carried on, does not reflect much credit on either party to the controversy. On the one hand we have Mr. Robinson himself and Professor Church, who declare practically that all water-colour drawings begin to die away on exposure to ordinary daylight; on the other, there is Sir James Linton, who claims for his art rather more, perhaps, than he has evidence to support; and Mr. Ruskin, who belabours poor Mr. Robinson in a fashion inconsistent with his own dignity. In the heat of recrimination, both sides seem to have lost their grasp of the only point worth arguing in the matter, which is, I take it, whether water-colour drawings are more permanent or less permanent than other works in colour under such conditions as do not interfere with their complete use. As in most cases, the dispute only has to be clearly stated to come near to deciding itself. In this instance the discussion began with the appearance in the *Times* of the 11th of last March of a letter from Mr. J. C. Robinson, in which the following passages occurred:—"Certain categories of our national Art gatherings of great importance, and of a specially popular nature . . . . stand in this predicament:—If the specimens are *openly and continuously exhibited to the public in the daytime*, in a very few years, by the *very fact of such exposure alone*, they will be practically ruined and worn out. *The strong light of day, indeed, causes such works to fade and wane away daily and hourly even.* I allude to modern water-colour drawings, and to certain classes of drawings by the so-called old masters."

"At the South Kensington Museum an important collection of English water-colour drawings has been continuously exhibited in the full daylight for twenty or thirty years past, and I have no hesitation in saying that, *by the mere fact of such exposure, all these drawings have been more or less irrevocably injured*, and that in many cases the specimens are now, as it were, but the pale ghosts of their former selves."

The italics are mine; they mark the passages in which, through zeal, no doubt, for the preservation of our Art treasures, Mr. Robinson allows himself to fall into an unwise breadth of statement. His attack was answered by Sir James Linton in a studiously moderate letter, in which he protested against the "popular idea that water colours fade by the action of ordinary daylight." Upon this Professor Church came upon the scene, and declared that "even diffused daylight had done a great deal of damage;" also that Sir James Linton was mistaken in supposing that Indian red was responsible for changes in the colour of drawings, "for," he said, "Indian red, light red, and Venetian red are not only in themselves permanent, they are without action on other pigments." Letters from Mr. George Cavendish Bentinck, Mr. Walter Severn, Mr. Frank Dillon, Mr. Ayscough Fawkes, and one from Mr. Ruskin, completed the correspondence. But the controversy has been continued by Mr. Robinson's article in the *Nineteenth Century*, in which he gained an easy victory over the inconsistencies of Mr. Ruskin, and by the gathering, in the Council Room of the Institute, of one hundred and sixty-eight water-colour drawings by the chiefs of the school, all, or at least the great majority, of which have hung in the ordinary daylight for periods varying from twenty years to a century, and that without serious damage to their pristine brilliancy. The exhibition, as a whole, is a sufficient answer to those statements of Mr. Robinson which I have italicised. For it proves that drawings can be exposed to ordinary daylight, to the light, in fact, in which alone they are enjoyable, for a long course of years without damage to their beauty. Among the specimens brought together are a few which have to all appearance gone through a modified process of bleaching, but these are in a great minority, while other drawings, notably two by Cattermole, two by David Cox, and a whole galaxy by William Hunt and George Barrett, all of which have been hanging for many years in the full light of ordinary rooms, are peculiarly fresh and brilliant in colour.

Even the question of chemical changes in colour does not seem as yet to approach a settlement. Professor Church asserts that Indian red neither fades itself nor causes other colours to fade. Upon this Sir James Linton asks how it is, then, that from greys made with that pigment indigo and other colours rapidly take flight, while they do nothing of the kind when light red is used? To this Professor Church gives no reply. And it is the same with indigo, gamboge, and many other colours which are assumed to be unstable. Instances in any number can be brought forward to show that they do not necessarily fly; that is, that preventive measures can be taken without damage to the work on which they are used.

As for the action of light, the one thing that requires to be determined is how strong it must be before it will cause changes in drawings carried out with sound materials. The only way to decide this beyond dispute would be by experiment. And it would, perhaps, be worth the while of either of the two leading societies to make the trial. A diagram of colour might be made in which all the pigments in common use might be employed much as they would be on a drawing. The diagram might then be cut into four pieces, and, one piece being put aside to be kept in a portfolio, the other three might be hung, say, one on the most strongly lighted wall at South Kensington; a second where it would be fully exposed to the sun; and a third in the subdued daylight of a London drawing-room facing north. A collation of these after a very short lapse of time, say five years, would be decisive as to the amount of light to which drawings can be safely exposed.

But, after all, the one question of real importance to collectors has been answered without this. Whatever may be said about the particular drawings at South Kensington, there can be no doubt that similar works may be kept for years with perfect safety in the light in which alone they can be fully enjoyed, that is in the diffused light of a room from which the direct rays of the sun are shut out. The sun will bleach almost anything, and what it will not bleach it will destroy in some other way. The paintings in the Egyptian tombs, those,

for instance, in the outer chambers of the tomb of Ti, fade in the sun; so do the encaustic pictures of Pompeii; so do the dyes on a Persian carpet; so does the hair on a child's head. And what the sun does not bleach it blackens. It would be absurd then to contend that anything so delicate as a William Hunt or a David Cox could resist it. And so far the attack of Mr. Robinson is not to be withstood. But when he asserts that by the very fact of exposure in the day-time the most characteristic productions of English Art will be practically ruined and worn out, he makes a statement that may be refuted by the production of a single drawing which has been so exposed for a sufficient number of years without harm. It is clear that the existence of hundreds of faded drawings does not prove his case unless it can be shown that they have never been exposed to sunlight (a negative which it would be very hard to establish), and that their technique and materials are both sound. On the other hand the acknowledged presence of many drawings in perfect condition, which have hung for twenty and thirty years in the very light that any intelligent owner would choose for their advantageous exhibition, is positive evidence which cannot be explained away.

An oil picture has this advantage over a water colour, that its natural tendency being to darken with age, light acts upon it as a corrective. But even with that advantage I doubt whether, taking them in the mass, the world's oil pictures are in better preservation than its works in some form or other of water colour. Compare Turner the oil painter, for instance, with Turner the aquarellist. Can there be any doubt as to which will enjoy the surest fame? Look, too, at Raphael's cartoons, which, apart from the mechanical accidents which have befallen them, are more unchanged in colour than his easel pictures. The works of Van Eyck, of Memling, of Perugino prove that with sufficient care changes can be *almost* completely prevented in the richer medium. But even their works have darkened slightly, and it would be difficult to name another half-dozen painters whom time has falsified so little. On the other hand, whole schools have lost their vogue, or a great part of it, through changes in their pictures. The Bolognese of the seventeenth century, the Frenchmen of the eighteenth, the Englishmen of the years from 1780 to 1830, have had their glory enormously diminished through the frailty of the works to which it was committed. Even the Dutchmen of the great century are not to us what they were to their contemporaries. They were the finest craftsmen, as a body, who have ever sat before easels; but, with one or two possible exceptions, their pictures have changed vastly in tone. Most readers of this Journal are, no doubt, familiar with the oil pictures of Adrian Ostade, but perhaps they do not know his water colours so well. Let them, when they get the chance, compare good examples of each, and judge which now most completely answers to the master's thought. But without going farther than Trafalgar Square they may see, in one of the two famous De Hoochs of the Peel Collection, what falsifications oil pictures undergo. When first painted, the picture in question (it is the interior, No. 834) had a man in cloak and broad-brimmed hat standing near the woman who carries the pan of burning charcoal. With this figure, probably because he was too near the group on the left, De Hooch was not pleased, so he painted it out and put in the woman instead. In his time, oil painting was a comparatively new art. De Hooch, when he painted this, was most likely quite unconscious of the fact that colour made opaque by the addition of white gradually loses its opacity, and allows anything beneath it to become visible. If he had known it, he would have scraped out the condemned figure and restored the ground before going on, and then we should not have had the plain evidence its reappearance affords, that the whole picture must have gone down in tone. For the action which has taken place over this superfluous figure must have gone on over the rest of the canvas.

These *pentimenti*, as they are called, are more frequent in Italian than in Dutch work. They sometimes supply valuable evidence as to the authenticity of the pictures in which they occur. There is a curious one, for instance, in Correggio's 'Ecce Homo,' which, to those who cannot trust their judgment, is enough by itself to refute the notion started by some German critics, that the picture is a copy by Lodovico Carracci. Another, in Antonello da Messina's 'Salvator Mundi,' may be mentioned as showing how very great the fall in tone of an otherwise well-preserved oil picture may be.

But, perhaps, to all this it may be said that two blacks do not make a white, and that to prove that changes take place in oil pictures is not to show that water colours are permanent. But the whole question must perforce be treated somewhat from the competitive point of view. So far as I know, no works in colour, except enamels and things of that class, remain absolutely without change. The question is, are water colours permanent relatively to other pictures? or, more definitely, can their relative permanence be assured without taking them out of the conditions under which alone they are to be fully enjoyed? To this question I think the answer is certain. The existence of scores of drawings which have hung twenty, thirty, fifty years upon the walls of ordinary English rooms, without further protection than security from direct sunlight, and which are yet in such perfect condition that the eye can detect no change in them, is a better proof that water colour will stand under reasonable conditions than the undoubted existence of perhaps an equal number of damaged drawings can be of the reverse.

Looking at the question impartially, we may be glad that it has been raised, for it is likely to do much to promote that research into pigments, and into the soundest way of preparing them, which has already been set on foot. It will also make painters more keenly alive than they have sometimes been to the necessity for care in the selection of paper, and to the advisability of acquiring some slight knowledge of chemical combinations and their results. Supposing that such obvious precautions as these are conscientiously taken, and damp carefully guarded against—for that destroys more works of Art than all other causes put together—there appears to be no good reason why the creations of our English aquarellists should not stand as long as the paper on which they are spread will hold together.

WALTER ARMSTRONG.

THE EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE FINE ART SECTION.

THE promoters of the International Exhibition at Edinburgh have succeeded in collecting a large and interesting, if not fully representative, assemblage of modern Art, the pictures and sculpture embraced in it being shown in a series of well-lighted and commodious galleries.

In the first gallery, devoted to current British Art, the principal works are Mr. F. W. Topham's 'News of Relief to Florence, 1496,' recently engraved in *The Art Journal;* Miss H. Montalba's charming painting, 'A Misty Day, Venice;' Mr. R. G. Hutchison's 'Pathos of Life,' a large interior, showing a humble home where a family surrounds a death-bed; 'Phyllida,' by Val Prinsep; a brilliant street scene in Venice, by Pollok S. Nisbet; S. T. Solomon's 'Convalescent'—a figure in white, with a nude child in her lap; M. Jules Lessore's 'Grosse Horloge, Rouen;' Mr. J. Archer's 'Worship of Dionysus;' 'Sunshine,' an Italian fisherman on a sunny beach, by W. L. Picknell; Mr. J. Hamilton's large work 'Refugees, Glencoe,' from the Royal Scottish Academy last year; and Mr. C. Martin Hardie's 'Kirkin,' from the same exhibition. An oblong picture, showing the Thames Embankment 'From Charing Cross to the Temple,' by Mr. C. J. Watson, and a large decorative work, 'The Dance of Salome,' by Mr. R. Fowler, may also be mentioned. The landscape artists of the Scottish school are well represented, and many rising artists also exhibit; but we miss either here or in the second gallery names as familiar in a Scottish exhibition as Lockhart, McTaggart, G. Reid, McGregor, and some others. In the second and smaller gallery devoted to this branch, an ambitious work, 'Evil Tidings,' by Mr. G. O. Reid; 'Houseless,' by Mr. E. S. Calvert; 'The Fringe of the Birchwood,' by Mr. R. Scott Temple; and Mr. J. Guthrie's impressive 'Funeral Service in the Highlands,' are the more prominent works.

Photography occupies a square room between those two, and comprises about two hundred exhibits drawn from many parts of England as well as from the best-known Scottish photographers. While necessarily mechanical, there is in many of the exhibits a distinct striving after artistic feeling, and one of the most conspicuous successes is a large portrait of a lady, by Mr. W. Crooke, Edinburgh.

In the water-colour gallery there are hung about two hundred works. Conspicuous among them is 'Otter Hunting on the Ettrick,' by Mr. T. Scott, whose work in this delightful branch of Art has been frequently brought under the notice of our readers, and 'The Laird's Pets'—a girl and a large dog, by Mr. T. Austen Brown. Following this part of the exhibition is the loan collection of British water-colours—a group of great interest, though not numerous. The exceeding richness and tenderness of the work of Mr. George Manson—an artist of distinguished power too early lost to Art—find worthy representation in ten drawings, whose powerful colour and suavity of tone arrest attention. The well-known portrait of Miss Helen Faucit (Lady Martin), by Kenneth Macleay, R.S.A., is here; and a number of works by Sam Bough, 'Burning Weeds,' by P. W. Nicholson, and 'The Valley of Desolation,' by Cecil Lawson, illustrate how much Art has lost in the decease of those three artists.

A screen in the centre of the room bears several works of surpassing interest. Here is shown Dante Rossetti's 'Monna Vanna,' a gorgeous female head, "strongly and suavely modelled," to quote Mr. W. M. Rossetti's description of the lady who formed its subject. An oval, 'English Summer Afternoon,' by F. Madox Brown; a 'Music Party,' by Arthur Hughes; a portrait of Mrs. Rose, by F. Sandys; and a most interesting portrait of the Queen, by Sir Noel Paton. The greater part of the gallery in which those works are shown is occupied by French and Belgian paintings. 'Cinderella,' by P. A. Rajon; 'Ordered on Foreign Service,' by I. Israels; 'Prawn Fishing at Coxyde,' by F. Cogen; a large landscape by J. Van Luppen; 'Autumn Evening,' by H. Rul; 'The Farrier,' by A. Plumot, and a large figure group, 'Flemish Lacemakers,' by F. Van Leemputten, are the more important items in this interesting branch of the collection. A large gallery is devoted to the exhibition of about one hundred and ninety Dutch and French works, selected by one of the members of the committee to illustrate those schools. One portion of a gallery is devoted to English loan pictures, embracing works as interesting and as diverse as Constable's 'Jumping Horse,' Cecil Lawson's 'Doon Valley,' R. Wilson's 'Niobe,' Mr J. W. Oakes's 'Fallow Field;' a small and fine example of R. L. Bonington, 'Francis I. and his Mistress;' a shadowy pair by Whistler, 'Effie Deans' and 'Miss Frank;' John Linnell's 'Storm in Harvest,' and Mr. G. Boughton's 'Surrey Pastoral a Hundred Years Ago.' There are a number of small and fine examples of Etty, portraits ranging in date from Sir Peter Lely to Lawrence and Gainsborough, and illustrations of the art of G. Morland, J. Crome, David Cox, Joseph Wright, Sir F. Leighton, and J. C. Hook. The Scottish loan collection, filling two rooms, is equally catholic and more extensive. From the Queen's collection have been sent Wilkie's 'Blind Man's Buff' and 'Penny Wedding.' The two large Prince Charlie pictures, by Thomas Duncan, R.S.A., are once more made available to public inspection, and an effort has been made to illustrate Scottish Art in full, in portraits by Raeburn, Sir John Watson Gordon, John Philip, Sir Daniel Macnee, etc.; and in large works by David Scott, R. Scott Lauder, H. MacCulloch, and other well-known names of the last generation, while the men of the present are also represented with more or less completeness. Such well-known works as Orchardson's 'Queen of the Swords,' MacWhirter's 'Sermon by the Sea,' Pettie's 'Young Laird,' Sir Noel Paton's 'Fairy Raid' and 'Fact and Fancy,' Sam Bough's 'Royal Volunteer Review, 1860,' D. O. Hill's 'Edinburgh from the Castle,' Lockhart's 'Cid and the Five Moorish Kings' and 'Alnaschar's Fortune,' Herdman's 'Conventicle Preacher Arrested,' and W. D. Mackay's 'Spring Day—Ancrum Common,' may suffice to name as indicating the general character of this collection.

In sculpture above seventy works are shown, dispersed through the various galleries. The larger works are: 'Cleopatra,' G. A. Lawson; 'The Prodigal Son,' Calder Marshall; 'A Pompeian Mother protecting her Child from the Shower of Ashes,' D. W. Stevenson, R.S.A.; 'Artemis,' H. Thornycroft; 'In the Arena,' G. A. Lawson; and 'Wallace' and 'Rob Roy,' T. S. Burnett. 'The Murmur of the Shell,' by C. McBride; 'The Bridge of Sighs,' by T. S. Burnett; a monumental effigy of the late Countess of Wemyss, by J. and W. Rhind, and 'Galatea,' by D. W. Stevenson, deserve mention. In the centre of the great hall is placed a full-sized model of Mr. W. G. Stevenson's 'Wallace,' for Aberdeen, recently illustrated in this Journal. From the same consideration of size there has been placed in the large hall 'The Age of Stone,' by F. Cormon, lent by the French Government. The front of the Exhibition building is decorated with sculpture representing Science, Art, etc., and a seated statue of the Queen is placed on the lawn in front.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

WE learn that Sir John Gilbert has resigned the office of President of the Old Water Colour Society, which he has so long and worthily filled. The appointment will probably not be filled up until the winter, when it should assuredly fall to Mr. Alfred Hunt, who has, we believe, for some time past undertaken the greater portion of the duties of the office. A change in the presidentship has also taken place at the British Artists, where Mr. Burr has retired in deference to the wishes of the younger members, who have elected Mr. Whistler to occupy his position.

The annual report of the Home Arts and Industries Association has been issued. Mr. Walter Besant, the Treasurer, draws attention to the fact that the income is very small in comparison with the work undertaken, totalling no more than £109. We fail to see how the public can be expected to subscribe more liberally than they do when out of the seventy odd notables who form the council only a score have given anything whatever towards the movement which they profess to be so eager to further. We note that the number of classes held in connection with the society have increased from 40 to 116 during the past year.

The Art Society of New South Wales, at its seventh annual exhibition, shows signs of vigour unsurpassed by that of any Art institution in the mother country. And this, spite of the financial depression which has so largely affected the colony, resulting not only in additional taxation, but in a retrenchment which necessitated the withdrawal from the estimates of an item of £500 intended to purchase from this exhibition such works of Art as might be deemed worthy of a place in the National Gallery. Nearly three hundred oil and water colours are shown, and improvement is manifest throughout. The number of members has increased from one hundred and twenty to two hundred and seventy. Amongst these the most noteworthy exhibitors appear to be Messrs. W. J. Thomas, L. Henry, J. W. Stone, W. C. Piguenit, A. J. Daplyn, C. Rolands, J. Macbeth, R. G. Rivers, C. H. Hunt, J. R. Ashton, C. E. Hern, P. F. Watson, Miss J. L. Griffin, and Madame F. Roth.

A work, which promises to rank on a par with Gould's "Birds," and similar productions which are issued without regard to expense, and apparently with little chance of a direct profitable return, comes to us in the first part of "Reichenbachia" (London: Sotheran & Co.). To those unlearned in the mysteries of orchid cultivation, it may be as well at once to explain that the title is an adaptation of the name of Professor Dr. Reichenbach, one of the most notable of orchidologists, who has devoted his life to the study of this particular family of plants. A series of portraits, not only of the most celebrated plants, but of all species and varieties, old and new, whether luxuriating in the hothouse or existing in the garden, is promised. These will be coloured either by lithography or hand. The four which accompany the first part are perfect specimens of the chromolithographer's art, and came from the firm of Messrs. Jos. Mansell & Co. The work is projected by Messrs. Sander & Co., the well-known orchid growers and importers of St. Albans, and the notes on the culture of the various plants have the additional value of their practical experience. It is of folio size, and the letterpress is in English, French, and German.

A monumental work, "Les Graveurs du XIX^e^ Siècle," has been projected by Mons. Henri Beraldi (whose death we hear of at the moment of going to press). This title is somewhat misleading, as only French engravers, or those having domicile in France, are included, but when we state that for these alone it has required four volumes to compass the first three letters of the alphabet, it will be seen that any extension of the work beyond its present limits would have been well-nigh impossible. The scope is, indeed, confined to a succinct biography of the artist, a criticism (where he is deceased), and a list of his productions. This may, nevertheless, of itself be a lengthy matter, for we find that Bracquemond takes one whole volume to chronicle his seven hundred and seventy-three etchings. The art of the graver, Mons. Beraldi informs us, is still *très vivace* in France, and this being so, it might, perhaps, have been well for the author to have included in his dictionary only those who may be termed professional engravers. To devote a page, for instance, to Baudry, who, on the occasion of a visit to an etcher's studio, scratched a likeness on a plate from which three pulls were taken, seems a decided superfluity. The only Englishman who has, as yet, found a place in the lists is Bonington, whom Mons. Beraldi places *au premier plan*, and whose lithographs, he states, have always been prized by French collectors. Looking at the list of etchings, under M. Brunet Debaines' name we do not see the plates which he has etched for this Journal included, although those which have appeared in similar publications appear; but in other test cases we have discovered no errors, save, as is invariably the case, in the spelling of English names. We should add that the work will probably be completed in ten volumes, at ten francs each; that with every volume is presented either one or two original etchings; and that the publisher is L. Conquet, Paris.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
4 OCT 88



PAINTED BY L. L. HERMITTE. ETCHED BY C.H. COURTRY.

SUPPER TIME.

FROM THE PAINTING IN THE COLLECTION OF JAMES A. STILLMAN, NEW YORK.

DOWN THE WYE.*

THE course of the Wye from Plinlimmon to the Severn exhibits a more deliberate vagrancy than any other English or Welsh river. The old name, Vaga, more clearly expresses her waywardness than the modern equivalent, and she it is who is the true Meander, as Drayton sings:—

"Meander, who is said so intricate to be,
Has not so many turns and crankling nooks as she."

To this prolonged and tortuous flow through a most varied country are due the noble contrasts of the scene. Full of caprice and surprise as are the picturesque aspects of the Wye, it presents certain broad phases of character that admit of definite classification, though each possesses features that are common to all. Above Whitney the stream is, for the most part, a clear and rapid mountain river, here smooth and gliding, and there a foaming torrent. Between Whitney and Hereford it is in general placid, growing more bold and changeful between Hereford and Ross, though its course is still marked by graceful open reaches in a pastoral country, as at Fawley. From Ross to Monmouth we have a succession of magnificent prospects, the scenery attaining its utmost grandeur at Goodrich, where the river skirts a hilly promontory, and below



Welsh Bicknor Church.

Whitchurch, where water and wood and rock make a most romantic picture. It is between Monmouth and Chepstow, however, that the Wye offers its most characteristic beauties, and here certainly it is more richly endowed with poetic associations. For the last hundred years it has been one of the chief objects of the picturesque tourist to visit Tintern Abbey; it is now, indeed, forced upon him as a duty, and for

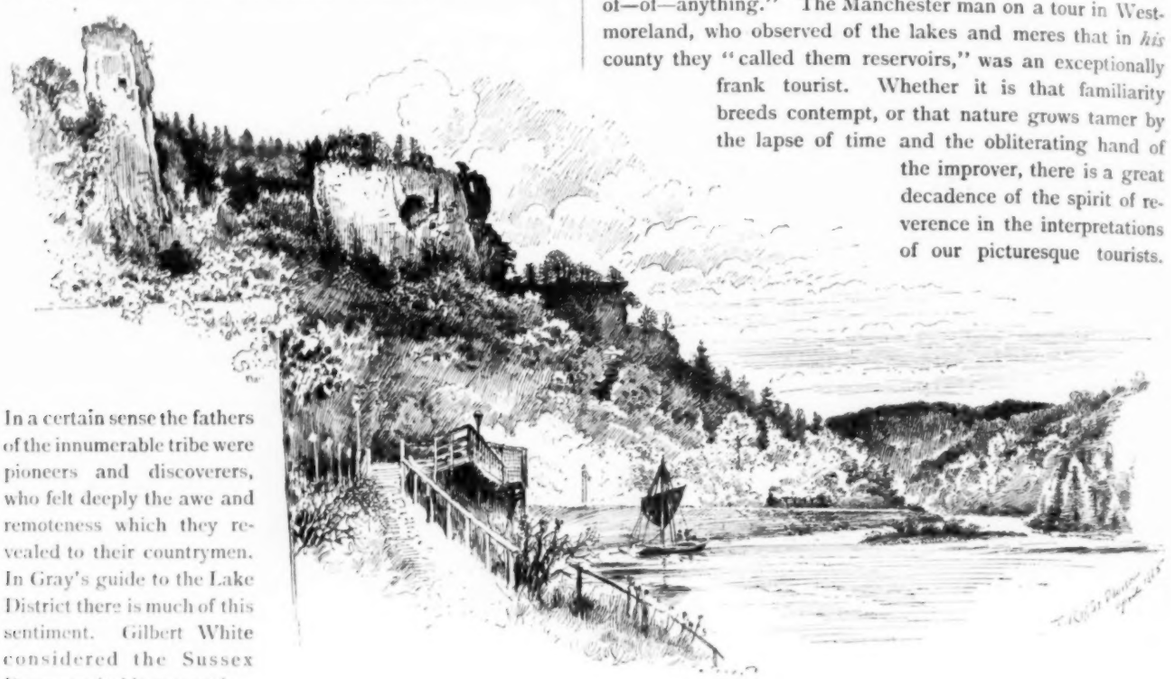


A Wye Vignette.

much the same reason that makes a visit to Melrose by moonlight an obligation not to be set by. The excursion is doubtless a bore to a great many worthy folk who rejoice exceedingly when the thing is done, though they would never confess to a healthy and Johnsonian preference for the streets of Bristol. It is somewhat curious to know how entirely baseless is the notion that a passion for wild and romantic scenery is the peculiar and unique possession of nineteenth-century tourists, or for that matter of latter-day poetry. There is the most irrefutable evidence against this pretentious and conceited idea. No doubt there is now a greater diffusion of sentiment, acquired at second-hand, which spends itself in appraising the pictorial qualities of celebrated "views." Railways and cheap literature have enormously developed locomotive energy and the power of "gush." The eighteenth-century tourist was forced to undergo much painful toil and considerable hardships in his search for the picturesque. The rough way was not made smooth for him; hotels did not confront him at all the attractive centres of his tour. He knew nothing of the cheap guides of the present day, with their illustrative extracts from the poets and their prolix advice as to what should be admired and what avoided. Without affirming that the old-fashioned tourist to the Wind Cliff stood like Balboa, "silent upon a peak in Darien," we may be sure there was small need for him to clear his mind of cant, and it is morally certain that his honest rapture did not run wild if his tongue was loosened. Most of us have heard the indiscriminate epi-

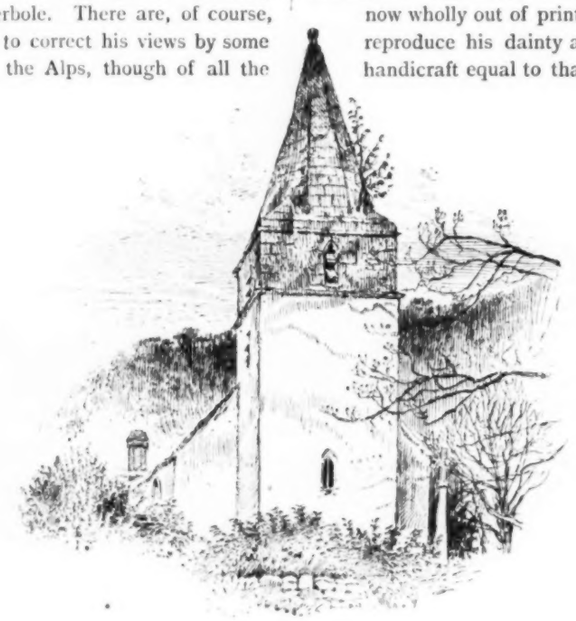
* Continued from page 207.

thets and luxuriant phraseology of the average modern tourist, whose admiration starts with a profusion of indiscreet expletives, till an exhausted vocabulary inevitably results in a lame conclusion. Such efforts reminds us of Mark Twain's delightful description, "That honest, noble countenance; those oblique, ingenuous eyes; that massive head, incapable of—of—anything." The Manchester man on a tour in Westmoreland, who observed of the lakes and meres that in *his* county they "called them reservoirs," was an exceptionally frank tourist. Whether it is that familiarity breeds contempt, or that nature grows tamer by the lapse of time and the obliterating hand of the improver, there is a great decadence of the spirit of reverence in the interpretations of our picturesque tourists.



Symond's Yat.

In a certain sense the fathers of the innumerable tribe were pioneers and discoverers, who felt deeply the awe and remoteness which they revealed to their countrymen. In Gray's guide to the Lake District there is much of this sentiment. Gilbert White considered the Sussex Downs veritable mountains. Gilpin speaks of the "hideous grandeur" of Borrodale. Warner, the historian of Hampshire, finds the descent to the shore at Black Gang Chine "very awful." The much-travelled cockney would sneer at these examples of sensibility, and pity the sad lack of enterprise of the age before steam. Gilbert White's conception of the Downs is in the circumstances perfectly sound, and no mere poetic hyperbole. There are, of course, plenty of superior people ready to correct his views by some pert reference to Snowdon or the Alps, though of all the fruits of easy reading and the march of mind, this popular appraisement by comparison is, surely, the most vulgar and most contemptible. Notwithstanding all that has been written of the Wye, the earliest picturesque description of its scenery, Gilpin's "Observations of the River Wye," published in 1782, is still in many respects the most important. This book, apart from a little pedantry, is profitable and delightful. It was the product of a fortnight's tour in 1770, and in the dedication to Mason, there is an interesting allusion to Gray. "In the same year," says Gilpin, "that this little journey was made your late valuable friend, Mr. Gray, made it likewise, and hearing that I had put on a paper a few remarks on the scenes which he had so lately visited, he desired a sight of them." About a month before the death of the poet, in 1771, the manuscript was shown to him, and Gilpin tells us Mr. Gray said many handsome things of it. "No man," he adds with natural enthusiasm, "was a greater admirer of nature than Mr. Gray, nor admired it with better taste." Gilpin's series of tours is now wholly out of print, and though it is impossible to reproduce his dainty and etherial aquatints, except by handicraft equal to that of Mr. Muir's reproductions of Blake, there is no reason to doubt the success of a good, cheap reprint.



Dixton Church.

The voyager down the Wye from Kerne Bridge to Monmouth and Chepstow, having made the detour to Goodrich Castle described by Mr. Davison in a former article, will not fail to be struck by the situation of Welsh Bicknor Church, which is shown in our first illustration. As with Newton, and several other villages of the old border-land, we have an English Bicknor not far away. Situated on a beautiful green level backed by a lofty wooded hill, the church is a pretty object in the landscape when first sighted, and is in fact very superior to the majority of barn-like structures that serve for churches in Wales proper. Below this point the most characteristic

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scenery of this portion of the river is soon reached, where the bold escarpment of the Coldwell Rocks confronts the level



The Buckstone, sketched May, 1885, before it fell.

stretch of meadow-land beneath the Coppet Wood. The wanderer should not neglect to explore the great rampart of cliff which rises in most fantastic and varied form in the rich woodland, and from whose heights may be studied some noble prospects of the Wye valley and its many folding hills. Favoured by the atmospheric conditions, the interest and charm of the scene will not easily be exhausted, and among the keenest recollections of the Wye the impression of this romantic scene will be found the most enduring. The extreme spur of the wild broken upland as it dips towards the river is admirably presented in the sketch of Symond's Yat. From the level of the stream the massive line of rock, repeated in many a bluff headland down stream, has a most imposing appearance—lifted high over the beautiful hanging woods, and forming picturesque turret-like shapes, whose detached masses of weather-worn stone stand in solitary grandeur like ancient watch-towers. In a smaller sketch a good idea may be obtained of the outlook of the traveller who rests awhile at Symond's Yat. Here a delightful vista of the river, winding away among the hills, will compensate him for the distracting presence of the railway in the foreground. While here the tourist should ascend to the Buckstone, if only to view the rich woodland distance that spreads eastward into Gloucestershire, embracing the wild tract of the Forest of Dean. The sketch of the Buckstone was taken by Mr. Davison not many days before it occurred to certain idiots, probably fresh from the study of a popular treatise on dynamics, to send that remarkable logan-stone rolling to the valley. Since that highly characteristic proof of the intellectual progress of this scientific age, the Buckstone has been replaced, not without considerable labour and ingenuity, and now it awaits some fresh demonstration of the astonishing diffusion of knowledge in these enlightened times. Leaving Symond's Yat with regret, the voyager passes down stream amid a succession of lofty hills until in a sudden turn of the river northward he marks the curious series of isolated rocks, standing like grey sentinels on the wooded heights, and known as the "Seven Sisters." How many repetitions of these legendary ladies turned to stone there may be we know not, though it is certain they are tolerably frequent in the west and north of England. Nowhere have we found them more venerable and august than here. Below the wooded ravine and its guardian sisterhood the Wye winds among a beautiful medley of rocks and woods and spits of rich meadow till a comparatively direct bend towards the south-west brings the compact little town of Monmouth on the horizon, with Dixton church spire on the right. When sketched by Mr. Davison, the flooded stream had wandered over the meadows, along the railway, and visited the interior of the church with two feet of water, so that the red roofs of distant Monmouth, rising above this broad water-way, formed a striking feature in this singular picture. In Monmouth the artist will find matter for praise in St. Mary's Church—all of which, excepting the spired tower, is the work of the late G. E. Street—and in the new bridge, which is a creditable design. Speeding rapidly to Redbrook, the Wye makes as if for a straight course southward, only to double once more before it settles south again till Big's Weir is reached. Thence through a lovely valley of more placid beauty than heretofore, we approach the deep hollow where Tintern nestles, and all the rarer enchantments that belong to this ultimate shrine of the pilgrim—the bosky glades of Persfield, or Piercefield, and the glorious panorama of the Wind Cliff. Here was the spirit of Wordsworth mightily stirred by the solemn and mysterious voices of moving water and waving wood, which haunted him like a passion; and here, long before the cult of the picturesque had become popularised, did Joseph Cottle personally conduct the youthful Coleridge and Southey with their ingenuous sweethearts in a memorable excursion that should now be historical.

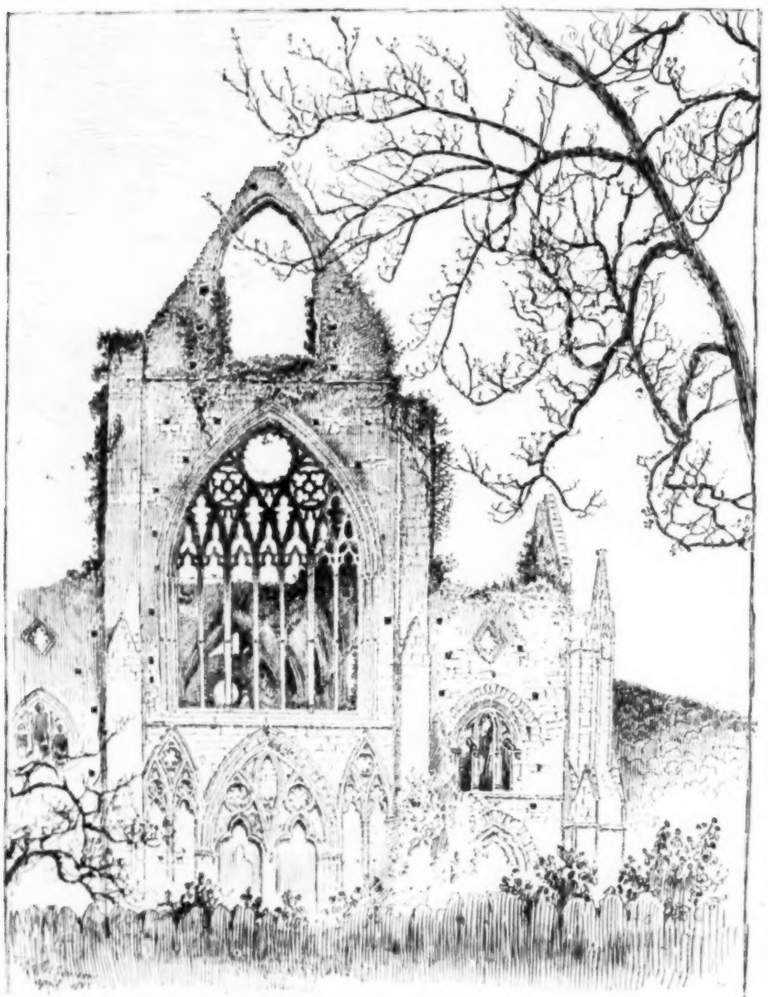
If Tintern Abbey (see sketch) disappoints the picturesque tourist of to-day, it is some consolation to know that it did not altogether escape the criticism of the apostles of the true faith. Gilpin observes of the regularity of outline, that it is not merely disagreeable in itself, but it "confounds the perspective." He suggests the use of a mallet to break the severe continuity of the gable ends, though with a qualm of conscience he asks, "But who durst use it?" Another and



The Flood at Dixton, looking towards Monmouth.

more modern criticism is Gilpin's dislike of the smooth turf of the interior and the removal of the broken stones. Visiting Persfield, Gilpin writes with much good sense of landscape

gardening, and the art of the "ingenious Mr. Brown." He reminds these ingenious embellishers of nature "that it is not the shrub which offends, but the formal introduction of it." And again, "A bed of violets or lilies may enamel the ground with propriety at the root of an oak; but if you introduce them artificially in a border, you introduce a trifling formality, and disgrace the noble object you wish to adorn." He does not altogether find the views at Persfield picturesque, but David Williams, the historian of Monmouth, shrewdly observes of this, "he had probably fatigued his sensibility at Tintern." Now the last thing to be feared in these times is that the excursionist will impair his sensibility, though he may fatigue his limbs. It is, however, decidedly a good policy to visit Tintern before visiting the Wind Cliff and enjoying the magnificent prospect of the winding river, the beautiful picture of Chepstow Bridge and Castle, and the immense horizon of the Gloucester and Somerset hills beyond the Severn sea. The dreadful results that spring from an ill-considered plan are feelingly told in Cottle's narrative of his excursion to Tintern. Southey at the time was engaged in a series of historical lectures at Bristol. The night before the famous trip to the Wye, the lecture-room was thronged by an eager crowd to hear a discourse on the decline of the Roman Empire by Mr. Samuel Taylor Coleridge, of Jesus College, Cambridge, Southey having agreed, for that night only, and at the earnest request of his brother poet, to abstain from lecturing. Though the announcement of Coleridge's appearance was made at the preceding lecture, the poet forgot his engagement, and the angry audience had to disperse without the intellectual treat they expected. Probably, as Cottle surmised, the poet was at the time quietly smoking in his room at College Street, or wandering in a blissful trance elsewhere, musing of his pensive Sara and the future of the Susquehanna pantisocracy. However this may be, the next day the party set off by the old passage to Chepstow, five in number, viz. Cottle, the two young ladies—whom Byron erroneously called "milliners of Bath"—and the two poets, their attentive swains. At the Beaufort Arms in Chepstow they dined, and after dinner Southey took Coleridge to task for his lamentable infirmity in the matter of the lecture. Of course they quarrelled, and of course the ladies were mutually opposed, whereby much time was lost before Cottle proved an effectual peacemaker. More time was wasted at the Wind Cliff, whither Cottle, mounted on a horse, led his young friends, who footed it, and in attempting to reach Tintern the party were hopelessly benighted in the maze of wood and narrow lanes. They wandered in a miserable, aimless fashion up and down detestable bridle-paths, the ladies dreadfully hot and bedraggled, Southey and Cottle terribly exhausted, and Coleridge alone full of cheerful confidence. They shouted for help till they were hoarse, and at length Cottle resigned the tired horse to the cherubic and ever-hopeful Coleridge, who was urged by the depressed party to reconnoitre the country. After many gallant charges in difficult ways, the poet fortunately came on a road that led to the abbey, and the whole party eventually viewed the ruins by torchlight and the rising moon. Not content with this exciting day, Cottle and Southey set out once more to see the ironworks at Tintern, leaving the weary Coleridge taking his ease at the little inn, and consoling the ladies as best he might for the fright and misadventure of the excursion.



Tintern Abbey, from the Orchard.

Times have changed since this memorable visit to Tintern, and the excursionist's perils are limited to the more prosaic accidents of railway travel and steamboats, and the dangers of weirs.

Yet even now the wanderer down the Wye from Ross to Chepstow will find plenty of entertainment and recreation if he will only be deliberate in movement, and allow his allotted time to glide with the gliding stream.

The river itself invites the loiterer to abandon himself to dally with the passing hour, while the glorious pageantry of woodland and hill and valley sweeps dream-like by him, for

ever changing, yet the same for ever. In this happy mood of indolence the lapse of time is felt only in the lengthening shadows, the intenser local tints, the growing solemnity of colour, and the more mysterious quality of the aerial distance. In these circumstances it is unwise to scan too curiously the visual scene, and better far to be passively receptive of its influences, to let the alternation of sunshine and shadow, of breeze and calm, of wooded ravine and lush meadow, recur and pass like the poet's "masque-like figures on the dreamy urn." This blissful mood comes not at the mere bidding, and a week's rain with a flood may easily mar it. Rain is never so much a superfluity as to the voyager on a river, let the thirsty land gape as it may. When it does rain in the Wye country, it does it with relentless determination, as if to replenish the exhausted river and warn all idlers that weirs are to be warily approached. The occasional thunder shower is



View from the Wind Cliff.

quite another matter, and much to be desired. Nothing so transfigures the landscape as the brief fleeting storms of midsummer, that bring halcyon weather in their wake and a quickened pulsation to the heart of nature. Even the tidal waters of the Wye become conscious of the intenser glow of the stainless heavens, and the disconsolate face of the Severn sea is beguiled for a space from its normal aspect of mute irresponsive depression. And far away, beyond the innumerable moving sails and the trailing smoke of steamships, the great world is rimmed by wave-like lines of vaporous hills, that seem to exist in a finer atmosphere and to enjoy a diviner day, and lure the traveller to a fantastic journey into the blue distance.

J. A. Blaikie.

CONDOTTIERE COLLEONI: HIS LOMBARD CASTLE AND MOUNTAIN SEPULCHRE.*

THE Plains of Lombardy, seen from the Alta Città, Bergamo, stretch east and south, level as the tranquil sea, and apparently illimitable as the boundless sky. The geology is an index to the agriculture, and both combined go far to determine the pictorial aspects. This extended area is a rich alluvial deposit washed down from the lofty lands on the north. The watershed of this fruitful plain lies among Alpine summits which bound the picture like fortifications reared by the hand of nature. Torrents feed rivers, lakes: the fertilizing floods, divided and dispersed, fill irrigating channels led among meadows cultivated as gardens. This physical geography is the parent of abundant harvests: the rich soil nourished by perennial waters, stimulated by tropical heats, is luxuriant in corn and wine, the olive and the fig with the mulberry-tree, which year by year is transformed into golden silk. Colleoni's Castle of Malpaga stands mid a silk-growing district, and the halls which once received kings and princes are now given up to the breeding of caterpillars!

The province of Bergamo is felicitously placed on the frontier line dividing north from south: nature wears a winning countenance, as when beauty smiles on grandeur. The sky above, responsive to the earth beneath, commonly carries out the harmonious lines of composition. Clouds generated among the mountains break loose from their high moorings and float across the plain, as white sails spread to catch the passing breeze. Their pathways in the air are traced in fleeting shadows chequering the shining land, shadow chases shadow, or perchance melts into sunshine, and so the expanse of earth duplicates the sky, even as a

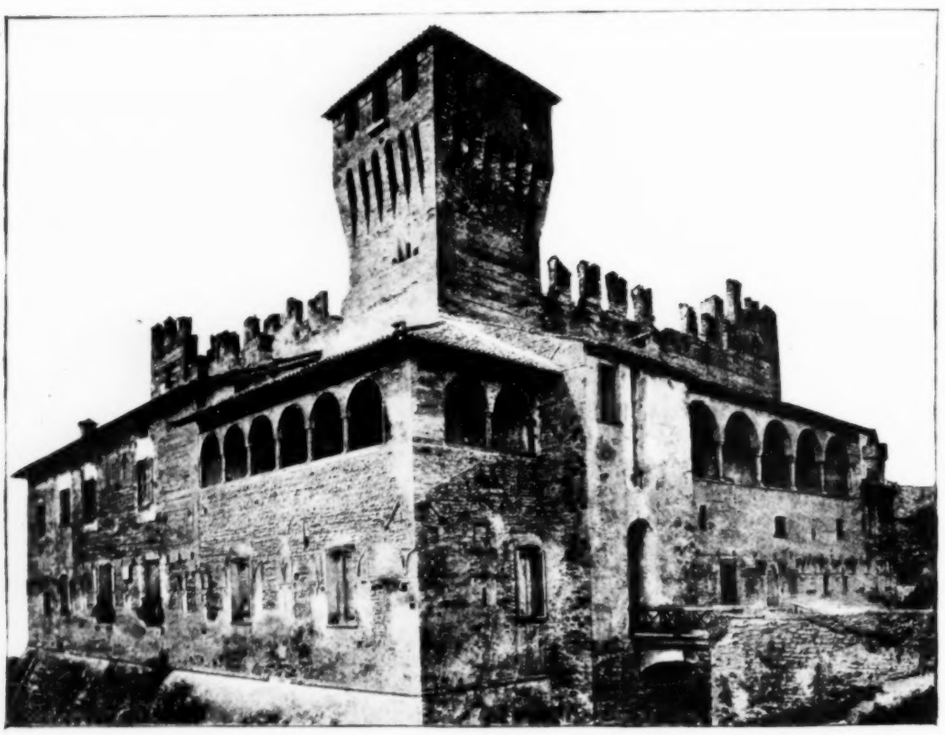
* Concluded from page 229.

lake multiplies the scenery of the heavens. Mid such surroundings, epitomising the poetic beauty of Italian landscape, rises in mammoth proportions, as a last relic of the old world, the baronial castle of Malpaga (see illustration).

The castle of Malpaga, the dwelling and stronghold of Colleoni, lies within an easy drive of an hour on the south-east side of Bergamo. It is commonly said to have been built by the great Condottiere early in the second half of the fifteenth century, when, in advanced years and weary of warfare, he sought to enjoy his riches and honours in a place of comparative repose. But certain discrepancies in the architectural style, pointing to divers and distant chronologies, lead me to conjecture that an earlier structure was found on the spot ready to use, needing only the enlargements, not difficult to identify, suited to a festive knight with a numerous retinue.

The oldest portion of the castle—the main square block or central core, with the battlements and the grand tower above—I venture to assign to the early part of the fourteenth century. This date is about a century and a quarter prior to the arrival of Colleoni. The style and period correspond with the designs of the Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, and the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena. The external aspect is most imposing: the massive proportions, the breadth and boldness of the elevation on every side, the assailant character of the sky outline, take the approaching traveller by surprise, and are rendered the more impressive from the solitude and silence which reign around. The old walls within the more modern outworks are mounted by crenellated battlements of the Saracenic type, first imported into Venice and thence transplanted to Lombardy. Three corners of the ancient quadrangle are flanked by turrets, and from the fourth rises a commanding tower, expanding outwards at the topmost story with machicolations into an overhanging crown battlemented at the summit. The roof which at present masks the sky battlements is a late intrusion. This noble tower may be termed a provincial paraphrase of the campanili of the above-named Palazzo Vecchio, Florence, and the Palazzo Pubblico in Siena. Thus is exemplified a law common to the world's architecture, that distinctive types originated or matured at chief art centres become diffused over contiguous districts; thus we trace the pedigree of the great Condottiere's castle at Malpaga.

Bartolommeo Colleoni on settling into his country residence made sundry additions to the structure, the better to suit the abode to his immediate wants. The buildings now on the ground indicate that he willingly sacrificed the military character of the castle; in fact, he desired not so much a castle as a palace. Outside the moat, immediately beyond the confines of our illustration, were raised in continuous circuit around, domestic buildings for numerous retainers and dependants. These peaceful dwellings practically disarm the castle. At Malpaga, moreover, under its new lord was held the most brilliant court in Northern Italy: and the narrow confines of a military fort proved inadequate to the entertainment of the guests. Hence were thrown out three additional blocks, seen in our illustration: the one beneath the great tower, the second, similar in arcading, on the right, the third a suite of rooms on two floors at the farthest left, including the Banqueting Hall, still adorned with frescoes commemorative of signal events in the Condottiere's career.

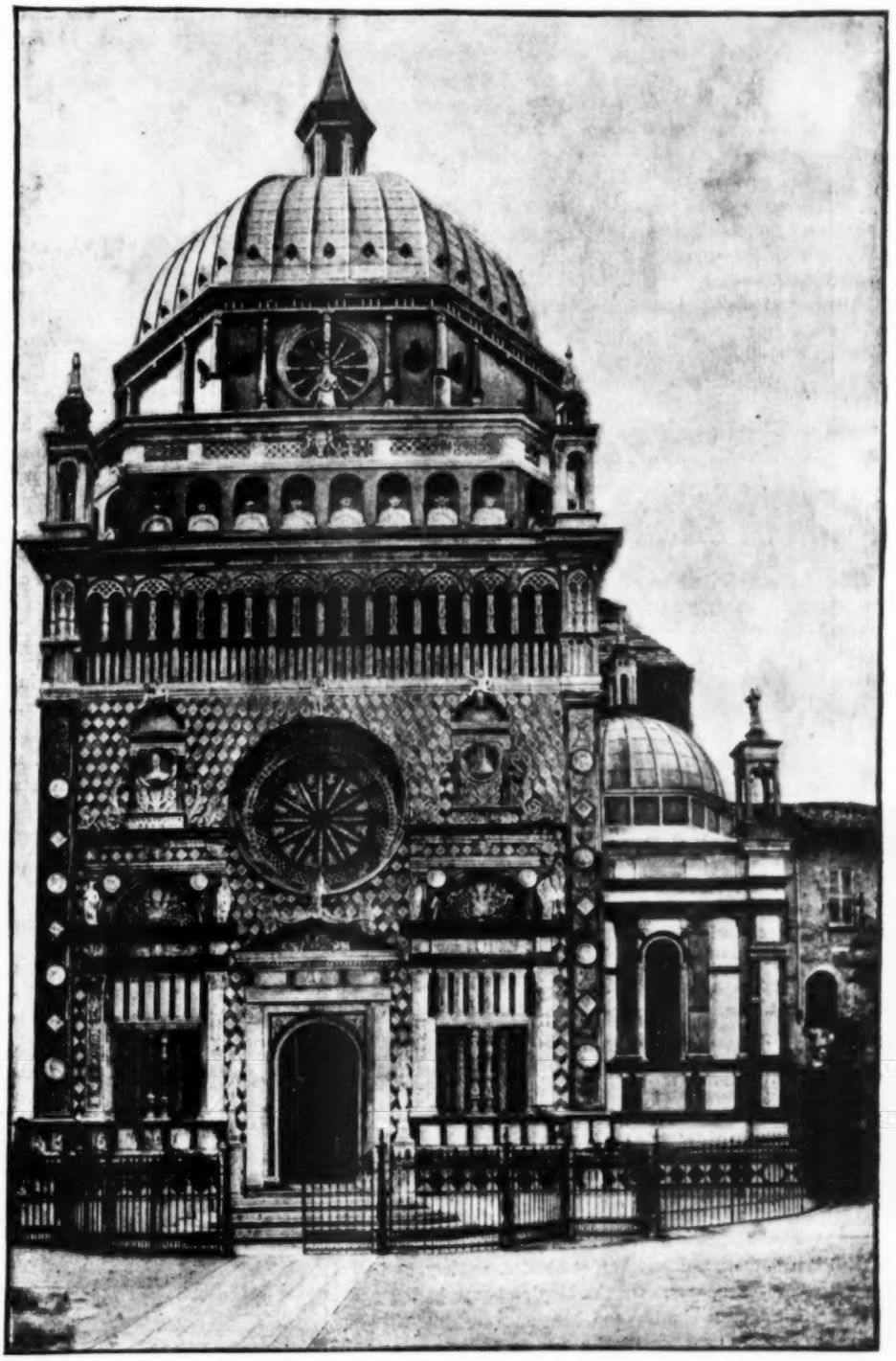


Castle of Malpaga.

These wall paintings are to be read as contemporary chronicles: not only does Colleoni appear personally in each, but the castle itself, in its then state, can be easily identified.

Two hundred years at least must have elapsed between the laying of the foundations and the latest additions to the castle. The materials used were thin bricks closely set, and pebbles ready to use in contiguous alluvial deposits, ranged herring-bone fashion. The unsightly surface thus presented received a coating of plaster, which probably, after the custom then prevalent in the province, was adorned with rude frescoes at the facile hands of some local painter unknown to fame. Fresco painting, indeed, in these districts served as a vernacular tongue born of the people and indigenous to the soil. Its cost was trifling, as its merits were slight. The castle, as it now stands, is surrounded by a wide, deep moat, planted with trees and overgrown by rank

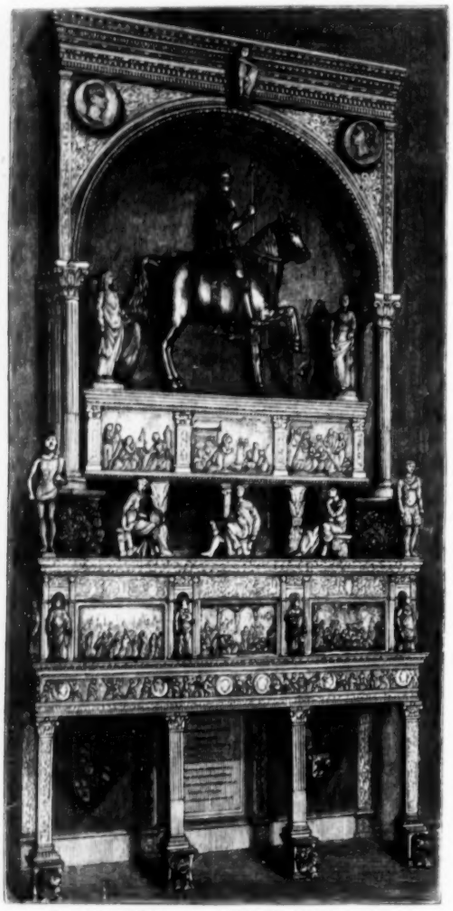
vegetation. The entrance is still across the moat by way of the ancient drawbridge, and the exit lies on the opposite side by a bridge which rises or falls at a moment's bidding. The external architecture is replicated within: in date and style coeval with the great tower is the central court of round arches on two stories, supported by columns with bases and caps of early types. The rooms which lead from this court are lighted by the common square-headed windows seen in our illustration. Sir Henry Layard does good service in calling the attention of the English traveller to this remarkable relic of feudal times. "The castle of Malpaga," he writes, "which can be reached in an hour from Bergamo, is well worthy of a visit, as there is perhaps no edifice of the kind which gives so complete an idea of the residence of a great Italian nobleman of the Middle Ages: the castle remains to a great extent as when Colleoni died, and as it may be seen represented in some of the frescoes on its walls." The Council of the Arundel Society, in pursuance of their laudable intent to secure trustworthy records of historic works threatened with destruction, have employed an artist to make copies of the frescoes in the Great Hall. The description of these wall paintings will, I hope, be presented to the public by Mr. Douglas Gordon, who has visited the castle in the interests of the Arundel Society: he is in possession of important data which will throw new light on an obscure history.



Capella Colleoni, Bergamo.

The traveller cannot remain wholly unmoved on witnessing the desolation and desertion which have fallen on scenes of festive splendour. The castle is dismantled: not a chamber is furnished or habitable: the rooms are desecrated by white-wash or are used as a store for agricultural produce. Yet the illustration, which we publish from a photograph recently taken on the spot, proves how utterly false is that historic romancer, M. Rio, when he asserts that hardly can now be

discovered the débris of the ancient castle of Malpaga! Imagination peoples as of old these silent halls. Sismondi says



Sepulchral Monument of Colleoni, Bergamo.

that Colleoni, during his eighteen years' residence, maintained within these walls the most brilliant court in Italy. He held in attendance six hundred cavaliers personally devoted to his service. We are told how he showed generous hospitality to strangers, how he gathered about him persons in power or position, and men distinguished by talent; how he entertained sovereigns with princely splendour. Specially memorable were the entertainments given to Christian I., King of Denmark. Mr. Symonds, in his brilliant "Italian Sketches," writes: "This king had made his pilgrimage to Rome, and was returning northward, when the fame of Colleoni and his princely state at Malpaga induced him to turn aside and spend some days as the general's guest. In order to do him honour, Colleoni left his castle at the king's disposal, and established himself with all his staff and servants in a camp at some distance from Malpaga. The camp was duly furnished with tents and trenches, stockades, artillery, and all the other furniture of war. On the king's approach, Colleoni issued with trumpets blowing and banners flying to greet his guest, gratifying him thus with a spectacle of the pomp and circumstance of war as carried on in Italy. The visit was further enlivened by sham fights, feats of arms, and trials of strength. When it ended, Colleoni presented the king with one of his own suits of armour, and gave to each servant a complete livery of red and white, his colours. Among the frescoes at Malpaga none are more interesting, and none are fortunately in a better state of preservation, than those which represent this episode in the history of the castle." Yet Colleoni did not live to look on these pictorial memorials: he died within a year of King Christian's visit, and these, with other works, artistic and charitable, at Malpaga and in Bergamo, were carried out by his representatives to do honour to his memory.

This truly remarkable man departed this life the 4th November, 1475, at the age of seventy-five. A small room within the castle, dimly lighted by a single window, with a picture of the Madonna in a niche, is pointed out as the death-place of the hero. And it is related that when in his last illness the Venetian Senate sent to Malpaga two of its members as a mark of respect, the dying man returned the courteous, but scathing reply, "Counsel the Republic never to confide to any other general so great a power or so extended an authority as it has reposed in me." M. Rio, in his book on "Christian Art," exalts the soldier into a saint. It is most certain that Colleoni, at least in old age, wore the garb of piety: he munificently dispensed blessings throughout his native province, he built churches, endowed monasteries, and founded in Bergamo "La Pietà," with the kindly intent of dowering and marrying poor girls.

Condottiere Colleoni died without male issue, and his immense possessions, subject to sundry bequests and after the payment of a large sum bequeathed to Venice for his equestrian statue, were equally divided among four daughters, only one of whom, Caterina, appears to have been legitimate. Medea, the child of old age, died before her father, who raised a chapel and tomb to her memory at Bazella, near Bergamo. Ursina was given in marriage to the valiant Gerardo Martinengo, and her son, Alessandro, assuming the joint names of Martinengo-Colleoni, continued the descent. A partial historian writes: the union of the two families gave birth to a heroic and intellectual race, and the splendour



Tomb of Medea Colleoni, Bergamo.

of the house is identified with the most brilliant epoch in the arts of Bergamo and Brescia. In the Museum of the

latter town is conserved an ornate Renaissance monument bearing the name of Martinengo, and it is stated that "several collateral branches of the Colleoni family still exist in the province of Brescia." The honoured name for centuries continued to figure in the annals of Italy.

The castle of Malpaga remained in the aforesaid family of Martinengo-Colleoni down to 1858: in that year it was sold, and passed into the proprietorship of Count Antonio Boncalli, of the Upper City of Bergamo. The ancient hospitality has not quite deserted the princely habitation: having left a card the previous day on the present proprietor in Bergamo, my visit was anticipated. The agent in authority politely conducted me over the rooms, permitted the taking of notes, and declining a proffered fee, presented me with two excellent lithographs of the castle. Travellers, if only as lucky as I was, will count the excursion to Malpaga among their brightest memories.

Along the road, often traversed by Colleoni in life, leading from Malpaga across the plain and up the hill to Bergamo, was now borne the warrior's body to its last resting-place. As if to assert sovereignty even over the grave, he had prearranged his sepulchre. He determined, while as yet death was in the distance, to build within the sacred precincts of the ancient church of Santa Maria Maggiore, in the Alta Città, a family chapel, and when the ecclesiastics refused the ground, with characteristic audacity, he accomplished his purpose by pulling down the sacristy! This Chapel (see illustration) was far advanced towards completion at the time of Colleoni's death.



Baptistery of Duomo, Bergamo.

Venice held a retainer over the services of her faithful general in his retirement at Malpaga, and the Republic, during the same period, exercised a continuous though contested dominion over Bergamo. Between the provincial city and the Queen of the Adriatic had grown up, indeed, as far as might be in those treacherous times, a bond of affection and mutual trust. Compared with the tyranny of the Visconti of Milan, the rule of Venice was felt to be liberal and benign. Colleoni, the servant of the Republic, yet still a citizen of Bergamo, acted as a mediator, using his power for the weal of his native province. Experience had taught him that in strength alone was safety: he knew that Bergamo could enjoy repose only by being forearmed against assault. From childhood he had grown familiar with every hill track in this mountain land, and as a trained tactician and military engineer who had advanced the science of war, he could plan the lines of defence, the walls and forts, needful to protect the hill he had selected for his sepulchre. The most formidable among the fortifications which to this day bristle around the approaches to the Alta Città were raised under Venetian supremacy.

The old city on the hill retains the salient features familiar to Colleoni, when oft and again he came from Malpaga to see how the building of his mortuary chapel advanced. He necessarily passed along the one and only thoroughfare practicable for horse or carriage. The streets are narrow and tortuous, and the by-ways often become so steep as to be scaled by steps. Sundry remains, not without architectural merit, reward research in out-of-the-way places. I observed an old well resembling a choragic monument: also a classic portico, divorced from a once stately structure now turned to common uses: likewise noble courtyards, the columns tottering. Often the portals and windows are elaborately carved. Such are the survivals which tell of the proud estate of nobles who did not deign to dwell in the commercial city below. One of the most imposing of these palaces was the residence of the Colleoni family; as before narrated, the father of the great Condottiere appears in fresco on horseback, on a wall just inside the street door. Within five minutes' walk are the warrior's chapel and tomb (see illustrations).

Mr. Street only expressed the prevailing professional opinion when he wrote, the Colleoni Chapel "is too bizarre in effect to be good: there is an entire absence of any true style in its design, and this makes it difficult to criticise it with much minuteness." This façade stands as a somewhat flagrant example of a style to which Italy, not in the purest periods, is prone: it suggests carpentry, or nice cabinet carvings and fittings: in its polychrome of marbles, in its illusive portrayal of cubes in relief from a flat surface, it shows the excesses of the school aptly designated "pictorial architecture." Any comparisons possibly suggested with the cathedrals of Siena and Orvieto are wholly to the disadvantage of this Chapel at Bergamo Yet the architect and sculptor was none other than the famous Giovanni Antonio Amadeo, justly designated by Mr. Charles Perkins as unquestionably the first among the sculptors of Northern Italy for facility of composition and dexterity in the use of the chisel.

When the Chapel door opens, the eye is arrested by the vast monument whereon the great Condottiere figures life-size as an equestrian statue (see illustration). The design and workmanship are so mixed in style and merit that it becomes difficult to determine the artist or even the school. It is stated, however, that Amadeo, who is responsible for the façade, furnished the plan for the tomb, and at least for a time took the general control of the work. Among the executants are named two obscure artists, Sisto and Leonardo, and some unknown sculptor from Nuremberg is supposed to have perpetrated the parody in gilt wood of the handsome knight on horseback. The whole patchwork compares unfavourably with the sepulchral monuments in Venice to Mocenigo, Marcello, and Vendramino. Burckhardt, with reason, pronounces the reliefs, the detached figures and the equestrian statue to be by different hands—internal evidence alone justifies the verdict. The detached figures, said to represent the hero's daughters and sons-in-law, with the Virtues, are certainly debased in Art, but Burckhardt recognises in purer passages the style of the Lombardi: and the six relievi, including the Crucifixion, somewhat after the pictorial treatment of Ghiberti, are certainly in the best manner of the Italian Quatrocentisti. On the whole this famous Colleoni tomb is more remarkable for its ostentation than for its taste.

Medea, the tender child of Colleoni, reposes close by her lion-hearted father. The tomb, as we have already seen, had been first raised in the Church of Bazella, and not till 1842 was it removed to its present resting-place in the Colleoni Chapel (see illustration). Critics for once agree in awarding unstinted praise to this lovely monument. The design shows the sculptor-architect Amadeo at his best: elsewhere he may be trivial and illicit, here he becomes simple, even severe, earnest and most impressive. The reader can decipher on our reproduction the inscription, with the words "*Medea Virgo Filia*," ending with the day of death, 6th March, 1470. The figure reposes on the sarcophagus as in tranquil sleep, the eyes are closed, the hands gently clasped. A string of jewels encircles the head, a necklace of pearls descends to the breast, a richly embroidered robe, girdled at the waist, shrouds the body. The sarcophagus displays Christ risen from the tomb, with mourning angels, and above repose statuettes of the Madonna and Child, with the Magdalen and St. Catherine on either hand. The charm and moving pathos of the face are all the more rare from the absence of symmetric beauty in the features. The monument Mr. Perkins rightly designated "one of the most charming works of its kind in Italy."

The ambition, not to say the vanity, of the great Condottiere has been fulfilled: his riches have been dedicated even down to our times for the lavish enrichment of his place of sepulchre. The interior of the chapel is in the form of a cube, mounted by a dome in the centre. Above the entrance door is the warrior's bust in heroic style. Three of the four lunettes beneath the dome are occupied by the 'Baptism,' 'Preaching,' and 'Beheading of St. John,' in the most brilliant manner of the Venetian painter Tiepolo (b. 1693—d. 1770). Another wall space is occupied by a 'Holy Family,' in the happiest mode of Angelica Kauffmann (b. 1741—d. 1795). The style of the whole, if far from pure, is at least highly decorative.

The death of Colleoni brought upon the Arts no eclipse. The immense fortune at the command of his descendants, with the laudable desire to do honour to a brilliant hero, gave to the Arts strong impulsion. Large sums over many years were devoted to the enrichment and the pictorial decoration of the castle of Malpaga. The prevailing style of the period was a provincial version of the Art of Venice, and several painters of repute, conspicuously Previtali, Lotto, Romanino, and Cariani, became locally identified with Bergamo. The two last artists are responsible for the mural paintings at Malpaga.

The Colleoni family, if most renowned in the battle-field, is not unknown in the studio and the library. Within the Gallery of Bergamo, I marked for scale and merit a picture, 'The Madonna enthroned mid Saints,' by a certain Gerolamo Colleoni. The work originally adorned the Church of S. Erasmus, in Bergamo. And biographical dictionaries make mention of Jerome Colleoni (b. 1742—d. 1777), who distinguished himself by studies in literature, philosophy, and mathematics.

The preceding narrative forms a fascinating chapter in the history of Italian policy and art. We have seen how one great man can make an epoch, enrich the place of his nativity, raise monuments which, at the same time, perpetuate his fame and stand as landmarks in his country's history. And so once more we learn how the chronicles of a nation are written in the biographies of its most conspicuous citizens. And the interest of the theme is enhanced by the consideration that Colleoni as a man and Bergamo as a city are equally representative; the one of a larger humanity, the other of a more extended dominion. This stirring drama was enacted on the confines of a mountain land pregnant with the Poetry and the Art of Italy.

J. Beavington Atkinson.

LEON A. LHERMITTE.

"IMMEASURABLE indeed is the distance between painters who might have sketched in Arcadia or in Eden, and the artists who under pretence of naturalism wallow in the mire." These were the words used some two years ago by a very competent critic, who had set himself the not easy task of estimating the present state of Art in France. He justly made a strong protest against the extreme realism—the "brutal" realism, as it has been termed—which is now so much in vogue at Paris, and which has been described as "the wilful preference of ugliness to beauty." There is a realism, however, that is worthy of all praise—a noble truth and loyalty to Nature in *all* her aspects, and not only in her least graceful moods and manifestations; a sincere sympathy with life in its most varied forms; an earnest desire to look into the heart of things; an ability to distinguish between the accidental and the essential—the realism, in fact, that we demand from the great artist, and which is the crowning glory of his work. Such a realism does not

bid ideality stand aside; it rather claims its aid, and the two combine in harmony to produce one grand result. Among the painters in France, who are realistic in this highest and best sense, and who have never on the one hand, in all their flights of fancy, forgotten the hard facts of life and time, nor, on the other, imagined that ugliness and foulness are the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth, Léon Augustin Lhermitte occupies a distinguished place. This he has won by faithful honest service. His work is conscientious and sincere, and utterly devoid of trick or affectation. It is the direct outcome and evidence of his natural sympathies and cultured artistic spirit.

Lhermitte was born at the village of Mont St. Père, on 31st July, 1844. Mont St. Père is in the department of Aisne, and not far from the town of Château-Thierry. In the distance, away to the east, stretch the slopes of Champagne, covered with vineyards. I have before me, as I write, a picture of Mont St. Père, painted by Lhermitte himself, and in my heart a pleasant memory of the village, as I saw it once on a hot summer day. It is a quaint, old-world little place, with its stone "Calvary" standing on a strip of green, its red-tiled houses, and its white roads. Mont St. Père lies far from the madding crowd and all "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the world: even the far-searching Uhlans passed it over, I believe, when in 1870-71 the waves of war were surging all around it. There is a pleasant stillness in its atmosphere and its surroundings: the interior of the little church is hardly quieter than the straggling street outside. They are simple, devout folk at Mont St. Père, ignorant of philosophy and "obstinate questionings," and although it is not Sunday there are one or two reverent worshippers in the church. But nearly all the people are in the fields, working with the steady purpose and the patient industry that enable French peasants to make the most of tolerably hard conditions of existence. It was among these peasants, living their life and taking part in their pleasures and their labours, that Lhermitte was brought up. Out of the knowledge and experience gained in the days of his youth he paints now, and therefore he paints truly. He draws no fancy pictures; he can depict faithfully the homely joys and useful toil of the farm-worker and the vine-dresser, because he himself has shared in both. The circumstances of his earlier years he has turned to good account, and used them to nurture and discipline his powers.

Lhermitte's grandfather was a vine-dresser, and his father a schoolmaster, whose long and honourable services have been recognised by the French Government, and who still lives to rejoice in his son's fame. Like almost all great artists he early shewed his predilections, and also the definite line in which these predilections lay. He began to draw while he was attending his father's school, and moreover to draw the objects that were familiar to him in his daily life. Luckily for him, no chill wind of discouragement blighted his young aspirations. A gentleman living near Mont St. Père, who noted the lad's talent, determined to give him a helping hand. He was a true friend, and in 1863 sent Lhermitte, then a little over eighteen years of age, to study Art at Paris.

Young Lhermitte was fortunate in the master he selected. He went into the *atelier* of Lecoq de Boisbaudran, who is more celebrated nowadays for the fame many of his pupils have acquired than for any pictures he has himself produced. He must have been an admirable teacher. His great secret lay not in a cut-and-dry method of instruction, with one set of rules and precepts for all pupils, no matter how varying their capabilities and aims, but in discovering each pupil's special bent, and in cultivating and giving free play to individualism. The good result of his method is shown in the work of the men he trained. Professor Legros, Regamey, Fantin, Cazin, and Ferrier were among his students, and it would be difficult to name artists whose excellencies are more diversified. Some of them were fellow-pupils with Lhermitte, and it is interesting to note that in 1885 Ferrier and Lhermitte received the decoration of the Legion of Honour on the same day.

In one special form of Art, that of drawing with charcoal, Lhermitte early showed his interest and rapidly attained proficiency. The position he now occupies as a "fusiniste" is rightly defined by Mr. Hamerton, when in "The Graphic Arts," he remarks, "Amongst painters of the figure who have made a separate reputation by their drawings in charcoal, I do not know of any one who excels Léon Lhermitte in every important quality." Charcoal drawing, as a distinct and independent process in Art, had its origin in France, and it is to France that we must still look for the best works in that material. The beauty of the "fusain," and the possibilities that lie in charcoal skilfully used were properly recognised for the first time in comparatively recent years. From a very early period in the history of Art, artists had been in the habit of using charcoal to make the preliminary rough outlines of their pictures. As M. Karl-Robert says in his useful handbook, "Le Fusain sans Maître,"—"Peu à peu quelques artistes poussèrent, au fusain, leurs dessins plus loin que l'esquisse, et voyant que ce crayon nouveau donnait à l'œuvre un plus grand caractère que ceux employés jusqu'alors, ils l'adoptèrent pour exécuter entièrement leur travail." In 1847 and 1848, Adolphe Yvon, a pupil of Delaroche, exhibited some studies in charcoal, strengthened in parts by oil and water-colour, in which he had managed to obtain very striking effects. Several artists, such as Troyon, Decamps, and Paul Huet, wrought upon the hint that Yvon had given them and before long drawing in charcoal had vindicated its claims to serious consideration, and was occupying the earnest attention of many able men. To-day the "fusinistes" (or charcoal draughtsmen) pure and simple in France are legion. Charcoal has overpowering charms for those who really love it, and understand how to handle it. "The true spirit or genius of charcoal drawing is in the interpretation of nature by pure shade with no assistance from line." Charcoal is pre-eminently the medium with which to render light and shade: it gives large and striking effects, resulting from the opposition and the combination of black and white, and in both its light and its dark notes, there are beautiful delicacy and refinement, and a rich variety of tones that are delightful to the eye. For reproducing cloudy skies, shimmering water, masses of trees and vegetation, and velvety soft surfaces, the artist finds that the charcoal point has advantages peculiar to itself, but only he can use it effectively who has in him the true artistic spirit. In the hands of a bungler, or a mere mechanic, it is but a sorry, trifling instrument, the very ease and rapidity with which certain effects can be realised by its means proving a snare and a delusion to the unskilful and the incompetent; charcoal drawing is indeed "a painter's art and the daughter of painting" and no one but an artist should presume to practise it.

To return from this digression on a branch of Art so closely identified with Lhermitte to Lhermitte himself. While he was still in Boisbaudran's studio, the charcoal drawings which he sent year after year to the *Salon* began to attract attention. He did not leap at once into fame, but gained his present

position by hard work and sure and steady progress in his art. His strong individuality could not remain unnoticed. He is utterly free from self-assertion, but his work spoke for him, and both critics and his "brethren of the brush" discerned "the stuff" that was in him. 'Le Lutrin d'Eglise de Paris' and 'Le Lavage de Moutons,' in the *Salon* of 1872, may be said to be the drawings that first brought him prominently before the general public. From 1872 onwards his reputation grew year by year. He exhibited in 1873 a large drawing, 'Une Veillée de Village,' and in the following year his picture, 'La Moisson,' gained for him his first medal, one of the third class. His second medal was awarded to him in 1880, for the picture 'L'Aïeule' (now in Ghent Public Gallery), a striking composition of an old peasant woman in a church—the Church of Mont St. Père, we may be sure—with a little girl praying on her knees beside her. Henceforward he was "hors concours." In 1881 his chief contribution to the *Salon* was 'Le Quatuor,' men drinking in a tavern, and waited on by a peasant girl. One of the best and most important works he has yet painted was shown in the *Salon* of 1882, and was ranked by all competent critics as among *the* pictures of the year It is called 'La Paie des Moissonneurs,' and represents four men and a woman grouped in the courtyard of a farm receiving their wages from the master for their harvest-work. This picture was bought by the State, and is now in the Luxembourg. His large canvases, 'La Vendange,' in the *Salon* of 1884, and 'Le Vin,' in 1885, were worthy successors of 'La Paie.' To the *Salon* of the present year Lhermitte did not contribute, but to make up for this he exhibits sixteen pastels in the exhibition which M. Georges Petit has organized for the "Pastellistes Français." These, Lhermitte's first pastels, have received the warmest approbation of all the best Parisian critics. He is busy now with—what is for him another new departure—water colours for the next exhibition of the *Société des Aquarellistes*. The subject of his picture in the *Salon* of 1887 will be 'La Récolte des Foins.' It only remains to be added, as a proof of the estimation in which he is held, that the French Government have lately shown their appreciation of his powers by commissioning him to decorate one of the halls of the Sorbonne, now in process of reconstruction. Nearly every year he exhibits two or three charcoal drawings, and in the *Salon Triennal* of 1883 a collection of about a dozen of his best fusains—mostly studies of village life—commanded the admiration of all who saw them. In January, 1885, Lhermitte received the Cross of the Legion of Honour, and never did artistic excellence more honourably merit the much-coveted distinction conferred by the little piece of red ribbon in the button hole.

Lhermitte has been frequently in England, and was a regular contributor to all the Dudley Black and White Exhibitions from their start in 1872. He has exhibited also to Liverpool, Manchester, and the Glasgow Institute.

Lhermitte has an *atelier* in Paris in the Rue Vaquelin, but he spends by far the greater part of his time in his native village, where he lives, quietly and simply, as one of the villagers himself. In the garden of his Mont St. Père house he has erected a roomy, commodious studio, and in it he works out the ideas and suggestions that are begotten in his mind, as he watches his peasant friends at work, or play, or worship. The reapers busy amid the golden grain, the vintagers gathering their juicy crop, the labourer's wife bending with love unutterable over her crooning baby, all the aspects of rural life and of "the country's sweet simplicity" that charmed him in his boyhood and have power to charm him yet—with such sights and subjects he is thoroughly in sympathy, and they inspire his well-trained hand to most of its happiest efforts. He paints them well because he knows them well, and because they are endeared to him by the long familiarity that necessarily results in associations of a very pleasant and tender nature.

The keynote of all Lhermitte's work is its sincerity, the one virtue which is an essential element in a work of Art, before other virtues are even possible. His pictures are the expression of what he himself really feels and believes in: they are what an able critic declares all good pictures should be, "a reflection of the artist's mind, an emanation from his character transferred to the canvas." This work is manly and straightforward, and is the outcome of a sane and healthy mind.

Léon Lhermitte, an earnest student of nature and out-of-door life, is a realist, but, as I have already pointed out, a realist who believes in roses as well as in cabbages, and who has reverence for beauty and proportion and all varieties of nobility of form and feeling. He finds his subjects in scenes that lie close to his hand, and in so doing he shows that he is possessed of the poet's discernment, and can discover for himself tender sentiments, pure emotions, and kindly sympathies amid gross and commonplace surroundings. In his oil pictures, with the exception of a few small landscapes, very delightful in tone, Lhermitte has confined himself mostly to figure subjects taken from rural life, but in his charcoal drawings he has allowed himself a wider scope. In several of these he shows that, when he chooses, he can faithfully depict the great world of either business or fashion that lies leagues away from the simple Calvary and the great fields of Mont St. Père. I need mention only three of his fusains to prove this—the 'Fish Market at St. Malo,' 'Lecture at the Sorbonne,' and 'Soirée de Musique.' These are full of animation and subtly marked diversity of character. So rich are they in tone, that we hardly note in them the absence of colour. The drawing is magnificent—in drawing, however, Lhermitte never fails—and without any parade of technique or any studio trick, he brings the scenes vividly and clearly before us. Such work seems easy to do, only because it appears to be done so easily. It is the result of consummate knowledge and cultured experience.

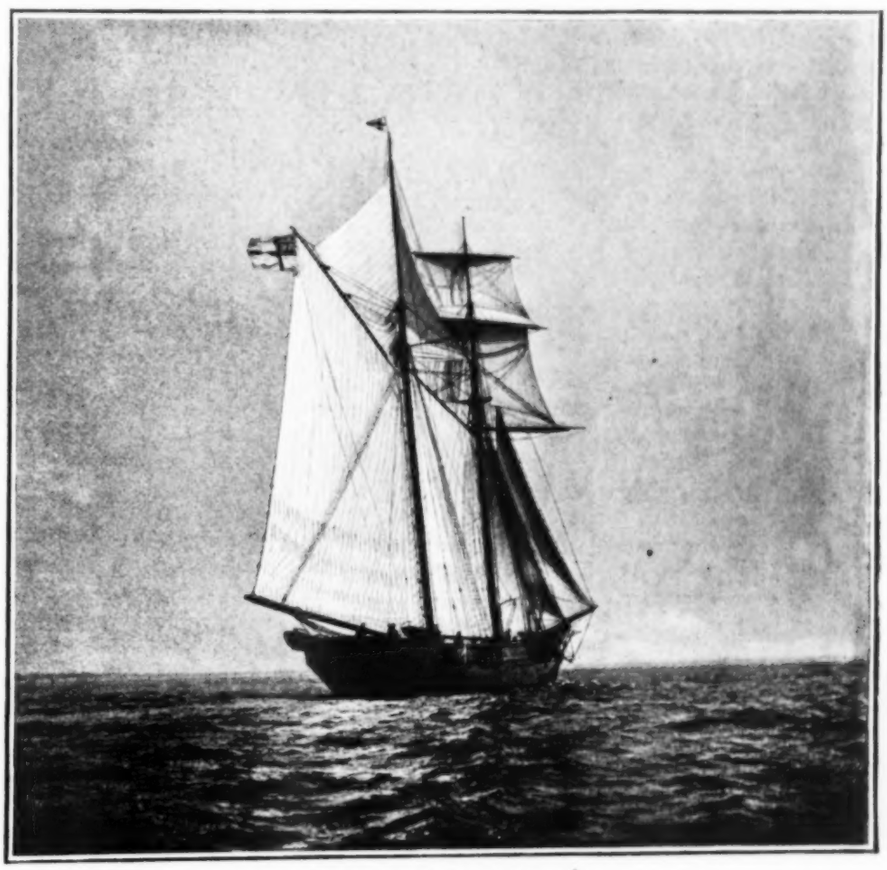
In all his oil paintings, Lhermitte's good draughtsmanship is conspicuous. His composition is original and graceful, and where it errs, it errs on the side of being too graceful. The various parts of his pictures are harmonious one with another; and each detail is subordinate to and helps out the central idea. His colour is not always so satisfactory. Some of his earlier canvases are dingy and dull, but his later work shows in this respect a decided improvement. For example, 'Le Repos des Moissonneurs,' now in a Glasgow collection, is as bright and sunny as the subject should be; and 'La Paie des Moissonneurs' is fine in colour as well as in drawing.

Our frontispiece, 'Supper Time,' is etched by M. Charles Courtry (this suggests that I have omitted to mention that Lhermitte is himself a skilful etcher), after a picture by Lhermitte. It is a scene characteristic of the artist's sympathy with the hardships and the pleasures of the poor. There is no lot on earth, however lowly, into which some compensations and alleviations do not enter. Such is the lesson of all Lhermitte's pictures.

ROBERT WALKER.

TYPES OF CRUISING YACHTS.

IN the long discussion carried on in the weekly papers fifteen or sixteen years ago as to the merits of British and American yachts, Mr. Henry Liggins referred to the cutter as the "national rig;" whether or not the rig is really of British origin is perhaps doubtful, but certainly no other nation has used exactly the same arrangement of spars and sails. In this country it has been preferred for coasters up to 100 tons, fishing smacks, pilot vessels, revenue cruisers, smugglers, and yachts. There is no doubt that it is the most effective rig for plying to windward, but there is a limit to the size of vessel it can be applied to, on account of the difficulty of handling large sails which are set fore and aft. Charnock, in his "History of Marine Architecture," published at the commencement of the present century, gives a list of eighty-eight cutters belonging to the Royal Navy, but none of them were yachts; indeed, there were not more than half-a-dozen yachts above twenty tons in existence eighty years ago. Most of the man-of-war cutters were built in this country, but ten were taken from the French, and, oddly enough, two of them—the *Mutine* and *Pilote*—are the largest in Charnock's list, being of 218 tons. The British-built craft ranged from 50 to 205 tons, and the largest of them were of 80 feet water line, 26 feet beam, and 10 feet depth of hold. It would thus seem that, whether or not the cutter was of British origin, our rival on the seas of the last century appreciated the merit of the rig.



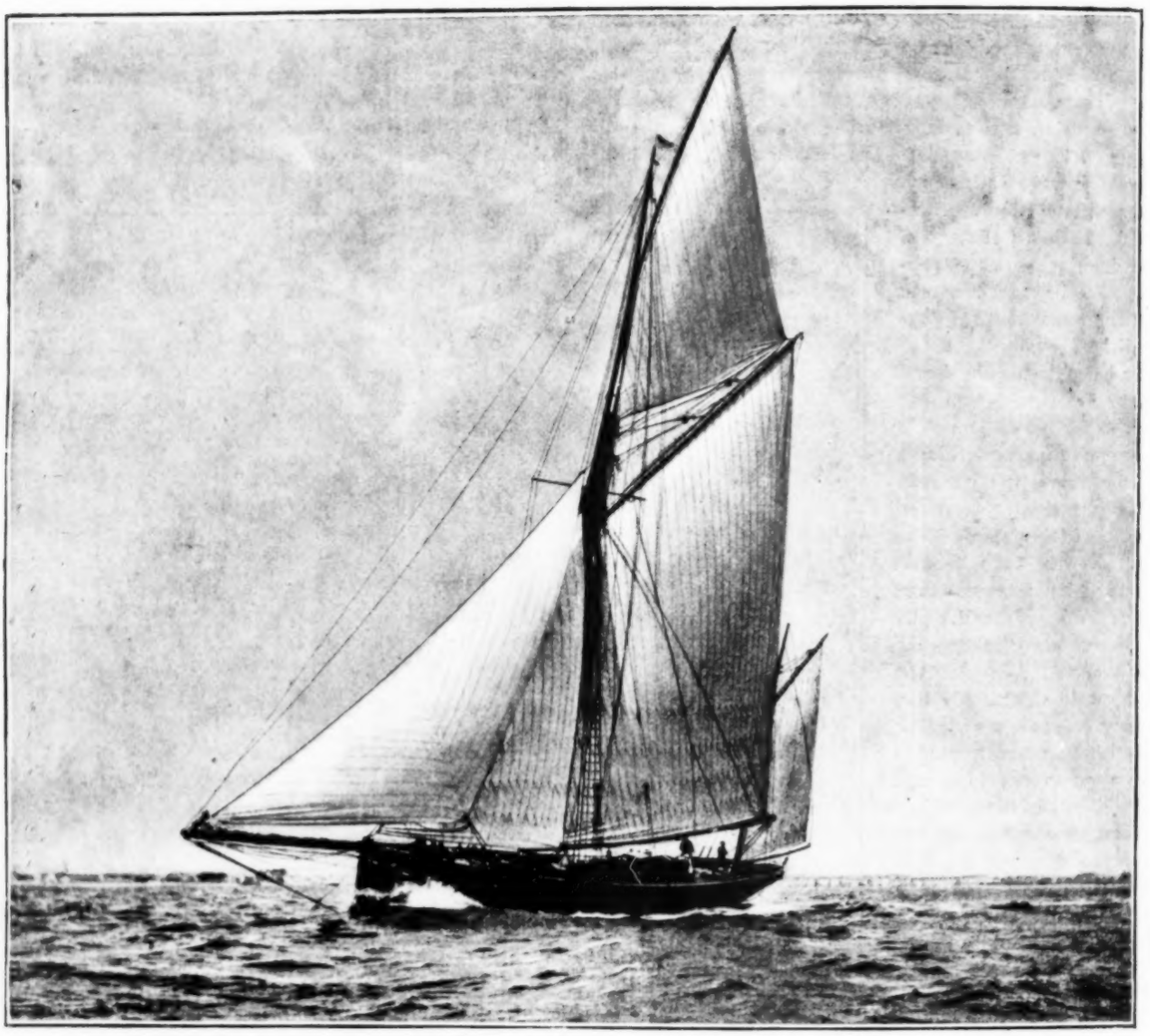
The Topsail Schooner "Goshawk."

The Marquis of Ailsa has in his possession an old print, dated 1783, of one of these cutters chasing another vessel, and she is not spared in the matter of canvas. This can very well be imagined, from the fact that the main booms of the 80 feet cutters were 66 feet long, and mainmast 88 feet heel to cap. These cutters, besides looking after smugglers, were employed in capturing privateers, and many accounts exist of memorable actions between our cutters and the marauding brigs of Spain and France. The largest cutter ever built is said to have been the *Stag*, owned by Paul Jones, but no account of her dimensions are in existence. A revenue cutter, named *Stag*, of about 200 tons, was also for many years on the Isle of Wight station on the look out for smugglers, and fifty or sixty years ago this was by no means a barren occupation. In the churchyard, in the village of Newchurch, in the Isle of Wight, is a curious bas-relief carved on a tombstone, representing a revenue cutter chasing and firing at a smuggler-cutter; the helmsman of the latter is represented in a falling posture, and the inscription informs us that he was hit by a cannon ball from the cruiser and killed on the spot.

There is no doubt that our yachts were originally all cutter rigged, of the revenue-cruiser type, and those who affected much larger vessels had brigs. So far as tonnage goes, the largest cutter-yacht ever built was the *Alarm*, 194 tons, of Mr. Joseph Weld, of Lulworth Castle, Dorset. This vessel was built in 1830, and named after a famous revenue cruiser distinguished for speed; the cruiser, built in 1763, was broken up at the commencement of this century. The *Alarm*, however, was not modelled after the revenue cruiser, but from the lines of a famous smuggler which was captured off the Isle of Wight and sold for breaking up. The dimensions

of the *Alarm* were 82 feet by 24 feet, but in 1852 she was lengthened 20 feet and schooner rigged. At the time when the *Alarm* was built there were several other cutters of great size existing, notably the *Arundel* of the Duke of Norfolk, the *Menai* of Mr. Assheton Smith, the *Louisa* of Lord Belfast, and the *Pearl* of the Marquis of Anglesey. After the visit of the *America* in 1851, the schooner rig became fashionable, and no large cutters were built for fourteen years, when, in 1866, the *Condor*, of 133 tons, was built for a Scotch gentleman. The performances of this vessel to windward so excited the admiration of another Scotch gentleman that the following year he built the *Oimara*, of 165 tons, she being 95 feet on the water line, by 20 feet beam; if judged by actual capacity, there is no doubt that this is the largest cutter ever built.

The principal objection to large cutters for cruising is that such a numerous crew is required to work the sails; hence the schooner rig was preferred for large vessels, on account of the sails being more subdivided. Still the advantage of the large mainsail for forcing a vessel to windward is so great that the rig will always be a favourite with those who take a keen delight in sailing. The *Oimara*, it may be



The Cruising Yawl "Constance."

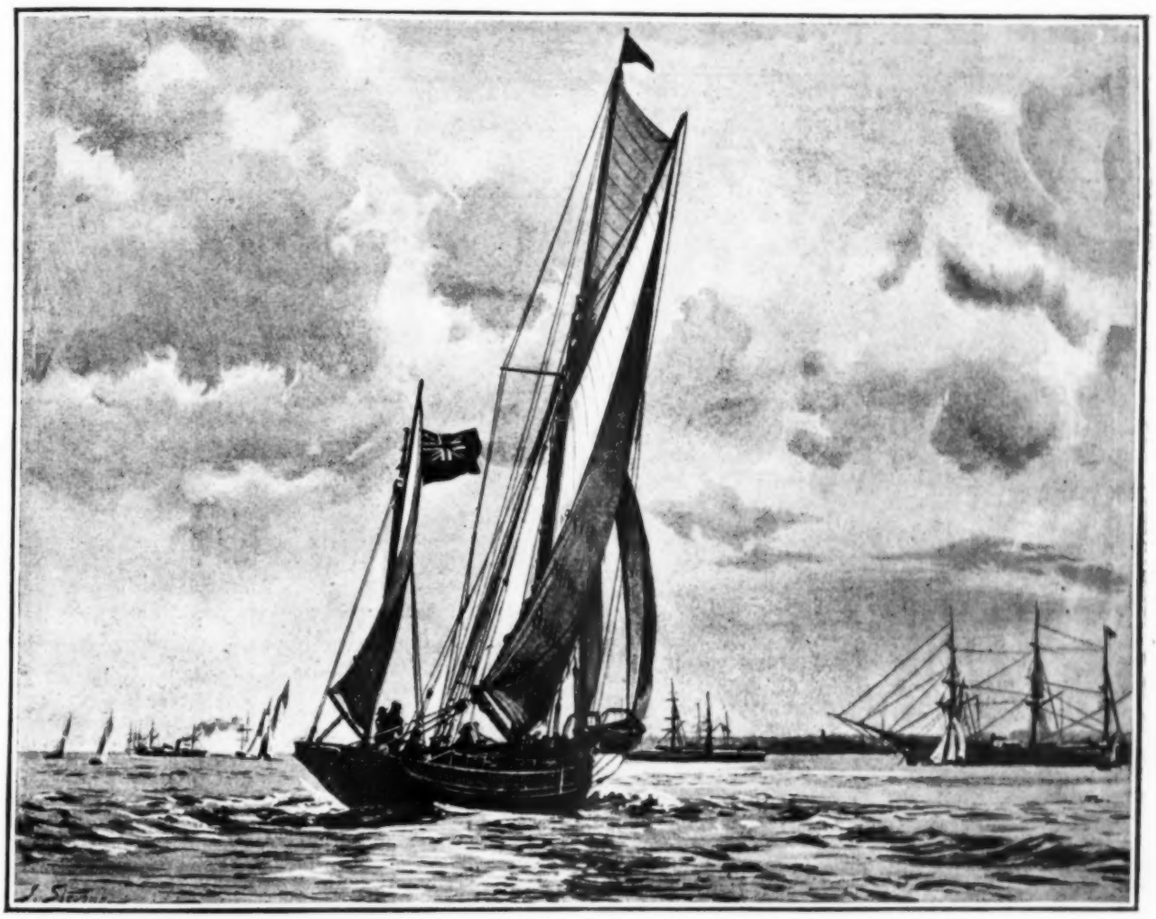
mentioned, went to the Mediterranean several times for winter cruising without her spars being in any way reduced, and the late Mr. Milner Gibson did all his Mediterranean cruising in an eighty-ton cutter, named *Resolute*. Beyond this, the *Alerte*, of 56 tons (which was originally very like in appearance the cutter *Psyche*, of which we publish an engraving), made a voyage to Australia and back, when owned by Mr. Sydney Walker, in 1867. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing in the way of voyaging in cutters was the run of the *Teazer*, 22 tons, to the West Indies and back, in 1852. She left Southampton on March 13, and was off Cape Espichel (Portugal) on the 21st; here she encountered a most terrific gale.

One would have thought that such an experience as this would have knocked the heart out of the gentlemen voyagers (they were Messrs. Smith and Tobitt, of Great Tower Street) if it did not out of the crew; but so far from this being the case they had a refit, which occupied about a month, and then resumed the voyage. After a very tempestuous passage they arrived at Jamaica, June 3rd; and without seeing anything of the Island set sail three days afterwards for England. The passage home to the Thames lasted fifty-eight days.

bad weather following the little ship whichever way she went. She carried away her shrouds once on the homeward passage, but she was got on the other tack before the mast went, thus escaping from an awkward situation.

The two cruises of the *Pet*, of 8 tons, to the Baltic and back, in the years 1854 and 1855, are quite as remarkable as the cruise of the *Teazer*, as her crew consisted solely of the Rev. R. E. Hughes, of Little Billing Rectory, Northampton, his brother, Captain J. W. Hughes, of Ferry-side, Hamble, Hants, and one seaman who could not steer by compass, so one of the Hughes was of necessity always at the helm. In company with the *Heroine* cutter, 35 tons, Sir R. Mackenzie, and other yachts presently to be referred to, the crew of the *Pet* had some stirring night adventures among the Russian forts at Sweaborg, and a terribly punishing passage home across the North Sea after the second voyage.

At one time the yawl seemed likely to supersede the cutter entirely for cruising, as there are certain advantages in having a mizen-sail; but these are entirely outweighed by the superior effectiveness of the larger mainsail of the cutter, equal, say, to the mainsail and mizen in one. This has been made very apparent by the cruiser races among what are termed the C class yachts. In this class the sail area, no matter whether cutter or yawl, is limited to the same total for any given tonnage. The yawl deducts one-fifth of her tonnage for time allowance rating, but even with such a rating it



Small Cruising Yawl, off Netley, Southampton Water.

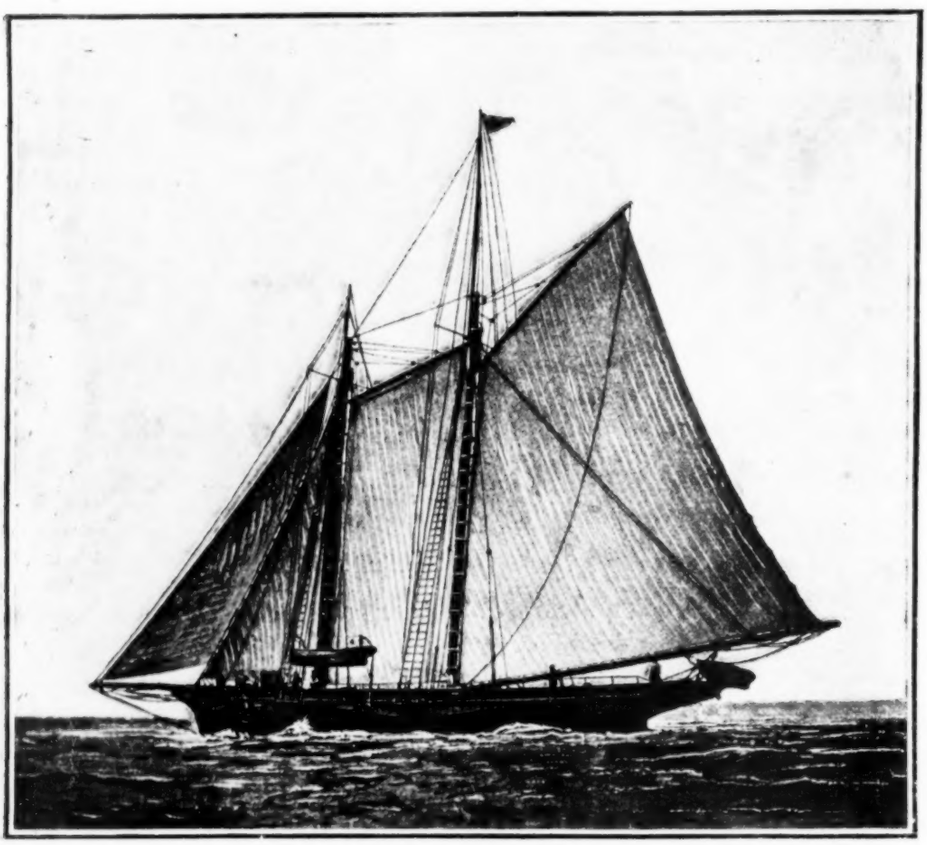
is found that the cutter rig is the most advantageous to adopt.

The yawl was no doubt an adaptation of the ketch, and when the mizen is a sharp-headed sail the vessel is termed a dandy instead of a yawl. It was not a favourite rig for yachts until some twenty years ago, and was exclusively applied to cruising vessels. One of these, the *Gondola*, of about 100 tons, owned by Mr. W. Woodhouse, accompanied the British fleet to the Baltic in 1854, and, with the *Esmeralda* schooner, owned by Mr. J. Campbell, made its way close up to Cronstadt. This temerity was likely to prove a very serious matter, as a Russian man-of-war came out of harbour to intercept the venturesome yachtsmen. The two yachts bore up and were making their way back to the fleet, but they would certainly have been captured or sunk if H.M.S. *Driver* had not been despatched to cover their retreat.

Two of the largest yawls ever built were the *Flower of Yarrow*, 205 tons, and *Lufra*, 222 tons. The former was turned into a schooner and lost, and the *Lufra* has just now been converted into a ketch by the Duke of Rutland, her present owner. These were remarkably stately-looking vessels, and the *Lufra* was always considered one of the handsomest craft ever built, whilst she has, as well, a reputation for great speed. Referring to speed reminds us that the Gosport builders, Messrs. Camper and Nicholson, some fifteen years ago, built what they termed a "fast cruiser," in the form

of the now well-known yawl *Florinda*, 140 tons. The meaning of the term "fast cruiser" was that the vessel, without having the pretensions of a racer, was yet a faster vessel than the ordinary cruiser, being better ballasted and carrying more canvas. But the *Florinda* turned out such a remarkably fast vessel that she took her place amongst the fastest racing yachts; indeed, for many years no racing yacht could be built to beat her, and this remarkable vessel proved her claim to be considered a veritable "cruiser" by going round the Mediterranean. There have been many "fast cruisers" built since the *Florinda* was put into the water, and two of the latest of these are the *Constance*, 120 tons, Mr. Prescott Westcar, and *Nixie*, Mr. H. Crawford. A portrait of the first accompanies this article.

The fore-and-aft schooner did not come into fashion to any considerable extent until about forty years ago, and if a yacht was too large for the cutter rig, she was generally made a topsail schooner, a brigantine, or a brig. The *Nancy Dawson* and *Novice*, which made many long voyages, were of this rig; and old yachtsmen will call to mind the *Waterwitch*, of Lord Belfast (afterwards Marquis of Donegal); *Harlequin*, of Lord Vernon; *Brilliant*, of Mr. G. Holland Ackers; *Falcon*, of Lord Yarborough; *Sylphide*, of the Marquis of Downshire; *Resolution*, of the Duke of Rutland; *Lotos*, of Earl Vane (afterwards Marquis of Londonderry); *Beatrice*, of Mr. J. E. W. Rolls; *Capricorn*, of Mr. C. R. M. Talbot; *Constance*, of Mr. Turner-Turner; and *Goshawk*, of the late Mr. Thomas Broadwood. The latter yacht has made a voyage round the world, and her present owner, Mr. J. R. West, has done some extended cruising in her. The engraving on page 269 is an excellent portrait of her, showing her going before the wind with her yards squared. In a fore-and-aft schooner, the *Linda*, 118 tons, Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., made several voyages to Australia and back; in fact, it may be said that he made a yacht his home, as for years before he built the *Linda* he owned the schooner *Kingfisher*, 90 tons, and voyaged to the South Atlantic in her. He thus spent the greater portion of his time on the ocean and not in port. This type of schooner has been largely used for cruising to different lands, and mention can be made of Lord Dufferin's visit to Iceland, and Mr. Graves' visit to the Gulf of Bothnia and St. Petersburg in the *Ierne*. Accounts of these cruises were published, and became very popular reading; indeed, Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" form one of the best specimens of plain yet elegant English which we have. In mentioning these authors, the delightful book, "South Sea Bubbles," by "The Earl and the Doctor," must not be forgotten. The Earl of Pembroke's schooner was the *Albatross*, and it will be remembered that soon after he left Tahiti, the Eden of the Sandwich Isles, the yacht was wrecked on a coral reef, though fortunately without loss of life.



The Fore-and-Aft Schooner "Cetonia."

The modern type of fore-and-aft cruising schooner is well represented by the *Cetonia*, 205 tons, Mr. Nicholas Wood. This beautiful vessel has never done much "blue water sailing," but she is fit to go anywhere that a yacht has been before. There are many such yachts as *Cetonia* in existence, one of the best known being the *Aline*, owned by the Prince of Wales, which, like the *Corinne*, has been used both for cruising and racing. It must be understood that the word "cruising" is a very elastic term; for instance, a voyage to the West Indies and back, such as Mr. J. Wood made in the schooner *Livonia* last winter, might be termed a cruise, so also might a passage from Cowes to Weymouth and back. But generally cruising will mean shifting ports every two or three days, such as from the Thames to Dover; then from Dover to the Isle of Wight, and on to Weymouth. Such passages as these, as a rule, form the yachtsman's idea of cruising; a day at sea and a day on shore satisfy nine out of ten. In fact, it has passed into a proverb, that when on shore a yachtsman craves to get to sea once more, and when at sea frets with impatience until on shore again.

DIXON KEMP.

ROSALBA CARRIERA.

WITH the characteristic enthusiasm of our trans-Atlantic cousins, a body of American artists have recently endeavoured to bring once again into favour the art of painting in "pastels," those delicately-coloured "Swiss chalks," as some call them, the carefully graduated tints of which have tempted many an artist into dangerous shallows. In America, which derives so large a share of its artistic inspiration from Paris, it is not surprising that a number of young students, fresh from the activity of the French *atéliers*, should have seen the capabilities of an art the traditions of which in France have never in point of fact died out. But it is scarcely in the same spirit as that in which the powdered beauties of the last century patronised, and with their pretty fingers practised, an art which, as fragile and as charming as their own fair selves, was admirably suited to the tastes of a society of which, though we read and hear so much, we yet understand so little.

A fashionable craze in the Frenchified society which spread far beyond France into Germany and Italy, the admiration for pastel would not seem to have influenced us in England, in spite of, doubtless in consequence of, our artistic excellence in portraiture, and only those English travellers who made their regulation *grand tour*, and returned with their equally regulation affected foreign manners, appear to have patronised the fashionable pastellists in vogue abroad. Numerous, indeed, must be the pastel portraits which in their faded beauty and bedimmed carved frames and glasses exist in England, doubtless, however, long since relegated to the upper bedrooms of our great country houses. With our present love of the eighteenth century, many a less decorative object than the dainty pastels of our great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers—the rose-coloured shadows of a society each day receding farther from us into the dusk—might be placed once more in honour in our pretty modern drawing-rooms and boudoirs.

Among the pastel-painters of the last century, none in France, Germany, or Italy, enjoyed a wider celebrity than Rosalba Carriera. One of the few lady-artists who have achieved a reputation, Rosalba stands foremost as a successful favourite with the fashionable world of the whole earlier half of the last century. Emperors and empresses, kings, electors, princes, princesses, and doges, cardinals, dukes and duchesses, excellencies, *illustrissimi*, *hochwohlgeborener*, and rich milords eagerly commissioned their portraits from the busy artist who during more than forty years found scarcely a day to rest from her active labours. Delighting personally all brought in contact with her, owing her power to no natural attractions—she was far from good-looking, and considerably over thirty, when she commenced her career of fashionable work—Rosalba Carriera, in the midst of a society in which feminine frailty offered a surer claim to recognition than talent or virtue, in the most difficult of all "sets," that of princely favour, gained and held an enviable position, not merely on the score of her artistic ability, but of her personal worth. A voluminous correspondent with friends and admirers in France, Germany, and Italy, keeping amidst all her many engagements a methodical diary, we possess in the case of this industrious Venetian lady-artist something more than the usual biographical record of the dates of birth and death. Though the greater number of Rosalba's letters have disappeared, and but a portion of her diary has escaped destruction, enough remains to throw a flattering side-light on the society in which Rosalba moved. For the prurient there is no element of scandal in the life of a lady who none the less enjoyed intimate relations with princes such as Louis XV. and the Elector Augustus of Saxony, names not without stain in the chronicles of the last century. In an age whose fashionable art was all grace and conventionality (the continent, let it be remembered, produced in the last century no Hogarth, no Hudson, no Reynolds, no Gainsborough), the pastel-painting of Rosalba attained all that *morbidezza* and *sfumatura* (to employ the untranslatable Italian jargon of the day) then so much admired. Rosalba, if she can scarcely be said to be the inventor of pastel, undoubtedly by her novel treatment of the material gave the art the vogue it enjoyed throughout the last century; the fascinating facility of the management of the delicately-coloured chalks soon insuring to pastel a foremost place among the amateurs, from the grim Frederick himself in his prison at Custrin to the daintiest princesses; everybody who dabbled in Art tried their 'prentice hand at pastel. In this new form the pastels of Rosalba may be said to have been an innovation. The use of coloured chalks had, it is true, been known to all the old masters in the preparation of their cartoons and studies in distemper or gouache, with which the fresco-painters rehearsed, so to speak, their effects, *pastel* in reality being nothing but the dried *paste* of the colours used with water in gouache. In Rosalba's hands the material assumed an entirely novel aspect, one which in the delicacy of its carnations, in the softness of its texture and the brilliance of its contrasts, handled with a feminine charm of colour Rosalba had inherited from the traditions of the Venetian school to which she belonged, delighted beyond expression the far-from-exacting tastes of her many admirers. The tact with which she at the same time freed her sitters from the usual tedium of the portrait-painter's studio by her first hasty sketch, worked up at leisure and rapidly completed in a second sitting, further enchanted her patrons by her apparently magic facility. Rosalba's is not, it can be understood, a great art; she lived in a day when European, and, above all, Italian Art was but feebly existing on the past, and Rosalba's was scarcely the nature to re-act against the prevailing tendencies; her powers were limited, her drawing far from correct, a defect barely concealed by her somewhat meretricious charm of colour; she followed her art confessedly with little other aim than as a means of livelihood, and solely by its aid, from a very humble origin, rose to be the intimate of princes.

It is a Venetian tradition, which every biography confirms, that Rosalba was born in Chioggia, the picturesque and now

deserted lagoon city near Venice, so dear to the Venetian artist, and where any ragged urchin will show one "la casa della Rosalba;" recent documentary evidence proves, however, that she was born in Venice in 1675, her father, the son of a painter, holding a small post under the Venetian Republic, her mother, an embroiderer and lace-worker, in the design of patterns for whom Rosalba spent her early years. With the end of the seventeenth century the once favourite "Venetian point," so dear to the court of the Charleses, was, however, already passing out of fashion, supplanted by the more active industries of Paris, of Brussels, and our own Honiton, and Rosalba's mother devoted her skill to the embroidery of those quaint "William and Mary" chair-backs which are now so much prized, and of which there still exist not a few characteristic specimens at Hampton Court and in many of our country-houses. Rosalba, on her side, turned her attention first to oil-painting and later to miniature, in which she immediately met with recognition, and in no direction more than among the many officers of the rival armies, who in the



Portrait of Rosalba, by Herself. The Original in the Uffizi Gallery.

great wars between France and Austria at the commencement of the last century—in which our allied English valour played so conspicuous a part—crowded to Venice as neutral ground. Snuff-taking, among the many other affectations of a society very different from that of the generation before, had led to the necessity of handsome snuff-boxes, and thus opened a fresh field for the miniature painter. The delicate hand of Rosalba, with its Venetian charm of colour, bewitched alike French and Austrian princes, electors, and marshals. It is interesting to note that Rosalba definitely found her vocation as a pastel-painter under the training of an English friend, a Mr. Cole. At Florence "la Fratellini" was already known to society as a pastel artist, and doubtless her fame in no small measure induced Rosalba to take up the then new material for which her miniature practice had so well prepared her. Her success was immediate. Her Florentine rival was soon far surpassed both in skill and in the favour she enjoyed from the "society" of the day. Rosalba was elected member of the Academy of St. Luke, and by a letter from her admirer, Mr. Cole, written in thoroughly John Bull indifferent Italian, we learn that her diploma-picture especially pleased the then all-powerful Mentor of Art, the aged Cavaliere Carlo Maratta. Under Rosalba's delicate fingers—for pastel is greatly worked with the fingers—the new material found enthusiastic admiration, the King of Denmark, on his visit to Venice, and the Elector Charles of Bavaria becoming ardent admirers and patrons of Rosalba's talent, the Prince of Mecklenberg also succumbing to her charms, joining her pleasant social gatherings, in which he would accompany on the viola his hostess, violin in hand, for Rosalba, like many other Venetian ladies in the last century, was no mean executant. By her talent, by the charm of her manner alone, Rosalba exercised her influence on the friends she gathered about her. "Sara valente Bertoli mio, questa tua pittrice, ma ella e molto brutta," remarked, with regal rudeness, the Emperor Charles VI.—himself far from a handsome man—on Rosalba being presented to him, and Rosalba, as her portraits, apart from tradition, amply prove, owed none of her social influence to her personal appearance. Up to an advanced age, till cruel blindness stayed her active hand, she retained the friendship of the society amidst which she moved. None of her patrons so generously proved his admiration as the Elector Augustus of Saxony, whose reputation as a dilettante definitely fixed her position. Throughout life he continued Rosalba's most constant patron. Like most portrait-painters, Rosalba had kept the original sketches from her more distinguished sitters; these, over forty in number, the Elector purchased, and in the gallery he formed at Dresden, the nucleus of that now famous collection, a separate room was devoted to Rosalba's pastels and miniatures, of which he gathered together from various sources no less than sixty-five, these remaining to this day the best collection of the Venetian artist's works.*

In Venice, Rosalba moved essentially in the circle of the favoured few, meeting all the distinguished visitors, of many of whom she has left us still existing portraits; among the number, Cardinal York, the Stuart, "Milord Walpoole,"—as he is set down—Metastasio, the poet, and not a few others. Not the least curious of her acquaintances was that singular adventurer, John Law, of Lauriston, who, after his escape from England, found in Venice, then the home of all such wanderers, a fitting scene for his brilliant abilities. A few years later, Rosalba was to meet Law in Paris the reigning favourite of the day, the floater of that Mississippi scheme which had its cruel echo in our own South Sea Bubble. Again, in a few years, and Law, after the collapse of his "system," was once more in Venice, but no longer the intimate of the painter; in less than fifteen short years, Law was to rise from penury to wealth, to die in dishonoured misery, his singular career offering a striking contrast to the calm of the artist's laborious life, the aims and gains of which, doubtless, like too many men of business, he regarded with feelings of amused superiority.

In Paris, visited (in 1720) at the pressing invitation of her old friend Pierre Crozat, the wealthiest and most fastidious of the collectors of the last century, Rosalba found an enthusiastic welcome in the joyous society which surrounded the Regent. A guest, with her mother, at Crozat's house—the same which, a few years later, Horace Walpole in his delightful letters

* The story is told of the Elector offering a charming Venetian lady one hundred and fifty gold sequins and the then princely gift of a set of Dresden china for her portrait which had been taken by Rosalba, the treasure, when secured, being carried from Venice to Dresden in a special conveyance.

from Paris has described so diffusely—of the busy year which Rosalba passed in the French capital during the whole exciting period of her friend Law's famous "system" and its eventual collapse, we possess Rosalba's well-kept diary. The young Louis XV. was one of her first sitters, as also the charming young Mdlle. Law, then a great favourite, the same who a little later was to become Lady Wallingforth.* In the midst of the corrupt and scandalous society of the Regency, Rosalba's diary offers, by its simplicity, a singular contrast. On terms of intimacy with all the chief figures at court, her time was fully occupied by her work, in visiting the many sights, and the entertainments, at which she was always a welcome guest—Crozat on one occasion giving in her honour a concert, in which Rosalba herself took part, in company with Mariètte and Watteau, the painter, whom we find in her diary as a sitter. Her election as a member of the French Academy of Fine Arts received unanimous approbation, and was no small honour to the Venetian lady-artist. Work continued to pour in upon her, among her sitters being often mentioned various unnamed "Inglesi," generally introduced by our then ambassador, Lord Stairs; the Duchess of Richmond (the wife of Charles II.'s grandson) is, however, specially noted, as also "Miledi Lansdonne" (*sic*), the wife of George Granville, the Earl of Lansdowne, the poet statesman, who, on the accession of the Hanoverians, found such a cold welcome at the court of the first George. With the 11th of March, 1721, a year after her arrival, Rosalba closes her journal and returns to Venice, the Paris *Mercure* of the day relating at length the departure of the gifted "Signora Rosa Alba."

In Venice Rosalba passed the rest of her life, finding there an active field for her abilities, artistic and social, interrupted only by a short stay at Vienna, whither she had been invited by the Emperor Charles VI. Visited in Venice by every stranger of consequence, patronised especially, we learn, by the rich English, Rosalba found in our consul, Joseph Smith, an ardent admirer, and through his hands passed a very large number of commissions; judging, in fact, by the importance of these transactions, there must remain in our country a very considerable number of Rosalba's pastels which it would be interesting to see collected, not a few of her works passing with Smith's collection to its present resting-place at Hampton Court. A favourite in the gay Venetian society of the last century, the intimate friend of that brilliant pleiad of Venetian painters, Canaletto, Guardi, Tiepolo, Piazzetta, Bellotti, and Ricci, in whom the Italian school still showed its power, an untiring correspondent with friends in every part of Europe, initiating many of the great ladies of her time into the secrets of pastel, Rosalba for twenty-five years continued her active career; till, in fact, her declining eyesight warned her of the cruel blow that was to fall upon her. In 1746 she finds herself obliged to cease working; in vain she undergoes an operation in which her sight is restored for one short day. In 1750 she resigns herself to her sad fate, the saddest surely of all deprivations to the artist. In the strict seclusion to which she retired in her once joyous house near "San Vio," her only pleasure, she tells us, is to continue regularly, through her sister Angela, her correspondence with her *diletta Felicita*, her gifted and successful pupil, and no less skilful pastel painter, Felicità Sartori, married at Dresden to Count Hoffmann. Rosalba had been a scarcely less untiring correspondent with her sister when separated from her in her long journeys with her husband Antonio Pellegrini, one of the many foreign artists who have always found in England a large field for their facile decorative abilities, Pellegrini having been induced to visit our country by the Duke of Manchester when ambassador to Venice from Queen Anne.* To an artist still the favourite of fashion, in spite of the fame of the brilliant French pastellist La Tour, of Raphael Mengs, and of Liotard "the Turk," who made his "hit" in London society, and whose 'Belle Chocolatière' is still not one of the least attractions of the Dresden Gallery, little wonder is it that in her cruel affliction Rosalba, who, during her whole life, had been subject to the demon of hypochondria, and forced into an idleness at all times trying to the active artist, should have retired completely from the world. A Venetian tradition has it that the poor lady in her blindness and old age lost the use of her brilliant faculties, and, having bequeathed her fortune to the State, died in misery. To such a calumny there can be no better answer than the evidence of the will which Rosalba dictated but a few weeks before her death in 1757. From the text of this document we learn how the kindly-hearted nature of the aged artist remained uninjured to the last, as we see in the minute particulars respecting the distribution of her property among her relations, friends, and servants, down to the royal presents she had received; her sister Angela receiving, among other items, a case of twelve English plated spoons and forks—*dodici possate d'Inghilterra*—the signature in a bold and slightly trembling hand, "*Rosa Alba Carriera.*" Five months later, at the advanced age of eighty-two, Rosalba died, and was buried in the now long since demolished church of San Vito, in the heart of what since her day has become the artistic quarter of Venice.

CAREW MARTIN.



"*La Jeune Femme au Singe.*" *The Original in the Louvre.*

* It was a direct descendant of John Law who, taking the family name of the Comte de Lauriston, brought to England, it may be remembered, the ratification of the peace of Amiens, and whose carriage was dragged to Downing Street by an enthusiastic London crowd. His son died as late as 1860, leaving three children.

* Pellegrini was at one time, we learn, promised the decoration of the interior of the cupola of St. Paul's; fortunately, however, on the score of more pressing work, he declined what to him would have offered none of the difficulties which at present seem to rouse such warm discussion among the artists.

'THE VETERAN.'

THE older Munich school of painting, which has now passed away in the last of its professors, was nothing if not weighty. Nevertheless it had humourists, humourists who suggest a Teutonic chuckle, as characteristic as any smile or laugh among the nations. And of these was Karl Spitzweg, born almost eighty years ago, the son of a good merchant in the Bavarian city. Spitzweg the father had definite views for his three sons, one of whom was, like himself, to deal in colonial imports, another to be a physician, and another a druggist. To the future painter fell the lot last named, and Karl worked resignedly at his studies and at his calling, until, at the age of twenty-five, the companionship of painters revealed to him his own tastes and the true interest of his life. It was late for a beginning, but the new artist made up for lost time. His first picture, 'The Poor Poet,' dealt with that perennial but not genial joke of the irony of a starveling poet's conditions. Spitzweg emphasised the situation as much as did Hogarth; but the German poet at least is shown enjoying one invaluable luxury—solitude. The picture was fairly well received, and the painter's second production, a landscape, found marked favour and a ready purchaser. His position in the Munich group was quickly assured, and more and more did he make humorous genre his own portion of the Art of the little Art-city.

Perhaps every capital has, more or less, a dual character; but there are most emphatically two Munichs. The natural, national, and Teutonic Munich is still the Munich of the people, of the language, and of history. The other Munich,



The Veteran. From the Painting by Karl Spitzweg.

created by a *dilettante* king and a great quantity of professors, is neo-classic, Italian, artificial, imitative, and, sooth to say, extremely conceited.

Spitzweg lived and studied among the lofty spirits of classical Munich, but his art belonged to the other city. Teutonic and familiar in his subjects, he was by his very quality of humour strictly differentiated from Cornelius and Schnorr, and the great ones of the Pinacothek. But Spitzweg had what the great ones had not—the spark of vitality and character. He found his inspiration in the oddities of mankind which can be studied only in actuality. A book-fanatic, spell-bound on the library-ladder, with books in his hands, books in his pockets, books under his arms, books clipped between his knees, forgetting the dinner-hour in his surfeit of print; or the 'Veteran' of our illustration in the too perfect completeness of his peace, surrounded by all the charming detail of the painter's fancy:—such were the subjects with which Spitzweg loved to play—true play, gay and human. In black and white he aimed at broader fun. Two of his capital drawings, for instance, show the barytone and the chorus of German and of Italian opera, motionless in the one, tumultuous in the other. Both sketches are admirably comic.

A. MEYNELL.



SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

No. VI.

IF time and space permitted, it would be both pleasant and useful to trace out the various phases which the "pine-apple pattern," referred to in the last chapter, passed through, and to note that notwithstanding its ubiquity it acquired a distinctly national type wherever it settled itself. In Germany and Flanders it assumed larger proportions, and was more charged with minute detail, than in Italy. It was looped together with broad bands either diagonally or perpendicularly arranged, and hardly a picture or a stained glass window was made during the sixteenth century in which, in some form or another, this very popular element of design did not appear. Used as a detached "powdering," built up into flowing flamboyant forms, or arranged, though but rarely, in a strictly geometrical pattern, it seemed to be omnipresent. In the work of Marziale we found it in use in Italy in the first year of the sixteenth century, and in the illustration given on p. 278 we see it still retained its hold on the designer during that century's closing period. Here it is arranged to create a hexagonal boundary to a central ornament of a like type—a very unusual but very effective adaptation of it, taken from Bartolomeo Cesi's 'Death of the Virgin,' now in the Gallery at Bologna. This picture was painted about 1590; and the pattern forms the ornament of the pall which covers the bier; the picture itself is a charming composition, full of a gentleness and a purity which was the reflection of the painter's very self, for Bartolomeo Cesi was one of the few painters who have loved Art well enough to truly welcome a rival and a master. Born in Bologna in 1556, he achieved the reputation of being the best painter in fresco of his time; yet when his younger rivals, the Caracci, established their academy in Bologna, he humbly came and called himself their pupil, and did all he could to aid them in their endeavours to widen the higher range of artistic education. He himself was largely interested in the industrial arts, for the corporation of art workers to which he belonged embraced sword-cutlers, saddlers, and scabbard-makers. Still he saw that the day was coming when the painter needed as liberal an education in literature and science as he had hitherto enjoyed in technical handicraft; so not only did he heartily

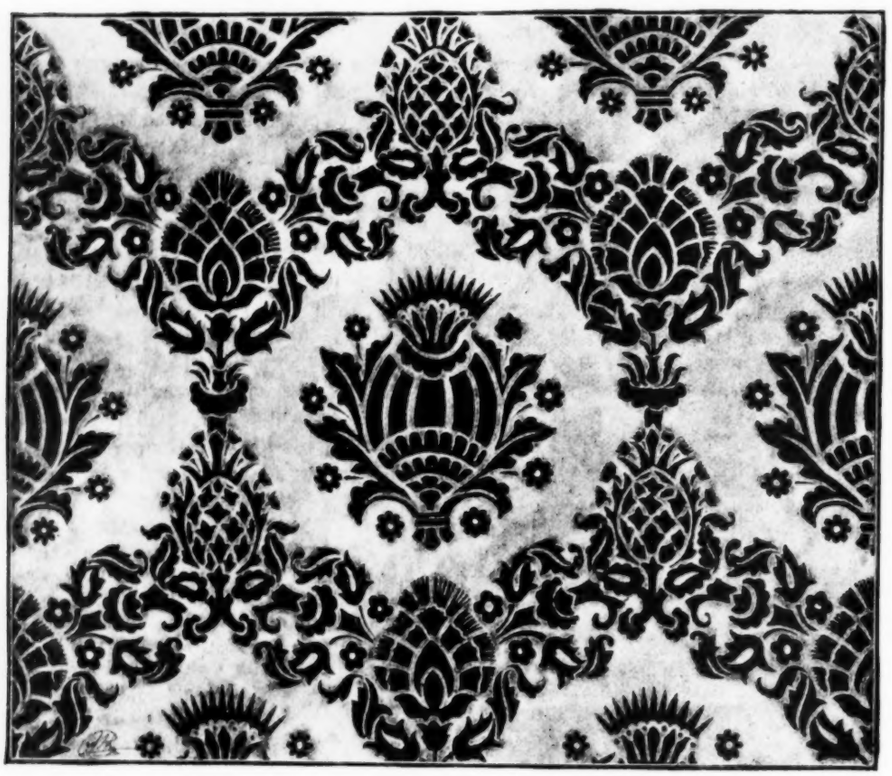


From a Picture by Carlo Crivelli. National Gallery, No. 724.

* Continued from page 180.

join in the work of the Caracci, but he severed the painters from all other craftsmen save the weavers, and founded a new guild for these two. Thus there is an additional interest attached to his textile design.

Too little known in these latter days, Cesi's work has been passed over without due examination; yet he played a very important part in the history of Bolognese art, and to his influence Guido Reni owed much of that charm which won him his fame. It will be readily seen from the illustration of Cesi's decorative design we here engrave how, despite its almost "Gothic" detail, this arrangement of the "pineapple pattern" led the way to the freer damask patterns which succeeded it in the seventeenth century; and a very little alteration in the lines, without altering the proportion of the masses, would translate this design into one of a very much later character, for from the seeds of this "pineapple" spring

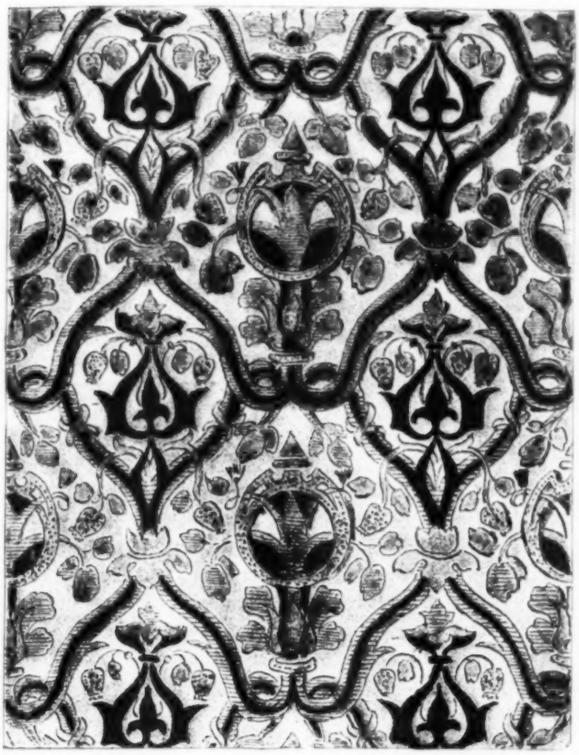


From a Picture by Bartolomeo Cesi. Bologna Gallery, No. 2326.

many varieties differing so widely in character from their parent that it is only by careful analysis that the generic origin can be divined; and I know of no better practice for the student than to take some well-known form of ornament and trace out for himself how it varied at different times, and then strive to find out the historical causes which led to this diversion. By this means he will realise that accident plays but a very slight rôle in Art, and that fashion is but the outcome of something deeper, more interesting, and far more important than mere whim.

The formation of such patterns as these we have here and in the preceding article discussed depended almost entirely on mass, but there was another and very important class of textile designs which relied upon line and on the avoidance of anything approaching to a contrast of object and ground. This latter class of design was naturally restricted to thin silks, or cottons (*bambagini*), or light woollen fabrics, whereas the former was chiefly adopted by the weavers of raised velvets or the workers in cloth of gold and the heavier and more sumptuous productions of the loom.

Of this linear character of design I am enabled by the courtesy of Mr. Vacher to give a reproduction of one illustration in his recent work, "Fifteenth-Century Italian Ornament." This one is taken from the picture in the National Gallery, painted by Carlo Crivelli about 1490, and is an admirable example of a class of design which seems to have been almost as popular in the middle of the fifteenth century as it has now again become from the revival of the study of pre-Raphaelite art. Carlo Crivelli was born at Venice, somewhere in the early part of the fifteenth century, and the earliest picture we know as coming from his hands is dated 1468. His work, which can perhaps be better studied in London than anywhere else, is abundantly full of suggestion in decorative design, possibly with a tendency to reflect an immediate past rather than to foreshadow a coming future, for he seems to have been an artist of strongly conservative feelings. Adhering to tempera painting, he does not appear to have even ventured an essay in the new art of painting in oil, and yet to him Venetian art owes in a great measure the introduction of those festoons of fruit and flowers which Carlo Crivelli borrowed from the Mantuan and Ferrarese schools. Fortunately we know the date of the picture from which Mr. Vacher has taken the present example, for although no date is on it, yet it bears the title of "Miles" appended to the painter's name—an affix of which he was as proud as is any newly-made knight of the nineteenth century. And yet, like most newly-made knights of the present day, his honour was the rather thrust upon him by external accident than won by any service of his own, it being due to a little political insurrection at Ascoli, where he usually lived, rather than to any pictorial achievement of his own; for in 1490 a faction of the Arragonese princes seized on the little town, turned out the Papal legate and the Pope's garrison, and turned in their own. Crivelli, a Venetian, was naturally no lover of Papal supremacy, and so sided with the Capuan insurgents, and by virtue of the sword of Ferdinand, Prince of Capua, he became the proud possessor of his much-cherished title, which ever afterwards he appended to his signature on his pictures. It is this little touch of vanity which enables us to date many of Crivelli's pictures, and the one in question was probably the first he finished after the reception of his much-



Pattern of Robe, raised Velvet on Satin, from Picture by Paul Veronese. Louvre Gallery, No. 93, date 1563.

cherished honour, for it was painted for the family chapel of the Odoni, in the church of the Franciscans at Matelica, which he was then decorating, and was known in art as the 'Madonna della Rondine,' from the swallow introduced into it. It is full of that daintiness of detail, combined with severity of general composition and somewhat sternness of feature, which distinguishes Crivelli's work, and makes it a connecting link between a passing and a coming phase of Italian art.

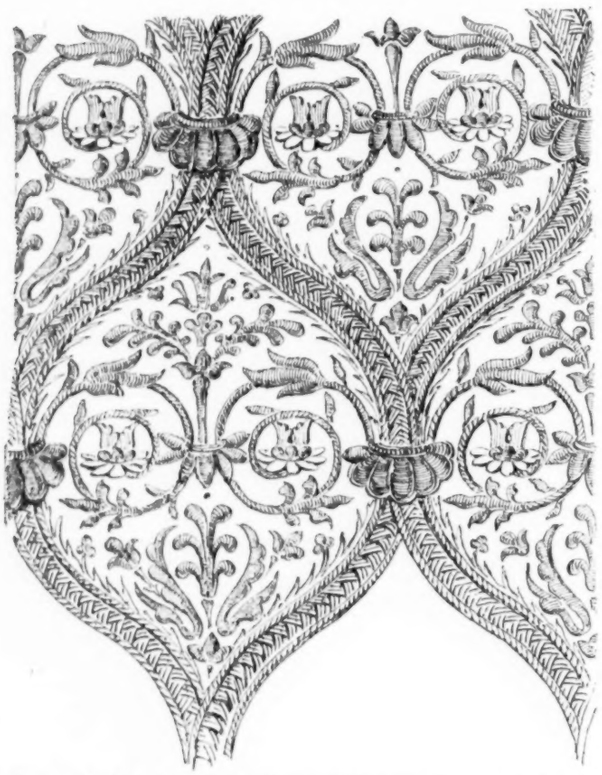
With one more suggestion we must take our leave of the designs for Italian textiles. The subject is one so full of interest and so abundantly illustrated in the works of the great painters that it is difficult to leave it; but there is one great decorative painter it is impossible to pass by unnoticed, and Paolo Cagliari, or Paul Veronese, was an artist who revelled in gorgeous garments and grandiose design, and whose work cannot be too closely studied by those who value breadth of composition and wealth of colour. Born at Verona, somewhere between 1528 and 1532—for biographers differ thus much on this point—he was the son of a sculptor, and passed his early days in his father's studio, and to this influence the broad cast of his draperies and the one-planed disposition of his composition is no doubt mainly due. Studying painting in Mantua until the competition for the decoration of the Palace of the Conservators drew him to Venice, he acquired a technical skill in that art, yet keeping himself untainted by the hardness and narrowness which seems to have settled on the Mantuan school. At Venice his first effort was crowned by success, for to him Titian awarded the gold medal and chain which was the prize of the victor. So promising an addition to the list of Venetian decorative painters soon become noted, and the paternal Republic commissioned Grimmani, their ambassador to the Pope, to carry the newly acquired prize with him to Rome; but fortunately Paul Veronese was too individual to be diverted from his own picturesqueness of design, or to be influenced by any school, and the chief result of his visit seems to have been but a development of his fine architectonic faculties. Returning to Venice, he painted, in 1563, that sumptuous 'Marriage at Cana,' for the refectory of S. Giorgio Maggiore, which is now one of the chief treasures of the Louvre. Twenty-five feet long, crowded with figures, most of which are portraits of his contemporaries, it is a work as historically valuable as it is notable in Art, and from the central figure of this composition comes the design here given. It is a valuable one, as it shows how the designer can give an individuality to his work by seizing upon something which will give a personal meaning to his design, and this exemplar may serve as a protest against a heresy which prevails too much in these days—that ornament needs no meaning, that ornament for ornament's sake suffices for the designer's needs. Good ornament is undoubtedly a grateful thing, but if to good ornament you can add a meaning and make it carry personal or national history with it, it is still better, and the future will appreciate it even more than will the present. Here the artist introduces most cleverly the gold ring with the diamond point—the impress of the Medici—which forms the central motive of the recurrent system of the design. As a piece of colour it is even finer than as a formative design. The ground is of white satin; the ring of full rich gold-colour, and the rest of the pattern is in tones of green raised velvet, excepting in the berries, which repeat the golden tone of the ring, and these spread the bright colour through the whole.



Tissue of Cloth of Gold, from a Picture by Quentin Matys. Antwerp Gallery, No. 245, date 1508.

Our own noble specimen of Veronese's decorative power, in

the National Gallery, presents by the details of the costumes an excellent illustration of Veronese's power as a pattern-maker. Mr. Vacher has given one example of the painter's skill in decorative design from his picture in his book, but there is ample gleaning left; and though it is somewhat difficult to unravel the twistings of his patterns, broken up as they are in the flowing folds of his costumes, yet he was so careful and accurate a draughtsman that with patience this is almost always possible. At any rate, if exact reproduction is baffled there remains the more valuable suggestion, which will fill the student and designer with a new-found pleasure and a fruitful motive. Archæological reproduction is no doubt an interesting and valuable aid to design, indeed a necessity for acquiring a knowledge of style; but to intelligently learn from the Old Masters and to apply the learning thus obtained to the illustration of our own thoughts, aspirations, and history, is the wiser way to utilise the suggestions handed down to us.



From a Portrait, by Lucas de Heere, of Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk, dated 1562, in the possession of Lord Braybrook, exhibited Old Masters, R.A., 1885.

It is with regret that I must for the present abandon the intention I had formed of following out the wondrous development of textile design as set forth by the painters of Western Europe. The looms of Flanders and Germany were as busy as those of Italy, and their painters were as fertile in invention. Indeed, even more in the West than in Italy was the painter fed and fostered by the weaver; for the best work of the best men was sought for by the tapestry-worker and his more humble follower, the pattern-weaver, and the best painters were trained in those arts of industrial design thus so largely demanded. We have already seen how Roger Van der Weyden and Bernard Van Orley were thus pressed into the service of industrial art, and as a typical illustration of pattern design for Flemish weavers, the design (p. 279) by Quentin Matsys forms a good illustration. It is taken from the right wing of his triptych of the 'Resurrection of our Lord' in the Antwerp Gallery, which represents the daughter of Herodias bringing in the head of St. John the Baptist.

The commission for this picture was given to Quentin Matsys, in 1508, by the Corporation of Carpenters of Antwerp, as a retable for the altar of their chapel in the church of Notre-Dame, for the agreed price of 300 florins, and appears to have been finished about 1511. It remained in the church until the outbreak of iconoclastic fury in 1566 threatened it with that destruction which overtook so many works of Art, but the Carpenters managed to save it, and refused to sell it to Philip II. of Spain. A little later it was almost sold to our Queen Elizabeth, who, although not generally an extravagant patroness of the arts, offered the then enormous sum of 5,000 rose nobles for it, which the impoverished corporation agreed to accept; but, unfortunately for England, Martin de Vos, the painter, who was also a magistrate of the city, protested against its leaving the country, and it was ultimately arranged that the Carpenters should receive an annual rent of 50 florins for it, and the city keep the picture. It yet keeps it, but so low had its estimation sunk, that when, during the French occupation in 1798, the goods and chattels of the churches were sold, the triptych, with the altar it adorned, with its marble footpace and two doors of beaten copper, were valued at 600 francs the lot! Luckily Herryns the painter, who had been appointed professor to the central school of Art for the two Netherlands by the French authorities, rescued it, and since then it has formed an important part of the Fine Arts Gallery in its native city.

The tissue of cloth of gold here engraved illustrates a marked peculiarity of the rich cloths from the Flemish looms. Instead of dissembling the width of the material it was markedly shown, and the portion engraved represents three breadths of the stuff, the design being alternately reversed. It hangs as a dorsel behind King Herod, and is a remarkably rich piece of sober colour. The groundwork is of gold weft, with the black warp so that the gold flecks it without being too visible. The main stems of the design are of red edged with a much deeper boundary of the same colour. The birds and principal floral motives are in solid black with the gold showing very sparsely. In the same picture is another textile fabric I should like to have illustrated. It is the robe of Salome, a fabric of delicate rose-colour with golden eagles and graceful cornucopiæ of pale green—a composition both as regards formation, design, and colorization, a century later in feeling than the dorsel which hangs behind the king, so varied was the fancy of the painter we know too little of in England, excepting some fabled legend.

In England the art of textile design seems never to have been called forth until quite recently. Embroidery was our chief means of ornamenting fabrics, and in this art England long held an important position. Costly velvets and silks were covered with embroidery of gold and silver wire, and our ancestors' portraits offer a large and almost unwrought field for research into the history of design for the needle. I must, however, now content myself with one example, wrought on green velvet in gold and silver thread, and taken from Lord Braybrook's portrait of Margaret, Duchess of Norfolk, painted in 1562 by Lucas de Heere.

G. T. ROBINSON.

UNTRAVELLED FRANCE.*

REJOINING the railway at Le Got, I took the Agen line, by the picturesque hill-set town of Villefranche de Belves, to Monsempron Libos, which possesses a very curious Romanesque church. Hence a line diverges to Cahors, passing through an interesting country, powdered with old châteaux, and by the towns of Puy l'Evêque and Luzech. After entering a narrow defile between the river Lot and the cliffs which overhang it, the railway passes under the marvellously picturesque castle of Mercues, which belongs to the Bishops of Cahors, and rises abruptly from the very edge of the precipice, with every variety of turret, oriel, and Gothic window—most splendid as an artistic subject.



No. 51.—Cathedral Porch, Cahors.

On approaching the episcopal city, the extraordinary bridge known as the Pont Valentré, or Pont de la Calandre, is seen upon the right. It is the most beautiful and complete bridge which has anywhere remained in existence from the thirteenth century. Built across the Lot in 1251, it united the walls of the town, and consists of six pointed arches, on the central and two extreme piles of which stand three towers, that in the centre being square, but those at the ends wider on one side than the other. From the level of the bridge, battlemented stairs lead to the first floor of each of these towers. The bank of the river opposite the town is lined by high limestone cliffs, so that on that side the bridge could only be approached sideways, whether from up or down the stream, between the cliffs and the river. On that side therefore the approach was fortified by a small castle, which commanded the road and the lower heights of the cliffs, and had a double gate which allowed entrance at a right angle to the level of the bridge outside the first tower. The parapets of this first tower were battlemented, and communicated on one side, by a staircase equally battlemented, with the upper defences of the castle. After passing through the machicolated portal of the first tower, the first half of the bridge was entered, which was commanded by the great central tower, ascended by a staircase contained in a continuation of one of the breakwaters. This central tower was also defended by a gate. After passing this, the second half of the bridge was entered, commanded by a third tower, defended by machicolations. Finally, on the side towards the town, another gate defended the northern approach to the third tower, which was ascended by an embattled staircase, resting on a flying buttress. The breakwaters served as refuges, and were embattled, so as to guard the bridge, whilst cutting the river. Unfortunately, owing to recent restorations, the bridge looks almost new, and in spite of its quaint setting of rocks, is ruined from an artistic point of view.

Opposite the Hôtel de France at Cahors is the picturesque seventeenth-century brick tower of the Lycée. Hence, following the Boulevard Gambetta as far as the Place Thiars, we may see on the left the little Roman gateway of some baths, known as Porte de Diane. On the right rises the palace built by Pope John XXII., with a great square tower. Born at Cahors early in the fourteenth century, Jacques d'Euse was the second cobbler's son who had sat on the throne of S. Peter. In turn tutor to the royal children of Naples, Bishop of Fréjus, Bishop of Avignon, Cardinal of Porto, the Conclave of Lyons raised him to the Pontificate in 1316. The Italian cardinals consented to his election, after having exacted a promise that he would never mount horse or mule till he should set out on his return to Italy. He kept his vow; but after his coronation at Lyons, he quietly dropped down the Rhône in a boat to Avignon, and there fixed the seat of his pontificate. Worldly, cruel, avaricious, and even accused of heresy by his contemporaries, he tormented the world till the age of nearly ninety. Though to his native place he was boundlessly generous, he inspired greater terror there than anywhere else, because he had even caused Hugues Géraud, then Bishop of Cahors, to be flayed alive and torn asunder by wild horses, on an accusation of using magical arts.

Close to the palace of the pope is the fourteenth-century church of Notre-Dame, and the Place Lafayette, with a monument in honour of the soldiers who fell in defence of their country in 1870—71. From the back of the church, the Rue Soubirons and its ramifications lead, like Edinburgh wynds,



No. 52.—Pont Valentré, Cahors.

to the lower town. Here is the Château Royal, with a tower of the fourteenth century, where the Sénéchal de Quercy resided. The narrow street ends at the Place des Petites Boucheries, whence the cathedral is reached by the Rue Clé-

* Continued from page 148.

ment Marot, which recalls the birth, in 1495, of the poet-author of the "Roman de la Rose," the devoted valet-de-chambre of Marguerite de Valois.

The cathedral of S. Étienne was reconsecrated by Calixtus II. in 1119, and its principal buildings are probably of that date, though a much earlier has been assigned to them. The west front, which has a fine rose window, only dates from the fourteenth century. Hence a flight of steps leads down to the level of the nave, which has two cupolas, apparently built in imitation of those at Périgueux, and resting on the same massive pillars, between which Gothic chapels have been here constructed. The Gothic vaulting of the choir is of 1293. The vast windows, of the same date, were formerly filled with rich glass, of which only a single fragment remains. In the chapel of the Virgin is the tomb of its founder, Bishop Sicard de Montaigu, who died in 1300. The frescoes, discovered under the whitewash in the choir, and dating from 1315, have all been repainted; and the ancient figures of S. Genulphe, the apostle of Cahors, and his successor, S. Gaubert, once in one of the cupolas, no longer exist. In one of the chapels are some frescoes of the time of Louis XII. The pretty little cloister, recalling that of Cadouin on a small scale, was built by Bishop Antoine de Luzech (1494—1509). A three-lobed south portal is very graceful.

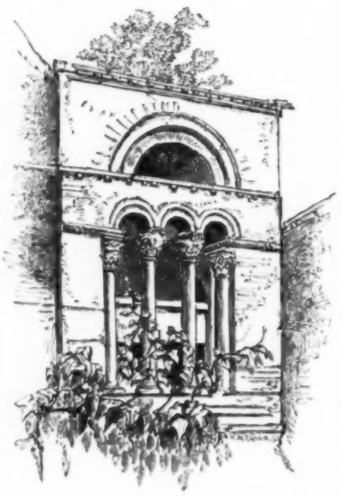


No. 53.—Church of Montpezat.

The north portal, though dilapidated, and with its base buried in the earth, is, however, the most remarkable point in the cathedral. In this a porch, with a cradle roof, overshadows the two Gothic bays of the portal, which are of lowly height in order to leave room for the magnificent sculptures of the lintel and tympanum. On the lintel, under low trefoil arches, are ranged the apostles. In the centre of the tympanum is the figure of Christ, perhaps the noblest sculpture in western France, surmounted by two ranges of bas-reliefs, representing Jesus and the Woman of Samaria, the Stoning of S. Stephen, the Life of S. Genulphe, etc.

Behind the cathedral a beautiful promenade extends along the river side. Beyond the Gothic Pont Neuf rise the picturesque ruins of a Dominican convent. On the left is the Maison Henri IV., or Roaldes, of the fifteenth century, one of its windows beautifully decorated with a sculpture of roses; and beyond this S. Ureisse, a good early thirteenth-century church. Hence a broad street leads to the Allées Fénelon, at the entrance to which stands a statue of Gambetta, born at Cahors in 1838. On one side is the theatre, opposite which the river is reached by the Rue des Boulevards, a narrow street containing the Maison Pizet, a splendidly decorated house of the Renaissance.

The line from Cahors to Montauban passes through a desolate barren country of white limestone. At the lonely station of Montpezat an omnibus met us and took us to the



No. 54.—Tomb at S. Pierre, Toulouse.

little town five kilomètres distant, which occupies a situation like that of a mountain town in the Abruzzi. It has, however, a clean and pleasant little inn with a garden of roses, and it gave us one of the excellent luncheons characteristic of this part of France—*œufs sur plat;* peas and bacon; *foie gras* and radishes; mutton cutlets; gaufres, biscuits, and cheese; and admirable Bordeaux. What more could be desired? We found Montpezat an ancient town with arcades of the same character, though smaller, than Monpazier. The town ends in a grassy platform, where its old women sat knitting and gossiping in the shade of a great stone crucifix. Otherwise there was complete solitude here, though one could hear the singing of the children in the distant school, and from the little wood in the hollow came the voice of the cuckoo. All around extended a vast expanse of country, almost painfully distinct in the perfectly clear atmosphere, from the delicate tints of the pink and blue distance, to the nearer hills with their vineyards dotted with white villages and farmhouses, and the different white roads which unite below the hill, after winding over lowland and upland for ten miles of their course. Close beneath is the thirteenth-century church, with its magnificent decaying rose-window, its bold parapets and rough roofs of conical tiles. The single lofty vaulted nave of the



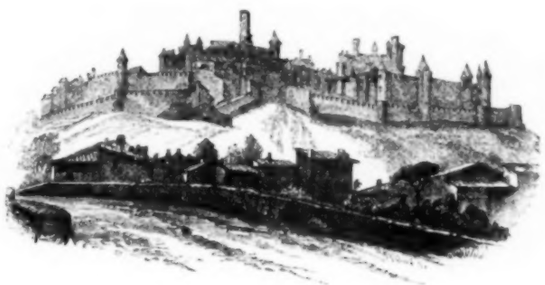
No. 55.—Cloister of Moissac.

church ends in an apse which forms the choir. At the entrance of the choir are two tombs of early bishops, and around it hangs a curious narrow fifteenth-century tapestry, repre-

senting the legend of S. Martin. Admirable stall-work remains, and several curious early reliquaries and diptychs.

The little town of Caussade, which is passed before reaching Montauban, has a fine octagonal tower of brick, resting upon a massive fortified tower of stone, and surmounted by a graceful crocketed spire. This, to the traveller coming from the north, is the first perfect specimen of the characteristic Toulousan architecture, with which he will afterwards become familiar.

From the dull manufacturing town of Montauban, we took



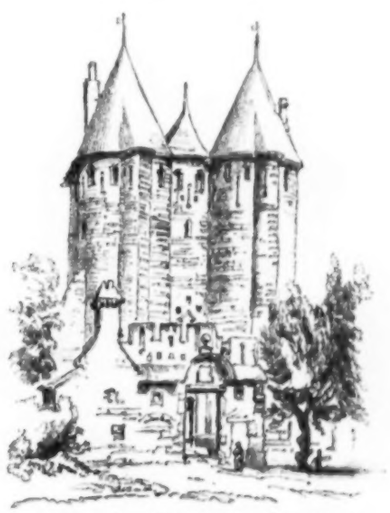
No. 56.—La Cité, Carcassonne.

the Agen line as far as Moissac, where the dirty Hôtel du Nord stands in the shadow of the great church of S. Pierre, which still attests the magnificence of the abbey founded by S. Amand, the friend of Dagobert, early in the seventh century, and which stood a siege from Richard Cœur de Lion, and another from Simon de Montfort. Its magnificent south portal of the twelfth century is a museum of Romanesque sculpture. Here, the Gothic arches are so slightly pointed that they might at the first glance be considered circular. The capitals of its columns and the side walls are covered with sculpture of the highest interest, that on the walls forming a series of bas-reliefs of Scripture history, some of which are compared by Viollet le Duc with the finest works of Greek antiquity. Not less rich are the sculptures of the vast cloister, built 1100—1108 by the Abbot Auquetil. The arcades rest upon pillars alternately single or double, of which almost every capital represents a biblical or legendary story, explained by an inscription cut on the abacus. Statues of eight apostles and of the Abbot Durand rest against the pillars at the angles. Behind the high-altar of the church is a Merovingian sarcophagus, appropriated as the tomb of S. Raymond, a thirteenth-century abbot.

Hot, noisy, bustling Toulouse cannot be considered part of "Untravelled France," so, without speaking of its cathedral, of its glorious S. Severin or its other churches, of its old houses, or of the beautiful Augustine cloister now appropriated to its museum, we will only draw the attention of travellers to a seldom seen or little known spot. Where an obscure street turns inland from the river to the church of S. Pierre des Cuisines, by asking at the humble door of No. 4, one may obtain access to a little court, which once formed part of the building of the Chartreuse. It contains an exquisite Romanesque tomb, which, garlanded with vines and other creeping plants, and with their delicate shadows falling upon its rich colour, is as attractive a subject as an artist could wish for. In a brick wall, under a deeply recessed brick arch, is a graceful Romanesque arcade with three arches and pillars of stone, within which the marble sarcophagus rests on little marble columns.

Carcassonne is less well known than Toulouse, but is nevertheless visited by many travellers on the southern railway. Those who have not been there, however, may not realise how completely it has two towns—modern Carcassonne, the capital of the department of the Aude, with its handsome churches and hotels, and La Cité, rising, like a city in an illuminated missal, beyond the old bridge, and crowning a hill with its coronet of towers. It is one of the most curious towns, and perhaps the most entirely mediæval place in France, but it is not beautiful. Like most of the towns of Provence, it is almost colourless, and the whole country is blasted by the bitter mistral in winter, and powdered with thick white dust in summer. Dust-coloured, too, from steep hill-sides covered with coarse and scanty vegetation, rise the walls of the old city. You may ascend to it from the bridge by a steep footpath, almost a staircase, behind some mills, or by a broad winding high road, which makes the circuit of the hill on two sides. The latter lands you in front of the grand Porte Narbonnaise, which dates from the end of the thirteenth century, when it was built by Philippe le Hardi, whilst he was at war with the King of Arragon. In studying this gate, apart from the beauty of its construction, an architect will be astonished by the care bestowed upon every part of its defence. Nothing is superfluous, everything has been worked out with that object: yet the whole result is so stately that he will be tempted to ask himself if a scrupulous observance of the necessities of architecture is not the most powerful means of producing an effective building.

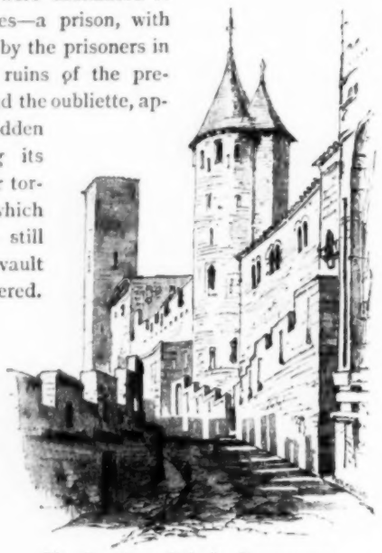
Entering La Cité by the Porte Narbonnaise, we find the main streets gloomy, narrow, rugged to a degree; the side streets mere alleys, winding like a labyrinth. Taking the first of these on the right—the Petite Rue des Grands Puits—we soon reach the great well, into which an old tradition says that the Visigoths threw their treasures before abandon-



No. 57.—Porte Narbonnaise, Carcassonne.

ing Carcassonne. The well-head, which is only of the fourteenth century, is so arranged that three persons can draw water at the same time. Our much-twisting alley now leads us to the Château, surrounded by a dry moat overgrown with henbane, and crossed by a bridge defended by a thirteenth-century barbican. Its buildings are now used as a barrack, but its inmates, glad to welcome any variety in the stagna-

tion of their lives, were enchanted to exhibit its curiosities—a prison, with rude sculptures left by the prisoners in the soft stone; the ruins of the presence-chambers; and the oubliette, approached by a hidden stair, and retaining its chains and rings for torture, to some of which human bones were still attached when the vault was recently discovered. An open ledge on the walls took us to La Tour Peinte, where Roger Trencavel, Vicomte de Beziers, died of a dysentery, as it was affirmed, but, as all the world believed, of starvation enforced by his captor, Simon de Montfort. He had voluntarily given himself up as a hostage for his fellow-citizens—"Et chose grandement folle, fit-il, à mon avis," says his historian. Only twenty-four at the time of his death, he was greatly bewailed in the Provençal chronicles—"Aussi loin que s'étend le monde," says the poet of the Crusade, "ne fut meilleur chevalier, ni plus preux, ni plus large et plus courtois. Il fut grandement plaint et pleuré de plusieurs, et ce fut chose fort lamentable et piteuse à voir que la douleur que même le peuple pour ce que le vicomte étoit ainsi mort en prison, et de si triste manière."



No. 58.—Porte d'Aude, Carcassonne.

From the castle, a little alley leads by the charming little Café du Jardin—whither people resort to drink Blanquette de Limoux—to St. Nazaire, the ancient cathedral, which, though small in extent, was evidently intended by its builder, Bishop Pierre de Roquefort, who finished it in the fourteenth century,



No. 59.—Alet.

to be a masterpiece of elegance and richness. The immense windows of its apse and transepts are filled with glass of the utmost magnificence, both as to composition and colour. Nothing can exceed the grace and lightness of the sanctuary, or the delicacy of the sculpture which is lavished upon it. The two side chapels at the ends of the nave are probably of later date than Pierre de Roquefort, and one of them contains his tomb, which is one of the most beautiful monuments of the fourteenth century in existence—the statue of the bishop does not lie upon his tomb, but stands against the wall, between the figures of a canon and a deacon. From the cathedral one may descend to the lower town through the Porte d'Aude, by a paved path which has glorious views of Pyrenean peaks engraved upon a faint pink sky in the sunset.

A little line of railway connects Carcassonne with Alet. It runs through a dull vine country till it enters a gorge in the mountains beyond Limoux; but the village of Alet, much frequented for its mineral baths, is a beautiful spot, its houses clustering around the ruined cathedral above the river Aude. Consecrated in 873, and rebuilt in 1013, the cathedral was formerly a basilica with three aisles, ending in a five-sided apse. On the north is an early-pointed detached chapel. The south tower, with its rich Romanesque portal,



No. 60.—Apse of Alet.

is still standing, and the principal walls of the church with their richly decorated windows, the grotesque monsters on the walls, and the great south portal. At the west end are two beautiful Romanesque windows, with a third above them. But the most important part of the church is the apse, for the outer ornamentation of which the frieze and capitals of a pagan temple seem to have been adapted. The splendidly decorated arch which formed the entrance of the apse, and which, in a Roman basilica, would be called "a triumphal arch," still remains, and rests on two Corinthian pillars, the capitals of which, if not really relics of a pagan building, are a marvellously close and beautiful imitation of classical architecture. We found the old priest, who serves the parish church hard by, has the key of the ruins, and takes the liveliest interest in them, boiling with indignation at the suggestion of several eminent French antiquaries that the sculpture of his apse is only copied from the antique.

AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE Berlin Academy has elected as full members of its body Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., and Sir John E. Millais, R.A.

At the National Gallery three important pictures by Sir Joshua Reynolds have been arranged in Room No. V. Two of them are portrait groups of members of the Dilettanti Club, in 1779, and are in fair preservation. The third picture is a portrait of the painter, in a brown loose-fitting robe, half-length. It is dated 1766. All these are on loan. In Room XII. a 'Virgin and Child,' by Andrea di Luigi D'Assini (L'Ingegno?), purchased out of the Walker bequest, has been placed on a screen. It is an interesting work belonging to the Umbrian school. The background, in two compartments, represents landscapes with buildings and with a tall upright tree on either hand.

At the Kensington Museum the rearrangement of the architectural court is satisfactory now that it is finished, and the second spirit fresco on which Sir Frederick Leighton has been so long employed is within a measurable distance of completion. There will shortly be exhibited some interesting fragments of Egyptian textiles, which Mr. Henry Wallis, the Keeper, has succeeded in securing for the Museum from Egyptian tomb riflers. In all of them the patterns can be traced, and they are, with one exception, woven in silk, worsted, or flax, on marvellously fine linen. Colours are used freely, the chief being purple, vivid red, green, and gold. The decoration in some instances points to the extreme antiquity of the specimens, and the many suggestions which they afford should be of value to designers.

At the British Museum there have also been several noteworthy changes recently. By the removal of obstructive fragments from the front of the Phigalian frieze, this relic can at length be seen to full advantage. In the Elgin Room, the Praxitelean statue of Eros as a youth has undergone successful treatment. The ugly iron bar which formerly propped it up at the back has been removed, and the stump has been restored in a different kind of marble, while a new marble base has been added and the fragments of the feet rightly adjusted to the legs of the figure. The position of the famous Caryatid from the Erectheum has been altered for the better, but it will appear better still when mounted on an appropriate pedestal. The Panathenaic frieze can also be properly seen now that the large model of the Parthenon has been moved. Two additions are—a new cast from the metope found at Olympia (a portion of the decoration of the Temple of Zeus), and the fine head and fore part of a horse from a chariot group, lately dug up at Civita Lavinia, which Sir J. Savile Lumley has presented to the Museum. The alteration of the lighting of the Print Room is progressing, and when this is finished the old Print Room will be used as a gallery for the display of antique bas-reliefs.

The twenty-ninth annual report of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery records the negotiations for the removal of the collection from the inflammable shed at South Kensington to Bethnal Green. Four hundred portraits have been presented to the country by various persons. Owing to want of funds no purchases were made between the date of the last report and the last meeting of the trustees. At that meeting three portraits were purchased. It is to be hoped that the removal of the Collection of National Portraits to Bethnal Green does not herald decreased interest in the undertaking, and it is really time that steps were taken to provide this valuable and fast-growing collection with an easily accessible and appropriate home.

The authorities at South Kensington have never been happy in their treatment of the collection of drawings to which are awarded prizes in the National Competition of Schools of Art. This annual exhibition is the sole opportunity afforded the public of seeing what is the nature of the work which the Government schools of Art throughout the country are doing. If the works are worth showing at all they deserve more at the hands of the Department than they have received during the last two years. The collection last year could only be discovered by careful search and a long journey amongst the neglected leavings from the Exhibition of 1862 and the mechanical models which lumber up the building next to the now dismantled National Portrait shed. This year they are disposed in a "lean to" by the Architectural Court, all too small and very badly lighted. The arrangement also admits of hardly any comparison, as the bulk of the drawings are exhibited on numerous screens crowded close together, with "book prizes" next to "silver medals," and "gold medals" side by side with "bronze medals." It is certainly not too much to ask that if the collection is to be shown at all the fullest possible justice should be done by the Department to the works which are sent up from all parts of the country for this one annual display. If the Department is ashamed of the results of its work it were better that no exhibition be held.

An historical collection of Japanese and Chinese Cloisonné Enamels, formed by Mr. W. J. Muckley, the late head-master of the Manchester School of Art, has just been presented to the Corporation of Manchester. Mrs. Abel Heywood, a lady who on former occasions has shown her desire to promote Art in Manchester by generous gifts, acquired the collection when it was recently about to be broken up by public auction. The collection is now being shown in the Sculpture Gallery of the Town Hall, and will shortly be removed to the Royal Institution for more general exhibition.

Among other points of interest in the Fine Art Treasures Exhibition at Folkestone, we notice a collection of line engravings by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A. Fine specimens of line engraving are seldom seen in public exhibitions, partly, no doubt, owing to their rarity, and partly to the want of appreciation of their undoubted merit. Many of those after Turner in the collection under notice are beautiful works of Art—

delicate and soft yet brilliant and full of expression. Such are Turner's 'Téméraire,' 'Golden Bough,' 'Oberwesel,' 'Ancient Italy,' the celebrated 'Mercury and Argus,' and fourteen from the 'England and Wales' series. It is to be hoped that the example thus given will be followed elsewhere, so that the public may learn to appreciate an art deserving of every encouragement.

With the fate of St. Albans Abbey fresh in our minds it is with sincere gratification that we learn from the recently published annual report of the Society for Protecting Ancient Buildings, that the restoration project of the Archbishop of York has been, for a time at least, frustrated. We learn from the same source that the exertions of the society have also assisted in the preservation of the Charterhouse, the Gateway, Lincoln's Inn, and Eton. So long as the society prevents the unjustifiable destruction of historic buildings it must command the support of all.

Birmingham is to be commended on the result of its Law Courts competition. The successful architects are Messrs. Aston Webb and Ingress Bell, and we know enough of their work to feel assured that the result will be the realisation of a simple plan allied with a successful design of modern spirit. The building is to cost £78,000.

It is finally announced that the project for crowning the pedestals of Blackfriars Bridge with sculpture representing passages in the history of the City of London is to be abandoned. The arrangements for the proper conduct of this business have been shameful throughout, and Messrs. Boehm, Thornycroft, Armstead, and Birch are not likely again to respond to a civic invitation to submit models and reports, unless approached and treated very differently. The corporation have done well to abandon the project, which was estimated to cost some £30,000, but they will do very badly if they suffer the sculptors who have spent their time in preparing designs and models to go unrewarded. Perhaps, now, the curious rampant Fleming on the north-west extremity of the bridge will no longer insult the patriotism of passers-by.

The ranks of first-class painter-etchers will lose by the death of M. Maxime Lalanne, which occurred at Nogent-sur-Marne, last month. He was born at Bordeaux in November, 1827. He was a pupil of Gigoux, and made his *début* at the Salon of 1852. Ten years later he was one of the founders of the Society of Aquafortists. He published an able treatise on etching, which was succeeded in 1869 by another on charcoal entitled "Le Fusain." M. Lalanne executed a great number of plates for the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, *L'Illustration Nouvelle*, and for divers artistic albums and catalogues, among these being twelve plates of Victor Hugo's house at Guernsey, views of Paris, transcripts of rural scenery, and landscapes after Corot, Troyon, Van Goyen, Ruysdael, Old Crome, etc. M. Lalanne obtained medals at the Salons of 1866 and 1873. He was named Chevalier of the Legion of Honour after the Salon of 1875.

The death is also recorded of Sir Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., LL.D., at Bray, near Dublin. The deceased knight had been for some years a vice-president of the Royal Irish Academy.

We regret that we cannot congratulate the Art for Schools Association on their first efforts at separate publication. This institution originated with a desire to ornament at small cost elementary schools with engravings, etc., which should be fitting in subject, educational, and good as works of Art. Now how have they set about this? By issuing a series of ten photographs of engravings of worthies of the seventeenth century. These are so diminutive in size that they will be lost on the walls of a big room, even if they are all placed in one frame; they will be (with the exception of the family of Charles I.) entirely without interest to children, and they are to be sold at a price which is about double their value. The individual portraits have, too, been injudiciously selected; fancy the ire of some of the republican members of the School Board at seeing a place of honour given to a portrait of Archbishop Laud, bearing the inscription, "Martyrio coronatus," etc. Even its proximity to John Hampden, adorned with a roll entitled "Magna Charta," will be of no avail to allay the tempest which is sure to be raised. While on the subject of these publications, we may add a word of congratulation upon the steady progress which this society is making, and which is rewarding the efforts of a few energetic members of the committee, notably the honorary secretaries, Miss Mary Christie and Mr. Lionel Robinson.

The practice, once so much in vogue, of country publishers issuing memorials of the localities in which their business was placed, is, we are glad to find, again becoming general. It is not surprising that Shrewsbury should not have long to wait before its antiquities were recorded by the popular medium of etching. Only a few days back a travelled American, whose knowledge of English towns was remarkable, classed the capital of Salop as second only in interest to Chester. The six etchings which Mr. James Laing has published are agreeable records of its antiquities; they are the handiwork of a Mr. A. E. Smith, of London, whose productions we have not before met with, and are full of careful and conscientious work, their weak point being the figures and composition. In one of the etchings (which we believe to be 'The Golden Cross,' for by an unfortunate omission no names are attached to them), the base of the church tower has been etched altogether too lightly.

As a consequence of our recent article upon Capri, Messrs. Winch Brothers, the photographers of Colchester, have submitted for our inspection a large selection of photographs which have been recently taken in that island. Representing as they do not only its scenery but its picturesque inhabitants, they should be of much service to the many artists who place upon canvas the beauties of that delightful spot.

The Autotype Company have sent us an autogravure entitled 'Gathering Water-Lilies,' from a photograph by P. H. Emerson. We are at a loss to understand why an attempt should have been made to create an engraving out of such a subject; probably in the hope that it should pass muster as a reproduction of a picture, but this it never will. Nature resents the cutting out of a small portion of a harmonious whole, and shows its displeasure by introducing objects which spoil the composition. In the picture before us the boat and figures are all that could be wished for, but the whole of the left of the picture is cut up with portions of boughs, stakes, etc., which would have been omitted had the hand of an artist been at work upon its composition. As a study for a

picture it will be decidedly helpful, but then it would have been equally so merely in its photographic state.

"THE MUSEUMS OF ATHENS" is the title of a very important and interesting work which has been projected to bring before the public a more perfect knowledge not only of the treasures with which the museums of Greece are being rapidly filled, but to illustrate the fresh discoveries which are taking place in that country almost every day. The first number of this publication contains seven photographs of the archaic statues which were found in February of the present year on the Acropolis, and one of the excavations whence they were dug out, this latter feature adding much to the value of the others. From the descriptive letterpress which accompanies them (which is written in Greek, German, French, and English, by Sig. Cavvadias, Director-General of Antiquities), we learn, *inter alia*, that these statues are remarkable for their perfect colouration, their typical form, and for a peculiarity, namely, that in the centre of the skull of each is fixed a large upright bar of bronze: this is supposed to have been inserted as a support for an umbrella, such a protection being needful to preserve their rich colouring from sun and rain. The statues appear to have been demolished when the Persians burned the Temple of Athene. Upon the return of the Athenians they were considered useless, save for the purpose of heightening the surface of the Acropolis. With the statues were found many archaic inscriptions, in which the names of several artists are recorded, amongst them Antenor, the son of Eumaros. The work is edited by Dr. Romaïdès, and published by K. Wilberg, at Athens. The price of each part is the very moderate sum of 6s. We shall look with interest to the progress of the publication, and trust that it will receive the support which it deserves.

"PRACTICAL PERSPECTIVE." By A. Cassagne and Murray Wilson.—We have received from Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe & Co. a new work on Perspective, translated from the French of A. Cassagne by Murray Wilson. There are already a large number of treatises on perspective before the reader, and any addition to this already long list must lay claim to novelty and simplicity of method in teaching the subject for it to command any attention. Those who have attempted to teach beginners perspective, are aware how difficult it is to make the student grasp the general principles, and yet this is the first and most important consideration. In the work before us the illustrations not only profess to, but do really, explain the text: in fact, they teach the laws of perspective themselves. One excellent plan we notice that has been adopted by M. Cassagne is to represent the picture as a transparent surface held in front of the spectator, and by placing the spectator outside the picture, and the object to be delineated on the other side of the picture, the reader at a glance understands what is meant by the "visual rays," "point of sight," and other definitions, so obviating perplexity and difficulty of apprehension where the diagrams are all drawn flatly instead of in perspective. M. Cassagne is not the only writer who has adopted this plan of putting his diagrams in perspective, but we do not recollect having seen a book on perspective in which this plan is carried out more thoroughly than the work translated by Mr. Murray. There are few problems that occur in the course of actual work that are not solved in the three hundred and twenty-five cuts which accompany the volume, a large proportion of them being pictorial illustrations of the principles enunciated, showing the practical applications of the laws of perspective. The general reader merely wants a "perspective eye," and this M. Cassagne endeavours to give him. The perspective employed by architects must be absolutely true, and to obtain this most accurate measurements must be made, and the whole drawing worked out in a strictly geometrical way. For sketching from nature the measurements must be taken by the eye, and the perspective in this case can only be approximately correct—a fact that is generally ignored by most writers on perspective.

Mr. Franz Lipperheide, of Berlin, has started a publication which is made up of selections of the most important full-page blocks which appear in the illustrated papers throughout the world. Its title is *Mustersammlung von Holzschnitten*. Each number consists of nine double-page blocks printed upon stout paper, and costs three shillings. It is wonderful how the excellencies of the woodcuts are brought out thereby, and it is with pleasure we note that those by Woodville, Abbey, Overend, and others, from the *Illustrated London News* and *Graphic*, more than hold their own against the selections from *Le Monde Illustré*, *Harper's Weekly*, and other foreign journals.

Messrs. Wolff have produced what they term a frame-closing drawing-board, a name which does not rightly describe a useful and simple method of straining drawing paper. The board, which is grooved on its edges, has attached to its four sides pieces of wood, which brass ties on its under side allow free play to. These, when closed in, hold the paper in the grooves and form a solid frame round the board, being held together by catches at the corner, and the paper being thus rendered perfectly flat.

We have received from the author an interesting pamphlet descriptive of the Lough and Noble models of statues, bas-reliefs, and busts in Elswick Hall, Newcastle-on-Tyne. These notes on this memorial collection of the works of the Tyneside sculptor, and his brother artist from Hackness, are written with intelligence, and are descriptive rather than critical. The exhibition is a good record of the condition of the sculptor's art in the early part of the present century, and it would be quite as well if all collections of works of Art throughout the country were accompanied by descriptive catalogues. At present too much is left to the personal knowledge of the visitor, and the large bulk of sightseers gain very little instruction from the mere contemplation of works of Art without more information than the label or the usual cut-and-dried catalogue affords.

We have to hand "A Practical Manual of Wood Engraving," by W. H. Brown (Crosby Lockwood & Co.). It has been issued in the hope of inducing some of that large class of persons who have, as yet, found no field in which to exercise, in a profitable manner, their artistic tastes, to take up that branch of it as to which instruction in a compendious form is here given. Though there never was a season when wood engraving was having such a hard fight for existence, there is, undoubtedly, still a good demand for first-rate, artistic, honest work, and any one can by means of this book, and the outlay of a few shillings, make a first attempt in that direction, and measure their success and interest in it.

The newest Art craze is prophesied to be pastel painting. The demand for handbooks on this fascinating art has led to the publication of a short *brochure* by Messrs. Kennedy and Francis, and another by Messrs. Lechertier, Barbe & Co. The first calls for notice by reason of the direct business-like manner in which the practical hints are conveyed; the second is more expensive and more elaborate. No one, we think, will be inclined to disagree with Mr. Hamerton when he says that "of all processes in colour, pastel seems to be the most accessible to amateurs," and it is a hopeful sign that the attention of the amateur, after having been so long divided between crystoleum painting, china painting, tapestry painting, and mirror painting, is now to be directed to work which may honestly be considered as Art-work. Pastel, indeed, received the attention of great artists, especially amongst the French school, for very many years, and it is one of those things not easily understood why the art has been allowed so long to fall into such complete disuse. The present revival may be but a caprice; but for the amateur who wishes to pursue it the pamphlets before us will afford many practical hints.

"Japanese Houses and their Surroundings." By Edward S. Morse (London: Sampson Low & Co.).—Art, as well as fashion, has its crazes. For some time past the Japanese mania has affected the *dilettanti*. But few of them have gained much insight into the *Ultima Thule* of Japanese domestic life and the every-day existence of the marvellous race, the revelation of whose Art has within the last twenty years so completely taken Europe by storm. Mr. Morse's effort to preserve many details of the Japanese house—some of them trivial, perhaps—which in a few decades of years may be difficult, if not impossible, to obtain, is a laudable one. As with their Art, which, whilst it has had great influence on Western artists, has itself suffered by the contact, so with their homes; the Japanese people are "passing through profound changes and readjustments, as a result of their compulsory contact with the vigorous, selfish, and mercantile nations of the West, accompanied on their part by a propagandism in some respects equally mercenary and selfish." Feeling with Professor Fenollosa that "it is not enough to approach these delicate children of the spirit with the eye of mere curiosity, or the cold rigid standard of an alien school," we are inclined to take the remarks of the present author in the same spirit of sympathetic acquiescence as characterizes his criticism of his subject, and to follow him step by step as he teaches us something concerning the nature of the houses which sheltered the authors of the singular and beautiful works of Art which are now so familiar. Mr. Morse introduces us first to the exterior, and tells us plainly that the first sight of a Japanese house is disappointing. The author combats Rein—a fairly generally accepted authority—on one or two points. For instance, Rein says that "the Japanese house lacks chiefly solidity and comfort:" "If he means comfort for himself and his people," says Mr. Morse, "one can understand him; if he means comfort for the Japanese, then he has not the faintest conception of the solid comfort a Japanese gets out of his house." There is the same spirit in the following passage: "Rein and other writers speak of the want of privacy in Japanese dwellings, forgetting that privacy is only necessary in the midst of vulgar and impertinent people—a class of which Japan has the minimum, and the so-called civilised races—the English and American particularly—have the maximum." Such passages as these will serve very forcibly to convince the reader of the necessity of being entirely in sympathy with the author. But to proceed. The universal method of roof support is that of horizontal beams resting upon perpendicular walls, and the Japanese are as adverse to using the arch in their house architecture as were the Egyptians and Hindoos. Generally speaking, we are told that it is difficult to recognise any special types of architecture in Japanese dwellings, and that there is no attempt at architectural display, the latter fact sparing the traveller "those miserable experiences he so often encounters in his own country." It is mainly to the roofs that the Japanese houses owe their picturesque appearance. They are either shingled, tiled, or thatched. A great deal of taste and skill is displayed in the proper trimming of the eaves, and the admirable way in which a variety of gables are made to unite with the main roof would excite praise from the most critical architect. The first thing that impresses one on entering a Japanese house is the small size and low stud of the rooms. The constructive features are everywhere apparent—in the stout wooden posts, supports, cross-ties, etc. The open character of the Japanese house has caused the development of a variety of forms of portable screens, bamboo shades, curtains, and the like, upon which much ingenuity of construction and an infinite amount of artistic talent have been expended. The general tone and colour of a Japanese apartment are subdued. The papers of the *fusuma* are of neutral tints; the ceilings are of cedar-wood; the woodwork is everywhere "undefiled by the painter's miseries;" the floor is covered with cool straw matting; a recess, clear and free from the floor to the hooded partition which spans it above, placed at right angles to the source of light, alone contains the picture—one only. The Japanese may have a famous collection of pictures, yet they are stored away in his *kura*, or fireproof outhouse, with the exception of the one exposed. If he is a man of taste, he changes his picture from time to time, according to the season, the character of his guests, or for special occasions. In the same way all collections of pottery and other bric-à-brac are carefully stowed away, to be unpacked only when appreciative friends come to the house. We have thus roughly indicated a very few of the special characteristics of the Japanese home and its surroundings with which the present work teems. In closing the book we can only regret that there are not more authors as painstaking in their research and as felicitous in imparting their knowledge as Mr. Morse. Before taking leave, however, altogether, we must accord a word of praise to the general get-up of the book, and especially call attention to the unique design for the cover, by Mr. L. S. Ipsen, and to the numerous illustrations by the author, which are a great aid to the proper understanding of the letterpress.

We regret that in our review of "Les Graveurs du XIX^e^ Siècle," last month, we spoke of Mons. Henri Beraldi as being dead. This, we are glad to say, is not so.

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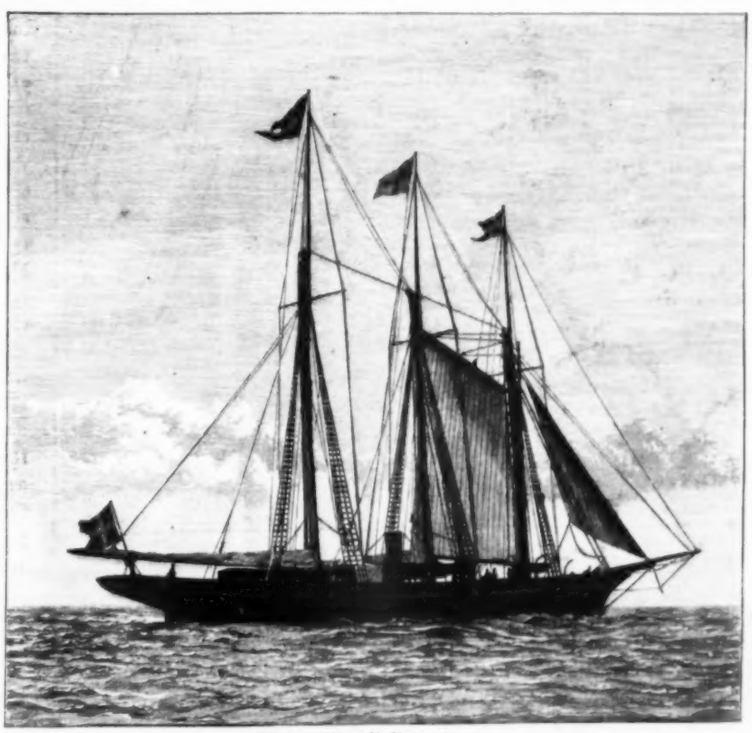
STEAM YACHTING.

IT is a singular fact that the chief opposition to the introduction of railways forty years ago was based on what may be termed sentimental reasons. Gentlemen objected to have the beauty of their parks destroyed by railway cuttings, lovers of scenery generally joined in the objection, and conservative admirers of old customs were hysterically despondent at the bare thought that stage-coaches would be driven off the road. Fortunately no sentimentalism about destroying the face of the ocean could be worked into existence. We talk of "Britannia's realm," but the ocean is the domain of all and none can injure it.

> "Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
> Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
> Stops with the shore."

Still there was a good deal of sentimental ridicule directed against the first steam ships introduced into the Royal Navy, and even those which were constructed for the merchant service were regarded as something uncanny. The sneaking, smoking steamer, which could move about without sails or sailors, was looked upon as something worked by unfair means, entirely devoid of romance and of that

> "mystic spell
> Which none but sailors know or feel,
> And none but they can tell."

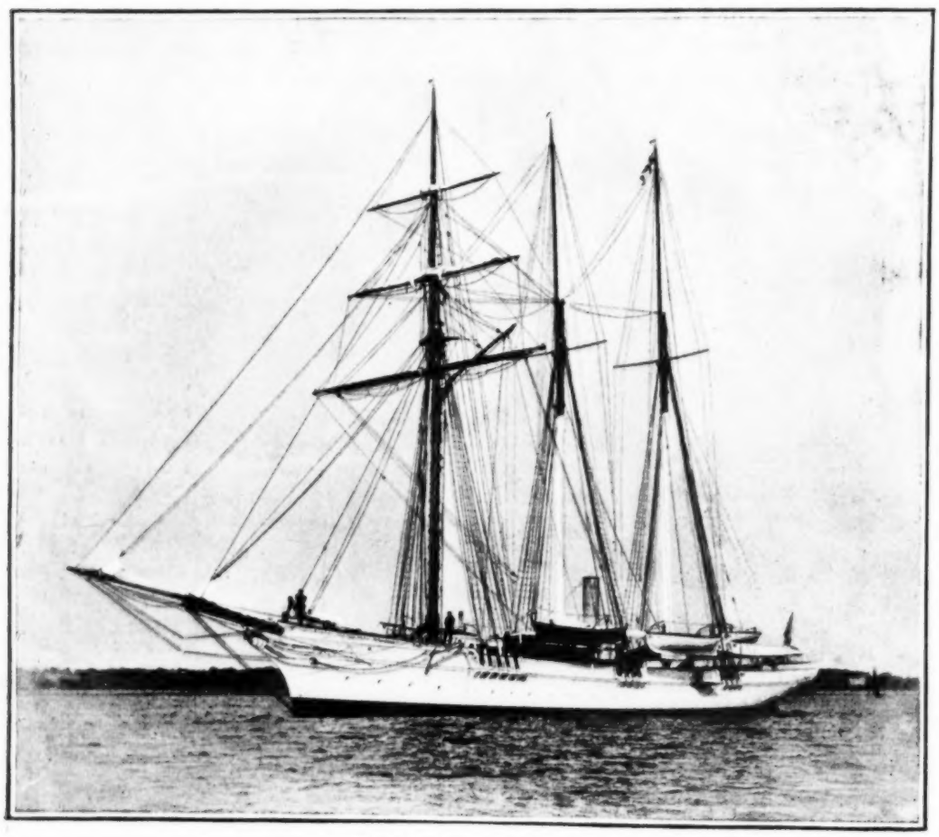


The "Chazalie," 514 tons.

So far as the Royal Navy was concerned it was confidently predicted by all hands—from admirals to A.B.'s—that the kettle would utterly destroy and extinguish the British sailor, and more particularly the British tar or man-of-war's man. We were to have nothing afloat but a race of stokers and greasers, and not so very long ago, when the *Atalanta* was lost, the late Admiral Rous wrote one of his characteristic letters to the *Times* attributing the accident to the deterioration of seamen in consequence of the introduction of steam. It is not therefore surprising to find that the sentimental objection to the use of steam existed in a very acute form in the case of yachts. Fifty years ago it had become an established fact that a vessel could be propelled with unerring certainty by side wheels, and many of the engineers of the day were devoting their time to the development of the steam-engine as a motive power for driving the wheels. The late Mr. Assheton Smith, of Tedworth, North Hants, whilst the foremost fox-hunter of his time and one of the best-known yachtsmen as a "racing man," always ready for a match, had at the same time a very scientific turn of mind, and no doubt thought very deeply over the many great problems which were at that period exercising the engineering world. He forestalled Scott Russell with the "hollow bow," and built the fastest paddle-wheel steamers of the day. He was a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron, and that body, dazed and alarmed by the brilliancy of Mr. Assheton Smith's achievement with his "kettle," forthwith showed their appreciation of his efforts by passing a rule that an owner of a steam yacht could not be a member of the club. Probably in the whole history of marine propulsion by steam, a more leaden, stupid exhibition of prejudice could not be found than this. Mr. Assheton Smith instantly showed that he valued his scientific experiments, in what has proved to be one of the most magnificent revolutions of the century, a great deal more than he did the society of the members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, by withdrawing from the club; and he went on building steam yachts to his heart's content. They were all handsome and remarkably fast vessels; one of them, the *Fire Queen*, was, until within the last three years, the Port Admiral's yacht at Portsmouth; and another, the *Fire King*,

for many years was distinguished as the fastest passenger steamer on the Clyde. This, of course, was before the days of the *Jonas* and *Lord of the Isles*.

Paddle wheels were not so advantageous for yachts as the screw propeller, mainly for the reason that a vessel which has side wheels and paddle-boxes cannot be sailed so well. If for no other reason that would be sufficient to justify the continuous experiments made with the screw, and at last—about forty years ago now—the late Sir Petit Smith achieved the now historical triumph with the *Archimedes* auxiliary screw schooner-yacht. Soon after this great achievement the Admiralty took it up, and the *Fairy* screw yacht was built for Her Majesty the Queen. This beautiful little vessel had her moorings in Osborne Bay, close to the Royal Yacht Squadron



The "Sunbeam," 432 tons.

rendezvous, and with a sheer counter and stem like a "real yacht," no objections could be made that she was disfigured by sponsons and paddle-boxes. The members of the Royal Yacht Squadron reconsidered their position and rescinded their rule excluding the owners of steam vessels from membership, as they found that gentlemen would possess themselves of the great advantages steam offered in spite of the Royal Yacht Squadron. No doubt it would be a matter of regret from some points of view if sailing vessels were entirely superseded by steam, but as a matter of practical importance, if a steam yacht offers the greatest variety of advantages, the sailing yacht is bound to succumb.

The chief advantages which a steam yacht has, is that she can move about with or without wind; can make a direct course against a head wind; and can maintain a uniform [illegible] There may be a dead calm, but still the steam yacht can go out and make the passage, whilst the sailing yacht is lying helplessly without motion.

A striking example of this occurred at the Isle of Wight two years ago: the Royal Yacht Squadron started a match from Cowes to sail to the Nab and return to Yarmouth and back to Cowes. At the time of the start there was not a sigh of wind, and some of the steam yachts which were ready to accompany the match set out at twelve o'clock to go round the Isle of Wight, making a cool breeze for those on board as they steamed rapidly through the still air. They accomplished the distance in about five hours, and got back to find the sailing yachts where they had left them, and there they had lain all day in the stifling air.

Often, too, in shifting ports the steam yacht goes out and makes her passage whilst those on board the sailing yacht are whistling for a wind, and frequently when the breeze does come there is a great deal more than is pleasant for the passengers. The chief drawback to the general enjoyment of the luxuries of a steam yacht is the expense, as for any given cabin accommodation the steam yacht must be at least one-third larger than the sailing yacht; and even much more, if a very high rate of speed be required. The objections to the "smell of the engine" and the blacks from the funnel are now seldom heard, and carry no more weight than the medical testimony against railway tunnels forty years ago did, that passing through them would cause catarrh!

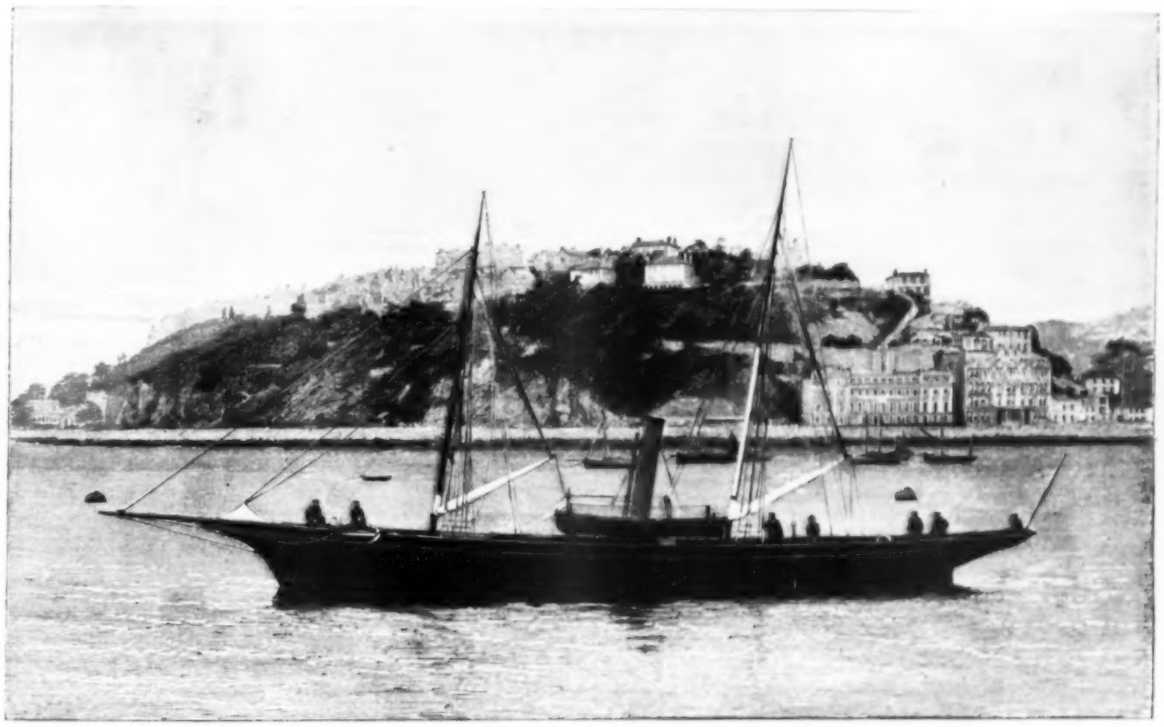
When first the screw came into use it was considered an excellent contrivance, as an auxiliary power, to drive the yachts at the rate of five or six knots in calms or against a light wind which was blowing straight down her course, when beating up against it would be tedious. One of the first to be fitted in this way was the *Erminia*, a topsail schooner, some thirty years ago, by Lord Dufferin. She had a copper boiler and small high-pressure engines, which were so ineffective in driving the yacht that a speed of more than three or four knots could not be obtained, and the machinery was removed. Another yacht built about the same time was the *Firefly* of Sir Henry Oglander. This yacht had more powerful machinery, but it was also of the high-pressure type, and was removed three or four years ago for compound condensing. The *Firefly* is still to the fore as a comfortable steam yacht

BRITISH MUSEUM

of undoubted pretensions to seaworthiness; but the fate of the *Erminia* has been rather inglorious, as she is advertised for hire by a company at so much a bed a passenger, the cabins, which must necessarily be small, being fitted up to carry two or more persons. "Yachting" under such conditions must necessarily be associated with a great many discomforts.

Of course there are a very great variety of steam yachts, and they vary in tonnage from nearly a thousand tons down to the steam launch *Aut Weidersehen*, which figures in *Hunt's List* as of '1 ton.' The *Wanderer*, of 700 tons, owned by Mr. Lambert, has quite the look of a corvette of Her Majesty's Navy, and, as is well known, made a voyage round the world. A record of this voyage was kept by Mrs. Lambert and forms most interesting reading, both of life on board and at the many places visited. The *Sunbeam*, a much smaller vessel, owned by Sir Thomas Brassey, also made a voyage round the world, and has several times made the circuit of the Mediterranean. Accounts of these voyages have also been published, and Sir Thomas Brassey, in connection therewith, has more than once placed on record the awful nature of the responsibility which rests on the amateur who undertakes to navigate his own vessel.

The *Chazalie*, 514 tons, is one of the famous Gosport "wooden walls" (*Wanderer* and *Sunbeam*, it should be said, are of composite build, having iron frames and wood plank), and was built for the late Mr. Gerard Leigh, of Luton Hoo, Bedfordshire. We think he did not live to enjoy the pleasures of yachting in this fine vessel, but his widow has made several passages to the Mediterranean in her. Mrs. Gerard Leigh married, two years ago, M. de Falbe, the Danish minister, and the yacht is still registered in her name.



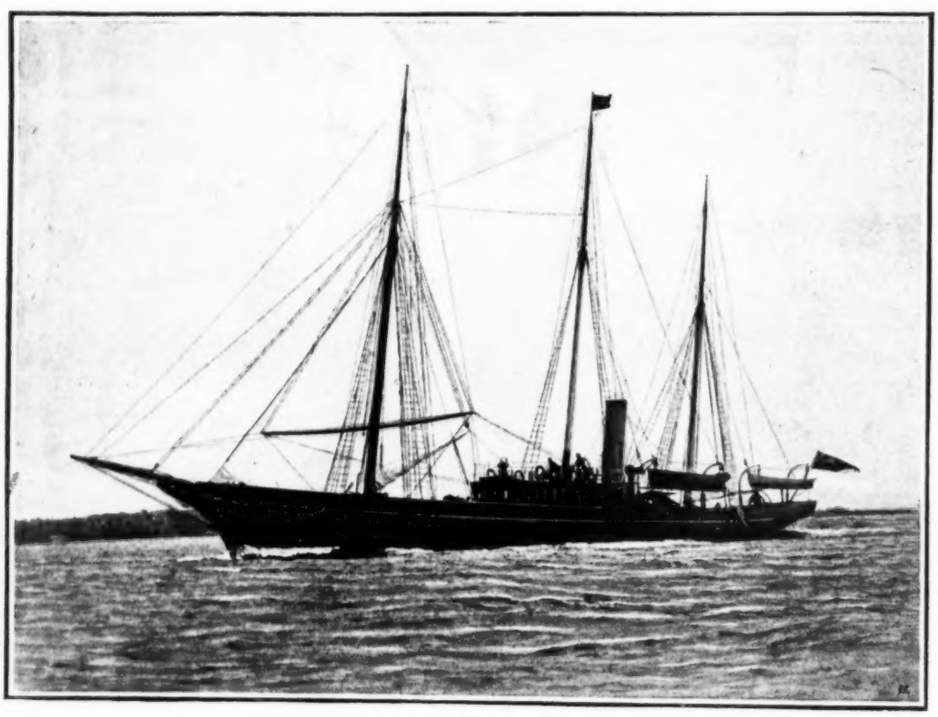
The "Amazon," 100 tons.

Chazalie has the reputation of being one of the fastest yachts afloat along the wind under canvas, and it is said she has logged fifteen knots by the reel. She is also weatherly and handy, and in this respect she differs somewhat from the *Sunbeam*. The late Mr. Thomas Broadwood (who probably built and owned more steam and sailing yachts than any other yachtsman, Lord Alfred Paget excepted) used to very much enjoy telling how once when the *Chazalie* and *Sunbeam* were having a friendly match inside the Isle of Wight, he stood on Ryde Pier and watched *Sunbeam* trying to tack; he watched her for twenty minutes, then walked to the Royal Victoria Yacht Club House, lunched, and returned to the pier, to find *Sunbeam* still backing and filling, trying to stay, and *Chazalie* about six miles to windward off Cowes. There is, however, no reason why *Sunbeam*, or any other similar yacht, should be unable to stay if put to wind in a seamanlike manner; and this can be very well understood by those who recollect that such a steam yacht as *Eothen*—a very poor sailer—beat all the way home from the River Plate when owned by Mr. Ashbury. This also brings to mind that the *Lancashire Witch*, practically a sister vessel of *Sunbeam*, when owned by Sir Thomas Hesketh, beat an even farther distance against the "trades"—that is, from the Falkland Islands to Liverpool. This yacht also made some very remarkable runs under sail in the passage out. She was at the Falkland Islands, on her way to Japan, when Sir Thomas heard of the disaster of Isandula. He immediately put the yacht's head for Natal, and she went down the trade winds as if the "girls at home had got hold of the tow-rope."

Yachts like *Sunbeam* and *Chazalie* are termed auxiliary screw yachts, because they are supposed to rely chiefly on

their sails for motive power. Such yachts are, as a rule, better sea boats than those which have "full steam," mainly for the reason that they are much deeper and heavier. They are also very much more expensive to build and equip. The masts, sails, and rigging of a "full steam" yacht are quite unimportant affairs, but the case is quite different if the yacht has only auxiliary steam power. The cost of maintenance is also considerably greater, as in addition to the wear and tear of the sails there is the deterioration of the machinery. Beyond this the auxiliary must also carry a full complement of seamen to work the sails, besides the usual number of engineers and stokers, whereas all the full steam yacht requires is a crew for the gig and dinghy, as the sails are small and rarely set, except to steady the vessel in a beam sea.

A common type of iron steam yacht is illustrated by the *Amethyst*, owned by Captain T. Harvey. Captain Harvey is a very skilled navigator, and has distinguished himself on several occasions by taking his yacht to Norway and the Baltic without the aid of a pilot.



The "Amethyst," 330 tons.

A smaller type of yacht is represented by the *Amazon*, 100 tons. She was built for Mr. Tankerville Chamberlayne in his own yard, and although designed by the author of this paper, she is considered a good-looking vessel, and can steam at the rate of eleven knots an hour. She was photographed by Cox and Durrant at Torquay, and it will be seen that the artist-engraver who copied the photograph has succeeded most admirably in reproducing the view of the well-known Warren Hill, the residence of the Princess of Wales during the past spring. The type of yacht represented by the *Amazon* is not too small for sea work, having a good draught of water, exceeding 8 feet. In fact, such a yacht might make ocean voyages if fitted to carry a sufficient quantity of coal, say 20 to 30 tons.

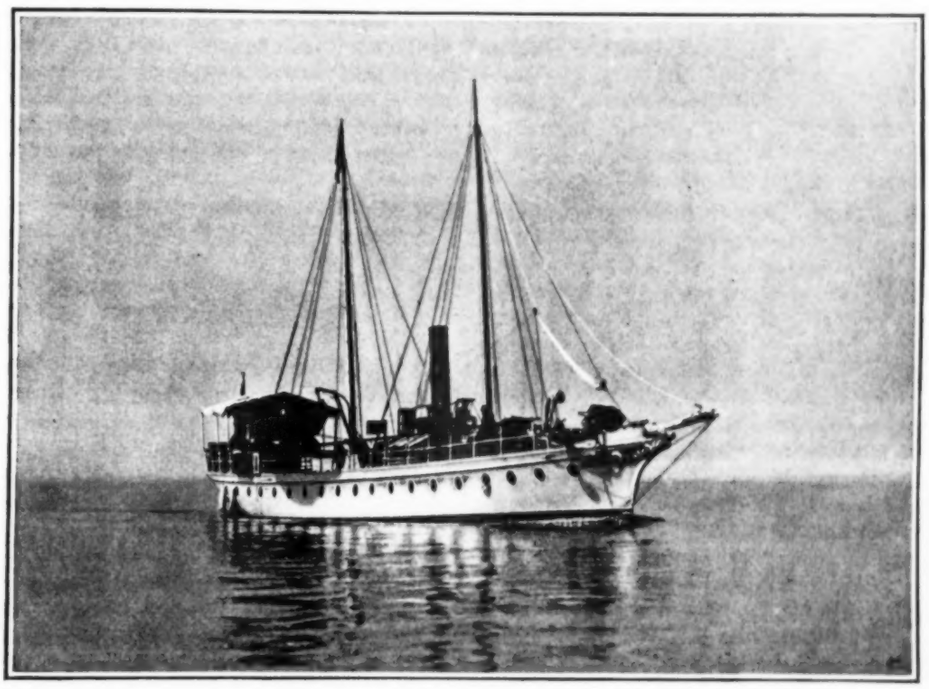
One of the great advantages of steam as a means of propulsion is for inland navigation, and for this purpose the draught of water must not much exceed 4½ feet. The length over all should not be more than 100 feet, nor the breadth greater than 15 feet. This type of yacht is represented by the *Salamander*, 63 tons, owned by Mr. F. Power. Most of the canals and rivers of England are explorable by this kind of craft, but the wandering habits of yachtsmen more frequently take them to the canals and rivers of France, Belgium, and Holland, to say nothing of the Rhine and Elbe. Any one contemplating a visit to any of these waters would do well to obtain a book published by Mr. W. Moens, who went over nearly all the waterways of France and Holland in the steam yacht *Ytene*. Mr. Moens, it should be said, is a very experienced traveller, and some years ago his experiences amongst the Greek brigands cost him over seven thousand pounds.

The Isle of Wight and the Clyde are particularly adapted for the charms of yachting in such vessels as the *Salamander*, and it is not surprising to find many such in existence thereabouts. It is very rare that a day is so bad that the little vessel cannot get under way inside the Isle of Wight, and the beautiful scenery of the island and Hampshire shores is a "joy for ever." Then in suitable weather, trips can be made round the island to view the beauties of Scratchell's Bay, Blackgang, the Undercliff and Whitecliff; or to lovely Christchurch Bay, Bournemouth, Poole Harbour, and quaint Studland and Swanage. The small steam yacht can even go farther afield than this, and many times has General Baring been to Weymouth from Cowes in his fast steam launch *Vixen*, of only 34 tons. This is a very favourite passage, as after passing down the Solent a close view is obtained of the famous Needles Rocks, Durleston Head, St. Albans Head, Lulworth Cove, White Nothe, and Portland.

Nor is crossing the Channel beyond the capabilities of these charming little vessels, and we have seen it recorded this summer that the steam yacht *Primrose*, owned by Mr. George Beer, crossed to the Channel Islands from the Isle of Wight, and then on to St. Malo; thence to Cherbourg, Havre, and up the Seine to Rouen, Paris, etc.; back to the coast again, on to Dieppe, Boulogne, and across to Dover. On the Firth of Clyde the excursions possible by a small steam yacht are even more diversified, and to speak of the beauties of the scenery would be almost as trite as reminding one of the glories of the peacock. For those who have no predilection for sailing, or assisting in sailing as a Corinthian

sailor for pastime, the steam yacht offers unbounded advantages, and no one now thinks it a sign of smartness to make a joke at the expense of the steam-yacht owner. Indeed, the interest taken in steam yachts has become quite general, and their appearance is now as much a matter for criticism as that of a sailing yacht. In short, next to her speed, the "looks" of a steam yacht are everything, and among the many accepted beauties in existence, none rank higher than the *Iluna*, of 231 tons, which was built for Mr J. Mackie this year.

The speed of steam yachts naturally excites some interest among those who own them, and several attempts have been made to introduce steam-yacht races. Such races have been promoted at the Nice regatta during the last six years, and in America there is a Steam Yacht Club which annually has races. The yachts are rated according to the size of hull and power of the machinery, otherwise a small yacht like a torpedo boat, with very powerful engines, might make a clean sweep of the prizes; but under the system adopted no such event as this can happen, as the full penalty is paid for the machinery. Steam yacht races can never, however, become popular, for the simple reason that when once it has been ascertained which is the fastest vessel the result of any subsequent contest would be a foregone conclusion. In fact, instead of having a "race,"



The "Salamander," 63 tons.

the results of carefully made measured mile trials might be taken, and prizes awarded by a committee of inspection on these results.

The cabin decorations of steam yachts is pretty much the same as that of sailing yachts. Some have polished woods such as maple and mahogany, or wainscot oak and teak, whilst others have black and gold or white and gold panelling with painted figures on the panels. Some of the panels are covered with rich tapestry, with "high art" furniture and upholstery. One of the most elaborately fitted yachts in this way is the *Lady Torfrida*, of 600 tons, built and owned by Mr. William Pearce, and she is credited with being able to steam at the rate of fifteen knots an hour. This yacht is said to have cost £26,000 to build and equip, but a common price is £30 per ton.

A steam yacht is rarely met with which has not a deck-house, and some have even the dining-saloon on deck. This is found to be a very convenient arrangement when the galley or kitchen is also on deck, but the common result is that the saloon below is rarely used. These deck-houses in some vessels are very elaborately fitted, whilst in others they show nothing but the teak stiles and panelling of which they are built, with sofas or seats of the knife-board pattern.

In conclusion, it should be said that all the engravings are taken from photographs by Messrs. West and Son, of Gosport, except that of the *Amazon*, as already explained.

DIXON KEMP.

RUSKIN'S NOTES ON BEWICK'S "BIRDS."

IN the St. George's Museum, at the picturesque little village of Walkley, near Sheffield, Mr. Ruskin has made an extremely valuable collection, or "Working-man's Bodleian," as he loves to call it. This he has filled with minerals, precious stones, pictures, and with what is by no means the least of the attractions—a bookcase, containing, besides a complete set of his own works, and those of him whom he affectionately terms "my Master, Carlyle," numerous others, chiefly relating to Art. Amongst these is a copy of the first edition of Bewick's "Birds," which, on being examined, will be found to be full of notes in Mr. Ruskin's handwriting, criticising many of the woodcuts. All lovers of Bewick will, I am convinced, be grateful for the opportunity thus afforded them of ascertaining the opinions of the great Art critic on the engravings in this the best known of Bewick's works.

As in the various editions the position of the woodcuts has been considerably altered, I have given, besides the page of the original edition, a short description of the figure represented, so that those readers who may happen to possess other editions than the first will require but a slight amount of patience and research to identify, with this help, the woodcut referred to. This will be found to apply more especially to the tailpieces. In conclusion, I will merely recommend Mr. Ruskin's advice that a strong magnifying glass be used for the examination of such minute details as are to be found in all Bewick's handiwork.

It will of course be understood that these notes were originally prepared by Mr. Ruskin for his own private use, and for the use of students at the St. George's Museum, and were not in the first place at all intended for publication.

Notes on Volume I. (Published 1797).

Vignette to Title Page.—A tombstone, with a river covered with boats in the foreground, and a chimney in the distance.

"And somewhat more, namely this prophecy, for one little thing." To the left of vignette is written, "The gravestone of aristocracy."* To the right is written, "'Vita Nuova,' the new life of Commerce and Manufacture."

* "In recent days it is fast becoming the only definition of aristocracy that the principal business of its life is the killing of sparrows. . . . 'Centum mille perdrices plumbo confecit' (the epitaph to Count Zahderm, wherein we may predict, there is more than the Latinity that will surprise an English reader), that is, indeed, too often the sum of the life of an English lord."—*Love's Meinie.*

End of Preface.—Two men with a dog. Background of river and mountains. "Query, meaning?"

Headpiece to Introduction.—A farm with ducks, hens, turkeys, and pig. "The farm-yard. Very comic that the ladder has a shadow, but the chickens none! Flight of (what birds?) very notable in careful nicety of touch."

End of Introduction.—A blind man with a pipe in his mouth, led by a boy. "Poverty and misery. Very grand. Note engraving of the hand on the boy's shoulder." ("The pot and pipe have been the root of every other demoralization of the filthiest and literally scurviest sort among all classes."—*Love's Meinie.*) "The pipe is represented as a cause of misery."

Headpiece to Contents.—A man on the high-road carrying a box. "The loaded traveller. Query, meaning?"

End of Contents.—A man reposing by a fountain; with inscription "Grata Sume." "Thirsty. On the rock, 'Grata sume.' Repeated on page 177."

Page 4.—An eagle attacking a sheep, with the inscription, "Aquila non capit muscas." "The two heads are very terrible."

Page 5.—'The Golden Eagle' (*Falco chrysaetos*). "Note in general the conscientious infinity of labour in the feather-cutting. This becomes servile for want of proper teaching of chiaroscuro." (See also the note to the woodcut on page 80—The Jay.)

Page 8.—An eagle attacking a snake. "Bad. The snake is too long, but is finely made complex by the shadows. Note the expression in the eagle's eye, and the cutting of the head. Wonderful. Note the artificial relief again, with white behind."

Page 11.—'Sea-Eagle' (*Falco ossifragus*). "The feather cutting is stupendous. Remark this especially intellectual manner of work as opposed to modern scribbling and hatching. Note the whiskers over the bird's mouth, and the way in which the back feathers go down to the tail."

Page 15.—'The Common Buzzard' (*Falco Buteo*). "The eyes are magnificent, light itself."

Page 26.—An old man breaking stones. "The old stone-breaker. Note his comforts, his dog and his bottle. The signpost stands for the use of his work to all mankind."

Page 32.—Two men endeavouring to lift a stone. "Observe well-applied and misapplied force."

Page 38.—A gravestone aslant. "Wasted time. Alas! how much of this, even in the best men. But compare pages 59 and 87."

Page 39.—'The Hobby' (*Falco Subbuteo*). "Fine head for local colour."

Page 40.—Two stilts lying on the ground by the side of a stream. "The stilts. Fine."

Page 51.—'The White Owl' (*Strix flammea*). "The owls throughout are stupendous in the feather cutting. This and the next (the 'Tawny Owl,' *Strix stridula*) are the two finest." "One of the chief merits of Bewick is the ease and vigour with which he uses his black and white for the colours and plumes."—*Lectures on Art.*

Page 55.—An owl perched on a bough. "The classic Athena. Splendid. The dark oak foliage one of Bewick's finest bits."

Page 57.—A traveller seeing ghosts by the roadside. "Moonlight is very marvellous as light. Institutes of modern philosophy also. There is no devil!" (Mr. Ruskin has recently further explained this note to me as follows:—"That is to say, Bewick is of the same opinion as modern philosophers, who, in their pride, say, There is no devil!") "Yet compare page 110. For studies of effect compare page 97" (two horses in the rain).

Page 59.—A man looking at a gravestone. "Compare page 38. He has something in his head that I do not understand."

Page 62.—A peasant lying down under a hedge. "Laziness (or drunkenness; but I think not). The head is one of the finest pieces of woodcutting Bewick ever did, and all magnificent. Richness of landscape got out of horizontal line."

Page 65.—A raven drinking from a pitcher. "Examine the bird's eye and beak. On the other hand, Bewick's total want of education is shown by the quite barbarous errors in the perspective of the vase."

Page 66.—'The Raven' (*Corvus corax*). "The head, the eye, and the claws are superb, as is also the general colour."

Page 68.—Two carrion crows and a skull. "Very poor, and in Bewick's disagreeablest temper: see the skull in the corner. The next (woodcut on page 70) is still more dreadful."

Page 70.—A dead dog lying on a river bank; two hooded crows about to feast on its carcase. "The drowned dog! Surely a libel on the hooded crow. Compare with this the libel on the magpie, namely, the dead horse, in woodcut on page 75."

Page 71.—'The Rook' (*Corvus frugilegus*). "Intensely laboured and thought out, but too elaborate for the material."

Page 74.—Two cows in a brook. Several jackdaws flying down to a copse hard by. "Superb. But one wants this piece of jackdaw business explained. The distance is quite one of Bewick's finest pieces of tree-work."

Page 75.—'The Magpie' (*Corvus pica*). "The distance is wonderfully fine here also; the ugly sticks in the foreground are cut out in later editions."

Page 78.—A horse looking over palings at some lads who are putting the finishing touch to a snow man. "Esto perpetua" engraved in the left-hand corner. "'Esto perpetua.' The astonished horse in the distance is nice."

Page 80.—'The Jay' (*Corvus glandarius*). "Curiously poor, in showing that Bewick did not care for colour, but only for chiaroscuro,"—which he had not been properly taught. See note to page 5.

Page 82.—A horse in a cart running away with some boys who had mischievously got inside whilst the owner was in the public-house. "It is one of the most terrific facts in all the history of British Art that Bewick never draws children but in mischief."—*The Art of England.* "Stopping at the ale-house! This is very fine. Note Bewick's endeavour to give swiftness to the wheels by making many cuts for the spokes."

Page 87.—A donkey rubbing itself against a memorial pillar. "Military glory; see 'Ariadne Florentina.' Inconceivably bad chiaroscuro, but compare woodcut on page 91."

Page 91.—A wooden cross and hillock. "In this engraving the sense of chiaroscuro is very perfect."

Page 93.—An old man with his dog; he is perched on a stool and playing his fiddle. "The blind fiddler. One of Bewick's completest bits."

Page 97.—Two horses standing in a field in a downpour of rain. "Highest possible quality. An amazing achievement in engraving, and for depicting feelings of melancholy in rain. Compare the French saying, *Vous êtes amusant comme la pluie.*"

Page 110.—A man being driven by the devil to the gallows. "The distant alehouse intelligible, but what has the devil to do with it? Compare engraving on page 129."

Page 111.—'The Wryneck' (*Fynx Torquilla*). "This is one of the simplest and best for studying Bewick's plume treatment."

Page 113.—A man with a gun sitting on a boulder of rock. "Useless; so also are cuts on pages 115 (a man wading through water), 120 (a shepherd resting), and 122 (man's hat and walking stick)."

Page 120.—A devil with a pipe in his mouth flying through the air. An execution going on in the distance. "The devil's pipe! Compare page 110. Here the distant crowd and gibbeted figures are wonderful.* Little puff from the pipe, as execution, and its outlines with knob below bowl are quite marvellous. Compare page 110."

Page 126.—Two blocks on a broken bridge, connected by a ladder. Dog trying to cross the ladder to join his master who is on the central block. "The dog and the ladder poor; and the light and shade both execrable."

Page 137.—A black cat crossing over a plank. "Very poor; cat's face has completely failed."

Page 147.—A man trudging through the snow with his gun and his dog. "Quite glorious in all intellectual and executional qualities. Seen, thought, and done to the uttermost, so far as the subject has anything in it to see, think of, or do; and so far as his means went."

Page 157.—The runaway match! A large black leaf right across woodcut. "Bad taste. Partly feverish and diseased; compare page 175."

Page 162.—Snow-clad fields, with a cottage in the foreground. "Exquisite."

Page 175.—The celebrated thumb-mark tailpiece. "Vilest taste and breeding; his thumb-mark."

Page 194.—A burly British farmer contemplating a cat he has just hung. "Useless and in bad taste, unless there is some undermeaning which I can't get at."

Page 202.—A ruined abbey, with close at hand an old man reading and a boy trundling a hoop. "Yorkshire church and religion. (Vanitas.) Noble in satire and in prophecy."

Page 226.—Farm-yard scene. A hen defending her chicks' meal from a big dog. "Maternity. Compare page 328. Study for woodcutting the hen's head. Compare cocks in glass on page 228. Glorious. Compare also page 245" (a hen trying to prevent some ducklings from going into the water).

Page 228.—A cock looking at itself in a glass. "Com-

* "We have taken up the benevolent idea, forsooth, that justice is to be preventive instead of vindictive; and we imagine that we are to punish not in anger, but in expediency; not that we may give deserved pain to the person in fault, but that we may frighten other people from committing the same fault. The beautiful theory and this non-vindictive justice is, that having convicted a man of a crime worthy of death, we entirely pardon the criminal, restore him to his place in our affection and esteem, and then hang him, not as a malefactor, but as a scarecrow."—*Lectures on Art.*

pare engravings on pages 226, 245, and 281" (two cocks fighting).

Page 281.—"Splendid. Compare page 228."

Page 288.—A stone wall and some trees. "Frightful waste of time."

Page 289.—'The Peacock' (*Pavo cristatus*). "The complexity of the distant raised plumage and leaves is a most notable instance of a great man's mistake in showing his skill in a wrong place, and loving intelligibility for display."

Page 293.—'The Guinea Hen' (*Numidea Meleagris*). "Glorious in the plumage cutting."

Page 295.—'The Wood Grouse' (*Tetrao urogallus*). "Plumage fine, but Bewick has lost here the rounding kept so wonderfully on page 293."

Page 301.—'The Red Grouse' (*Tetrao Scoticus*). "Legs and feet glorious, but see next page."

Page 303.—'The White Grouse' (*Tetrao lagopus*). "Bewick's uttermost !!!!!!!!!"

Page 305.—'The Partridge' (*Tetrao perdrix*). "Most curiously mistaken, losing the whole breast !!!!!!" *

Page 308.—'The Quail' (*Tetrao coturnix*). "Magnificent again."

Page 311.—'The Corn-Crake' (*Rallus-Crex*). "Very fine, especially the action. Characteristic."

Page 328.—A mower disturbing a bird's nest. "Maternity. Compare page 226."

Page 330.—A fountain representing nymph pouring water from two jugs. "Classic sentiment !!!!!!!" *

Page 335.—A feather. "Good, but I can do better myself."

Next month will be given Mr. Ruskin's notes on the second volume of "British Birds." I will bring the notes on the first volume to a close by quoting the following summary of Bewick's character from a recent work by the author of "Modern Painters"—"You know I have always spoken of Bewick as pre-eminently a vulgar or boorish person, though of splendid honour and genius; his vulgarity shows in nothing so much as in the poverty of the details he has collected, with the best intentions, and the shrewdest sense, for English ornithology. His imagination is not cultivated enough to enable him to choose or arrange."

A. GORDON CRAWFORD.

'GURTH THE SWINEHERD.'

READERS of Sir Walter Scott will remember, haply, their introduction to Gurth the Swineherd in the opening chapter of "Ivanhoe." The passage is so fine in its description of this strange denizen of the extensive woods which are to be seen at the noble seats of Wentworth, of Wharncliffe Park, and around Rotherham, that we cannot do better than quote Sir Walter's own words:—"Broad-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks, which had witnessed perhaps the stately march of the Roman soldiery, flung their gnarled arms over a thick carpet of the most delicious greensward; in some places they were intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, so closely as totally to intercept the level beams of the sinking sun; in others they receded from each other, forming those long sweeping vistas, in the intricacy of which the eye delights to lose itself, while imagination considers them as the paths to yet wilder scenes of silvan solitude. . . . . The human figures which completed this landscape were in number two, partaking, in their dress and appearance, of that wild and rustic character which belonged to the woodlands of the West Riding of Yorkshire at that early period. The eldest of these men had a stern, savage, and wild aspect. His garment was of the simplest form imaginable, being a close jacket with sleeves, composed of the tanned skin of some animal, on which the hair had been originally left, but which had been worn off in so many places, that it would have been difficult to distinguish, from the patches that remained, to what creature the fur had belonged. This primeval vestment reached from the throat to the knees, and served at once all the usual purposes of body-clothing; there was no wider opening at the collar than was necessary to admit the passage of the head, from which it may be inferred that it was put on by slipping it over the head and shoulders, in the manner of a modern shirt, or ancient hauberk. Sandals, bound with thongs made of boar's hide, protected the feet, and a roll of thin leather was twined artificially around the legs, and, ascending above the calf, left the knees bare, like those of a Scottish Highlander. To make the jacket sit yet more closely to the body, it was gathered at the middle by a broad leathern belt, secured by a brass buckle, to one side of which was attached a sort of scrip, and to the other a ram's horn, accoutred with a mouthpiece, for the purpose of blowing. In the same belt was stuck one of those long, broad, sharp-pointed, and two-edged knives, with a buck's-horn handle, which were fabricated in the neighbourhood, and bore, even at this early period, the name of a Sheffield whittle. The man had no covering upon his head, which was only defended by his own thick hair, matted and twisted together, and scorched by the influence of the sun into a rusty dark-red colour, forming a contrast with the overgrown beard upon his cheeks, which was rather of a yellow or amber hue. One part of his dress only remains, but it is too remarkable to be suppressed; it was a brass ring resembling a dog's collar, but without any opening, and soldered fast round his neck, so loose as to form no impediment to his breathing yet so tight as to be incapable of being removed, excepting by the use of the file. On this singular gorget was engraved, in Saxon characters:—'Gurth, the son of Beowulph, is the born thrall of Cedric of Rotherwood.'"

Such is the scene which inspired the brush of the artist, Mr. C. E. Johnson, and so successful was he that the Council of the Royal Academy selected the picture to form one of those representative works which are every year purchased out of the funds of the Chantrey bequest. The picture is now in the South Kensington Museum.

* Thus in the original copy at St. George's Museum, and reproduced at Mr. Ruskin's desire.

THE GLASGOW ART CLUB.

THE recent publication of a volume of sixty-two photogravures from their own works by the members of The Glasgow Art Club has led us to notice with some detail the history of a Society which is quietly doing good work for Art.

Started in a singularly unpretentious way, it now comprises a membership of sixty-four artists—native or resident—of the West of Scotland; and has on its roll, as honorary members, the Presidents of the Royal Academies of Great Britain. Such a society must therefore have exercised no inconsiderable influence on the course of Scottish Art, and should become a still more important factor in determining its future position.

Thirty years ago Art in Glasgow was far from flourishing: the few artists who, with more courage than pecuniary reward, tended its sacred fire, not enjoying that social consideration which is now claimed and received by their profession as a right. The citizens, indeed, found the hurrying hours too brief for those absorbing industries which their restless energy and faculty of invention had evolved from the great staples of coal, iron, and cotton. Thus Art—whether in theory or practice—had but a meagre share in their busy lives; and aspirations after the beautiful when such arose in the young and ardent, were promptly trimmed by the grammar of ornament in the local school of design, and utilised later as textile patterns.



Driftwood. By David Fulton.

An interest in Art matters was, however, created and fostered by annual exhibitions of paintings and sculpture by members of a society called the West of Scotland Academy, with which were included pictures — still memorable — by metropolitan artists of note, or lent from private collections. From a variety of causes which we need not pause to explain, its influence gradually waned, and at length it ceased to exist as a corporate body. But two of its able and earnest band of workers now survive—Mr. Robert Greenlees—known as an excellent landscape painter, and Mr. Charles N. Woolnoth, a veteran and respected water-colourist.

This society was succeeded by The Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts, which owed its institution to the public spirit of certain merchant princes who—not content with a munificent patronage of Art—sought still further in this practical way to prove their zeal in its cause. Annually since 1861, exhibitions of paintings and sculpture have been held in Glasgow under its auspices with a high average of financial success, and a steadily growing reputation, which now attracts to its galleries the choicest examples of contemporary Art, whether at home or abroad. The opportunities thus afforded year by year for the study of high-class examples of painting, could not fail to awaken Art tendencies where such were latent, and amateurs in abundance hastened to express their budding fancies on canvas, with results too frequently, as regarded quality, in an inverse ratio to their enthusiasm. Clearly, therefore, something was needed to regulate such untrained effort; and, in order to some extent to supply this, a few companions of congenial tastes resolved to found an Art club, which—partly educational—would form a bond of union among themselves, and offer a rallying point to others similarly inclined. A constitution and rules in harmony with these aims were therefore prepared, and duly adopted at a meeting held on the evening of 30th November, 1867, by nine amateurs who constituted the membership; and, under the title of The Glasgow Art Club, the little society entered with high hopes on its unknown career. The president — to whom the idea of the club was mainly due —was Mr. William Dennistoun, known later as a clever painter of architectural subjects in water colour, and whose too early death occurred at Venice a few years ago. Without exception the members were engaged in commercial pursuits, and for some years such continued to be the case; but all anticipated with eagerness a time when freed from business, they could follow untrammelled the bewitching mistress whose spell was upon them. During the six months of winter and spring, a meeting was held at the end of each month, usually in a temperance hotel. Sketches in oil or water colour—which had circulated during the month in a small portfolio among the members—were then mutually criticised; and with an unsparing frankness which occasionally cost the club a member. Notwithstanding, the ordeal was not unwholesome, as it was fatal to conceit, and roused a determination to excel. The entrance-money payable by each member on election was two shillings and sixpence, and it is interesting to recall that for a long time an average monthly payment of fourpence half-penny each sufficed to cover all expenses connected with these meetings. Now and again fortune smiled on their efforts when sketches were bought out

of the portfolio by a "discerning public," at prices ranging from two shillings and sixpence to thirty shillings each; and



A Study. By Sir Fredk. Leighton, P.R.A.

collectors now show spirited drawings secured at that time for several shillings, signed by names which have since become "household words" in Art circles. Evenings were frequently devoted to the discussion of Art subjects, and sometimes the members met to illustrate a theme, the subject being only decided on at the time, while timid attempts at drawing from living models were occasionally made. Meanwhile the membership was steadily increasing, till in 1874 the roll numbered thirty-two names, and it was found necessary to discontinue the portfolio, which had assumed most cumbersome proportions; and the criticisms ceased as well, these having become a weariness too heavy to be borne. It was resolved, therefore, to remodel the rules, rent rooms in some hotel, establish a reading-room, and a fully equipped life class, and raise the entrance-money to one guinea (it is now five) with an annual subscription of three guineas. These sweeping changes—though viewed with dismay by the older members—were carried out; and the party of progress gained the first of many subsequent victories.

Commencing about 1872, public exhibitions of the members' works had been held with considerable encouragement from the public; that of 1875 registering sales to the extent of £1,050 during the month it was open, an amount which a few years later had swelled to more than £2,000 for the same period. These exhibitions have since regularly taken place with much acceptance and monetary success; and have become, indeed, a recognised event in Glasgow Art life. In this relation it may not be uninteresting to state, that fifteen members of the club exhibited twenty-nine pictures in this year's Royal Academy, nearly all well placed.

For some years after the club started, its season began and ended with a tea-party. These in course of time gave place to suppers, which again yielded to annual dinners, at which guests—eminent in Art or locally important—were always present. By 1878 most of the original members had developed into professional artists, commercial positions—in some cases of consequence—having been cheerfully resigned, with a faith in themselves and the future almost bordering on heroism; and it is pleasing to record that in every instance their confidence has been justified by the event. Artists, too, resident in Glasgow, who had already made a reputation by their works, such as James Docharty, A.R.S.A., Joseph Henderson, Robert Greenlees, and James A. Aitken, now joined the club, attracted by its aims and agreeable society; and by their influence gained for it a more rapid position and prominence than it could otherwise have hoped to attain.

Hitherto depending on hotels for accommodation and service, a bolder venture was in 1878 resolved upon, namely, the acquisition of permanent premises under lease, and the equipment and furnishing of these for the club's use. To effect this object each member presented to the club a framed painting executed by himself, the whole being disposed of on the Art Union principle, and realising £350, and a handsome and commodious suite of apartments were inaugurated in due course. In these the club has remained for eight years with much happiness and profit to the members.

Again a note of change has sounded, and after full discussion, it has been decided to alter the constitution of the club, so as to include a limited number of gentlemen interested in Art and artistic society as lay members; and already about one hundred county and city gentlemen of position, have signified their wish to join in that capacity.



The Broken Doll. By Alexander Davidson.

A large and handsome club-house has been acquired, in connection with which a picture gallery is being constructed, and when the whole is fittingly decorated and furnished, it should offer a charming *rendezvous* for West of Scotland artists and Art lovers.

To meet, to some extent, the expense which this important movement involves, the members resolved to publish, by private subscription, the "Book" from which our illustrations are taken; and we are happy to say their idea has proved eminently successful, as but few copies of the issue are now available. It was produced under the supervision of a small committee of the members, the plates being executed in photogravure by Messrs. T. and R. Annan, of London and Glasgow. Where all are good, it has not been easy to make a small selection, but those we reproduce are fairly representative of the rest.

'A Study,' by Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., fittingly begins the series of plates; and our readers will thank us for a reproduction which reveals the master hand in every touch.

Mr. David Fulton, in 'Driftwood,' pleases by a breezy, open-air feeling of space and movement. The works of this artist always combine landscape and figure with good effect; and are noteworthy for charmingly natural colour.

'For Daily Bread,' by Mr. Thomas McEwan, is a good example of a class of subject with which this artist has always been identified. Whether in colour, light and shade, or sentiment, the picture is wholly praiseworthy.



For Daily Bread. By T. McEwan.

Every one must feel that the picture of 'The Broken Doll,' by Mr. Alexander Davidson, ably tells its story. Its truth appeals to all.

We feel it somewhat invidious to single out works for special notice among so much that is excellent, but would venture to commend 'A Summer Breeze,' by Francis Powell, P.S.W.S.; 'The Firstlings of the Flock,' by P. McG. Wilson; 'Crossing the Brook,' by E. Pataloni; 'The Schoolmates,' by James Guthrie; 'Youth and Age,' by John Lavery; 'On the Thames—at Henley,' by A. K. Brown; 'The Sisters,' by A. Roche; 'Grandfather's Visit,' by Walter Hutcheson; 'The Court-yard, Tillietudlem Castle,' by David Murray, A.R.S.A.; 'The Thames at Greenwich,' by C. J. Lauder; 'Old Mortality,' by Thomas Hunt; 'The End of the Web,' by A. S. Boyd; and 'Blind Man's Buff,' by James E. Christie. Nor must we overlook the important contribution of Sir William Fettes Douglas, P.R.S.A., 'In the Scriptorium,' so full of character and antiquarian research.

The book—which is dedicated by permission to the two honorary members of the club—is handsomely got up, alike as regards paper, typography, and binding, and reflects the highest credit on all concerned. While congratulating the Glasgow Art Club on its past achievements, we wish it every success in the important changes it now contemplates, which, when completed, will furnish a remarkable and instructive commentary on its early history.

"THE LANCRET OF THE LAGOONS," PIETRO LONGHI.

THE National Gallery has recently brought forward, somewhat conspicuously, two curious works belonging to the Venetian school, not the Venetian school of the primitive Paduan masters, the Vivarini, the Bellini, and Carpaccio, or the later splendours of Titian and Giorgione, nor even of the days of glorious decline with Paolo and Zelotti, but the Venetian school in the glowing twilight of its close. The pictures—which at present hang in the corner of Gallery X.—are two small canvases by Pietro Longhi, an artist whose works, rarely to be met with away from Venice, merit something more than the oblivion into which in less than a short century they have fallen. A painter essentially of what we understand as *genre*, Longhi has not unhappily been termed "The Lancret of the Lagoons." Time lost, as far as regards any information respecting the painter, would be reference to the modern standard histories of the schools of painting to find any but the scantiest notice, if indeed any notice at all, of an artist who, while scarcely possessing the critical genius of our own Hogarth, has immortalised, as truly as the English painter has done with our middle class of the last century, the life, costumes and customs of the refined society of Venice a hundred years ago. It is this fact which lends a special interest to Longhi's work, the more so at a moment when everything artistic belonging to the eighteenth century

is now as much admired and understood in England and America, as it has long been by our French neighbours. In the now half-deserted palaces of the Grand Canal, in the very rooms which he represents to us as peopled with the life of a generation gone by, Longhi's canvases still hang, and yet how little known are the quaintly coloured engravings from the originals in their pretty black and gold pear-wood frames, which, with Dutch pirated copies innumerable, once formed the delight of our great-grandmothers.

As a *painter*, Longhi, it must be admitted, cannot be very highly commended; in the direction of technique he possessed but few of the traditions of the once brilliant school of which he is the last representative, nor again, industrious as he was, will many of his canvases be found away from Venice, where, as already stated, his works still remain untouched in many instances in the palaces of the descendants of his patrons.* The National Gallery is therefore fortunate in possessing two excellent specimens of the painter's style in the two works representing, one a group of masked patricians examining a rhinoceros in a menagerie, the other a scene from a comedy.

In the simple days when the photographer had not invaded "the Piazza," and debauched the unwary tourist with those hideous orgies in Prussian blue which pass muster as views of Venice by moonlight; in days before the beauties of the picturesque Venetian girls had been discovered by Favretto, Van Haanen, Hy. Woods, and their numerous school, there still existed with the wandering tourist that love of possessing some reminiscence of the ever-charming life of Venice, and Longhi's active talent, and still more active engravers, plentifully supplied the demand.

Born the same year as our Queen Anne came to the throne, 1702, the son of a skilful goldsmith and silver-chaser, Longhi's early surroundings were well calculated to foster the inclination which he soon developed as a painter. Far as the Venetian school had strayed from its traditions in that period of degradation known in Italy as the *sette cento*, Longhi in the workshop of Balestra received many invaluable lessons. Indeed, his earliest work, an ambitious fresco of the 'Fall of the Giants,' introducing the whole of Olympus, painted in the staircase of the Palazzo Sagredo—a work commissioned in 1734—is entirely after the theatrically grandiose style of his master Balestra. Happily, young Longhi soon recognised the impossibility of rivalling such a *frescante* as his contemporary Tiepolo, in whom, amidst the degradation of the school, the soul of Veronese seems once again to have re-lived. Sent by his master to Bologna, Longhi appears there to have found the "road to Damascus," for from this moment his whole style changes. It is a point worthy of notice, suggested, it is true, merely by surmise, that Longhi may not improbably about this time have come across some of Hogarth's already published prints.† There exist so many resemblances between the works of the two artists that the mere accident of their representing contemporary incidents and costume can scarcely explain what will be evident by the most hasty comparison, resemblances perhaps, it may be remarked, which come out more clearly in the engravings of Longhi's works.

In the direction of *genre*, Longhi felt the inclination of his character, and from the very outset found a ready acknowledgment in the Venetian society of the time, the life of which he henceforth set himself to represent. In vain his master urged him in the old classic lines. As with our Hogarth and his master Thornhill, Longhi's sympathies lay in the realistic representation of the life about him, and he wisely felt that where his sympathies lay there he would produce his best work; from no deficiency of imagination did he prefer to represent the gaieties of the Ridotto, the Carnival, and the boudoir, but from the honest acknowledgment of a principle in failing to grasp which many an artist of ability has stumbled. When we recall the varied little canvases which for over half a century he unceasingly produced, it is hard to think what small meed of praise has been allotted so industrious and truthful an artist.

In a society, with which Art as a social ingredient of existence was a traditional necessity, Longhi found a generous patronage from the patrician circle in which he moved, and which he depicted so ably. His engravers, with a nameless host of copyists, found scarcely less to do in reproducing his ever-popular subjects as they flowed from his facile yet ever careful brush. Liotard and Gutwein made Longhi known in France and Germany, but it is by his compatriots, Pitteri and, in a few case, Bartolozzi, but above all by his son, Alessandro Longhi, that he has been most faithfully reproduced. Not, however, without hard study did he attain his power. The curious folio of studies by Longhi, treasured in the Civic Museum at Venice—where, however, the volume may easily escape the attention of the ordinary visitor—amply reveals how close was Longhi's observation of nature. Here are gathered together over a hundred and fifty charming chalk sketches, many of them memoranda for his completed works, others studies from nature of figures, the Doge, councillors, lawyers, *lustrissimi* and *lustrissime* of all ages and conditions, young countesses and old countesses, milliners, quacks, barbers, dancing masters and peasants; interiors of rooms, *cafés* and shops, studies of furniture, musical instruments and every accessory, in fact, which we see introduced into his finished works. The folio volume in which these sketches are kept is the more interesting as having been purchased by Theodore Correr, the founder of the Correr Museum, from Longhi's son, Alessandro, an artist who, after enjoying in as large a degree as his father the friendship of the great, and publishing a praiseworthy volume of Lives of the later Venetian painters, died as recently as 1813.

Strange though it may seem, with the reputation Longhi enjoyed (he was, in his later years, elected president of the Venetian Academy of Fine Arts, among the few still existing institutions of the old republic), the exact date of Longhi's death is as unknown as the spot where he lies buried.* He was spared at least the pain of seeing the downfall of the society amidst which he moved so pleasantly, and which he has depicted for posterity with such artistic accuracy of detail.

T. CAREW MARTIN.

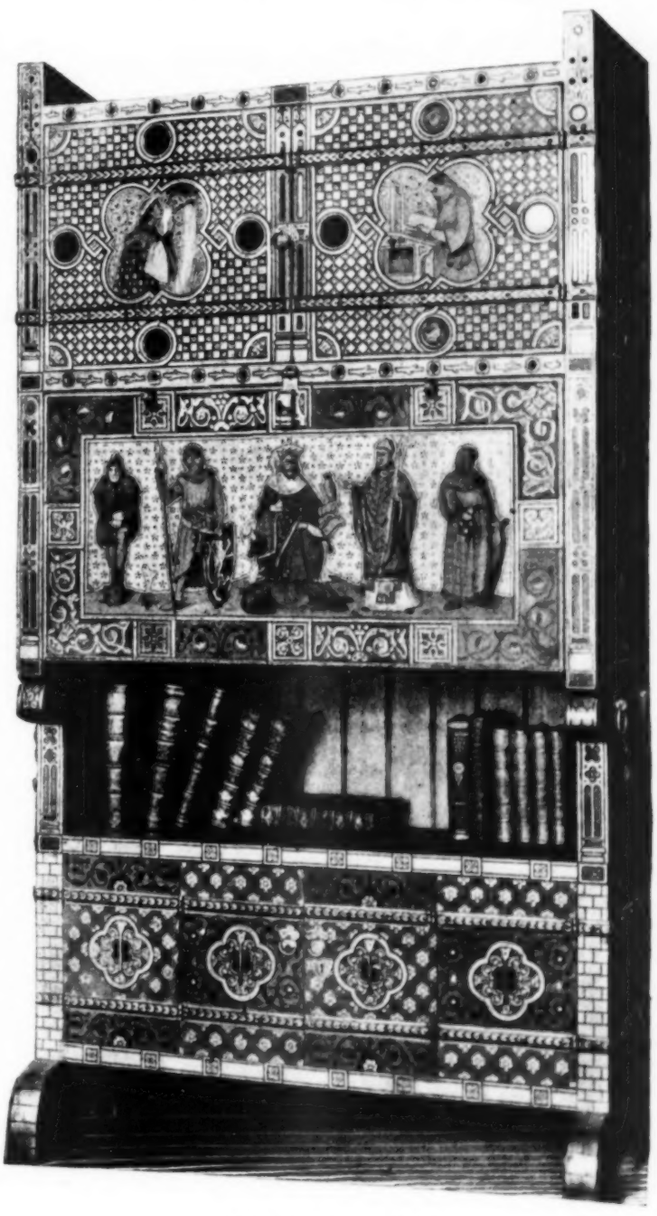
* In Venice perhaps the most characteristic collection of Longhi's works will be found in the Morosini palace. By the very recent death of the Countess Morosini, her gallery has been bequeathed to the Corporation, whose Museum—the Museo Correr—also contains a number of admirable works by Longhi. The late Mr. Rawdon Brown, whose researches into the Venetian archives are well known, also possessed some representative specimens of the master.

† Hogarth, who commenced to work about 1720, produced in 1733 his first great work, 'The Harlot's Progress,' followed in 1735 by 'The Rake's Progress,' the success of which, with his numerous other works, led to their being, it is known, largely pirated at home and abroad.

* It may be mentioned that the date of Longhi's death, 1762, as stated on the labels of his pictures in the National Gallery, is incorrect. The date 1785 is more generally accepted.

THE HOME OF AN ENGLISH ARCHITECT.*

IF the house which Burges built for himself in Melbury Road and the mural decorations thereof in sculpture and painting be remarkable and unique, not less noteworthy is the furniture of those rooms which he lived to see completed. Indeed, most of the *mobilier* was designed and made during the years he resided in his old chambers, at 14, Buckingham Street, where the rooms at last became overcrowded with cabinets, and other pieces of furniture, and with the multitude of rare and beautiful objects he had collected, chiefly from Eastern lands — costly jades and crystals from China and Japan, rich embroideries, interesting ivories, exquisite enamels, precious inlays, marvellous metal-work in bronze and silver and gold, and, not the least interesting to himself, a collection of armour, bequeathed to the British Museum, but for which he had in his new house set apart a room which he called *the armoury*.



An Escritoire—the exterior.

In my last article I pointed out that while in his architecture Burges never once forsook the lines and proportions of an exaggerated expression of strength, there was in his designs for metal-work, especially of the more precious metals, a distinct development towards a lighter handling. This tendency is still more marked in the sequence of his furniture designs. Indeed, it is almost impossible to find a stronger contrast than that presented by him in the shafted gilded cabinet he designed shortly before his death, and the massive painted structure which was devised more than twenty years before. But the earlier work was far more representative of the man. Like the bronze elephantine inkstand, it had stood at his elbow all the best years of his life, and though designed to contain only a few pigeon-holes for letters, it is both in contrivance and decoration full of quaint conceits. Four massive square-cut pieces of timber form its supports; the lower part open, with rails on which to rest his portfolios; the upper story—it is more like a house than a modern cabinet—is enclosed with folding doors, and above this is a machicolated parapet and a gabled roof of high pitch crowned with massive finials. The two armoires at Bayeux and Noyon had been at the bottom of it all. It is true they had been built up in the sacristies of mighty cathedrals and could only be taken out of the rooms they filled by being taken to pieces. But this mattered little to my old friend; he found in these solid pieces of joinery rare specimens of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. He dwelt on their detail, and delighted in their decorations, and though he was far too original to copy he was so infected by them that at first sight his work looks as if it might well have come from the hands that wrought in the old French towns six centuries ago. Of his early painted furniture the most ambitious in size and quite the most remarkable for its historical and artistic associations is the cabinet he first designed to contain his books on Art (page 302). The whole of the doors are divided out in a painted architectural arrangement of pillars, and arches, and string-courses; the summit, true to

* Concluded from page 173.

the Noyon model, being crowned with parapet and gables. Each arched panel he arranged to contain a figure composition illustrative of the purpose to which the cabinet was devoted, and then he commissioned certain young painters, enthusiasts like himself, and all more or less adherents to the Gothic-Revival movement, to fill these panels with Art subjects from Pagan and Christian story.



The Bookcase in the Library.

So here we find a picture by Poynter; another by Burne Jones, who also made a cartoon of the wonderfully jewelled piece of stained glass that filled the window in front of his old writing-table. Here also is a picture by Simeon Solomon, a young painter, then of curiously terrible force. The subjects of the Pagan pictures are 'Rhodope ordering the building of a pyramid,' 'Sappho playing on her lyre,' 'Apelles painting the first portrait,' and 'Pygmalion and Galatea;' while Christian Art is represented by 'St. John and the New Jerusalem,' 'The Apparition of Beatrice to Dante,' 'Edward I. and Torelli,' and the picture of 'Fra Angelico painting the portrait of the Virgin.'

The minor details of decoration are influenced by three dominant ideas. The lowest portion of the bookcase is adorned with shells and fishes, symbolising the Sea; the second is adorned with flowers, referring to the Earth; the third idea of the Air is suggested by birds, and, at the top, by stars. The intermediary sections have illustrations of Æsop's Fables and "The History of Cock Robin." This really remarkable bookcase had been made many years before the house was built, and was a familiar feature in those pleasant chambers overlooking the gardens of the Thames Embankment in Buckingham Street.

One of the most curious pictures Burges ever had executed is 'The Judgment of Paris' treated mediævally, which decorates the head of the guest's bedstead. The three rival goddesses are fully clothed in the tunics and super-tunics of the thirteenth century, Mercury stands on one side, and Paris on the other bends low to Venus, whose robes are embroidered with hearts and doves. The Guests' Chamber, or, as it was sometimes called, the Golden Room, in which this bedstead stood, was the most gorgeous of all the apartments. The ceiling, with its four square compartments formed by massive cross-beams, was decorated with butterflies of all colours symmetrically arranged in circles, the beams themselves being decorated with comic illustrations of battles between those relentless enemies, the frogs and the mice. Flowers and plants in semi-conventional design filled the subsectional canopied compartments which formed a deep frieze round the room. The upper divisions of the windows were filled with panels of stained glass in the Oriental style, composed of small pieces of brilliantly coloured glass, arranged in floral patterns, with broad divisions, as is to be seen in the windows in Cairo and Constantinople. Rich Eastern embroidery filled the panels on the outer face of the shutters, and flowers panelled the second face. The dressing-table and the washstand were gilt. Beyond the plain gilding, the chief objects represented in the decoration of this chamber were flowers and butterflies. As a general rule, too, as time passed on the figure subjects were introduced less lavishly, and as I think with much better effect. The cabinet of Philosophy and the escritoire, both of which are here illustrated, are more like the Noyon armoire in relative proportion of figure and ornament. The counterchange of colour in the lower part of the escritoire is directly borrowed from Noyon, although the treatment of the pattern is quite Burgesque. In the four cabinets I have mentioned there is enough to show how, at least in furniture design, Burges was escaping from the elephantine influence which weighed

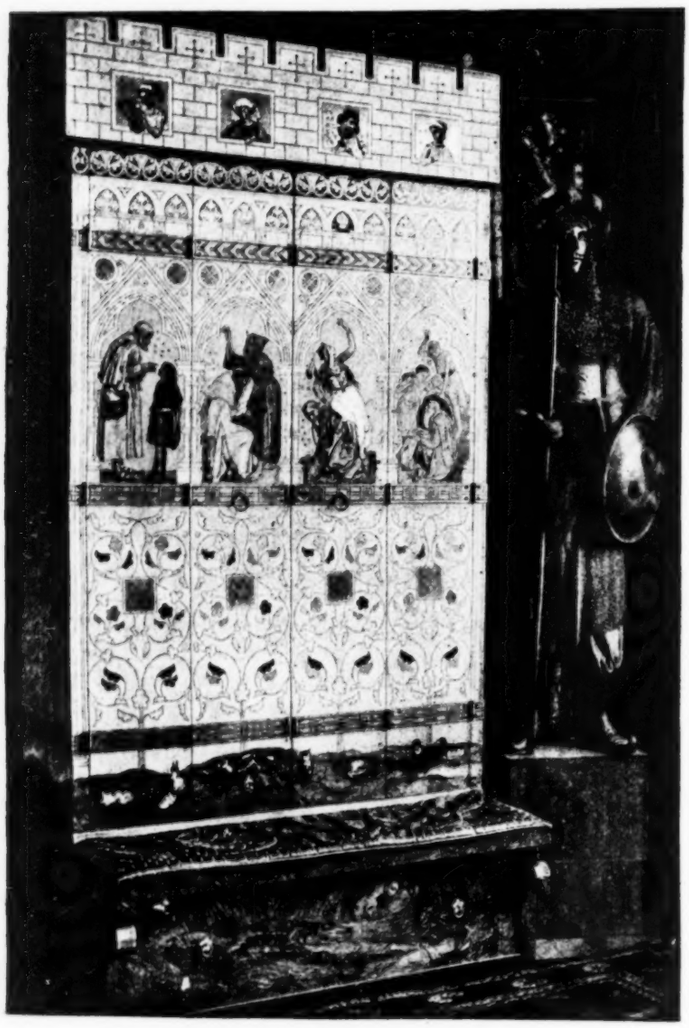
so heavily on all his early work. The letter cabinet, the art cabinet, the escritoire, and the Philosophy cabinet, are here written in the order of their date, and the progress, which was to culminate in the shafted open cabinet stand, is marked in no uncertain manner. The escritoire, which we have illustrated on the first page, is decorated with subjects referring to the uses of writing. In the front, a young man who has written a letter to his lady-love, is represented as kissing it before depositing it in the trunk of a tree; a merchant is seen in his counting-house writing up his ledger; on the one side an urchin is learning to write, while the monk, his instructor, is punishing him for his slow



A Stand for Cabinets.

progress by pulling his ear; and on the other side an old man is in the act of making his will. The figures in the panel below are illustrative of the estates of life—Priest, King, Warrior, Merchant, and Labourer. The stand for cabinets stood upon a chest of drawers decorated with humorous references to the nature of its contents. In the illustration we just catch a glimpse of the farther subject, that of a man at dinner with a napkin. The other paintings are of an old woman mending stockings, a man with a towel, a girl mending a pocket-handkerchief, a man trying on a shirt, and a "sandwich" man advertising some one's "perfect fit." The slender pillars of the cabinet stand are gilt, and tell out light and bright against a background of rich Eastern embroideries.

Going back for a moment to the earlier method, we see it very strongly asserted in the bedroom furniture which Burges devised for his little room in Buckingham Street, and which was transported to the Melbury Road house. Here also we have figure subjects: the 'Sleeping Beauty' at the head of the bed is a highly finished work, while on the wash-stand exquisite little pictures of the story of Narcissus are set in tiny panels like gems. There is in the house much furniture made specially for the walls. Thus in the library we have a series of bookcases, or rather book-cabinets, on which Weekes painted figures, all connected with architecture and arranged in obedience to the sequence of the letters



The "Philosophy" Cabinet.

of the alphabet. A was an architect, illustrated by a figure of Burges himself at work. B was a builder; and so on. Indeed wherever we turn the fancy of the artist-architect is manifested. The stories told are all full of meaning, while the ornament, the grotesque, the animal forms surrounding them in band, or diaper, or powdering, are all full of quaint conceits and replete with the evidence of their author's knowledge and of his sympathy with the comedy of life.

One other piece of furniture at least which demands some notice here is the cabinet which is illustrated on this page. It is noticeable for the humorous nature of the paintings, which deal with the troubles of philosophers and literary men. The first of the four panels illustrates, subtly, the troubles of the great Socrates, who, intent on lecturing a young aspirant, does not heed the cold water which Zantippe—seen in the square panel above—pours on to his head. The unwritten history of Martin Luther receives, in the second panel, an addition. Here the very practical saint conceals in his right hand an inkstand, ready to be hurled at the head of the demon who has injudiciously disturbed him in his studies. In the third picture Aristotle is shown, not to the best advantage. He is bridled by his wife, who is engaged meanwhile in making love to Alexander. Diogenes, in the fourth, is endeavouring to instruct one youth while another ingenious urchin lets fall drops of water on to his bald pate. The climax of genuine fun is, however, reached in the illustrations of the mediæval settle which Mr. Stacy Marks painted. In this Sol is represented as watching complacently from a throne, the signs of the Zodiac engaged in a vigorous breakdown. On his right Leo may be seen making love to Virgo, whilst Cancer, supported by the graceful Gemini, with Taurus and Aries in attendance, are dancing right royally. Libra and Scorpio, followed by Sagittarius and Capricorn, are footing it on his left; and then comes an amusing group of Aquarius, disguised as a pump, administering the pledge to two flabby Pisces.

The "motifs" which dictated to Burges the several schemes of decoration, both of the furniture and the apartments, were seven in number. Thus, in the entrance hall Time formed the "motif;" the realisation of Chaucer's "House of Fame" was the theme in the dining-room; in the library, Literature and the Liberal Arts; in the drawing-room, Love, its fortunes and crosses; in the guest-chamber, the Earth and its productions; and in Burges's own bedroom, the Sea and its inhabitants. This latter room was, if possible, more happily designed than the rest. A frieze which runs around the room is adorned with fishes of various shapes and colours disporting themselves in a conventional ocean of wavy lines, the frieze being repeated on the chimney-piece. A graceful mermaid, engaged in the orthodox occupation of arranging her long silken locks with the aid of a mirror, is the chief feature on the hood of the chimney-piece, which is also studded with a diaper of coral and finished with a sculptured scallop-shell. In the painted panel, however, in the semicircular head of the massive bed, the dominant theme is dropped, the scene represented being that of the awakening of the Sleeping Beauty. The wardrobe, which stands in the corner, is another example of Burges's plan of symbolising the contents of articles of furniture. The girl with the distaff signified flax, and the gentle piping shepherd with his sheep, wool; there being depicted below a procession of shears, bobbins, and other tailors' tools.

Nor was it alone in painted furniture, or in architecture with all its sculptural and coloured decorations, that Burges found expression for the ideas that welled up in a brain that overflowed with the wealth of design. His decanters, cups, jugs, even knives, forks, and spoons, were designed by himself for himself, with an enthusiasm and ability not a jot less,

and in no way inferior to that he exhibited when designing cathedrals or castles. Of these minor articles I remember particularly the "cat cup," a crystal vessel so named from the cat on the top, and a mediæval decanter, the body of which was of glass, the metal-work of silver, covered with rich repoussé work, and the necks of malachite and porphyry. The bosses were inlaid with ancient coins; and scarabei, cameos, and intaglios were scattered over the surface of the silver bands.

The real joy he had in his work, the almost child-like delight he felt in designing anything and watching it carried out, no one could appreciate who had not witnessed it. To those who understand these things it is enough to look at the pictures on the drawers in the interior of the escritoire, illustrating four ways of conveying intelligence: these are (1) an Assyrian cutting a cuneiform inscription, (2) Sappho with her lyre, (3) a printer working at his press, (4) a young woman at the telegraph. Besides the painters already named who assisted the architect to render his furniture unique, I may mention H. S. Marks, R.A., who painted the settle; Smallwood, who painted the wardrobe in early days; Henry Holiday, and Percy Fitzgerald.

It but remains for me to thank Mr. Pullan for his kindness in permitting full use to be made of the splendid series of photographs he has had taken of his brother-in-law's works (published by The Fine Art Society), and to express my regret that the limits of a magazine article are all too narrow to enable me to do the faintest justice to the genius of one whom I admired, revered, and honoured, as an artist, and who for twenty years was my most intimate friend.

E. W. Godwin.



Burges's own Bedroom—general view.

THE ART SALES OF 1886.

THE Art sale season generally begins in December and ends in July, but it is rare to find any sale of importance before March. This year the principal events have been the modern pictures of Mr. H. McConnell, known as the Cressbrook collection; the Graham sale of pictures by Burne-Jones Rossetti, and masters more or less allied to them in aim; the famous porcelain collected by the Earl of Dudley; and the Blenheim collection. The last sale lost some of its interest by reason of the fact that some of the gems of the collection had already been disposed of by private treaty, but there was sufficient left to require a thick catalogue, and to constitute a very important sale. The Old Masters have figured very largely in this year's dispersals, and connoisseurs have had many excellent opportunities of enriching their collections, from such sales as the second portion of the Graham pictures, the Addington, the Nieuwenhuys, and the Blenheim.

Messrs. Jackson and Graham's stock, dispersed in December, included the famous ebony cabinet (gained the "Ehren Diplom" at Vienna, 1873), which sold for 500 gs. It had been before in these rooms.

February.—On the 6th, the stock of Mr. H. E. Green, of Grosvenor House Gallery, Bristol: Frith, 'The Road to Ruin,' small replicas, 310 gs. (Perman); Cooper, 'Canterbury Meadows,' 1853, 530 gs. (Mendoza). On the 17th Miss Gamble's articles of virtu: necklace of emeralds and brilliants, £940; single collet necklace of brilliants, £820; flounce and berthe, old point de Venise, said to have been worn by Marie Antoinette, 225 gs. (Joseph). On the 20th the pictures of Col. J. J. Ellis: Landseer, 'Badminton,' unfinished (from the artist's sale), 285 gs. (Connell); J. C. Hook, R.A., 'The Coral-Fisher, Amalfi,' 1878, 810 gs. (Tooth); Linnell, sen., 'Over the Hills,' 1872, 575 gs. (McLean); 'The Harvest

Waggon,' 1862 (coll. Mr. G. Brown, of Croydon, 520 gs., Mr. J. Hargreaves, 1873, 740 gs.), 460 gs. (Howe); Frith, 'The Road to Ruin,' 1878, the engraved series, 1,500 gs. (Walker); 'Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield,' 1876 (sold 1878, 1,400 gs.), 420 gs. (Howe). Some of these pictures, bought in at Christie's, have since been on sale by private treaty at Messrs. Mendoza's.

March.—On the 5th, Mr. John Napier's *objets d'art:* pair of Louis XVI. candelabra, ormolu (Shandon collection), 520 gs. (Wertheimer); lyre clock, grosbleu Sèvres and ormolu, 250 gs. (Robson). Pictures: Louis Haghe, 'The Audience Chamber, Hôtel de Ville, Bruges,' 1852, water colour (Shandon collection), 300 gs. (Napier). On the 19th and 20th, the remaining works of Mr. R. Ansdell, R.A.: 'Yo Ho!' 265 gs.; 'On the Hills, Ptarmigan-Shooting,' 1876, 375 gs.; 'The Interrupted Meal,' 1877, 280 gs. On the 12th and 13th, Mr. F. S. Teesdale's pictures: H. Dawson, 'River scene, with Cattle, Sunset,' 1858, 380 gs.; J Holland, 'Chiesa di Gesuati, Venice,' 1863, 360 gs.; V. Cole, 'Summer Showers, View on the Arun,' 1869, 750 gs. On the 27th, the Cressbrook collection, formed by Mr. H. McConnell: Auguste Bonheur, 'Cattle Crossing a Stream,' 400 gs. (Agnew); Mulready, 'Idle Boys,' 1815, 1510 gs. (Agnew); R. P. Bonington, 'Low Tide on the French Coast' (coll. Sir G. Warrender, Bart., and Marquis Maison, Paris), 450 gs. (Agnew); C. R. Leslie, R. A., 'The Heiress' (coll. Mr. R. Newsham; Bicknell, 1863, 1,260 gs.), 275 gs.; T. Webster, R.A., 'The Smile' and 'The Frown,' the well-known pair (Bicknell sale, 1863, 1,680 gs.), 1,550 gs. (Agnew); Linnell, sen., 'The Brow of the Hill,' 1866, 610 gs. (Agnew); T. Faed, R.A., 'Conquered, but not subdued,' 1856, 1,100 gs. (Silva White); Millais, 'Pilgrims to St. Paul's,' 1868, 400 gs. (McLean); Henrietta Browne, 'Visit to the Harem,' 1,250 gs. (Agnew); Rosa Bonheur, 'Mare and Foal,' 1853, 860 gs. (Agnew); 'The Horse Fair,' replica, 3,000 gs. (Agnew); Constable, 'Dell in Helmingham Park' (exhibited at Birmingham, 1842, by Mr. B. Johnson; at Manchester, 1857, as 'The Rustic Bridge,' by Mr. F. T. Rufford), 1,550 gs. (Silva White); W. Collins, R.A., 'The Morning Bath,' painted for Mr. McConnell, 850 gs. (Agnew); Callcott, 'Ghent,' 800 gs. (Agnew), and 'Gulf of Salerno, near Amalfi,' 700 gs. (Agnew); both painted for Mr. McConnell; Landseer, 'Hawking in the Olden Time,' 450 gs. (Agnew); C. Stanfield, 'Port-na-Spania' (coll. Mr. John Houldsworth), 1,350 gs. (Agnew); Turner, 'The Bathers,' 1,080 gs.; 'Campo Santo, Venice' (Bicknell sale, 1863, 2,000 gs.), 2,500 gs. (Silva White); 'Rockets and Blue Lights, Calais,' 710 gs. (Agnew); J. Phillip, R.A., 'The Volunteer,' 1862, 1,500 gs. (Silva White); 'The Water Drinkers,' 1862, 2,450 gs. (T. Johnson); 'The Early Career of Murillo,' 1865, a grand *chef-d'œuvre*, 3,800 gs. (Silva White, who purchased on behalf of Mr. Keiller of Dundee).

April.—From the 2nd to the 8th, Mr. William Graham's collection. Water-colours: F. Walker, A.R.A., 'The Lilies,' 1,300 gs. (Agnew); 'Stobhall Garden,' 540 gs. (Agnew); D. G. Rossetti, 'The Rose Garden,' 250 gs. (Laurie); 'The First Madness of Ophelia,' 225 gs. (Agnew); 'The Loving Cup,' panel, 410 gs. (Vipan); 'Francesca da Rimini,' 385 gs. (Agnew); E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., 'Pygmalion,' 310 gs. (Clifford); 'Cupid and Psyche,' 300 gs.; 'An Angel,' 250 gs. (Agnew); 'Garden of the Hesperides,' 350 gs. (Agnew); 'Chant d'Amour,' somewhat different to the oil picture, 580 gs. (Clifford); 'Love disguised as Reason,' 700 gs. (Clifford). Pictures in oil: G. F. Watts, R.A., 'The First Whisper of Love,' 310 gs. (Laurie); 'The Sunflower,' 300 gs. (Grenfell); 'Diana and Endymion,' 870 gs. (Agnew); Holman Hunt, 'The Scapegoat' (Heugh sale, 74, 480 gs.), 500 gs. (Agnew); 'The Light of the World,' 750 gs. (Agnew), two small replicas; F. Walker, 'The Bathers,' 1864, 2,500 gs. (Agnew); 'The Sunny Thames,' 1,155 gs. (Agnew); 'The Vagrants,' 1,770 gs. (National Gallery); Millais, 'The Vale of Rest,' 1859 (B. G. Windus collection), 3,150 gs. (Deschamps); 'Apple Blossoms,' 1859 (Gambart sale, 1861, 460 gs.; lent to International Exhibition, 1862, by Mr. J. Burnett; sold 1876, 1,450 gs.), 1,000 gs. (E. F. White); 'The Blind Girl' (painted at Winchelsea, 1855; Liverpool prize of £50, 1857), 830 gs. (Agnew); D. G. Rossetti, 'Ancilla Domini,' 1850, 800 gs. (National Gallery); 'Marigolds,' 520 gs.; 'Dante at the Bier of Beatrice,' a smaller version, with predella of 'Dante's Dream,' at Liverpool, 1,000 gs. (Agnew); 'Beata Beatrice,' 1,150 gs. (Mackenzie); 'La Ghirlandata,' 1877, 1,000 gs. (Agnew); 'Found,' began 1853, retouched on various occasions, 720 gs. (Agnew); 'Mariana,' 630 gs. (Buxton). Thirty works by Rossetti went for £9,802. Burne-Jones, 'St. George,' 585 gs. (Grindlay); 'Green Summer,' 500 gs. (Agnew); 'Venus' Mirror,' 780 gs. (C. Butler); 'The Feast of Peleus,' 1880, panel, 900 gs. (Agnew); 'The Days of Creation,' 1875, 1,650 gs. (Agnew); 'Laus Veneris,' 2,550 gs. (Agnew); 'Chant d'Amour,' 3,150 gs. (Agnew); 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,' cartoon, 730 gs. (Agnew). There were over three hundred pictures by the Old Masters, but only a few of any note. B. Fungaï da Siena, 'The Virgin and Child,' 410 gs. (Laurie); F. Lippi, 'The Virgin and Child and two Angels,' 630 gs. (Murray); P. della Francesca, 'La Bella Simonetta,' 500 gs. (Donaldson); D. Ghirlandajo, 'Portrait of Count Sassetta and his Son,' 510 gs. (M. Colnaghi); D. Ghirlandajo, 'The Virgin and Child, St. John, and two Angels,' 740 gs. (M. Colnaghi); Claude Lorraine, 'Classical Landscape' (Wynn Ellis collection), 390 gs. (Grindlay); Tintoretto, 'Jupiter nursed by the Melian Nymphs,' 400 gs. (Agnew); G. Bellini, 'Virgin and Child and two Saints' (Wynn Ellis collection), 710 gs. (M. Colnaghi). The whole collection realised a grand total of £68,182. On the 6th, plate and jewels, various properties: pearl necklace, £820 (Bell); another, £400 (Bell); tiara, pearls, and brilliants, 200 gs. (Bell). On the 8th, pictures from various owners: Sir F. Leighton, 'The Mermaid' (painted in Italy for Signor Mario; lent to International Exhibition, 1871, by Mr. R. Cholmondeley; sold 1874, 285 gs.; Potter sale, 1884, 340 gs.), 205 gs. (Hunt); E. Nicol, A.R.A., 'Both Puzzled' (exhibited at Paris, 1867, by Mr. G. Simpson; G. Rennie sale, 1870, 450 gs.; Gillott sale, 1872, 715 gs.), 250 gs. (McLean); V. Cole, 'Summer Rain,' 1873, 850 gs. (Gibbs); R. W. Macbeth, A.R.A., 'A Fen Farm,' 1884, 305 gs. (Agnew); Ansdell, 'Fête Day, Gibraltar,' 1875, 390 gs. (Wilson); E. Long, R.A., 'Thisbe,' 1884, 840 gs. (Gibbs); Millais, 'The Carpenter's Shop,' 1849 (bought from the painter by Mr. Farrer for £250; Plint sale, 1862, 500 gs.; exhibited at The Fine Art Society, 1881, by Mr. F. A. Beer), 850 gs. (Webster). Pictures of Mr. Henry Cooper, of Birmingham: MacWhirter, 'The Track of a Hurricane,' 300 gs. (Agnew); L. Fildes, A.R.A., 'The Village Wedding,' 1,050 gs. (McLean). On the 12th, the collection of the Rt. Hon. A. J. B. Beresford Hope, M.P.: ring set with "Le Saphir Merveilleux," 700 gs. (Whitehead); "The King of Kandy's Cat's-eye" (supposed to be the largest known), 340 gs. (Hawkins); a jacinth with cameo bust of Cleopatra, 148 gs. (Boore): "The Mexican

Sun Opal," 250 gs. (Samuel); a pearl, weighing three ounces, mounted as a pendant, 600 gs. (Webster); a cross of diamonds, 375 gs. (London and Ryder); a brilliant, twelve carats, £400 (A. Hope); a sword hilt in aqua-marine, made for Murat, King of Naples, 220 gs. (Bryce Wright); ewer of buckhorn, carved with Diana surprised by Actæon, dated 1673, 310 gs. (Wertheimer); pectoral cross of cloisonné enamel (from de Bruges collection), £300 (South Kensington Museum); chasse in champlevé enamel, 380 gs. (Davis); triptych of the school of Cologne, fifteenth century, 320 gs. (Davis). The pictures included I. van Eyck, 'The Madonna and Child' (King of Holland's collection), 300 gs. (Lesser); and a large picture by Overbeck, 'The Incredulity of St. Thomas,' 100 gs. (Thompson). Collection of Mr. John Bentley: P. Nasmyth, 'Woody Landscape, St. Alban's Abbey in the distance,' 1810, 420 gs. (Montagu); G. Romney, 'A Lady reading, supposed to be Miss Strangeways,' 300 gs. (Agnew); Reynolds, 'Dionysius Areopagita,' 500 gs.; Wilson, 'Apollo and the Seasons,' figures by Mortimer (Rogers' collection), 405 gs. (Agnew). Various properties: Gainsborough, 'Landscape, with rustic figures' (collection of Sir R. Neave, Bart.), 335 gs. (Nelson); G. Morland, 'Travellers at a Roadside Inn,' 310 gs. (Beaumont). On the 17th, porcelain, etc., of Lord Chesham: pair of old Sèvres vases, gros-bleu, painted by Morin, 920 gs. (Boore); Louis XIV. vase and cover, old Sèvres, painted by Morin, 510 gs. (Agnew). Another property: Louis XIV. buhl commode, the ormolu bearing the stamp of Caffieri, 820 gs. (Stettiner). From the collection of the late Mr. Becket Denison: Louis XIV. clock, in case of black buhl, 290 gs. (Sinclair); pair of Louis XIV. commodes, sarcophagus shape, 325 gs. (Thibaudeau).

On the 21st, the Dudley collection of porcelain: old Chelsea tea-service (collection of the Earl of Lonsdale), a total of £871. Sèvres porcelain: cabaret, gros-bleu, painted after Boucher, 1,000 gs. (Boore); cup and saucer, 1778 (part of the magnificent service stolen from the palace of the Czarina Catherine, Mr. S. Rucker's sale, £85), 125 gs. (Joseph); cabaret, (Marchioness of Londonderry's collection, 340 gs.), 270 gs.; service, Feuille de Choux pattern, a total of £712; dinner service, apple green ground (collections, Prince Torlonia and Mr. A. Barker), a total of £3,437; dessert service, arms of the Hope family (presented by Louis XVI. to Mr. Hope of Amsterdam), 1,900 gs. (A. Hope); old Sèvres commode-shaped jardinière, 610 gs. (Chadwick); pair of square jardinières, 1755 (Mr. H. L. Wigram's collection, 350 gs.), 280 gs. (Davis); pair of éventail jardinières, largest model, 1757, 1,360 gs. (Davis); smaller pair, *en suite*, 600 gs. (Davis)—(three of these were in the collections of Mr. R. Sneyd and Sir F. A. Roe; at the latter's sale, 1,730 gs.); éventail jardinière and stand, 500 gs. (Raphael); three éventail jardinières, largest model, painted by Alonde (Lord O. Fitzgerald's sale, 1,900 gs.), 1,650 gs. (Joseph); éventail jardinière and stand (Mr. W. Goding's sale, 650 gs.), 400 gs. (Chadwick); pair of oviform vases, painted by Le Guay, 770 gs. (Wertheimer); oviform vase and cover, painted by Morin (Marchioness of Londonderry's collection, 860 gs.), 700 gs. (Adair); vase and cover (originally in royal service, Windsor; Bernal collection; Mr. S. Rucker's sale, 900 gs.), 820 gs. (Goode); oviform vase, painted with 'Stirrup Cup,' after Wouvermans, 600 gs. (Wertheimer); another pair, 950 gs. (Wertheimer); another pair, painted by Morin, 900 gs. (Webster); a smaller pair, 585 gs. (Davis); pair of vases and covers, painted by Morin, 760 gs. (Davis); garniture de cheminée, the 'Vaisseau à Mât,' and a pair of tulip-shaped vases (collections, Mr. Auriol, Hon. G. Byng, M.P., Mr. A. Barker), 2,655 gs. (Boore); pair of vases, Rose-du-Barri and gros-bleu green (collections, Duchess of Cleveland, Mr. W. Goding), 2,500 gs. (Webster). Old Chelsea: vase, open-work, rare form, 900 gs. (Willson); another pair, painted after Watteau, 1,020 gs. (Wertheimer); set of three vases, 710 gs.; two pairs of oviform vases, painted after Boucher to represent the Seasons (these were separately obtained by Lord Dudley from the Foundling Hospital, the Earl of Chesterfield, and the Hon. P. J. L. King, M.P., at a total cost of about £15,000), each pair bought in at 2,000 gs. Rock crystal: rose-water ewer and dish (Mr. A. Barker's sale, 1874, 385 gs.), 300 gs. (Boore); chandelier, ormolu, the drops of unusual size (Prince Demidoff's collection), 500 gs. (Henson). In spite of the great losses on many of the lots, the collection realised £40,856.

On the 22nd, the collection of the late Mr. S. Addington. Water-colours: Carl Haag, 'A Rehearsal, Cairo' (Leaf collection, 525 gs.), 275 gs. (Vokins); W. Hunt, 'The Restless Sitter' (Gillott sale, 1872, 390 gs.), 135 gs. (McLean); S. Prout, 'Nuremberg' (collection of Mr. J. L. Clare), 610 gs. (Agnew); Turner, 'Lake of Lucerne' (collection of Mr. A. Wood), 260 gs. (Agnew); 'Carew Castle' (Heugh sale, 1874, 1,100 gs.) 710 gs. (Agnew); F. Walker, A.R.A., 'Street Scene, Cookham' (Leaf collection, 1875, 450 gs.), 860 gs. (Vokins). Pictures in oil: Beechey, 'Portrait of a Lady as Evelina' (collections, Mr. G. Blamire, 1863, 50 gs.; Mr. F. Broderip), 900 gs. (Colnaghi); D. Cox, 'Going to the Harvest Field' (Heugh sale, 1874, 1,050 gs.), 510 gs. (Sale); T. Faed, R.A., 'Lucy's Flittin'' (Mr. F. Somes' sale, 1867, 825 gs.), 390 gs. (Henson); J. Holland, 'Piazetta di S. Marco, Venice,' 310 gs. (Vokins); 'The Thames below Greenwich,' one of the artist's finest works (J. Coles' sale, 1870, 40½ gs.; Mr. J. Baker's, 1873, 230 gs.), 400 gs. (C. Harrison); Landseer, 'St. Bernard Dogs' (Gillott's sale, 1872, 1,740 gs.), 440 gs. (Agnew); G. Morland, 'Trepanning a Recruit,' 305 gs. (M. Colnaghi); W. Müller, 'The Skirts of the Forest of Fontainebleau,' figures by P. Poole (Mr. F. Timmin's collection, 1873, 600 gs.), 170 gs. (McLean); P. Nasmyth, 'Turner's Hill, East Grinstead,' 1824 (Novar sale, 1867, 182 gs.), 940 gs. (Colnaghi); J. Phillip, R.A., 'Coming Home' (artist's sale, called 'The Cottage Doorway,' 415 gs.), 102 gs. (Goldsmith); 'A la Fuente, Andalucia' (Mr. F. Somes' sale, 1867, 510 gs.), 335 gs. (McLean); M. Hobbema, 'Landscape' (collections, Mr. Charles Brind; Mr. W. Delafield, 1870, 1,580 gs.), 1,470 gs.; J. Lingelbach, 'The Hay Cart' (collections, Saltmarsh Gallery, Marquis of Camden, Mr. C. Cope, 670 gs.), 200 gs. (Agnew); A. Ostade, 'The Tric-trac Players' (collections, Sir S. Clarke, Bart., Mr. G. Hibbert, Bredel), 720 gs. (M. Colnaghi); J. Steen, 'The Guitar Lesson' (Clewer Manor collection), 310 gs. (Davis); W. van de Velde, 'Sea View, Pilot Boat going to Man-of-war' (collections, Scarisbrick, 1861, 232 gs.; Delafield, 400 gs.), 305 gs. (Agnew). Another property: Landseer, 'Sir Walter Scott in the Rhymer's Glen' (sold, 1877, 3,050 gs.), 1,950 gs. (McGrath); Lawrence, 'Nature—the Calmady Children,' 1,805 gs. (Vincent); Frith, 'The Sketches of London Street Scenes—Morning, Noon, and Night,' 1862, 300 gs. (Agnew). From the collection of the Earl of Dudley: D. Cox, 'Dudley Castle,' 1853, 330 gs. (Salter); Cooper, 'Sunny Afternoon in Autumn,' 1859, 510 gs. (Agnew); Landseer, 'A Deer Family' (collections Redleaf, Bashall, Manley Hall, 2,900 gs.), 3,050 gs. (Wertheimer); Hondekoeter, 'Geese, Ducks, and Ducklings,' 850 gs. (Colnaghi).

On the 29th, the collection of Mr. Charles Seely, of Furzedown Park, Surrey: J. Israels, 'Interior of a Fisherman's Cottage,' 380 gs. (McLean); Linnell, sen., 'The Rest,' 1,060 gs. (Buckley); Morland, 'The Fruits of Industry and Economy,' 360 gs. (Donaldson); W. Müller, 'Gillingham Church,' 1841, 705 gs. (Vokins). Sculpture: F. Barzaghi, 'The Finding of Moses,' 280 gs. (Vokins); W. Storey, 'Semiramis' (collection of Mr. E. L. S. Benzon), 940 gs. (Vokins).

June.—On the 3rd a Louis XIV. commode, painted in grisaille, the property of the Dowager Duchess of Chesterfield, 660 gs. (Wertheimer). On the 4th, the Marquis of Breadalbane's drawings; Michael Angelo, four sketches, 'David slaying Goliath' (Reynolds' collection), £205; L. da Vinci, 'Study for a Nativity' (collections, Lawrence and Woodburn), £180; a sheet of various studies (same collection), £210; various sketches (from the same), £175. All the above were bought by M. Thibaudeau. Another property: breviary with calendar, executed for Don Alfonso V. of Portugal, 700 gs. (Jamieson). On the 5th, the Marquis of Breadalbane's pictures; A. Ostade, 'Dutch Courtship,' 250 gs. (Lesser). From the Denison collection: Titian, 'Holy Family with St. John and another Saint' (Hamilton Palace sale, 1,150 gs.), 350 gs. (Smith); M. Venusti, 'Adoration of the Magi' (collections, Aldobrandini Palace, Fonthill, Hamilton Palace, 1,160 gs.), 180 gs. (Agnew). Another property: Rubens, 'The Nativity,' 250 gs. (Grant). On the 11th, the remaining works of the late Randolph Caldecot realised £5,775; illustrations to "Old Christmas," 210 gs. (Agnew); to "Æsop's Fables," 96 gs. (Agnew); 'Diana Wood's Wedding,' 95 gs. (South Kensington Museum); 'The Fox jumped over the Parson's Gate,' 105 gs. (Agnew): the highest sum given for a single drawing was 101 gs. for 'The Girl I left behind Me.' On the 19th, collection of Mr. E. Dalzield. F. Walker, 'Philip in Church' (etched by Herkomer), 550 gs. (Agnew). On the 26th, collection of Mr. C. Toulmin: D. Roberts, 'Interior of St. Stephen's, Vienna,' 1855 (Wethered collection), 280 gs. (Bicknell); Lee and Cooper, 'Sunny River Scene,' 1854, 245 gs. (Grindlay); J. Philip, 'The Salute: el Cortejo,' 440 gs. (McLean); E. W. Cooke, 'Scheveningen: Fishermen hauling a Pinck out of the Surf,' 470 gs. (Stewart); T. Faed, R.A., 'The Mitherless Bairn,' 900 gs. (Agnew); Creswick, Frith, and Ansdell, 'The Passing Cloud,' 1,600 gs. (Stewart); F. Goodall, R.A., 'Mater Purissima,' 470 gs. (Taylor); C. Stanfield, 'The Fortress of Savona,' 1,800 gs. (Stewart). On the 30th, five panels in Italian tapestry, Diana and other figures, 500 gs. (Grant).

July.—On the 9th, collection of Mr. Montague Chambers; J. F. Rigand, portraits of 'Reynolds,' 'Bacon,' and 'Chambers,' 240 gs. (Wertheimer); Reynolds, 'Lady Chambers,' 1752, 525 gs. (Wertheimer). On the 10th, collection of the Earl of Bandon; Dr. Teniers the elder, 'The Archers,' 455 gs. (M. Colnaghi); collection of the Marquis of Cholmondeley; Lely, 'Mrs. Jenny Deering,' 415 gs. (Wertheimer); P. de Koning, 'Bird's-eye View over a River,' 450 gs. (Colnaghi).

On the 17th, the collection of the late C. J. Nieuwenhuys: B. C. Koekkoek, 'The Château de Bentheim, 1852,' 340 gs. (Koekkoek); Titian, 'Tarquin and Lucretia' (collections of Charles I. of England; King of Spain; Joseph Buonaparte; Mr. W. Coningham, 1849, 520 gs.), 410 gs.; A. Cuyp, 'Landscape, with grey horse, sheep, etc.—the town of Dort beyond' (collections, Sir Claud Scott, Bart.; Lord Northwick, 1859, 145 gs.), 415 gs. (Noreda); A. Cuyp, 'Milking Time' (collections, Alton Towers; Scarisbrook, 1861, 400 gs.), 525 gs. (Meyer); J. van Eyck, 'Portrait of the Artist' (Alton Towers collection), 380 gs. (Sedelmeyer); M. Hondekoeter, 'Garden scene, peacock, peahen, etc.' (Scarisbrook collection, 1861, 140 gs.), 420 gs. (Lloyd); J. van Huysum, 'Group of Flowers in Sculptured Vase,' 385 gs. (M. Colnaghi); J. Ruysdael, 'Ruin and Cascade' (collections, Baron Nagel; Watson Taylor; Dunford), 525 gs. (M. Colnaghi); D. Teniers, 'Interior of a Guard Room, 1644' (collections, M. J. V. Schulenberg; M. de Verhulst; Mr. Foket; M. le Boeuf, 1782; Choiseul Praslin, 1806; Lady Lawley), 820 gs. (Vokins); J. B. Weenix, 'Upright Landscape, with boar-hunt in the background,' 1700, 150 gs. (M. Colnaghi); Philip Wouvermans, 'Depart pour la Chasse' (Orleans Gallery, 1798, 200 gs.; M. J. Davenport, 1801), 510 gs. (Innes); 'Halte de Cavalerie' (Redleaf sale), 370 gs. (Meyer); a cartel clock, by Robin (collection, Hôtel de Ville, Paris; Sir C. Lambe), 480 gs. (Wertheimer); cabinet of ebony, seventeenth century, 450 gs. (Freeman).

The occurrence of the General Election caused the postponement of the Blenheim Palace sale from June to July. In the first portion: G. Coques, 'Portraits of a Dutch Family,' knocked down at 150 gs., but disputed, and run up to 510 gs. (Sedelmeyer); A. Cuyp, 'Travellers halting at an Inn on the Banks of a River,' 1,750 gs. (M. Colnaghi); Van Dyck, 'Virgin and Child' (other versions at Munich and Marbury Hall), 500 gs. (Agnew); Rembrandt—also attributed to F. Bol—'Isaac blessing Jacob,' 510 gs. (Banks); Teniers, 'Interior, with Card-players,' 550 gs. (M. Colnaghi); J. B. Weenix, 'Spanish Sea-port,' signed by this painter, and also with the monogram of Peter van Bredael, 520 gs. (Agnew)—this picture is said to have been offered to the National Gallery at a valuation of 3,000 gs.; P. Wouwermans, 'Storming of a Town,' 1646, 450 gs. (Lord Ardilaun); Rubens, 'Madonna and Child' (a similar picture sold with the Clewer Manor sale, 1876, for 4,000 gs.), 1,360 gs. (Davis); 'Holy Family,' 460 gs. (Lord Ardilaun); 'Adoration of the Magi' (a repetition in the Louvre), 1,500 gs. (Lord Ardilaun); 'Meleager presenting the Wild Boar to Atalanta,' 520 gs. (Cavendish-Bentinck); 'Return of the Holy Family from Egypt,' 1,500 gs. (Murray, who was understood to be purchasing on behalf of Mr. Chas. Butler at this sale); 'Holy Family,' 1,000 gs. (Agnew); 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' generally supposed to be an early work of Van Dyck, 800 gs. (Murray); 'Departure of Lot and his Family from Sodom,' 1,850 gs. (Murray); 'Holy Family' (a drawing for this picture is in the Print Room, British Museum), 1,200 gs. (Murray); 'The Distribution of the Rosary,' 1,510 gs. (Agnew); 'Portrait of Anne of Austria,' 3,700 gs. (Agnew); 'Filial Piety,' 1,200 gs. (Dr. Meyer); 'Venus and Cupid endeavouring to restrain Adonis from the Chase' (presented by the Emperor of Germany to the first Duke of Marlborough), 7,200 gs. (Agnew). The first day's sale realised a total of £34,834, but many of the prices paid fell far below expectation. The only purchase made by the National Gallery was that of a small picture not in the catalogue, and previously attributed to Teniers—a Dutch interior, with an old woman spinning and a man warming his hands. The signature proves it to be the work of a very rare master, A. de Pape; 240 gs. were paid for it.

At a sale in Melbourne recently, J. W. Waterhouse's 'Diogenes,' exhibited in 1882, sold for 250 gs.; Peter Graham's 'In the Highlands,' for 360 gs., and B. W. Leader's 'Banks of the Ivy, O!' for £220.

HOME ARTS.—No. VI. MOSAIC SETTING.

IT has happened to me not once, but many times, to know families in which the pursuit of minor arts and industries was discouraged, under the belief that it would lead the young, especially boys, away from "serious" matters, and disqualify them for "practical affairs." "I had rather have



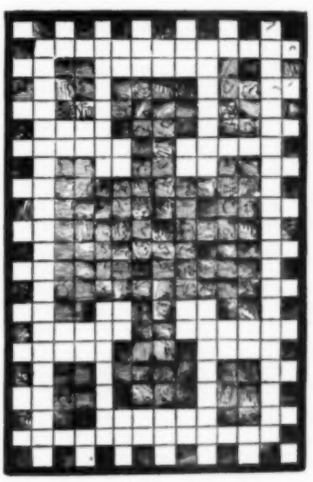
Implement for Chopping or Dividing Crockery Fragments into pieces for Mosaic Work.

a son given to drink than to Art," said an American merchant, "for he may get over his dissipation, but the other thing is sure to ruin him for ever as a business man." This merchant would have been astonished to learn that the kind of work which he condemned, when properly conducted, is conducive to the formation of all the habits most necessary for the counting-house or factory; for it induces patience and perseverance, and makes tolerable that habit of steady application which is the basis of all discipline. Fathers may not understand this, but mothers do. I have received scores of letters from ladies stating that they had boys who were clever but impatient of restraint, and asking me what were the minor arts which they might follow at home, so as to induce in them habits of quiet occupation. Far from diverting their minds from more serious pursuits, such labour actually prepares them for it, and renders it far less irksome.

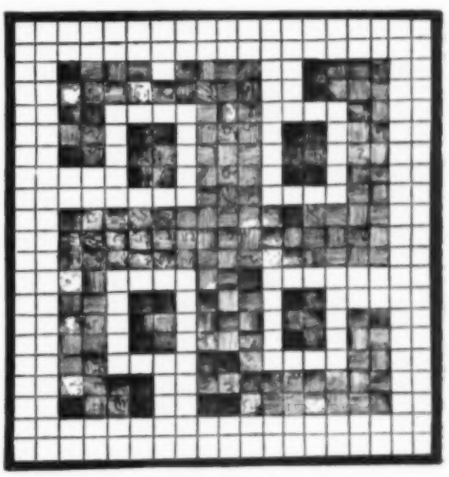
In this paper I propose to show how even mere children can at trifling expense prepare coarse mosaic work, such as is useful for paving floors or covering hearths and walls. The materials which it requires are so cheap as to be within the means of the poorest cottagers. Mosaic has been defined as "a work of Art in which a design is produced by joining together small pieces of hard substances, either naturally or artificially coloured." A mosaic, properly speaking, is made of a number of pieces joined together, and is to be distinguished from inlaying, in which spaces cut out from the ground are filled in with pieces cut to fit into them. It is an art of a wide range, since it is made sometimes with flint pebbles as large as foot balls, or with parti-coloured bricks; and again with precious stones of such exceeding minuteness that a pin's head might cover half-a-dozen of them. But for ordinary house decoration, small squares or triangles, the sizes of which are from one-fourth to one-third of an inch in length, are commonly used.

There is a popular idea that mosaic setting is a very difficult art, requiring great nicety of touch and a special gift as to accuracy of perception, and a "sense of colour." A lady once said to me, "I can understand that wood carving and modelling may be very easy, but I am sure that I could never learn to set mosaics." To which I replied, "Do you know that in some prisons the women convicts, who are literally too stupid to do almost anything else, are employed in setting mosaic pavement? Do you not think that you are capable of doing what they learn with ease?" The reader may judge by what I shall describe, whether the joining coloured cubes together according to a pattern, one for one, is any harder than the easiest work of which any conception can be formed.

MATERIALS.—The cubes or pieces for mosaic may be made of any kind of hard substance in different colours. The commonest of these is stone. This may vary, according to the quality of the work, from rubies and emeralds or gems, to carnelians and amethysts and agates; from these to marble, and so on to every kind, however cheap and common, so that it be hard enough to endure wear or weathering. This may be sawn into pieces, but it is more commonly broken with a square hammer on an iron rest, such as a square bar, into bits of the requisite sizes. These may be polished, if needed, on a grindstone or with a rasp. There are Roman pavements

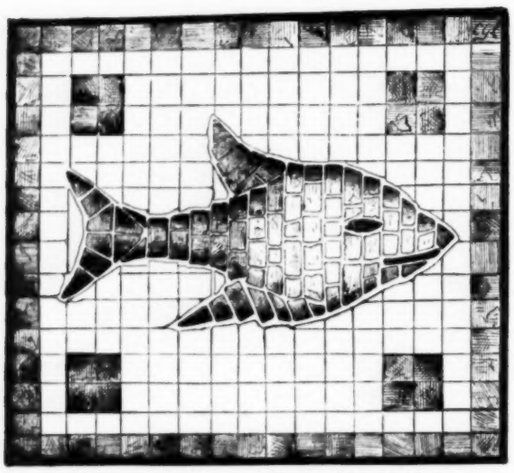


First Lesson in Mosaic: Dark and Light Cubes.



Second Lesson in Cubes.

in England made of common stone of any two or three colours; a great variety of hues is not indispensable to make a work which shall be simply artistic. Mosaic stones ready



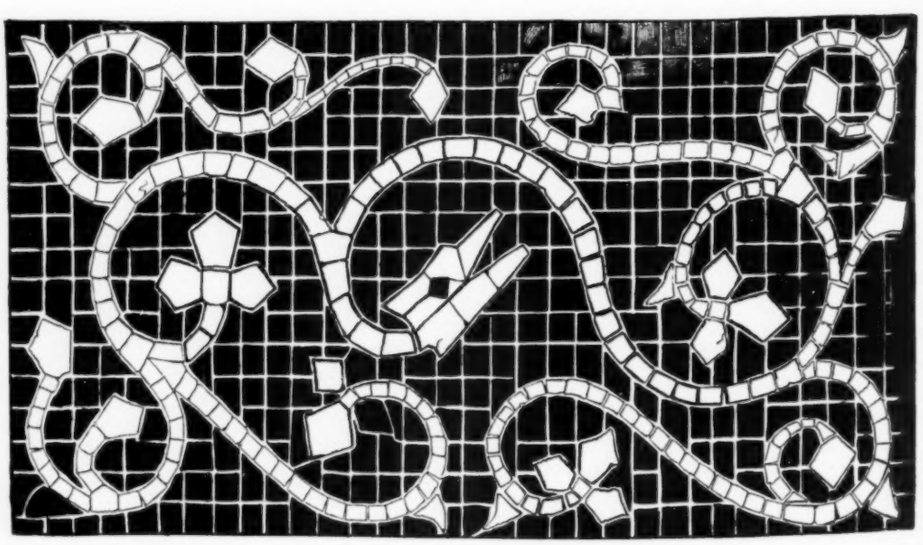
Third Lesson: Cubes and Broken Stone or China.

for work may be purchased in several places in London, but any person with a little practice may soon learn to break them into shape. A very common variety of cubes of every colour and shade are made from baked clay; they are very pretty, but do not wear so well as stone or china ware. They are, however, quite as suitable for walls or ceilings, where they are not exposed to abrasion.

There is yet another material which I believe that I may claim to have been the first to suggest the use of in mosaic setting, and which is now coming into use. This is the fragments of all kinds of broken crockery or porcelain which have hitherto been regarded as proverbially worthless. While walking in an obscure street in York with Mr. Oakley Coles, I saw in a window some very rough ornaments made of Portland cement, rudely adorned with bits of broken crockery, or looking-glass. Examining these, I observed that such fragments might be profitably used to a large extent in mosaic, and that they could be broken to any shape with flat pincers or a small vice. Mr. Coles suggested that there was an instrument used by dentists for similar practice which cost but a few shillings, and would probably answer the purpose even better. After returning to London he experimented with great success in the art, which was taken up by Mrs. MacCallum, who is now teaching it to a class in the Home Arts and Industries Association, Langham Chambers, Regent Street, where the reader may see the whole process, which is in all respects the same as that of setting any other coarse mosaic.

Gold cubes, or rather squares, were extensively used in Byzantine work. They may be made by covering a pane of glass with thin Japanese gold size, and then laying gold leaf on it. Use the kind of leaf which adheres slightly to the paper. Varnish the glass, take the paper by the edge, turn it over, and press it very lightly, or with a brush, on the varnish. It will be dry in a few hours. It will be best to double gild it. When dry, paste paper over the back. Cut it into pieces with a diamond or American steel glass-cutter. A few of these gold squares for the high lights greatly improve the appearance of a mosaic. The gold *tesseræ* used by the Byzantine and later artists were made by taking two pieces of glass, laying gold leaf between them, and then keeping them in a furnace until they were fused together. If double glass is used, with gold leaf between them, and stuck together with Japan size, it will, however, be found to be very durable. Silver or bronze leaf may be substituted for gold. It is not a very difficult matter to make cubes of clay, colour and glaze them, and fire them even in a common grate.

Plaster of Paris mixed with strong alum-water forms a good cement for fine work. The Roman *marmoratum*, which set extremely hard, was made with a mixture of powdered slaked lime, marble dust, water, and the whites of eggs. For all ordinary work Portland, Parian, or Keene's cement may, however, be used. The bed in which the cubes are set may be of coarse material, but the *grouting* or cement used to fill the spaces should be of finely sifted powder. Portland cement (*Instruction Leaflet of Home Arts and Industries*, by Mrs. MacCallum) may be mixed with fine sand, in the proportion of one-third sand to two of cement, but the grouting should be of pure cement. Pieces of canvas, or of string, tow, or hemp, may be introduced between thicknesses of cement to bind the work together or give it strength. Small pincers with long fine points are useful for picking up and placing bits.



Panel or portion of a Border.

Cases are used for "setting in" the work. Many artists, particularly the Italian, use a plate of metal surrounded by a margin or frame of wooden or iron bars. Wooden cases

of seasoned material are sold in London for 9d. each. "The



Fourth Lesson: Cubes and broken China.

sides should be of the depth usually required for a tile, about one inch. Two sides may be fixed, but the other two must be movable, being fastened by screws to the bottom, or having the ends sloped so as to fit into slots cut in the fixed sides." (*Ibid.*) Broken china is better suited for wall decoration than for floors, as much of its glaze wears away too quickly when it is much abraded or rubbed.

When broken china is used, it is cut into pieces of the required shape by putting it between the edges of the "chopper" and striking it a blow with a hammer. A coarse file, hammer or pincers, are often of use in shaping a piece to a peculiar shape. Great skill in shaping the bits may be acquired with practice. It is a good plan to have a stock of bits of different shapes on hand, assorted. Round pieces may be cut out from unglazed pottery, terra-cotta, or stone, with a drill. Stone may be flattened with a file or on a grindstone.

Draw the design exactly the size of the work to be made, piece for piece, put it in the case, and cover the face with gum water thinned with glycerine, or sugar and water, or thin glue into which nitric acid has been infused, which dries slowly. Set the bits on the design, and carefully wash the back with water. Then pour in the thin fine cement, and when this is set, build up the back to the requisite thickness with more, which need not be of so fine a quality. Keep it in a dry room for two or three days; take the tile, which is now hard, wash the paper from the face, and fill up all the interstices with fine cement, for which a spatula, or painter's knife, or a brush may be used (*Ibid.*). Italian artists work by picking out the *tesseræ* or bits one by one, as compositors set type, and putting them on the drawing, fixing them with strong paste. This is a more advanced and artistic method of working, but it is more difficult, and requires skill or practice.

In tile-making many duplicate patterns are often used. These are most easily made by drawing the design with B.B. lead pencil, laying it on clean paper face down and rubbing the back, or going over the pattern with a point. Three or four copies can thus be made from one drawing.

The pupil, if not a trained artist, should not be ambitious of making mosaic in many colours. Two are as good as twenty to produce a truly artistic design. Any colour will go well on a white ground. Black, or deep brown patterns, look well on rich yellow or orange. Any one colour rising from a black or very dark ground, up to white high lights, makes good contrasts.

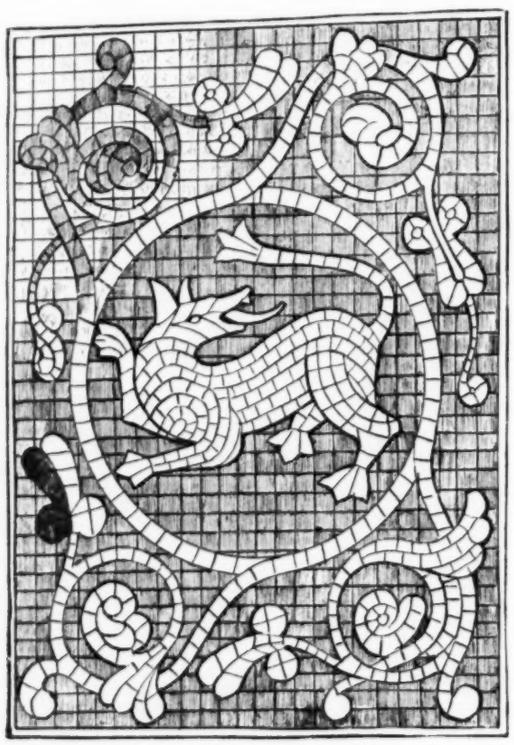
A great deal of ancient Roman mosaic was made by laying the bed of a floor at first with stones and cement, then forming on this a coat of concrete, made with fine stones, sand, and lime, beaten down very hard, which was then covered with a cement made of lime and brick, or tile or stone-dust, into which the *tesseræ*, or bits, were set one by one. Very fine cement was then rubbed into the cracks or spaces left.

Another mosaic, known as *scagliola*, is made by taking cement, for instance *marmoratum*, or mortar of unslacked shell-lime, into which some colour, generally yellow, has been



Mosaic for a Vestibule or Step. The Outline in Dark Cement.

infused. Into this marble or stone dust of different colours, or fragments of broken stone, grit, &c., are thrown. This



Design for a Floor. Centre-piece.

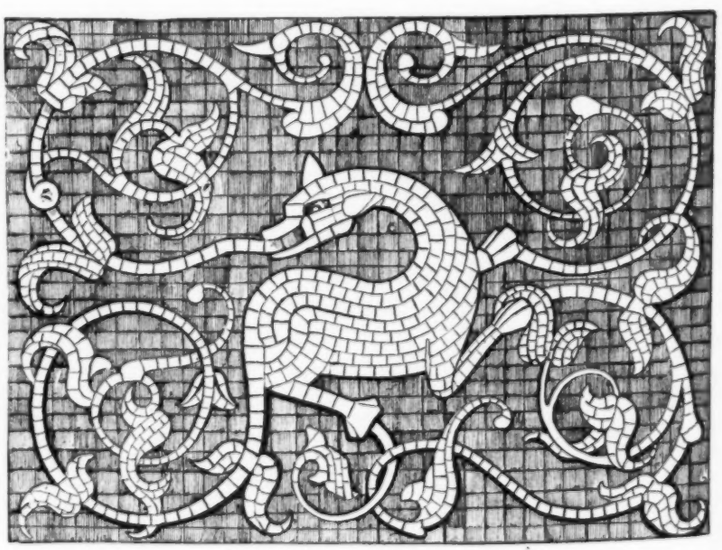
composition often imitates coloured marble very accurately, and is commonly used for large pillars. (*Vide* "Mosaic Work," by C. G. Leland, *The Minor Arts*, p. 115.) This can be made in small cubes or bricks in moulds, which can again be set together. For walls, plaster of Paris mixed with alum and dextrine is a hard enough cement. This is the *mischiate* of modern Italy, and was called *opus incertum* by the Romans, from its irregular character.

The Romans recognised four kinds of mosaic work—(1) the *Tessellated*, made of small cubes generally about half or one-third an inch square; (2) the *Sectile*, made of different slices of marble of all sizes; (3) *Fictile* mosaic, composed of small portions of silex and alumina, coloured with metallic oxides; (4) *Opus vermiculatum*, in which picture-making was carried to its greatest extent and to a great degree of finish and minuteness, the *minus opus vermiculatum* being often executed with the finest gems.

There is not a cottage or any other dwelling in England in which mosaic floors might not be laid, or in which some of the walls could not be set to advantage with such work. It is not only ornamental, but it is easily washed, and therefore conducive to cleanliness and health. A very large proportion of wall-paper is pasted directly over an old paper, and even when it is torn away, too much generally remains. I have learned by inquiry of several instances in which persons have been either directly poisoned by the pigments employed in colouring such paper, or in which malaria and death were induced by one coat decaying over another in a damp room. Nothing of the kind can, however, take place when walls are covered with mosaic or tiles, or are stencilled. Mosaic work can be executed wherever stone, Portland cement, and broken crockery can be obtained.

It is to be observed that broken fictile ware has several very great advantages over any other material. In the first place, it costs nothing, and may be found in every rubbish heap, as well as—more is the pity—in most kitchens. It is more easily broken into pieces of any requisite size than stone, or even ceramic cubes. It has a strong glaze, and generally wears as well as the very expensive material of baked clay sold for such work. And finally, it is in an infinite number of shades and tones, so that for really varied picture-making it offers the greatest inducement to the artist. For crockery or china ranges from Sèvres to the rudest terra-cotta, from saucers like pearl and marble to slag-glass which cannot be distinguished from agate. There is absolutely no material for decorative art work of any kind which offers such a vast variety of hues and shades and materials as crockery mosaic.

I may add to this that a very curious and beautiful variety of mosaic work for walls may be made by setting broken glass, and especially *glass or china beads*, in cement. The glittering points which they present catch the light and render the work very effective. I have heard this, as well as crockery mosaic, objected to as "trashy," and so it is when the artist who makes it is not capable of making anything but trash. But one who possesses skill or genius does not depend on mere material. I have seen such mosaic which was so far from being trashy that it was truly beautiful. And I venture to predict that we are not far from the time when all the broken crockery or china-ware in England will be utilised. It is certainly in the interest of all house-keepers to encourage an art which will recoup them for their losses by breakage. I once lived in a hotel in America in which the breakage for a single month amounted to three hundred pounds.



Mosaic Wall Panel.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

PARSIFAL.

ON a hill outside the little Bavarian town of Bayreuth lies the Wagner Theatre, the exterior of which can boast few claims to architectural beauty, but whose interior is built with an intimate knowledge of the laws of acoustics; possessing no side seats, no boxes, no prompter; showing no footlights and no orchestra—for the band, along with its conductor, is sunk below the level of the stage, half in front of, half below the proscenium; from an open space above the sounds rise. With such advantages, combined with the enthusiasm of the actors, and the enormous number of preliminary rehearsals, is it to be wondered at if a performance at Bayreuth has come to be the prototype of modern operatic enterprise?

No one is likely adequately to gauge the true significance of either of the two works recently represented, *Parsifal*, the Bühnenweihfestspiel (Sacred-Stage Festival Play), and *Tristan und Isolde*, if he is ignorant of Richard Wagner's conception of the real purport of the drama. To quote his own expressive simile, "The drama is the mirror in which mankind may see reflected its own humanity." This must be its *raison d'être*, and the problem Wagner set before himself was this: Is it possible, in an age which has witnessed the overthrow of ecclesiastical dogma, and which has set out with increased ardour on the pursuit of the culture of Art-forms, to construct a dramatic work in which all the arts shall play co-ordinate parts, as in the ancient Greek tragedy, and which shall reflect those deeper religious truths and speculations of human life which found their first historic and dramatic expression in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides? Is it possible in the construction of this drama to call in the aid of music, an art which in its contemporary phases has reached such an incomparable perfection of emotional utterance?

Parsifal and *Tristan* are two of the answers to these questions which, in the course of his life, Wagner offered to the world. The latter work may be dealt with hereafter; we will now consider the former.

The word Parsifal is derived from two Arabic words: *parsi*, pure; *fal*, fool. In his highly original and imaginative adaptation of the Parsifal myth, which belongs to the Arthurian cycle, Wagner resorted largely to the mediæval "Parzival und Titurel," of Wolfram von Eschenbach, particularly those portions of the poem referring to the quest of the Holy Grail. The Grail is the vessel from which Christ took the Last Supper, and which is guarded by a band of holy knights—half human, half divine—living in the castle of Montsalvat, said to be situated on a range of mountains in Gothic Spain. Angels, from the heights of heaven, had brought down to them the Grail, and the spear which wounded Jesus when on the Cross.

Purged of extraneous incident, and transfused by the genius of the modern poet-musician, the story appears thus:

Amfortas, the king and guardian of the Grail, having succumbed to the fascinations of a beautiful houri, who is an instrument in the hands of Klingsor, a magician, has been robbed of the sacred spear, and wounded in the side with it by the enchanter, the Grail Brotherhood's deadly enemy. This wound is, apparently, incurable; but in reply to the supplications of Amfortas kneeling before the Grail this oracular sentence has issued miraculously from it:

> "Durch Mitleid wissend,
> der reine Thor;
> harre sein'
> den ich erkor."*

The play opens with the knights in an expectant mood, and the king longing for relief from his dolorous pangs. Parsifal presently appears pursued by the knights for cruelly shooting one of the sacred swans. To every question as to his history he answers that he "does not know." Opining from his ignorance that he may be the prophesied one who is to cure the wound, Gurnemanz, an old knight, takes him to the castle



Parsifal and Kundry: The Temptation. Act 2, Scene 2.

of Montsalvat, where he becomes a witness of the king's pain and the manifestation of the Grail. This ceremony serves to impart rejuvenescence to the jaded knights, but to Amfortas it brings intensified suffering. In silent astonishment, yet inwardly deeply moved by what he has witnessed, Parsifal is spurned from the temple by Gurnemanz, upon whom the apparent indifference and insensibility of the lad have brought heavy disappointment.

In the second act we are transferred to the keep of Klingsor's castle, where Kundry, the only female character in the play,

* "Enlightened by pity,
The guileless fool;
Wait for him,
My chosen one."

and the chief of Klingsor's slaves, is conjured to appear before her master. She, sleeping, is seen to arise from beneath the ground to receive the command of corrupting the innocent youth, Parsifal, who is rapidly approaching the castle. With distressful cries she is forced to undertake the dreadful commission. The scene changes, and we are in the enchanted garden where Klingsor's maidens surround the boy and endeavour to lure him away. He resists, but immediately another temptation, in the person of Kundry, assails him. He even withstands her wiles, when Klingsor himself appears and hurls the sacred spear at Parsifal's head, but it stops short; Parsifal seizes it, and making the sign of the cross the scene changes almost instantaneously into a bare desert, whence the hero sets out upon his quest of the Grail.

Four years have elapsed before the resumption of the action in the third act, when Kundry is discovered lying half senseless in a thicket, whence Gurnemanz, now of infirm age, drags her. Upon her regaining consciousness it is clear that she is a changed creature; all the turbulent anomalies of her nature have disappeared for ever. She has but one word to utter—"dienen, dienen;" her sole desire is to render some service to Gurnemanz. Parsifal now comes upon the scene, clothed from head to foot in black armour with closed vizor, and exhausted by his long wanderings. At first Gurnemanz fails to recognise him, but when he has removed the helmet and, driving the spear into the ground, knelt before it, the old man remembers the "guileless one" to whom the Grail mysteries failed to make themselves understood in the first act. Assured, now, that he must be the prophesied saviour, Gurnemanz seats him upon a mound, and, washing away his stains of travel, baptizes him, while Kundry laves his feet, and pouring upon them the contents of a golden flask, dries them with her hair. Parsifal is then conducted once more to the hall of the knights, as in the first act, where, with a touch of the spear, he heals the wound of Amfortas, and is, forthwith, proclaimed king in his stead.

This is a bare outline of the simple story; now let us examine closer its stage presentation.

The opening scene, which depicts Gurnemanz with his squires under trees and near a low-lying lake, is a striking one. The foliage appears to be real and waving in the breeze, so truthful is the stage-illusion. Later on the sudden entry of the witch-woman, Kundry, with wildly flowing hair, and clothed in loose black raiment banded with red, as she presses into Gurnemanz's hand a balsam intended to assuage the sufferings of the king, has marked dramatic force. The stage effects, also, when Gurnemanz and Parsifal start upon their journey to Montsalvat, are wonderfully bold and novel. As they walk off slowly in one direction, the entire scenery moves away, as in a diorama, in the other; the objects nearest us passing along more rapidly than those farther from us, whereas these again disappear less slowly than those behind them, and so on. The two men are alternately lost to sight between trees and rocks; later on they are seen wending their way in the ascent of long inclines, and at last disappearing altogether in the dim uncertain light. But the most impressive incident in this act, and perhaps of the entire drama, looked at either from the dramatic, musical, or pictorial aspect, is the succeeding one, in which the knights of the Grail partake of the Liebesmahl (the Early Christian Agape). In the gloomy darkness that enshrouds the stage we perceive the outlines of a vast domed hall, but as the light gradually enters, pillars of jasper, alabaster, verde antique, tesselated pavements, and an arched and glowing roof ablaze with golden stars emerge to view. This splendid interior is said to be a copy of the Aya Sophia at Constantinople. Four deep-toned bells are pealing out a summons. From the depths of the background the knights enter in dignified procession, clothed in the blue and coral-red robes of their order, and place themselves at two long covered tables, upon which are deposited the cups of the feast. Amfortas, wan with days and nights of suffering, is brought in upon his litter and set down at the back of the stage; meanwhile, boys with long golden hair carry in the shrine, which they place upon an altar-like table; the knights singing in unison, are answered by the prayer-choruses of younger men stationed in the mid-height, and these again are echoed and taken up by boys' voices from the summit of the dome. Thus



Parsifal and the Flower Maidens. Act 2, Scene 2.

their supplications mount higher and yet higher; until, as they die away in a last faint whisper, it seems that they have touched the very portals of heaven.

After the episode between the eager brethren, who demand the uncovering of the Grail, and the king's attempt to escape the ordeal, the shrine is opened, and the Grail—an antique crystal cup—is raised above by Amfortas. A deepening gloom has enveloped the scene. Night has, apparently, taken the place of day. The brethren are kneeling in silent prayer, their gaze fixed upon the sacred vessel. The seraphic songs of the sweet soprano voices are sounding from the dome. Amfortas, with temporary exaltation, has lifted up the Grail on high, when a ray of light descends upon the goblet, which now burns with a lurid ruby refulgence. He moves it about on all sides until the light gradually re-enters the chamber, when the miraculous glow wanes and disappears. The king sets down the cup; his ecstatic joy has fled; he falls back in a swoon; the pages replace the Grail in the shrine, and the knights, with pious devotion, partake of the Love-meal's bread and wine. Throughout the repast, from the choirs above proceed those consecrating choruses, flooding the scene with a halo of spiritual melody.

Passing on to the second act we arrive at the scene in Klingsor's garden between Parsifal and the Zaubermädchen, where the maidens surround the boy and rally him upon his coyness. Here their clothing is so arranged as to resemble the petals of large flowers, enveloping their bodies, and now and then, their heads. Their surroundings are luxuriant shrubs, gorgeous flowers, and brilliant sunshine; the whole forming a *coup d'œil* not altogether subtle in its colour relations. We are not, however, prepared to pronounce it a dramatic error, for the result may have been obtained intentionally. It may have been intended to suggest that the allurements of the world of sense are often ostentatious, and not unfrequently tinged with a *soupçon* of vulgarity. At first Parsifal is amused by the gambols of the beautiful flowers; but later he grows half angry at their enamoured persistence. Ultimately Kundry arrives in the guise of a dazzling enchantress, when a long interview between the two, pregnant with ethical import, succeeds. Kundry's crime, for which she ever seeks absolution, is that of having laughed at Christ. She is the female analogue of Ahasuerus, the wandering Jew, and her character is a singular compound of conflicting impulses, beneficent as well as malevolent. Her momentary purpose is to effect Parsifal's moral destruction, yet all her arts prove unavailing, for he is imbued with a sense of the deep necessity for righteousness. Once, and once only, is he strangely tempted to abandon himself to the enticing messages of her siren tongue. But at the crisis, which is made dramatically evident by the kiss which the temptress presses upon his lips, he starts up, clutching at his breast as though the heart within were on fire. First he thinks it is the spear-wound of Amfortas burning in his own bosom; later on he recognises it as the passions of the senses; then he imagines himself back in the



The Baptism and Anointment of Parsifal. Act 3, Scene 1.

hall of the knights; again he witnesses the agony of the king, and the marvellous glowing of the Grail, while wafted to him as a reproachful reminder of neglected duty and glorious potentialities, comes the voice of Christ, which spoke to him and him alone, during the manifestation of the symbol, urging him to recover the spear, and save the band of knights from impending destruction. Throwing himself upon his knees, he prays bitterly for pardon. Kundry, undaunted, and seeing her redemption only through a union with Parsifal, renews her endeavours without success; for Parsifal, as through a clairvoyant insight, has now recognised in the beautiful pleading eyes before him the cause of the sin and suffering of the king. When she is convinced that he is, indeed, immovable, in quick anger she curses to him all roads that he must now travel, all pathways that lead him from her. In answer to her call for help, Klingsor suddenly appears with the sacred spear, and with a few exultant words, flings it at Parsifal. But the action of Nature's forces is suspended. The weapon remains motionless before the head of the youth, who seizes it, and making with it the sign of the cross, the entire scene disappears from sight in less than ten seconds; parts flying downward, parts upward, and parts at each side, and we are in a monotonous wilderness. The vivid contrast of this change is a signal success in scenic surprises; moreover, the rapid and noiseless manner in which the transformation is accomplished is remarkable. Klingsor has perished. Kundry lies, seemingly lifeless, on the ground. The flower-maidens, who endeavoured a moment since to tender Kundry their assistance, shrivel up and fall in a storm of withered leaves to the earth.

The third act furnishes two important episodes, namely, the baptism and feet-washing of Parsifal, and his inauguration as king of the Holy Grail. When Gurnemanz has removed the traveller's armour, and seated himself upon a grassy knoll, we discover in the face, figure, and dress of the "reine Thor," an unmistakable resemblance to our orthodox conception of Jesus of Nazareth. Kundry is now converted into a Magdalen whose dearest privilege is to wash the feet of her master and wipe them with the hair of her head. The succeeding scene, when Parsifal surveys the glories of the landscape which open up before him, is a very remarkable one. It is Good Friday. The meadows around are glowing with nascent life. The mind of Gurnemanz is at rest, for he is now assured that in Parsifal lies latent the prophesied succour for his comrades; Parsifal himself is in possession of the knowledge that his years of pilgrimage are soon to be followed by a blessed recompense, and Kundry has learned the lesson that the acquisition of a meek and lowly spirit is one of the secrets of true happiness. The music, consequently, is sublimated by that tender calm which has found a home in their hearts.



Kundry. Act I, *Scene* I.

When the *locale* of the action has changed into the Hall of the Knights—the final scene—the dejected brethren once more demand that Amfortas shall uncover the Grail, which, of late, no entreaties of his companions can induce the king to do. Maddened by the ever-increasing torture of the wound, their unfortunate leader refuses, his despair culminating in a burst of wild eloquence, in which he calls upon his followers to bury their sword-blades in his body and so bring all to an end. At this juncture Gurnemanz, Parsifal, and Kundry arrive, and with the words—

> "Nur eine Waffe taugt;
> Die Wunde schliesst
> Der Speer nur, der sie schlug," *

Parsifal touches Amfortas's side with the point of the spear. Immediately the face of the king appears transfigured with a heavenly rapture. From the spear fall drops of sacred blood. Parsifal takes the Grail from the shrine, kneeling in speechless prayer before it. A celestial light enters the hall. A dove descends, hovering over the golden head of Parsifal; the Grail now glows with a ruby illumination. The knights make obeisance to their new king, their deliverer from impending death. Kundry sinks slowly upon the altar steps and expires. Meanwhile a choir, as from "a distance beyond distance," breathes a benediction.

The foregoing description should have made evident the fact that so far from this lofty conception being an opera as we have hitherto understood the word, the religious element which pervades it renders it unlike to any other dramatic production. A mythical and mystical drama charged with the highest principles of Christian doctrine—love, hope, faith—evincing an intimate acquaintance with Hindoo religions and metaphysical speculations of modern thinkers, where can its like be found? Its literary side is a mirror of the religious and philosophical thought of the nineteenth century, and the symbolism and the allegoric element which pervade it continually lure us to fresh study. We have said nothing of the verse forms which its diction assumes, essentially lyrical, strongly rhythmic and alliterative, and only a passing word of the music. Scores of books and *brochures* upon the technical side of the music have already been published, but no words can convey a satisfactory idea of the genius of its melody, so large, symmetrical, and *puissant;* the majestic sonority of the instrumentation, its fires of colour; nor of the vivid and transporting effect which they produce in the Bayreuth theatre from the first notes of the prelude as it rises from the mystic gulf in front of us, up to the final apotheosis of Parsifal.

CHAS. DOWDESWELL.

* "Only one weapon serves;
The spear that struck
Can staunch thy wounded side."

AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

LAST year the principal feature of the Manchester Exhibition was the special collection of Sir J. E. Millais's works, and it was the desire of the Art Gallery Committee to follow this up with a representative display of the Art of some other artist of note. The lengthy illness and subsequent death last spring of Mr. W. A. Turner, the Chairman of the Exhibition Committee (to whose assiduity, knowledge, and tact so much of the success of these annual shows has been due), disarranged matters so much that it was found impracticable to carry out the intention this season, and the chief distinguishing features of this year's exhibition are Mr. Holman Hunt's 'Triumph of the Innocents,' a picture too well known and too much discussed to admit of fresh criticism, and the novel addition of a gallery entirely filled with foreign pictures, chiefly of the French and Flemish schools. Amongst these are the striking and intensely melancholy masterpiece of Josef Israël, 'Nothing Left;' Dagnan Bouveret's exquisitely wrought and dramatic 'Manon Lescaut,' and fine works of Maris, Blommers, Artz, Mesdag, Volkenburg, Croegaert, and C. E. Frère. The fine galleries have never been hung with a more completely satisfactory display of the year's Art of England than that which is now on the walls, and which includes many of the most noticeable pictures from the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor, and the Royal Society and Royal Institute of Water-Colour Painters. In nearly every case the works are better seen than they were in London, owing to the admirable lighting and arrangement of the building. Conspicuously placed in the first gallery are Mr. John R. Reid's 'Shipwreck,' the artist's most ambitious, but hardly his most successful work, Mr. John Collier's 'Mænads,' and Mr. P. R. Morris's 'Love the Conqueror.' Mr. A. H. Marsh, Mr. J. Aumonier, Mr. Brewtnall, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Joseph Knight, and Mr. Ernest Parton are amongst other well-known artists who have found places on the line. Equally worthy of notice are the landscapes of Mr. R. G. Somerset, 'The Lledr Valley' and 'A Welsh Pastoral,' both of which are rich and refined in colour, and full of atmosphere and daylight, and Mr. F. W. Jackson's 'May,' in which a weatherbeaten old barge is lying lazily in still water beneath the shadow of blossoming hawthorn. This young artist's work is full of promise, and proves his possession of strong painting power and true feeling for the beauty of nature. The second gallery contains Mr. Alfred Parson's 'Last Apples,' from the Grosvenor Gallery, and several fine portraits, including that of the late W. A. Turner, one of Mr. John Bright, M.P., by Mr. W. Bright-Morris, and Mr. Stuart Wortley's portrait of his own mother. Here also are Mr. Waterlow's 'Sunny Hours,' Mr. Fred. Morgan's 'Good Night,' and examples of the art of Mr. Alma Tadema, R.A., Mr. Albert Moore, Mr. MacWhirter, A.R.A., Mr. Herbert, R.A., Mr. Frith, R.A., and Mr. J. W. Waterhouse, A.R.A. Passing on through the third gallery, containing the foreign collection already referred to, the visitor seems to enter a darker and more reposeful atmosphere before entering the large salon in which the place of honour is held by Mr. Holman Hunt, and the remainder of the line is almost monopolised by members of the Royal Academy. Mr. Millais's only contribution is his fine portrait of Mr. T. O. Barlow, which is destined to go to the permanent collection of the town of Oldham. Other Academicians hung here (though none of them show work not previously exhibited) are Mr. Thomas Faed, Mr. H. Stacey Marks, Mr. Dicksee, Mr. Burgess, Mr. Goodall, Mr. Yeames, Mr. Phil. R. Morris, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Val C. Prinsep, Mr. Frith, Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. W. W. Ouless, Mr. John Pettie, Mr. P. H. Calderon, Mr. Briton Riviere, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. A. C. Gow, Mr. John Brett, and Mr. G. H. Boughton. Among their pictures are placed Mr. Knighton Warren's portrait of the Marquis Tseng, Mr. Keeley Halswelle's 'Isle of Skye,' Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's 'Night Study,' Mr. Farquharson's 'Snow Scene,' Mr. Ernest Normand's 'Doubts,' and the beautiful portrait of a child by Mr. C. W. Mitchell. Next come the water colours, amongst which those of Messrs. Rousoff, Hemy, A. H. Marsh, Anderson Hague, John Burr, Parsons, H. Clarence Whaite, A. C. Gow, and Mrs. Allingham are conspicuous. The sixth and seventh galleries have many features of special interest, and between them stands Sir F. Leighton's bronze figure of 'The Sluggard,' while near it is placed, in curious contrast, a smooth and characterless group in marble. On the walls are the 'Mount's Bay' of Mr. Henry Moore, one of the best sea-pieces ever painted (and which Manchester, having bought, should be proud to possess), two examples from the studio of Mr. Armitage, R.A., two excellent landscapes by Mr. David Murray, two admirable works by Mr. Anderson Hague, and a fine poetic landscape composition, 'The Heart of Cambria,' by Mr. H. Clarence Whaite, P.R.C.A. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the breezy sea-piece by Mr. J. C. Hook, R.A., which has been contributed by Sir J. E. Millais, for whom it was painted. Taking the exhibition as a whole, and having regard to the high average quality of the work, it may safely be said that it is the most successful, from the artistic standpoint, yet held by the Corporation of Manchester.

The Autumn Exhibition of Pictures at the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, was opened to the public on Monday, September 6th, being the sixteenth annual display of works for sale, held under the auspices of the Liverpool Corporation. Successful as previous efforts of the local committee have been, the present exhibition rivals its predecessors in interest and variety. Prominent on the walls are many of the principal works of the current year recently seen at the Royal Academy and other London Exhibitions, while in a separate gallery the disciples of the new English Art movement boldly challenge orthodoxy in the display of pictures which were seen at the Marlborough Gallery in London during the summer. The committee have shown commendable judgment in thus affording the public an opportunity of comparing the merits of different styles of Art—the Art which is the outcome of Royal Academy training and influence, and the recent development of the advanced school, who see nature in a different way, and interpret her aspects and moods with a more vigorous breadth and soberer tints than

we have been accustomed to in the methods hitherto employed. This gallery is perhaps the most interesting, but variety and contrast are characteristic of the whole collection. The attempt made last year to do without professional assistance in the arrangement of the works has been abandoned, and Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., acting for the general body of artists, Mr. George Clausen for the new English Art Exhibits, and Mr. James Towers, a member of the Liverpool Academy of Fine Arts, for the contributions of local artists, have aided the committee in the hanging. The paintings in oil occupy six rooms, and two rooms are devoted to water colours, of which there are four hundred and fifty-five examples. These, although very interesting, cannot compare with the oil paintings, either in quality or importance, although to the average visitor they will no doubt prove very attractive. More than a score of Royal Academicians and Associates are represented, foremost amongst these being Sir Frederick Leighton, Bart., P.R.A., with his sumptuous and elaborate 'Decoration for a Ceiling,' which has been treated with due honour, and forms perhaps the most striking and beautiful feature in the exhibition, having been tastefully draped and surrounded with works which harmonize well with the general effect. Other important centres on the walls are formed by Mr. P. H. Calderon's 'Ruth and Naomi' (1040), which as seen here shows bright and luminous, and will prove exceedingly popular; and Mr. Logsdail's 'Preparing for the Fête of San Giovanni' (1063), with all its elaborate detail and wealth of incident; while on the opposite wall is Mr. Goodall's 'Susannah' (979). In the same gallery are two fine works by J. R. Reid, 'The Old Pier, Cornwall' (980), and 'The Fatherless' (1000); and Miss Flora M. Reid has a charming example of rich colour in her 'Love's Young Dream' (989). Mr. W. C. T. Dobson, R.A., contributes a characteristic work entitled 'Buttercups' (993); and sweet and graceful are Miss Macgregor's 'Little God of Love' (1050); 'Miranda' (1054), by Miss Louisa Starr (Madame Canziani); and the 'Squire's Daughter' (1091), by W. H. Margetson. Mr. Pettie's fine work, 'The Chieftain's Candlesticks' (1084), is well treated; and near it, also in good positions, are 'The Fall of Queen Elizabeth Woodville' (1081), D. W. Wynfield; 'Dante in the Valley of Terrors' (1094), W. Frank Calderon; and a fine landscape by "Peter Ghent," 'Nature's Majesty' (1068), which fully maintains this rising young painter's reputation. Other notable works in the collection are 'Toil and Storm' (27), J. P. Beadle; 'Death of William the Conqueror' (6), Geo. Hare; 'Samuel Crompton Inventing the Spinning Mule' (34), A. E. Emslie; 'Juliet' (36), Mrs. Kate G. Hastings; 'At the Lock' (45), F. G. Cotman, R.I.; 'Pygmalion and Galatea' (64), Ernest Norman; 'The Start and Finish of the Season' (66 and 76), T. Walter Wilson, R.I., and Frank Walton, R.I.; 'After the Arena' (91), E. Armitage, R.A.; 'A Venetian Girl' (102), Miss Ellen Montalba; 'Sunday Morning' (825), Thomas Faed, R.A.; 'Awaiting an Audience' (833), Professor Geets; 'The Exile' (855), Briton Riviere, R.A.; 'The Handmaidens of Siva' (860), Val C. Prinsep, A.R.A.; 'A Plain Case' (865), H. Stacey Marks, R.A.; 'Jean D'Arc' (881), Harold S. Rathbone; 'A Difficulty' (898), Arthur Hacker; 'Dr. Johnson's Tardy Gallantry' (923), W. P. Frith, R.A.; 'Puritan and Cavalier' (909), Fredk. Goodall, R.A.—the latter work being aptly described by some original verses by G. R. Knott. The hangers have produced a very charming effect by placing Mr. Long's, R.A., 'Pharaoh's Daughter' (914), opposite the large fountain, which, being decorated with palms, wonderfully heightens the realistic effect of the picture. Amongst the many interesting works illustrating the new English (or what some term broken English) Art, may be noted three works by T. B. Kennington, 'Morning' (141), 'A Wood Nymph' (224), and a portrait (174); 'The Cradle Song' (155), Arthur Hacker; 'Our Jack' (167), Henry S. Tuke; 'Beg, Sir' (173) and the 'Tennis Match' (267), J. Lavery; 'Off to the Fishing Grounds' (176), Stanhope H. Forbes; 'Destiny' (196), T. C. Gotch; and Mr. Sidney Starr has a most successful work in his 'Paddington Railway Station.' Mr. George Clausen contributes two small works 'Holiday Time' (214) and 'Mowing' (188). Great care has been bestowed upon the arrangement of this room, which cannot fail to give much food for thought to the artist, and to prove highly interesting to the general visitor. While there is a large preponderance of figure pictures, there are also very beautiful landscapes, amongst the most notable being those by F. McWhirter, A.R.A., A. Helcke, J. Smart, R.S.A., Miss Clara Knight, Joseph Knight, John Finnie, J. Aumonier, T. Huson, and B. W. Leader, R.A. The portraits are not numerous, the principal ones are those of P. R. Morris, A.R.A., Boadle, Morrison, Girardot, and Glazebrook; and a most remarkable series in Crayon by F. Sandys, representing Matthew Arnold, Dean Church, Lord Tennyson, Robert Browning, J. R. Green, J. Hy. Shorthouse, J. Russell Lowell, John Morley, Lord Wolseley, and Dr. Westcott.

During the sixty years which the Royal Birmingham Society of Artists has existed, many fine exhibitions have been held, but the Society has rarely had a more interesting display than that of the present season. E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A., the President, contributes, through the kindness of the owner, his latest work, 'The Depths of the Sea,' and this appropriately occupies the post of honour in the Great Room. Near to this hangs 'A Foregone Conclusion,' by L. Alma Tadema, R.A., and on the other side is Sir F. Leighton's 'Gulnihal.' W. Q. Orchardson, R.A., is represented by his large work from the Grosvenor Gallery entitled 'Master Baby,' which occupies a post of honour on the opposite side of the room. The members of the Society and other local artists are well represented. Walter Langley, R.I., sends only one work, 'My Youngest Son;' W. A. Breakspeare is represented by 'The Dawn,' 'Dora,' and two smaller works; F. H. Henshaw has a charming landscape called 'Summer Evening;' Colonel C. T. Burt sends two characteristic works, 'Weoley Castle Moat' and 'Market Day, Harlech;' S. H. Baker exhibits five landscapes, the principal one being 'A Herefordshire Freehold;' H. T. Munns shows two portraits and a landscape; Jonathan Pratt (hon. sec.) sends some interiors, one of them being 'The Workroom of James Watt,' which is still preserved intact at Heathfield Hall, near Birmingham; Edwin Harris sends three small figure studies; C. W. Radclyffe shows 'Solva Harbour, Pembrokeshire;' Oliver Baker and F. H. H. Harris are well represented in the Water Colour Gallery, the former by two works only, the latter by six; W. B. Fortescue has two figure subjects, 'Going to the Well' and 'Multiplication is Vexation;' Claude Pratt exhibits one work in oil, 'The Nurse's Story,' and an admirable water-colour study, 'The Skipper;' Frank Richards makes an advance on his previous efforts with three figure studies in water colours; and there are two landscapes by C. H. Whitworth; and 'A Study of Roses,' by J. V. Jelley. In the centre of the Great Room is a model for

a bronze group, by A. Bruce Joy. It is a fine and impressive work. The only other work in sculpture is a terra-cotta group in the centre of the North Room, by Albert Toft. Praise is due to the hangjng committee, whose work has been done with care and judgment.

The sixth annual Autumn Exhibition at the Nottingham Castle Art Museum, although not quite so strong numerically as last year, is perhaps, generally speaking, the most satisfactory of the series. Many new works of high character are shown, together with a few of those with which visitors to the recent London exhibitions are already familiar. Mr. Solomon J. Solomon sends 'Reflections' (a gas-light study), representing a lady in evening costume surveying a ball-room through a large mirror, in which the dancers are reflected. Mr. E. H. Fahey is represented by 'Great Yarmouth, 1886,' a large canvas showing a wide stretch of low water, with the town in the distance. A novel subject is 'An Omnibus Ride to Piccadilly Circus,' by Alfred Morgan; 'The Silent Hills,' by John Smart, R.S.A., is an imposing subject of large proportions; Mr. James Hayllar's largest work is entitled 'Worms for Bait,' and he gives us a pleasing change from the studies of old men with which he has familiarised us in 'Little May Blossom.' Mr. Wyke Bayliss, F.S.A., works in his usual groove—impressive cathedral and abbey interiors and mysterious vistas. Mr. W. J. Shaw sends a 'Tide Race—Prawl Head, South Devon;' and Mr. John Faed, F.S.A., a 'Still-life' group. The influence of the French school is evident in 'Flower Market, Granville,' by E. Aubrey Hunt. Mr. Thomas Faed, R.S.A., is represented by a Highlander, and a young girl with tears in her eyes, 'Seeing them off,' a picture which tells its own story. Two works of unflinching realism demanding notice are 'Motherless,' by R. G. Hutchinson, and 'The Day's Takings,' by Julian Story. Some excellent portraits are exhibited, amongst them being 'Henry Irving, Esq.,' a sketch, R. Holyoake; 'L'Abbé Liszt,' H. J. Thaddeus; 'Mrs. Stobart,' H. G. Herkomer; 'Rev. P. R. Egerton,' William Wontner; 'Charles Santley, Esq.,' T. C. Gotch; and 'H.I.H. The Grand Duchess Ellen,' H. J. Thaddeus. Mr. Andrew MacCallum's 'Study in Impasto' claims attention for its undoubted novelty. We have something here beyond a mere painting; indeed it is hung near some terra-cotta, to which branch of Art—modelling—it seems more correctly to belong. It can hardly be commended as a work of Art. Several local artists find places for their work, amongst them being Miss Florence Small, who sends 'Muriel,' a portrait, and 'Nature's Conquest.' The Water-colour Gallery contains many works of more than average merit, and there is a varied little collection of drawings in black and white.

ART NOTES.

THE dead season of this year has been selected by certain newspapers of standing for an attack upon the Royal Academy. The proceedings of an extraordinary session of Parliament have, no doubt, prevented the subject from occupying the public attention to the extent it would otherwise have done; still it has been sufficiently persistent to draw into the controversy the President and several members of the Academic body. The foundation for the onslaught was the refusal of the Council of the Academy to accede to a motion which aimed at limiting the number of works to be contributed by an individual to its annual summer exhibition. The matter has now been enlarged, until at the present time the questions in dispute are shortly these:—Is the Academy a public body, publicly subsidised, and so answerable for its conduct to the public? If it is to be so deemed, does it fulfil the objects for which it exists?

It appears to us that once it has been decided that the colleges at Oxford or Cambridge, or the public schools, are amenable to Parliament both as regards their property and conduct, the Royal Academy cannot claim exemption from similar supervision; and in fact it has already been subject thereto—as in 1836, and again in 1863, Royal Commissions were appointed to go into the question of its management. It has been argued that it is also answerable to the public, because (*a*) the land on which the present buildings are placed was leased by the nation to the Academy at a peppercorn rent; and (*b*) the enterprise is supported by the shillings of the public. As to the former of these there is much to be said on both sides, and the Academy has probably the best of the argument, as it assuredly has as to the second contention, as otherwise every place of entertainment to which a charge is made would come under this denomination.

The Academy being therefore a public body, has it so fulfilled the objects for which it was started as to call for no interference at the hands of the public through its officers, the Government? The Academy was founded "to promote the Arts of design." It considers at the present moment it is doing this (*a*) by associating together a limited number of artists, who shall have various exclusive privileges, emoluments, and pensions; (*b*) by holding exhibitions; (*c*) by supporting Art schools; (*d*) by aiding various Art charities. It is supposed, in addition to these, to educate public taste and direct artistic effort by a rigid exclusion of all unworthy work; to distinguish and encourage excellence; and to possess a complete immunity in all its dealings from personal bias and private prejudice.

Now the result of the Commission held by direction of Parliament in 1863, was that recommendations were made and reforms proposed in almost every department of the body; but hardly any one of these has been adopted. A considerable increase in the number of members was advocated commensurate with the growing body of artists: this has only been carried out to a limited extent. Ten lay (or unprofessional) members were suggested: this has not found favour with the professional members and has not been adopted. Nor the suggestions that Associates should be members of the corporate body; nor that an annual report and statement of accounts should be published. Nor any of the following:—that the Academy should form a permanent council of advice and reference in all matters relating to the Fine Arts, such, for instance, as the purchase of pictures by the nation; that a class of Art workmen should be connected with the Royal Academy; that Academicians should send four works of Art as a right and no more; that the

annual exhibition should include coins, medals, engraved gems, and all other works as may properly be classed under the head of Fine Art; that the exhibition should be wholly free on Saturdays, so as to give working men the advantage of gradually forming and improving their taste in Art. To these might be added that it is blind to the expansion and growth which has taken place in the Arts since its foundation, and that the branches of landscape painting, architecture, water-colour painting, etching, design, and the varied reproductive processes receive little or no recognition at its hands; that its schools are modelled on an antiquated basis; and, lastly, that the system of "hanging" adopted at the exhibition requires a thorough revision. While this is so we fail to see how the Royal Academy can resist, with any chance of ultimate success, a largely supported demand for a remodelling of itssystem; and should the artists, as a body, decide to bell the cat, they must assuredly receive the support of the public.

At present, however, the artists do not appear to have taken up the question either very seriously or in any united manner. A manifesto, it is true, was signed by Messrs. Holman Hunt, Walter Crane, and G. Clausen; but they can hardly claim to represent their brethren in any considerable degree. Besides, they each labour under disability of some sort. Mr. Hunt could have been an Academician long ago had he so wished. Mr. W. Crane, ever since he attained to any degree of notoriety, has thrown in his lot with the Grosvenor Gallery. Whilst as to the varied phases of French realism as represented by Mr. Clausen, none of the followers of that school can assert that they have not received their deserts at the hands of the Academy: there was not a room at the last exhibition which did not contain a dozen reflections of its tenets.

The Royal Academy can hardly expect the press to refrain from giving prominence to its shortcomings, for it has always done its best to snub the members of the fourth estate. It alone of the principal exhibitions refuses them the small courtesy of a season ticket. To use Mr. Sala's words, it is "far too high and mighty to admit more than the representative of a single newspaper to its banquet," and expects that the others shall rest content with a printed report of the dinner which is sent to them. When lately it published an illustrated catalogue, the Art journals were not considered to be entitled to a gratuitous copy for review. The reason for all this is, of course, to be found in the fact that even as to these minutiæ, a system is still adopted which was in vogue half a century ago, when the Academy neither called for or desired lengthy notice from the press.

Must a person who criticises pictures have a knowledge of the way in which they are manufactured? An Art critic, himself an amateur painter, has lately been falling foul of one of his brethren for his lack of education in this respect. But if this be so, where shall we find the Jack-of-all-trades who will serve our purpose? Why, for the Exhibition of the Academy alone, he must be proficient in oil, water-colour, and miniature painting, perspective, anatomy of all sorts, engraving, etching (if we remember rightly the complainant himself was caught tripping not so long ago in reviewing as an etching what was a photogravure), charcoal drawing, let alone architecture.

A competition, for which money prizes were given by the *Pall Mall Gazette*, to establish, by a popular plébiscite, which were *the* pictures of the year at the Royal Academy, has resulted as follows:—The best picture of all, Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Apodyterium,' 471 votes; the best historical, Mr. Seymour Lucas's 'Peter the Great,' 542 votes; the best landscape, Mr. Leader's 'With Verdure clad,' 378 votes; the best marine picture, Mr. H. Moore's 'Mount's Bay,' 517 votes; the best animal picture, Mr. Riviere's 'Union is Strength,' 500 votes; the best portrait, Mr. Holl's 'Duke of Cleveland,' 414 votes; the best domestic picture, Mr. Dicksee's 'Memories,' 702 votes; the best classical picture, Mr. Alma Tadema's 'Apodyterium,' 873 votes; the best religious picture, Mr. Calderon's 'Ruth and Naomi,' 745 votes; the best water-colour, Mr. Roussoff's 'Angioletto,' 194 votes; the best prettiest baby, Mr. Sant's 'Forget-me-nots,' 631 votes; the worst picture, Mr. Herbert's 'Judgment of Daniel,' 399 votes. The number of voters was about 1,500, and three persons named correctly ten of the pictures. The standard of taste of the voters is evidenced in a variety of ways. That Messrs. Leader and Cole's works between them should attract 1,293 votes, and Mr. Macbeth's exquisite 'Fen Lode' should gain but 48, is remarkable; and yet more so is it that only 19 plumped for Mr. Davis's 'Flood on the Wye,' probably the best landscape of the year: as it undoubtedly was so considered by the hanging committee. There were found 460 who considered Mr. Watts's failure of the 'Death of Cain' to be the best religious picture. Orchardson's 'Mariage de Convenance' secured but 256 votes as the best domestic picture when placed in the balance with Mr. Dicksee's sentimental canvas, which obtained nearly three times that number. In the marine competition Mr. Hook had to take the third place with his 'Broken Oar' (180 votes); Mr. Brett's 'Argyll Eden' was second with 254 votes to Mr. Moore's glorious 'Mount's Bay.' Mr. Lucas's 'Peter the Great,' with 542 votes, had a decided majority over Mr. Gow's 'Cromwell at Dunbar' (393 votes) in the historical class. Many voters included Mr. Tadema's 'Apodyterium' whenever it was possible. Thus in the historical class we find it receiving 96 votes. Mr. Burne Jones's 'Depths of the Sea' was third in the "best picture" list with 247 votes, but it was curiously low down in the "classicals" with 26 votes only: 27 thought it the best marine work. Thanks, no doubt, to the preaching of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, Sargent's 'Misses Vickers' had 171 votes as the worst picture of all.

Mr. Herbert, R.A., and Mr. A. le Jeune, A.R.A., have, at their request, had their names placed on the retired list. Their privilege of exhibiting is reduced to one picture, but they obtain pensions in lieu thereof.

Referring to Mr. Armstrong's recent paper in these columns on the water-colour question, Prof. Church writes:—"If you will carefully read my two brief letters in *The Times* of March 26th and April 14th you will not find therein any direct or implied statement that I 'declare practically that all water-colour drawings begin to die away on exposure to ordinary daylight.' What I did affirm was, that 'many' drawings had deteriorated—that diffused daylight had wrought a good deal of damage, and that I endorsed 'much that had been advanced by Mr. J. C. Robinson as to the disastrous effects, on many water-colour drawings, of free exposure to daylight.'"

BRITISH MUSEUM 4 OCT 86

EDOUARD FRÈRE.

ECOUEN is a quiet village some eight miles from Paris, lying under the shadow of a fine old château, built by Bullant for the Constable Anne de Montmorency in the reign of Francis I. Since the death of its first owner, in 1567, at the battle of St. Denis, this building has been repeatedly sacked and confiscated, until early in this century, when Napoleon I. decreed that it should become a house of education for the children of the members of the *Légion d'Honneur*. At present it is still occupied as a school—a branch of an institution, whose head-quarters are at St. Denis; there only the daughters of officers are admitted; here the daughters of those of inferior grade are received, even those of privates being included.

The château crowns a hill, and the village, with its fine old church, nestles under its protection, and has even encroached upon its garden, running up the slope almost under its eaves. Standing in the public square, we see the pinnacles of the château rising above the roofs of private dwellings, mysteriously mingling with them, as if all belonged to one rambling structure, crowned with a grand architectural motive.

The castle, seen from every part of the surrounding country, makes a charming background for pictures, and so Edouard Frère thought when he came here to visit a relative in 1847. Besides, the thatched cottages were picturesque and strangely furnished with old pieces of picturesque Louis XV. furniture, that must at one time have belonged to the château, and also attracted him.

Pierre Edouard Frère, born in 1819, was the son of a Parisian music publisher. He had been a pupil of Paul Delaroche; under the teachings of this master he had already exhibited pictures in Paris, but his not being successful and in delicate health, combined with the charm of this quaint village, made him decide to move his family (his wife and child) to Ecouen—that has since become famous for its colony of painters. Here, with his wife and child for models, the first pictures of the "Ecouen school" were painted. Frère still saw nature through the teachings of his master Delaroche, but taking for the subjects of his pictures the homely phases of the simple life around him, leaving the romantic school then in vogue behind in Paris, and only occupying his mind and hand to reproduce, with all the fidelity of nature, the models he posed against the backgrounds of the interiors of peasants' cottages, he soon produced original pictures that needed no historic motto to make them acceptable to the artistic world. Frère's peculiarly refined and delicate nature, which had been overpowered in Paris by the painters then in fashion, here, in this quiet village, that forty years ago was much farther from Paris than it is now with modern improvements for travelling, developed his natural gift and that peculiar art with which nature had endowed him. He painted the simple subjects of peasant-life as he saw them, giving interest to the humblest object hanging on these walls, and an expression and life to the people who inhabited these humble dwellings, with a sentiment not forced, that appealed to the intelligent observer.



"*Fête de Marie.*"

In Paris, under Delaroche, he had learned the mechanical part of his trade; now, before a nature that had his sympathy, his paintings soon became works of Art, and attracted the Paris dealers, who came to Ecouen to find the painter. His reputation was soon wide-spread; he obtained medals at the Salons of 1851, 1852, 1855, and was decorated with the *Légion d'Honneur*. Mr. Ruskin, in an article published about this date, wrote enthusiastically of Frère's art, comparing his colouring to Rembrandt's, and this brought his work to the notice of the British public, and, as a consequence, the finest examples of his art are now to be found in English

collections. In the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867 there was a collection of Edouard Frère's pictures that met with signal success. These paintings were mostly lent by English collectors.

Frère has painted the history of the child-life of his time from babyhood upwards. The child nursed in infancy by both parents, coddled and cared for by its elder sisters, preparing its white robes for confirmation or its bouquet for grandmother's birthday—he compiled a perfect record of children's pleasures and vexations, not simply in paintings, but in pencil drawings that fill many albums.

The foggy atmosphere, with its accompaniment of snow, had a special charm for the painter; he delighted to utilise this effect. One of the most important represents a snowball fight between schoolboys, in front of the church. In the foreground the combatants are strongly defined against the pure white snow, while those farther in the picture are enveloped more and more as they recede in the rosy-tinted



The Thatched Cottage at Ecouen.

atmosphere. In the extreme background is the outline of the château, a delicately defined silhouette against the snow-laden sky. The relative values of one object to another, that gives a painting space and air, were carefully studied in Frère's pictures, although "values" and "air" are supposed to belong in "modern Art"—as the Art of to-day is classified by some critics—to a school of realists who are supposed to paint only what they see, and who alone are thought to reproduce accurate impressions of nature. Thirty years ago a caricature of Edouard Frère was published, representing an art-dealer leaning over the painter, looking at one of his pictures. "Why don't you paint a straw in that corner?" asks the dealer; and the painter replies, "I would, but I have not a straw to copy." And this was considered to be a severe satire in those days upon an artist who went to nature for the smallest detail.

I remember once finding his studio occupied by the entire school of village boys, on a half-holiday. Against one side of the studio was a roughly constructed flight of steps, that had been knocked up by the rural carpenter, on the scale and in imitation of the stone steps of the communal school. On these the mass of boys were rushing up and down, making a tremendous noise with their wooden shoes on the vibrating boards, laughing, shouting, and pushing. In the midst of this din the artist was calmly working at his easel, sketching positions and making the composition of a delightful picture, full of movement and life, that he afterwards painted, of a school breaking up. In many of his pictures Frère went to the same trouble to reproduce details with truthfulness to nature. He possessed the art of composing a picture without the set rules of classical composition, but by an arrangement agreeable to the eye that was first attracted to the subject of the picture, and then, after wandering over the details of the composition, returned naturally to the subject, the chief attraction of the work.

His pictures representing the interiors of cottages were painted in the cottages, the children that peopled them were peasant children, and often in wandering about Ecouen you would find the painter at the corner of some picturesque street of the village, painting the background of one of his works directly from nature. His pictures, besides being the history of the child-life of this epoch, are also a record of the departed architecture of Ecouen, for with modern improvements many of the quaint and picturesque buildings, the thatched cottages, and rustic courtyards, have disappeared, and Ecouen is not as picturesque as it was when Edouard Frère first came there to live. Scarcely any of the old buildings remain except the fine old church that is under the protection of the Historical and Monumental Society, and the château of the Duke of Montmorency. Externally his residence was only a humble thatched-roof cottage, like many others in the village, but once across the threshold it differed greatly from the other cottage interiors; for the Parisian taste of Madame Frère had arranged and decorated the rooms, so that it has often been referred to since by those who knew Frère in those days as being a perfect *bonbonnière*.

Frère soon outgrew his first abode, and so purchased a house on the main road of the village, to which he added a studio. This was quickly filled with odd pieces of the Louis XV. furniture that he collected from among the peasants, whose ancestors must have appropriated them when they sacked the château. Forty years ago the craze for bric-à-brac had not developed, and dealers were not yet scouring the country in search of antiquities. Old furniture was despised and at a discount, and so there was a choice for collectors and connoisseurs in the cottages in the neighbourhoods of châteaux. In Ecouen the odd bits of furniture

discovered here and there by Frère soon became entire sets of choice pieces of the workmanship of the last century.

The pictures of Frère becoming popular, Ecouen was soon inhabited by a colony of followers and pupils, to whom the master was ever ready to give counsel, advice, and substantial assistance. To these he threw open his studio, and their productions he recommended, generally with success, to Art dealers.

There were then no places of public amusement in the village; true, there were two or three cafés, but they were frequented by the peasants, and were not inviting; and, as Edouard Frère was at home three evenings in the week to his confrères, with their wives or husbands, as the gender of the confrères happened to be, and their families, the necessity of a public place for general assembly was not felt by the painters. Tuesday evenings we gathered about the library table, sitting in Louis XV. chairs, surely originally from the château. The women occupying their hands with fancy work, the men often drawing, while the host read aloud the last novel, or, what was more frequent, some old comedy. His manner was easy and simple. The reader was often interrupted by exclamations and comments from some of the listeners; then Frère would repeat what had called them forth, for the better understanding of some, or, what was more likely, for the amusement of the audience. I do not remember that any one ever relieved the host of his position as reader, for, to tell the truth, although the circle was large that gathered round the library table, those who would have been listened to, if they had attempted to read aloud without being laughed at, could have been counted on a few fingers of one hand, the reason being that among the guests there was a variety of



The Captive.

nationalities; all understood the French language, but each had a different manner of expressing themselves in that lan-



Edouard Frère.

guage, and there was an amusing difference of accents. There were Germans, Poles, Swedes, Finlanders, Belgians, Americans, English, and perhaps others that I do not now recall, for it is twenty years or more since I was one of the circle that met on those Tuesday evenings.

On Thursday evenings books and work were put aside, and cards formed the entertainment; but the grand event of the week was the ball on Sunday nights. Having been brought up in a land where dancing on Sunday nights was unknown, and would have been considered a sin, and where an entertainment on Saturday evenings to be reputable must be of a religious character, these Sunday evening dances at first somewhat troubled my mind. Although I was living in France, and did as they did, still I could not at once free myself of my early education, and when in writing home of the weekly ball in Frère's studio, carefully neglected to mention that the event always took place on Sunday nights; what is more, those at home kindly refused to read between the lines, and asked no embarrassing questions.

I wonder if it was because the winter evenings were the merriest, or the well-lit studio was brighter by contrast with the dark muddy streets, that I remember them the best. Shortly after dusk we picked our way through the village, each carrying a lantern, towards Edouard Frère's; the gate bell tinkled, the light streamed from the front to greet our entrance. We knocked our sabots off in the hall, leaving them in a line with others, for we all wore wooden shoes over our slippers, to help us through the snow, slush, and mud. We knew who had arrived before us by the empty sabots, that seemed to have more of the character of their owners than their wraps hanging on the rack. How we danced on the polished floor! and the music! if it only was noisy and marked the time well, we did not criticise, for no one of the company

could be expected to play the piano, which was our orchestra, all through the evening, so each took their turn and played whatever they were most familiar with; or if they were only proficient in one air, they repeated the same refrain until the last figure was finished, and there was a general rush towards the performer, whose confusion and apologies were covered by unanimous thanks.

Yes, those winter evenings in the big studio were very enjoyable. I can still hear "Cadet Roussel" as played by Madame Frère, and see young Frère, the son, dancing vigorously, shouting his few words of English or imitating our French, with his father for his *vis-à-vis*, dancing with an old-fashioned grace, taking the old-time steps carefully. As we danced we all joined in the refrain of "Le bon Enfant."



A Sketch—Supper-time.

Almost the first of Edouard Frère's paintings that attracted public attention and commendation was the 'Fête of Sainte Marie,' in which a young girl, standing on a chair, decorates a crucifix, which hangs in its accustomed place in the peasants' cottages over the mantelpiece. This old custom is fast becoming obsolete.

The painter, though ill and feeble for many months before his death, worked at his profession until within a few days of his death; he exhibited in the last exhibition at the Salon, a 'Scène d'intérieur' and 'Le Frère aîné;' he left on his easel an unfinished picture, which we have reproduced, of a boy upon his knees before a cage placed upon the floor, feeding birds; an unfinished picture that is full of colour and freshness, and does not show any evidence of the feeble state of health of the painter when he laid down his brushes for the last time.

Edouard Frère died on May 20th, 1886, and was buried in the little cemetery of Ecouen, that overlooks Paris. About his grave were clustered many of his pupils and fellow-artists, and the people of the village—most of whom had been models for his pictures. All listened reverently while the eminent painter, Bouguereau, delivered a short address, eulogizing him as artist, devoted friend, and generous benefactor, one who had produced pure and original pictures, and had gained a great and legitimate success. Thus did he sum up Frère's virtues: "Kind-hearted, upright, and generous, his hand was always open; he gave without counting, and the poor will grievously feel his loss."

"As President of the Association of Artists, I can testify to the important gifts that he has made to our charity-sales for the benefit of our unfortunate confrères. His name will remain inscribed in our *Annuaire* for the considerable sum of 15,245 francs."

"His bereaved family should be proud to have had for their head one who has produced so many fine works, and performed so many noble actions. May this testimony of our sympathy, feeble and incomplete though it may be, soften the bitterness of their grief! And we, gentlemen, may we always remember his laborious and worthy life, and follow the example he has left us.

"In the name of all, in the name of the Association of Artists, and of his friends, dear and excellent confrère, I bid you an eternal farewell."

HENRY BACON.

PICTURE FRAMES.

AMONG the incidents of a flitting, or of unfurnishing a house, few things leave so disagreeable an impression of dilapidation as the row of framed pictures, large and small, which, taken down from their nails, are laid resting on the ground leaning against one another, their faces ignominiously turned to the wall. *Then* we see revealed pretence and shabbiness in little: the mean edgings of wood; the miserable tacks which keep the thin boarding in its place; the meagre strip of brown paper pasted round; the cheap bending rings; the bit of red string; the square of loose glass; the glue—all making up a sort of "rickety" combination. Such are the Picture Frames of commerce—the adornment of every correct house, and which exhibit painfully their makeshift character. They are indeed things of shreds and patches; every principle of sound construction is violated in their manufacture. The frame proper, too weak to hold the glass and backboard, and being further weakened by the grooving, is kept together at the corners by glue and a tack, while the thin boarding of the back is held in its place by a row of tacks driven under awkward strokes of the hammer. Finally the engraving is squeezed fast between the glass and the backing, sandwichwise.

When, too, we look at these adornments hung in their place, and serving their function, the artistic eye finds even less satisfaction. We call it a *frame*, indeed, but the effect generally is that of a piece of glass hung up, with a sort of light *edging* or border about it. As for the "frames" doing any service in the way of protecting or saving the picture, the latter seems really in an exposed or precarious position, and the protection is of the kind that Barnaby Rudge offered to the gigantic Hugh. For the edging is "flush" with the glass, and the corners are joined by the simple process of laying end to end at an angle, while glue and a nail keep them together. It seems indeed as though it were the glass that was the substantial part of the business, and supported the rest. The front is of the same "make believe" character as the back. The moulding, as it is called, glitters like gold, but there is no gold nor gold-leaf, the popular "German moulding," which comes here in enormous quantities, having all its elaborate depressions and ornamentation formed of composition mimicking carved wood, on a wood ground rudely cut to the general shape.

The ebony, bronze, rosewood, mahoganies, etc., are all simulated, with the result that an old, or oldish frame, becomes one of the most faded, shabby things in existence; for a thing that pretends to be something handsomer than it really is, by a fitting law is gradually unmasked by time, and becomes meaner and poorer every day. It is thus that "slop" clothes, imitating the fashion of dearer articles, are betrayed by wear, and are exhibited in a sorry and decayed aspect. A good and genuine article always improves with time. Hence one of the charms of old china, old binding, or old furniture, where the tints blend and grow dry, and the surfaces harden.

Some of these older attenuated frames, in protest, as it were, against the weak and bare look of the corners, used to be furnished with "compo" flourishings or scroll work; but the construction rises up in protest, and the strain cracks them across in the exact line of the joining underneath. These are merely laid on the surface, and therefore a sham.

There used to be in high fashion what was known as a "neat gold beading," about three-quarters of an inch wide—really no more than a frail rod running round a picture, and hardly "holding" the nails at the corners. This was further weakened by the groovings sunk in it to hold the picture: a little would bend or even break the whole. Nothing so shows the hasty and inartistic character of framing as the fact that it has grown into an enormous trade—where so little work or labour is expended in framing a picture, that the operation can be knocked off in a few minutes, almost "while you wait." The "length" of moulding is rudely sawn up in a few minutes, a dab of glue, a few tacks, a piece of glass—a piece ingeniously made as thin as pasteboard—is fitted in, and the "job" is done.

How unpleasant, too, look the huge frames of old paintings of thirty or forty years ago, whose outline bends and waves in what was thought graceful "scroll work," and "volutes" swelling out at the corners, and all wrought in elaborate "composition!" The edges, having no strength, generally chipped off, revealing the white material beneath. These flourishings, when joined with some picture by a great master, seem to jar, and, at the lowest view, belong to another style. They impart a vulgarity, such as is felt in looking at gaudy modern furniture of the Tottenham-Court-Road fashions.

The most curious testimony to the value of genuine work is to be found in the fact that we can always know whether we are in the presence of sham and imitation, or of real carving. A carved frame reveals itself: we know that it is of wood. A plaster frame of precisely the same pattern betrays itself. The housemaid's broom may strike the one without damage; not so our more elaborate "best compo" article. It is difficult to say why this is so, but there is no doubt of it. The sharpest, most faithful casting in plaster never gives the effect of stone or wood, on account of the quality of the surface. All shams are indeed revealed sooner or later.

We see in foreign countries, notably in France and Germany, frames of the most rich and elaborate patterns, solid and massive, and often, in the case of small cabinet pictures, quite as broad as the picture itself. These are set off with a very glittering fluting, and a vast number of mouldings, crosses, ribbons, and the like. It must be said there is often something effective in a brilliant but tiny picture thus sunk down at the bottom of a golden dell, and this in the dainty room of some fastidious amateur. The gem seems to be thus cut off from the world by golden barriers. But in such cases, and in many others, the frames are looked on as modes of *richly decorating* the walls. These masses of gold, with their variety of surface, which form a sort of deep bowl in which the picture is sunk, contrasted with the colours of the picture, supply the idea of an opulent richness, while the pictures furnish an excuse which could not otherwise be found for putting gold on the walls: hence the curiously inverted result, that the pictures seem to be for the frames, not the frames for the pictures. In a lesser degree this abuse is found in the ordinary decoration of frames, which distract the attention from the picture and enfeeble the colouring—much as in our newer theatres the profuse gilding and colouring of the proscenium and *salle* dims the brilliance of the stage and scenery. The fact that the universal taste of mankind for some hundred years has fixed on gold or gilding as the tone or colour for framing paintings with, seems to show that this is the fitting adornment. Gold seems to enrich everything it touches, and set beside colours "brings them out" with prodigious effect. Another reason may be that every other material offers a colour, but gold is *neutral*. It somehow, too, suggests the notion of an abstract boundary or zone between the vulgar surrounding world and the sort of spiritual life of Art. Wooden or painted frames seem to belong to the outer world itself, or to the colours of the picture which they touch. All the vulgar flourishings we have spoken of make this boundary more earthly and common, whereas a certain chaste simplicity helps to the sense of indefiniteness. A broad simple frame to a huge oil-painting, unbroken by moulding or decoration, would have but a bald, barren effect. There would be the notion of rude strength too defined: it would require some breaking.

In the case of what may be called an "important" oil-painting—an ornament to a gallery—it is regulated by different principles to what hold in the instance of what may be called the utilitarian frames of commerce. The attraction of a grand picture besides the fame of the master who painted it, and the merit of the work, make it certain that decoration, elaborate and stately even in character, will be suitable, so as to set off the whole. Hence those huge, old, profusely carved frames round some "masters" seem perfectly appropriate, having been specially designed and wrought to suit the picture; such, indeed, when contemporary or old, as seem to belong to and to be part of the picture itself. This special work conduces to that general dignity of effect which we do not experience when in

presence of a modern frame. We see plainly that it has been "cut up" from one of innumerable lengths of mouldings, and joined at the corners. The system of interposing a layer of whiting or composition between the gold and the frames, and so make a smooth surface for the gold to rest on, seems a false one, for the gold does not adhere to the *real* frame, and the surface though smooth is not hard. Thus pine wood, gilt over its grain, is thought by artists to have a real and genuine effect, from its catching different lights. But it must be confessed that this system does not improve upon familiarity; these mats of gilt wood, showing the grain through the gilding, have a rough, coarse air. The detail is too much in contrast with the picture, while gold itself is presumed to be a smooth and unbroken surface. The detail might be objected to in a large and boldly carved frame, but it would not be difficult to choose some wood without grain. All this question requires to be "thought out" by proper experts, and when what is wrong, what ought *not* to be, is recognised, we are on the track to the proper course. The only way of reaching to the true principles of construction in a picture frame is this: to go back to, say, some primæval days, when the connoisseur, not wishing to keep his picture in a portfolio or drawer, but desiring to have it before his eyes to feast on, might think of placing it on his walls. Here he would see the necessity of having something to protect it, not only from dust and dirt, but from injury; he certainly would not dream of constructing a so-called "frame," that is, putting an edge round it, and sticking a piece of glass on it in front. The idea would be to make a square, hollow tray, with raised sides, into which the picture might be *laid*, while a piece of glass would be fixed in front, window-like. This would be the *idée mère*, as the French say, costly and laborious to carry out; but I venture to say it should be the model which the frame-maker should strive to reach. The picture, I repeat, should be laid into it, as in a square dish, while the glass should be fixed in front over the picture, as in a window-pane, and at a distance from the picture. Thus it would repose in a case, as it were. This would be the natural arrangement, strong, and excluding dust and dirt. The width of the frame would be regulated by the thickness necessary to give it strength. This principle of width, etc., is quite capable of being worked out by the regular canons of proportion. Any decoration would be applied according to the principle that regulates the decoration of anything used to support or strengthen another object, namely, merely as an accessory. In other words, the frame may be ornamented, but not used as an ornament for the picture. The result would be that when hung on the wall the picture would appear to be protected in a substantial manner, and by the solidity of the frame would have an air of dignity, as though having been thought worthy of protection, reposing in a massive way on the wall, and not offering to view the attenuated brittle border or edging, for we see that the protection runs round it and is continued at the back. The "root" blemish, however, lies in the vicious joinery and construction, and until this is reformed our frames will be radically bad. The joints should be made as in cabinet-making, that is cut square, not in the usual diagonal, and they should be jointed, not glued or tacked, as this very diagonal line gives a fragile and insecure air. The look of strength and firmness, as of a thing "not to be trifled with," adds much to the effect of a good picture, just as in the case of a well-made piece of furniture, it attracts attention from the pains bestowed upon it. Even the jointing and "mortice and tenon" work looks well because serviceable. It holds its place on the wall with due weight and solidity, contrasting with the wretched, frail, clattering things that are usually hung. Of course there is the objection that this costs money, whereas the frame of commerce, cut out in a few minutes "while you wait," is extravagantly cheap. But, as I say, a good picture deserves good treatment, and is many times as effective as a number of poorly framed ones.

I confess there is a great difficulty as to the materials, but here reflection and the common-sense of proportion will furnish light. Hard, solid oak, of which a ship might be made, suggests a needless weight, solidity, and waste of strength, and this suggestion offers itself frequently as we survey one of the huge etched plates, now so common, and which seem to encumber the wall. A light wood has a suggestion of its own. The width, depth, etc., are all matters of proportion, which the trained eye can settle for itself. Shape, too, should be of the simplest, and that bevelling inwards down to the level of the picture seems a needless enfeebling of the expressive strength of the frame. Honest treatment is all that is needed.

These principles would not be so difficult to apply, even in the case of the cheap "frames of commerce." The great blemish to be avoided is the clumsy fashion in which the glass is fitted. Even though carefully "papered up" at the back, the dust is not excluded, but can come in in front. But there is one little system of reform which will commend itself, and which I venture to take credit for as the discoverer.

The ordinary moulding is to be used with its projecting "rabbet." But there should be another form of moulding used in addition, a small and thin one with a slit in it (and there are machines to work this). This is for the special benefit of the glass, which will then be fitted with a slender frame of its own. This will give a character and emphasis to the sheet of glass, and indicate its place and function clearly. Next will come the picture, and then the boards, not of that thin horrible bending character that is now used, but good sound stuff. It should not be "let in" at the back, as is usual, but cover the *whole* back to the edge, being fixed with screws into the frame. By this mode room is gained for the glass framing, and a space between the picture and glass, which gives a depth of effect. This little glass edging really becomes the "rabbet" edging, and gives effect to what was before a sham ornament. The whole, therefore, when hung on the wall presents the appearance of a sound and solid piece of construction, very satisfactory to look at; it furnishes the wall better than the flat, ricketty, and brittle things commonly found there. The backing should be finished, smoothed, or varnished. This, as I say, will contribute to the merit and appearance of the pictures; for very often a small picture is taken down for closer examination at the window by admiring amateurs, and being held in the hand, the nicety and solidity of the work, on back, sides, and front, increases the respect with which we should approach it. A contrast to the mean pasting and brown paper with the tacks felt perceptibly underneath.

A clever eccentric, well known for his "symphonies," "notturnos," and other odd descriptions of his works, a development of what is called "Impressionism," striving to portray the general *tone* of a scene without regard to details, has attempted to carry out his effect by the aid of the frame, which is either silvered or tinted in some greenish metal. This is in truth carrying on the picture into the frame, and the careful proprietor of such a work of art is driven into the absurdity of having a frame outside to protect the frame. But a door must be open or shut, and this is the logical

alternative. Silver indeed goes detestably with colouring. On the same principle it always seems to me that the "remarque" device exhibited on the margin of an etching is a false idea, as the artist breaks out of his picture into the debatable land of the margin.

A word must be said on that popular adjunct, "the mat" as it is called, supposed to add a neatness and finish to the general effect. It is common thus to set off water-colours with a broad golden mat of pasteboard. These golden mats do not go with water-colours. It seems to leave an unpleasant effect of meagreness, owing to the poor material pasteboard revealed by its thinness and the splendour of the gold. It looks what it is, *gilt* pasteboard. On the other hand a golden mat of thick wood is oppressive and ponderous. The notion of a snow-white cardboard mat, its edge bevelled neatly down to the picture, suggests that it is doing duty as a margin; but from its thickness it really seems to be a frame within a frame, and thus furnishes too much frame. There is an idea also of graduating things down till we reach the picture, a solid frame outside then this smaller one of the same material as the picture under the glass. But these things must be within one category or the other, belonging to the picture or to the frame.

It does seem, indeed, that if water-colours suit these white Bristol board margins, it is only in the portfolio; but when framed, the effect is bad and glaring. One might venture to go so far as to say that water-colours are too delicate in treatment of colour for being hung on the wall. They and their delicate strokes are meant to be looked at in the hand. It is common to give them a very light gilt bead frame, but the real logical treatment has been reached where a very plain and simple wooden moulding is used, which suggests the idea that the drawing is simply there for its own attraction as a drawing, not framed in a vulgar sense but simply protected. Hence the white Bristol board and the rough wood harmonise. They are sketches, and sketchy, like the drawing.

This, too, furnishes a key for the treatment of engravings which at the best are scarcely suited for framing. The reason of this is that the line work is too fine for the distance at which they are viewed, and the general effect of black and white is most meagre. There is no doubt, however, that they give pleasure from their subjects, and are in universal use. Their framing is a matter of great nicety. The fashion is to frame them with their huge natural margins uncut, and it is thought that to touch these is to maim the picture. But it is forgotten that this is simply arbitrary and a matter of caprice, the paper being of all sizes, and often small engravings are printed off with a vast "meadow" of margin. It is obvious that the proportions should be regulated by the ordinary artistic rules, which the eye itself almost settles, as in the case of the margin of floor round a carpet, the size of a white collar round the throat, and a hundred other cases. When there is an undue development the eye is offended; in such a case the effect is to dwarf the engraved portion, while the effect is lessened. A small hat on a tall man not only makes the hat appear smaller than it is, but makes him look taller, while a larger hat lessens his apparent size. The theory of margin would be that so much should be left as would save the outward portions of the engraving from damage by touch, allowing enough to be handled by us. We see in many houses the old frame of thirty or forty years ago. A sort of yellow maple-tinted frame, well varnished and bevelled outwards. Nothing more odious or unsuitable could be conceived. Coal black frames with a line of gilding on the outer or inner edge are now in fashion, particularly for the popular etching of large size. But the black frame is very bold and harsh, enfeebles the effect of the dark etching, and the system of gold along an outer edge is a false one, as it is unprotected and exposed to be rubbed. In the case of a vast plate, like that of the rare 'Mont St. Michel,' the effect is something funereal. A simple square-edged frame of oak, unvarnished, with a slight inner "rabbet" of gold, is about the best and most suitable for an etching; but here, again, the tone of the wall has to be considered, and oak has rather rude and solid associations, suggesting the idea of overstrength. The difficulty is really the original one caused by the suspicion that engravings should not be framed at all, or are unsuitable as objects of decoration.

Some years ago there was a frame in high favour, known as the Oxford frame, four light rods, as it were, crossed and fixed to each other with four nails, with rather attenuated and poverty-stricken effect. The eye turned away offended at the "spiky" character of the whole. This, however, is happily disappearing. There was no "accommodation" in it for the picture, which seemed to have an uncomfortable time of it. Then as to hanging, Mr. Eastlake, many years ago—when such subjects had begun to be discussed—laid down the true principle in his charming book on "Household Taste." He showed that a picture should be "hung" from a rod close to the ceiling, not from a nail a little above it. It should be hung too by two parallel cords, and from two nails. This is pleasing to the eye and gives the idea of strength and due support. The ordinary triangle, into which the cord is shaped, is "most intolerable and not to be endured." Our forefathers devised an extraordinary margin, specimens of which are often seen in the brokers' shops. The margin of the engraving was covered up by a shiny black pigment laid on the glass, and edged with a broad band of gold. In the case of tinted engravings, such as Bartolozzi's fine 'Miss Farren,' I have seen this produce an admirable effect, and in the case of simple engravings it has an effect from the quaintness which old fashion often produces.

There is another nice question involved in the common practice, when oil paintings are bought for collections, of getting a new frame. It should be remembered in this case that an old frame expresses the character of a time when the picture was painted, and may have been directed by the taste of the artist himself, and unless it is in execrable taste, which it too often is, and of poor materials, it should be retained and renovated. It must be said that many old paintings in our galleries have not gained by these changes. It is a very difficult matter, however, to choose or design a frame for a large picture, the insurmountable difficulty being its cost. To have a carved frame for one of the large masterpieces would be out of the question, and the Director is obliged to select from some of the broad mouldings kept in stock. There is little doubt that the broad, smooth, and plain moulding, without flutings, is ineffective when used for great paintings. The unbroken surface of the gold is oppressive and bald. But there is little doubt that thought and study could work all this out effectively. Mr. Burne Jones's splendid bit of colouring, 'King Cophetua,' it will be remembered, was in a sort of architectural frame, specially designed for it.

Such are a few ideas on this important matter; important it is, for in Shakespeare's phrase, the framing oft proclaims the picture, or seriously mars its effect. It may be repeated that the object of the frame is to supply a barrier between the

prosaic world all about it, and the realm of poetic associations which the picture holds within itself. It does seem possible to make this of a neutral character, which shall at the same time have nothing in common with the prosaic, or enter into the pictorial realm, and also not assert itself too stoutly so as to divert attention by pictorial ornament. What I have thrown out refers more to existing corruptions than to positive direction. But the whole will certainly supply food for thought to the artistic mind.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

UNEDITED NOTICES OF THE ARTS IN ENGLAND.

IN our notes on John de Critz, the Serjeant Painter in the reigns of James I. and Charles I., in the last volume, the record of events has been brought down to 1639. We now take up the thread of the narrative.

1640. Fragmentary Exchequer Record. "John de Critz, Serjeant Painter, p^{t} of £2,158 13s. for a debt in the great wardrobe, £60."

1640, June 23rd. "Petition of John de Crite, his Majesty's Serjeant Painter, to the king. By a petition four years since you directed your commissioners for the affairs of the hospital of Sutton's foundation to put Olivier de Crite, a son of petitioner, in a poor scholar's place in the free grammar school there, but there were so many to be preferred by former letters to you that the petitioner's son could not be admitted all this time, and is now too old. He therefore prays a reference to the commissioners for a younger son of his, Henry de Crite, to be inserted instead of the other, the rather as petitioner is unable to afford him education answerable to his capacity." Endorsed, "Order as desired. Whitehall, June 23rd, 1640."

1653. Note book of Ric. Symonds. In Austen Fryers, at Decreet's house, 3 rooms full of ye king's pictures.

2 large quadros for: coloured a secco, by Corregio, about 3 foot and a ¼ eigh, one Martia's being flea'd and one offers snakes towards hir, a boy below smyling a brave part. The other of Pallas and Othris. Both priced at 1000 li. a piece.

[These two pictures "painted upon cloth in water-colours kept shut in a wooden case" are in Vanderdvort's catalogue as of "y^{e} number of y^{e} king's pictures and other things which are kept in store in several places, and are as yet unplac'd." (Ms. Harl. 4718.)

In the Commonwealth Inventory they occur amongst the "pictures at St. James's. 241. A satyre flead, done by Corragio (valued at) £1000. Sold Mr. Latham, y^{e} 23rd October, 1651, for £1000. 242. Another of y^{e} same by Corragio (valued at) £1000. Sold Mr. Decrittz y^{e} 23rd October, 1651, for £1000" (Ms. Harl. 4898). They were both obtained by Jabach the banker, and subsequently sold by him, the former to Cardinal Mazarin, on whose inventory it was valued at 4,000 livres, and bought by Louis XV. at that price; the second, sold direct to the monarch. They are both in the Louvre Collection des Dessins and entitled respectively, 'Le Vice,' 'La Vertu.']

2 Storys of Julio Romano finisht in oyl out of Ouid's Met. Juno angry and frowning at Jupiter for Semele. Ye other Pallas and wood fawnds. Both priced at 160 li., 3 foot long each.

[Greenwich, 76. A peice of Jupiter and Semele done by Julio (valued at) £50. Sold Mr. Lamare y^{e} 3rd May, 1650, for £55.]

A Fortune standing on a globe kept up by 2 Cupids, by Juli Rom. priced at xx li. [Somerset House, 264. A peice of Fortune done by Julio Romano, £20. Sold Mr. Decrittz y^{e} 18th November, 1651, for £20.]

Another story of y^{e} Bull carrying away Europa, by Julio Romano a Scherzzo. [Somerset House, 20. Europa on y^{e} Bull by Julio Romano, £20. Sold Mr. Decrittz y^{e} 23rd October, 1651, for £20. Catalogue of James ij., No. 54, a piece being Europa. Now at Hampton Court, No. 293.]

O^{r} Sauio^{r} crowned wth thorns by torch-light, 2 foot and half eigh, by Bassan Vecchio.

[Somerset House, 40. Christ crowned with Thornes and Buffetted, by Bassanio, £10. Sold Mr. Decrittz, y^{e} 23rd Oct., 1651, for £10.]

Y^{e} Virgin, S. Joseph and 2 men, half-figures by Tizian.

A David wth Goliath's head, oyl, ory red colouring y^{e} David by Giorgion, v li.

[James's catalogue, 119. "A man's picture, with St. John Baptist's head in his hand. By Giorgion."]

The king's head in white marble done by Bernino at Rome priced at cccc li. A large story of Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses in y^{e} Rushes, by Gentileschi.

[Greenwich, 1. A piece of Pharaoh's daughter finding Moses, done by Gentleiscoe, £80. Sold Mr. Latham y^{e} 23rd Octo^{r}, 1651, for D^{o}.]

All y^{e} king's children done together by Van Dyke priced at lxxx li.

[Query, Beere Gallery, Whitehall, 29. The great peice of Vandyke being very curiously done, valued £60. Sold Mr. Decrittz as appraised y^{e} 14th Dec. 1651. Now at Windsor.]

The Duke of Buck and his family, by Gentileschi.

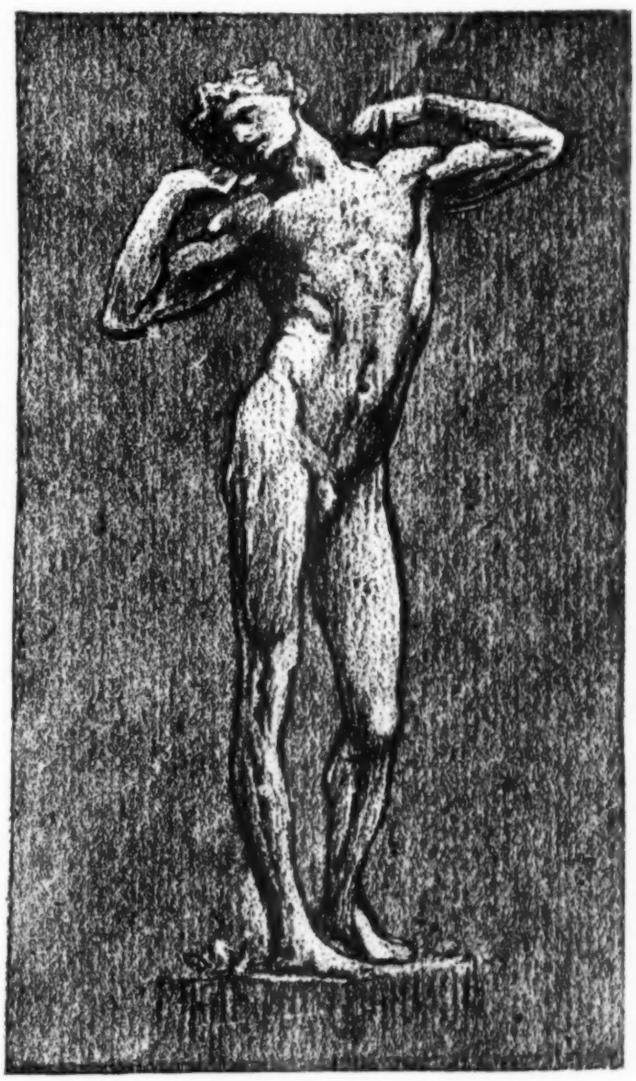
The 'Buriall of o^{r} Savio^{r}' copied by Crosse from Titian, and on the tomb is Bassi Relievi, and y^{e} corner broken. [Oatlands, 6. The 'Buriall of Christ,' a coppie after Tytsian, £8. Sold Mr. Decrittz y^{e} 18th Nov., 1651, for £6.] (Ms. Egerton, No. 1536, f. gggb. and 100a). The statement on the previous folio, "Walker cryes up Decreet for y^{e} best painter in London," is particularly interesting.

De Critz purchased paintings at the king's sale to the amount of considerably more than £3,000, the greater portion of little importance, besides sculpture and general objects. Several of the purchases are described as "with others in a devidend." Most of the best pictures he bought were sold to various buyers before the Restoration, when the remnant was returned to the Royal collection as presently stated.

ALFRED BEAVER.

THE SCULPTURE OF THE YEAR.

IS there any sight that is calculated to inspire a greater feeling of melancholy in the human breast than what may be seen every day and all day in London fashionable streets—the back view of an endless series of marble busts displayed in windows? The houses in some squares and roads are furnished with these works of Art as regularly as they are furnished with a door-bell, and much *more* regularly than they are furnished with a knocker. Are these busts, one marvels, really portraits of persons dear to the owners of the houses? are they of any value as recalling features which the possessors have once admired? have they any "artistic merits" of their own? or are they merely useful—the thought will obtrude itself—as interposing a screen between a modest family and the public, instead of, or in addition to, the habitual white curtain or uninteresting plant? Because it is plain that the bust, be it good or bad, cannot be seen to advantage in this position from the inside of the house any more than from the outside. It should be turned towards the light, not placed with its back to it, and the inference that follows is a sad one—that a person careless or ignorant of so elementary a fact cannot be a good judge of sculpture, and that while the demand for busts is so large and the standard of excellence so low, the supply will be absolutely worthless.



The Sluggard. By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.

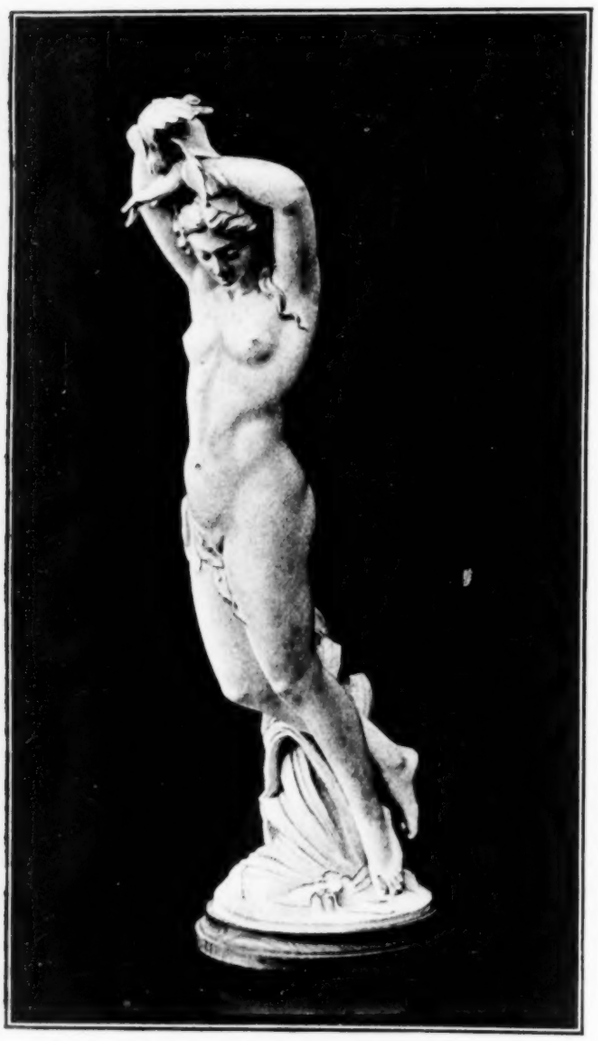
That sculpture in England has long been at a low ebb has been sufficiently plain to any one who inspects our public statues, or casts his roving eye on those that are scattered up and down our picture galleries. The reason of this is not far to seek. In modern times the number of men who devote themselves to sculpture have been comparatively few. In the first place, the subjects suitable for sculpture are extremely limited. Instead of the hundred aids that painting can command, of perspective, colour, light and shade, texture, and many more, sculpture has only one, or, at most, two materials to work on, for although we know the Greeks occasionally introduced colour, and even gilding, in their friezes and statues, these were probably used merely as accessories, and very sparingly. Thus a whole range of picturesque ideas and situations is at once cut off from the province of sculpture. Like an epic poem, it must be occupied with unity of action; and concentration of thought and simplicity of treatment constitute two chief elements of success.

A great obstacle in the path of modern sculptors is the eminent unfitness of modern dress, especially in the case of men, for representation either in bronze or marble. Forty years ago—and the fashion has not wholly gone out—it was the custom to depict excellent middle-class British mayors and distinguished statesmen, who never left their bedrooms without winding yards of stiffly-starched muslin round their throats, with bare necks and Roman togas. Now we are learning, at last, that this treatment by no means gets over the difficulty, but only substitutes another, and the moral seems to be, that if a man is not fortunate enough to possess a tight-fitting, graceful uniform (such as that in which Mr. Thornycroft has sketched his statue of General Gordon), nor has flowing robes that legitimately belong to him, he had better be contented with a bust, or keep himself out of the question altogether.

Lastly, sculpture was originally designed to be seen in the open air. The Greeks had few large statues in their houses, but they were to be seen among their temples and public buildings, and along their streets. Thus their sculptors grew skilled in the proportions which the statue would have to

assume, and the kind of attitude which would prove most effective. He had his undraped models before him in the Palæstra, and saw them taking part in the games, when the less fortunate artists of our own day can only find some one—probably not given to athletic exercises—to assume the required position for a moment and for a purpose, which is a very different thing. Therefore it is, that when seen in the open air our statues have a knack of looking inadequate and paltry, or else stiff and strained.

Under these adverse circumstances, to which must be added the lack of buyers for ideal works, it is greatly to the credit of sculpture that it shows signs of awakening from its long sleep. A careful examination of the sculpture exhibited this year both in the Grosvenor and the Academy showed not only some ideal statues of considerable excellence, but also that the level was much higher than usual. Of course there was a great deal that was poor and uninteresting, but very little that was absolutely bad. Not that the sculpture rooms were any more crowded than in former years: they were places suitable wherein to meet a friend, or to rest in when one was hot and tired—that was all, to ninety-nine visitors out of every hundred. And this results not altogether from mere fashion and conventionality, though these play their part, but in some measure from the undeniable fact that sculpture is an art hard to be understanded of the people. It is so different from anything they are accustomed to, that they have no standard of comparison: there is nothing in the unbroken colour of the surface to catch their eye, and it requires a certain amount both of training and imagination to supply the colours and textures that can barely be hinted at. To the ordinary unlearned Englishman a likeness is a likeness, and no reasonable person could possibly "ask for more." Yet some of these very men who would see no difference between a smooth, flat surface of a face, where the features protrude like the Needles on a calm day, and a bust by Phidias or Praxiteles, might be able to detect, on canvas, that a man's head was drawn too small for his body, or that he was intended to be lying in a comfortable position when he would certainly have rolled straight down hill.



Sabrina Fair. By W. R. Ingram.

A special feature of the last exhibition was the influence of 'Cain' on the Art of the year. Nothing has happened of late, as far as we know, to bring the remembrance of him so persistently before us, yet we had his crime repeated no less than four times (without counting Mr. Watts' big picture), three of the groups bearing the same name, 'Cain, an Outcast.' Cain does not seem to have an ennobling effect on the Art of his admirers, but of the four statues, that of Mr. Frederick W. Pomeroy (1751) was undeniably the best. It was a small plaster group representing Cain, his partner in misfortune, and a very large and thoroughly antediluvian baby. There was some vigour in the expression and conception of Cain, clasping the hand of his wife as if it was the one thing left for him to hold on to; but his hair was like pulled bread, and the woman was commonplace. Miss Canton in 'What hast thou done?' (1764) passed the line that separates the dramatic from the theatrical, but no doubt experience will teach her wisdom, though the same tendency was noticeable in another statuette of hers, 'The Star of Fate' (1775). The marble figure of 'Comedy' (1755), by Mr. T. Nelson MacLean, was in most respects charming, but in spite of its name, we had an uneasy feeling that humour was not the lady's strongest point. It was Roman rather than Greek in style, and perfectly simple in its handling. The face was pleasant and straightforward, and but for the mask in her hand, no one would have had a suspicion of the important rank held by the Muse. She was evidently destined to bear a part in the more commonplace and comfortable movement of life, while the fiercer passions, both of joy and pain, pass her by. In his 'Enchanted Chair' (1762), Mr. Gilbert at once delighted and disappointed us. The recumbent figure of the girl (page 332), with her head on one arm and her feet crossed, was beautiful. It was not the "sweet child Sleep, the film-eyed," with its world of dreams and fancies, that had possession of her, but the suspension of being that seized upon the Sleeping Beauty in the Wood. We wished to have had her to look at all by herself, without the accompaniment of the chair, finely carved though it was. It compelled the attention forcibly, and reminded the unwilling gazer of the canopies in St. Paul's. If only the girl had been seated in the Greek chair that is in the Elgin Gallery at the British Museum, her grace and charm would have gained inexpressibly, though perhaps Mr. Gilbert might say it would cease to be the Enchanted Chair. The terra-cotta 'Lioness and Cub' (1767) of Miss Alice Chaplin (page 332) was as pretty and natural as anything in the two galleries. The lioness had an eye to

serious business, and was licking her offspring in the process of the toilet. The cub is at that age when the world seems a playground, and everything animate a playfellow, and he is rolling on his back with his paws up, trying to play with his mother's tongue whenever she approaches him. Mr. Brock had a fine full-length bronze statue of the late Sir Erasmus Wilson (1772) in his robes. The head was powerful and striking, but surely the feet were a trifle large, and the whole figure, possibly, a little too massive. One of the best things in the exhibition was the plaster cast of the statue of John Hunter (1781), by Mr. H. Richard Pinker, presented by the Queen to Oxford University Museum. Diderot says, somewhere in his "Letters on Art," "that the dress of a French man of the day was unfit to be treated either in painting or sculpture;" but in that he was wrong, as Mr. Pinker has shown us. Hunter, with his keen, smooth face, in his brown coat (was not that the conventional garment for philosophers and men of science?) and knee-breeches, was leaning against a very unconventional pillar, on which a serpent, a frog, and a beetle were depicted in unconcerned proximity. The statue had altogether a marked individuality, all the more striking for being entirely devoid of self-assertion. In Mr. Birch's colossal statue of General Earle (1786), the Academy certainly had "greatness thrust upon them." It occupied the position of honour: it could go nowhere else. It, probably, was popular, but it is not unlikely that some of General Earle's friends would have preferred a reminder of him as he was during the more peaceful moments of his career.



Needless Alarms. By Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.

Miss Katinka Kondrup's 'Seamstress' (1789) was a little marble statuette of a child clothed in a vest, busily engaged with some sewing, and puffing out her cheeks in her laborious efforts to be correct and careful. It was graceful and unpretentious, with all the details well balanced and harmonious. Mr. Hamo Thornycroft's marble low relief 'Panel for the Sir John Goss Memorial' (1797) was hung rather high for the short-sighted public. The background is architectural, and a procession of choir boys pass in front of an organ. The whole was executed with the combined freedom and precision that always makes Mr. Thornycroft's work remarkable, and that was so specially characteristic of his 'Sower' (1924). This is at present only in plaster, and is of course a companion to the 'Mower' of last year. In some respects we liked the 'Sower' the better; the subject seems somehow more suitable. The sower is a powerful young man, making his way through the furrowed field, holding in his left hand a basket containing the grain; his right hand is thrown back, scattering the seed along the furrow. His left foot is firmly planted on the ground, but his right is a little raised. On his head is a handkerchief. He was altogether a very striking figure, but not such, alas! as we often see in England, where agricultural labourers are apt to do their work in a far more mechanical and ungraceful way. Mr. Harry Bates sent two reliefs, one in plaster (1811) called 'Homer,' representing the blind poet singing to an audience of two maidens, and the other (1827) in marble, showing Socrates lecturing to the young Athenians. Both were very clever, but the 'Socrates' was specially good. The attitudes of the youths were more fitted for relief than the girls in the 'Homer,' one of whom had the air of slipping out of the panel. Socrates himself was admirable, and while preserving the traditional likeness, Mr. Bates had not made him revoltingly ugly. The 'Hop-Picker' of Mr. Onslow Ford (1814) was the first of a remarkable group of works that he sent to the gallery this year. It represents the head of an ugly and wrinkled old woman, cast in *cire perdu*. No. 1891 was more agreeable to the eye; it was a girl's head in bronze, with a thoughtful, pleasant face, turned a little away, as if she were carefully considering some important question. This appeared to be the best example of Mr. Ford's work, and was so different in character to his very French 'Folly' (1925), a nude girl dancing heedlessly on unsafe rocks, and beckoning others after her, that it was difficult to believe that they were fashioned by the same artist. 'Summer' (1823), by Mr. George Lawson, was a lazy boy, ostensibly just stepped out of the water, and lying at full length on the rocks till he is dried by the sun. His very simple attitude conveyed somehow the heat of the weather to perfection, and Mr. Lawson is to be congratulated on having succeeded so well in telling his story. A bust from Mr. Boehm must always be welcomed; he was very sparing of his work this year, and he is always missed, for his portraits show invariably the best side of his sitters, while losing none of their individuality. 'Sir James Paget' (1825) was no exception to this. Mr. Boehm gave us the two expressions that must always be at war in a doctor's face, the thoughtful, almost sad look of the eyes and forehead, with the smiling indifference of the man whose object is to relieve pain, not to brood upon it.

The only other work from the hand of Mr. Boehm was a small statuette of Louisa, Marchioness of Waterford (1842), copied from the late Professor Westmacott. It has been exquisitely wrought in bronze by Mr. Hubert, and the faint fleurs-de-lys on the dress are indicated with wonderful delicacy. The statuette bore the marks not only of being a labour of love, but of time, and the fortunate person for

whom it was made has secured not only a beautiful and graceful portrait, but a highly-finished piece of work. Below Mr. Bates's 'Socrates' hung a 'Head of David' (1828), by M. Lantéri—not David as we are accustomed to think of him, "ruddy and of a fair countenance," but a very plain, common-looking youth, more like Rembrandt in his early days than an Israelite of distinction. Considered as an English ploughboy, the face has life and vigour, but as the ideal David it must be counted a failure. Mr. Amendola's bronze head of an Italian peasant girl was very unlike the usual type—unlike also the portrait statuettes which first made us acquainted with him. The girl has a strong face, with extraordinarily deep-set eyes, and a forehead that reminds us of the forehead of Jane Hading; altogether not the face of a peasant or of a person leading a material life, but the face of a student, possibly of a conspirator. Mr. Ingram's 'Sabrina Fair' (page 330), is full of poetry and purity of line, and the attitude of the Wounded Love in Miss Halse's terra-cotta group (1877) was full of childish *abandon* as he buried his face in his mother's lap. Nothing else called for remark till the eye was arrested by Miss Henrietta Montalba's 'Dalecarlian Peasant' (1897). One always feels an agreeable confidence that whatever the Miss Montalbas undertake to do will be thoroughly well done, and will also bear, from the first line to the last, the impress of their own individuality The conceptions are always clear and definite, and each stroke has a purpose. The 'Dalecarlian Peasant,' in her picturesque national dress, was another proof of this. She is national all through, with her wide face and calm dignified expression, at once innocent and capable—a fitting member of the race to whose silent fidelity Gustavus Vasa owed his possession of the throne.



The Enchanted Chair. By Alfred Gilbert.

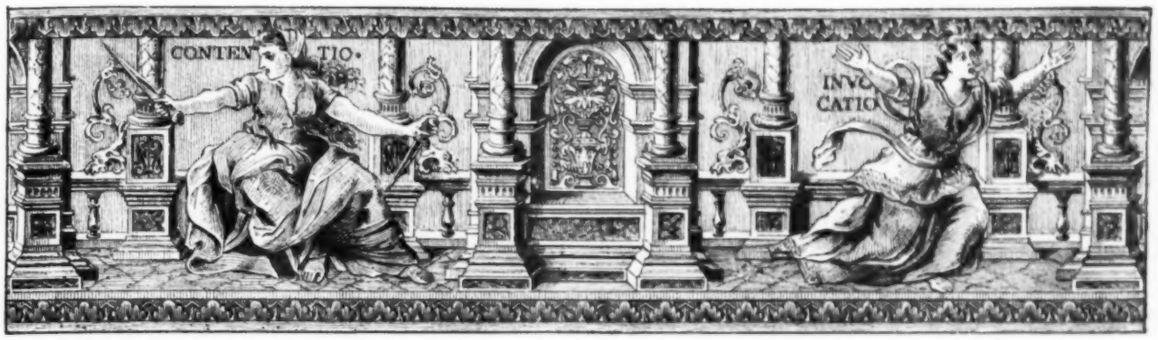
Almost last upon the list were the President's contributions, the most interesting as well as the most important works in the gallery. 'The Sluggard' (1921) was a life-size bronze figure of an athlete content not only to rest on the laurels he has won, but to trample them under foot, for his gilded wreath is lying in the dust. He is stretching his powerful limbs after a long sleep (page 329), and seemed to be lazier every time we looked at him. The contrast between what he is fitted for and what he is doing is strongly brought out, and Hercules among the maidens is not more hopelessly demoralised. 'Needless Alarms' (1922) is a little naked girl (page 331), who is shrinking in wild terror from a toad—perhaps the toad who afterwards turned into a fairy prince. The poise of her body, with head turned in fascinated horror over her shoulder, is at once exceedingly pretty and childlike, and wonderfully light in its rendering. Sir Frederick has never done anything more charming, or that appealed to a larger number of hearts in its familiar grace.



Lioness and Cub. By Alice Chaplin.

We have but little space left for the Grosvenor, and yet there were half-a-dozen pieces of sculpture there which cannot be passed over in silence. Mr. Boehm's 'Bust of the Abbé Liszt' (349) represented him at his benignest moment, when he was not the inspired musician, but the agreeable man of the world and of letters; and we feel that, after all, this was the largest half of him, and therefore infinitely prefer Mr. Boehm's view to the seraphic being represented by photography. Mr. Focardi, sculptor of the 'Dirty Boy,' had an equally clever bronze group, called 'You Ragamuffins' (347). Near it was Miss H. Montalba's 'Bust of Dr. Johann Mezger' (340), the Dutch *massage* doctor, one of whose firm soft hands seemed to be mechanically exercising his art on the folds of his blouse. Mr. Gilbert's small statuette in the big room (367) was a nude girl holding a gilt branch in one hand and a tiny statuette in the other Her face curiously suggests that of the model used by Mr. Browning a year or two since, and is more quaint than beautiful. Her feet also seem a little large, but then children have a habit of growing in pieces. Were it possible, we should like to notice a few more works which are above the average, but we have filled our allotted space, and mere names are neither interesting nor profitable.

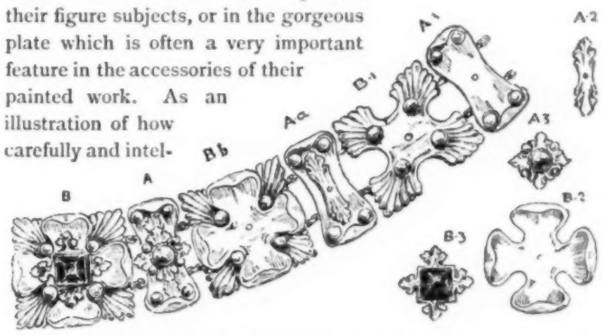
LEONORA B. LANG.



SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

No. VII.

AS we further examine the work of the great painters of the past we are more and more astonished at their versatility in design for all kinds of decorative accessories, but in no branch of industrial art is this more prolifically set forth than in their designs for works in metal, and especially in those for works in precious metals. Nor is this without reason, for if we study their biographies we shall see that from the goldsmith's and the chaser's bench a very large proportion of the greater painters rose to the easel, and not infrequently the two arts of the goldsmith and the painter were prosecuted simultaneously by them. Hence it is that they illustrate technical process as well as design in the admirable rendering of the personal ornaments with which they deck their figure subjects, or in the gorgeous plate which is often a very important feature in the accessories of their painted work. As an illustration of how carefully and intelligently they represented the technical production of the objects they introduced, there can hardly be a more precise example than the carcanet worn by Margaret Knoblauchin, and which appeared in a picture by Hans Asper, painted about 1550, and now in the National Gallery of Ireland, a gallery rapidly becoming one of European interest, thanks to the assiduous care and ubiquitous search of its zealous director.



From a Picture by Hans Asper. Date about 1550. National Gallery of Ireland.

Of Hans Asper himself we know but little, excepting that he was born at Zurich about 1499, and was held in such repute in the early half of the sixteenth century that a portrait medal was struck in his honour; but the greater fame of his contemporary Hans Holbein not only eclipsed his, but also has caused many of Asper's works to be assigned to the Augsburg master. And yet by a study of the accessories introduced into their pictures there need be no hesitation in assigning each work to its proper painter, for in Asper's work there is always lingering that mediæval feeling which was fading away, whilst in Holbein's the influence of the Renaissance which was then dawning over Western Europe was always present. If you examine Holbein's wonderful designs for jewellery and goldsmith's works you will see that casting and chasing—those Italian processes which were spreading westward—always predominate, whilst in Asper's designs for these objects the basis of the execution was always the superimposition of separate plates of beaten-up metal. So thoroughly was he a master of this branch of Art, that we can, from the portrait he has here adorned with this beautiful carcanet, absolutely take it to pieces and see the process of construction, and, as it is a typical illustration of mediæval goldsmith's work, it is well worth the study. This carcanet, or necklace, is composed of alternating narrow and square motives linked together by very fine chainwork. Each of these is composed of three plaques of thin sheet-gold, beaten up very slightly and jewelled: thus, the narrow motive A has for its foundation an ovoid piece of sheet metal (A 1), the ends of which are turned over and the centre slightly bumped up; four small pearls are set in the depression thus formed; upon this a narrow slip, beaten into fine ridges at the ends (A 2) is placed, and a small quatrefoil plaque having four small and one large pearl



Clasp of Girdle from a Portrait. Date 1518. Brussels Gallery.

* Continued from page 280.

set in it (A 3) forms the head of the rivet which pins all three pieces together. The alternating square motive B is similarly constructed. The base plate B 1 has its terminals beaten into small gadroons with four pearls set on it. Upon this is imposed B 2, a quatrefoil plate boldly turned over, affording beautifully deep shadows in the gold and just clipping the pearls, which serve as stays to prevent the plate turning round on its rivet; and over this is placed B 3, a foliated ouch, in which rubies and emeralds are set alternately, the rubies *en cabochon*, the emeralds table cut. The effect is charmingly simple and brilliant and quite worthy of being reproduced, as it would be very light to wear, yet very strong and inexpensive so far as labour and metal are concerned.



Design in Gold from a Picture by Mabuse. Date about 1500. Castle Howard Collection.

Of Holbein's designs for jewellery and goldsmith's work it is not my intention now to speak. Apart from those shown on his various portraits, there exist in the museums of London and Bâle fine collections of designs made especially for working purposes, and these are about to be issued as a separate volume by Messrs. Boussod, Valadon & Co., having been reproduced in photogravure from the original designs for this purpose.

One of the great charms of the personal ornaments of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is their individuality, almost each one having some special and allusive design embodied in it; for there seems in those better days to have been no Birmingham whence these things came by the gross, and one of the best means of improving the condition of that much-enduring race of Art workers, the working goldsmith, silversmith, and jeweller, would be, by all who can afford such luxuries insisting on an individual design and an individual work being produced for them. The ulterior value of such jewellery would be increased far beyond the additional outlay at first required, and as family relics such would be of enduring interest. During the periods above referred to even the ordinary *bourgeoisie* had their personal ornaments made for them, and the clasp of a girdle worn by a lady of the middle class, painted by an unknown artist, now in the Brussels Gallery, affords us a good illustration of how simply this can be done. It is a gold disc, chased and set with pearls and coral, and bearing the initials of the wearer or the donor, and which fastens a girdle composed of twisted wire and coral. Neither of the suggestions thus offered belongs to the costly order of jewellery, and they have been purposely chosen for illustration as being within the reach of the many. When we come to examine the designs of the *tours de force* of the jewellers' and goldsmiths' art depicted by the great painters, we ascend almost to the unattainable, and are wonder-struck at the evidences of a wealth almost beyond credence; though it is to be remembered that then stocks and shares were not, that consols did not exist, and the readiest investments of those days were such as could easily be transported or consigned to the Lombard or Israelitish pawnbroker for the nonce, too many, alas! to find their ulterior destination to be the crucible; and thus it is these painted records of them become the largest and best field for the study of their suggestions in design preserved to us.

This is particularly the case with regard to those larger articles, the greater value of which led to their more frequent destruction, save when the custody of the church or the fear of sacrilege preserved them. The great pieces of domestic plate have well-nigh all perished, and excepting for the notices of them in old inventories and wills, and the record of them in old pictures, we should be ignorant of the marvel-

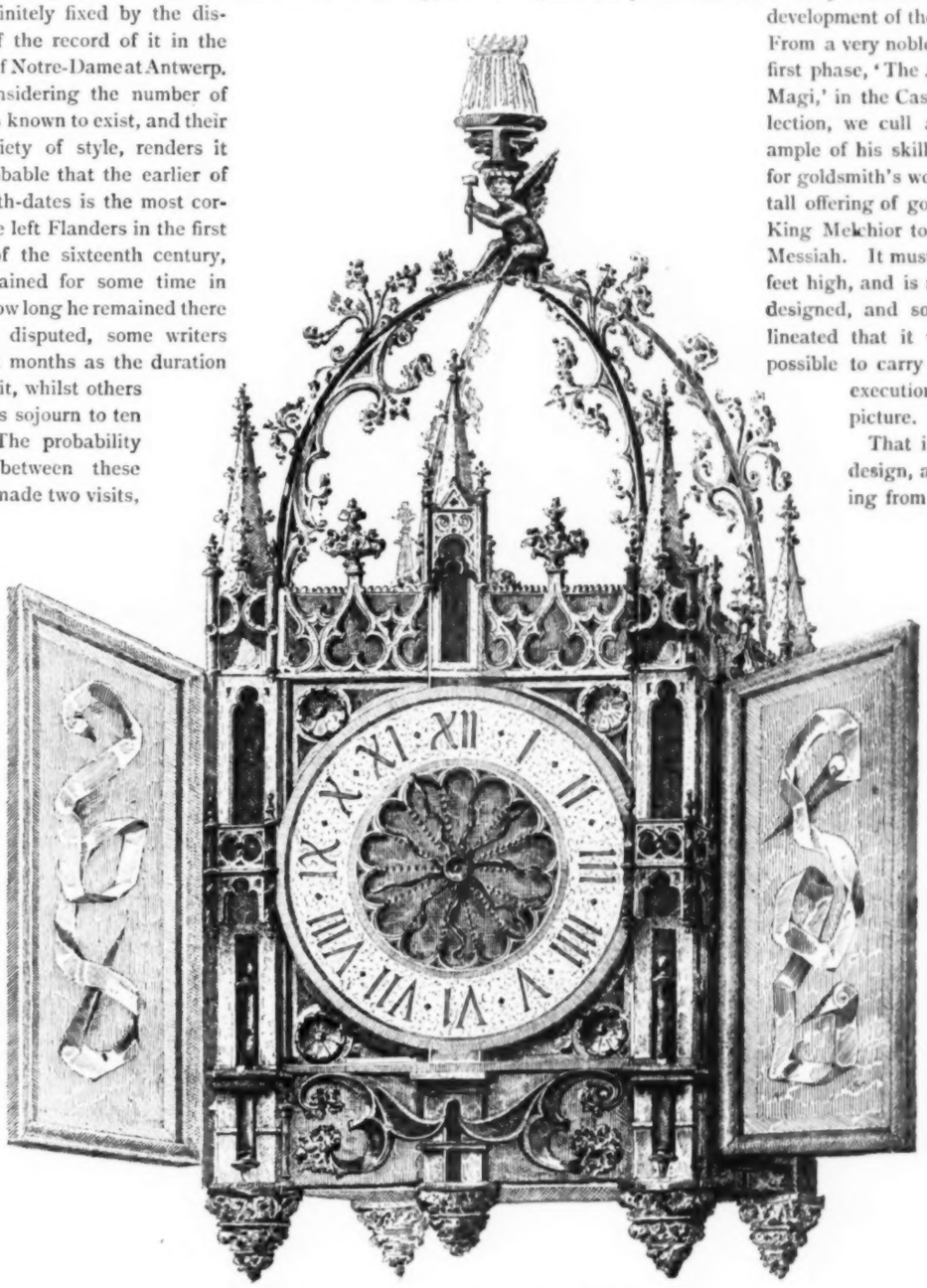


From a Picture by Mabuse. Brussels Gallery.

lous amount of Art with which the goldsmith dressed the buffets and the high tables of our ancestors. Fortunately the painters of the past recorded them abundantly, and of these Jean Mabuse holds foremost place.

Jean Gossaert, who was called from the place of his birth Jean de Maubeuge, or sometimes by the Flemish equivalent, Jennyn de Henegouwe, or again by its Latinised form, Malbodius, is an artist who bears many names, but of whom there is really very little biographic knowledge extant; even the date of his birth is a matter of wide dispute, varying from 1470 to 1499, according to differing writers, but his death, in 1532, is more definitely fixed by the discovery of the record of it in the registry of Notre-Dame at Antwerp. This, considering the number of his works known to exist, and their wide variety of style, renders it most probable that the earlier of these birth-dates is the most correct. He left Flanders in the first decade of the sixteenth century, and remained for some time in Italy. How long he remained there is again disputed, some writers fixing ten months as the duration of his visit, whilst others extend his sojourn to ten years. The probability is that between these dates he made two visits, but what is really important to bear in mind is that he has two distinct styles of working, the one previous to his visit to Italy, when his mediæval manner is predominant, and the other when, after contact with the Renaissance of Italy, that mode became a marked feature in his work. It is this dual character of design and painting which renders his pictures a particularly useful field for study to those interested in the development of the accessory arts. From a very noble example of his first phase, 'The Adoration of the Magi,' in the Castle Howard collection, we cull a wonderful example of his skill as a designer for goldsmith's work. This is the tall offering of gold presented by King Melchior to the newly-born Messiah. It must be nearly three feet high, and is most elaborately designed, and so admirably delineated that it would be quite possible to carry it into material execution from Mabuse's picture.

That it is an original design, and not a painting from an actual piece



Hanging Clock, from a Picture by Mabuse. Brussels Gallery.

of work, is abundantly demonstrated by the falseness of some of its shadows, and the absence of those innumerable reflected lights which would render the draughtsmanship of such an elaborately wrought piece of plate almost impossible; and it is all so clearly made out that the plan of each portion is as distinct as possible. That it was a personal design, created by Mabuse himself, and that it was a production he prided himself upon, may be inferred from the fact that long years after—probably twenty years afterwards—he introduced the same design, but apparently executed in marble, into his very beautiful picture of 'Adam and Eve,' in the Prince of Wales's Presence Chamber at

Hampton Court (No. 385), a picture quite of his latest character. There it serves as the fountain of Paradise, whence issue the rivers of the world, though for what purpose it was first designed it is difficult to say. In form it is like a monstrance or a reliquary, excepting that it is entirely of gold, ornamented only by four large cabochon-cut jewels, and it was



From a Picture by Peter Roestraten.

probably only designed as a fine table ornament, and had no religious signification, notwithstanding its destination, but was merely designed as an ornament worthy to be presented to the new-born King. The cup, the crown, the sceptre, borne by the two other kings, and all their personal accessories delineated in this very beautiful picture, are miracles of draughtsmanship, and quite equal to the most intricate work of Lucas van Leyden, Mabuse's friend and comrade, and who by some writers is supposed to have assisted him in these elaborately designed ornaments, though there is nothing to warrant such an assertion, for Mabuse was quite competent to invent and paint his own accessories. Already we have touched upon his architectural detail, and illustrated it (page 53) as represented in his magnificent picture of 'Mary Magdalen in the house of the Pharisee,' in the Brussels Gallery, a picture which abounds with suggestions in decorative art, and whence comes this admirable design for a hanging clock in wrought iron, which is drawn with the utmost accuracy and of the highest finish; indeed, so fine is it that I had to obtain permission to have a large pair of steps set up in front of the picture before I could examine it sufficiently closely to see its fine detail, and am glad to here record the courtesy and readiness to assist me in my researches shown by the authorities of the Brussels Gallery. But there is hardly one minute detail of this large picture which is not a record of, or a suggestion for, decorative design. The trestle tables are of wrought metal and of excellent design, and the pot of precious ointment brought by the Magdalen is an elegant bit of faint blue salt-glazed stoneware mounted in gold, with thin gold twist wrought round all its curves, and a faint blue pencilling sparsely drawn over its surface, and which we here engrave.

If the gleaning from but two examples of one painter's work produces so much, what will not a study of the works of the innumerable painters who wrought in Germany, Flanders, France, and Italy reveal? The yield is so enormous that there is plenty of room for a crowd of gleaners. At present I cannot pursue the record of the designs for metal-work further than to call attention to the amount of design embodied in the works of the still-life painters of Holland. These abound with literal transcripts from fine old plate long since gone into the melting crucible, and of which no other record remains. Here is one example, a highly repoussé silver vase, frequently painted by Peter Roestraten, the pupil and son-in-law of Frank Hals, and who came to England in Charles II.'s time, painting many decorative still-life pieces, and dying in London in 1698. It is full of ornamental suggestiveness, and of one of the best periods of decorative art in England, the period of Streater, of Grinling Gibbons, of Faithorne, and a host of *petits maitres*, whose works have been more enduring than their names.

G. T. Robinson.

'THE MINNOW-CATCHER.'

An Original Etching by John Fullwood.

An old fisherman has said, "not a single angler is to be found in the 'Newgate Calendar.'" The harmless nature of the "gentle art" probably exerts a calming influence upon its votaries. Nothing could be much more peaceful—almost idyllic—than this "minnow-catcher" absorbed in "the joys of angling," and Mr. Fullwood has infused a true spirit of restfulness into his work. How many memories of rural enjoyment does not a picture like this recall? How many times has each of us met the "minnow-catcher," who, stretched in the cool willow-shade, lazily turns his head to watch the passers-by sauntering on the banks of the winding brook, between which—

> "Slow, and in soft murmurs, Nature bade it flow."

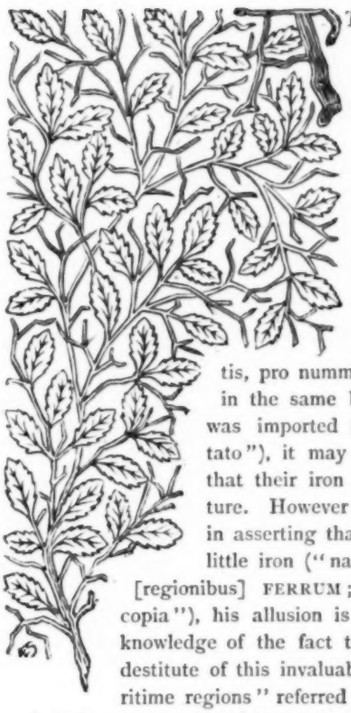
There he lies, gazing into its darkest depths, in which—

> "Fancy a thousand wondrous forms descries,
> More wildly great than ever pencil drew."

Besides being an etcher whose works find a place on the walls of Burlington House, Mr. Fullwood is not unknown there as a painter.

AN EXTINCT SUSSEX ART.

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN EASTERN SUSSEX.



AT what time the manufacture of iron was first attempted in Britain cannot be precisely ascertained. Cæsar mentions that the currency of the inhabitants of Britain consisted partly of iron rings, adjusted to a certain weight ("utuntur aut ære aut annulis ferreis, ad certum pondus examinatis, pro nummo"), and, as he states in the same breath that their brass was imported ("ære utuntur importato"), it may reasonably be inferred that their iron was of home manufacture. However Cæsar may have erred in asserting that Britain produced but little iron ("nascitur ibi in maritimis [regionibus] FERRUM; sed ejus exigua est copia"), his allusion is useful as proving his knowledge of the fact that the island was not destitute of this invaluable mineral. The "maritime regions" referred to by him were, in all probability, the Wealds of Kent and Sussex.

Tacitus tells us that Britain produces "gold, silver, and other metals;" Pliny alludes to the smelting of iron in this province; and Solinus not only mentions the British iron, but specifies the agricultural and other implements fabricated from it in his time.

A discovery was made by Dr. C. L. Prince, of the Observatory, Crowborough Beacon, in the year 1844, of fibulæ, coins, and Samian ware, in a cinder-bed at Crowborough. These he took to the Rev. Edward Turner, of Maresfield, whose archæological acumen pronounced them to be evidently Roman. Immediately upon this judgment being pronounced, Mr. Turner directed his attention to a heap of scoriæ or cinders so called, laid ready for use by the side of the London road. In this heap he also found a small fragment of pottery, which, on examination, proved to be Roman. These cinders had been dug upon Old Land Farm, in his own parish of Maresfield, and close to Buxted. He at once visited the spot and found that the workmen engaged in the digging were exposing to view the undoubted remains of a Roman settlement. The place in question is the site of one of the innumerable fields of iron scoriæ marking the localities of the extinct furnaces and forges of the Sussex Weald. The bed was originally of great extent, no less than six or seven acres of it (varying in depth from two to ten feet) having been already removed for the purpose of repairing the roads. A few days previously to Mr. Turner's visit, the labourers had opened, in the middle of this field, a kind of grave, about twelve feet in depth, at the bottom of which lay a considerable quantity of broken Roman pottery, evidently the remains of a funereal deposit. The number of skeletons also discovered in this cinder-bed lead to the inference that the iron-works at this place were carried on by the Romans during a long series of years. So exceedingly numerous were the remains of Roman pottery on the spot that scarcely a barrow-load of cinders was driven out that did not contain several fragments of it. The principal objects rescued from destruction were coins of Nero, Vespasian, Tetricus, and Diocletian, fibulæ, armillæ, fragments of coarse fictile vessels, chiefly domestic, red Samian ware, glass, sheet lead full of nails. From the preponderance of the coins of Vespasian, it is very probable that these works were commenced during the reign of that emperor.

At Seddlescombe and Westfield, respectively five and three miles north of Hastings, coins have been also found in cinder-beds.

Before dismissing the historical portion of this subject which relates to the Romans, it may be stated that the greatest iron-works carried on by the Romans in this country were in the county of Gloucestershire. So extensive were those works, and so imperfect the smelting practised by them, that in the sixteenth and following centuries the iron-masters, instead of digging for ore, resorted to the beds of scoriæ for their principal supply of metal. The scoriæ found at Maresfield and other Roman ironworks are, owing to the fact of this imperfect knowledge, much more valuable than other cinder-beds for road-making, because they contain a far greater proportion of iron.

As regards the seven or eight centuries which succeeded the departure of the Romans from Britain, history and archæology are alike silent on the subject of Sussex iron. But doubtless the Romanised Britons, and the Saxons after them, continued the art of smelting and working iron upon the old sites. It is probable also that the establishment of the Danes in England improved this manufacture. At this period, small pieces of malleable iron, called foot blasts, were the chief objects made. But the art, understood as such, was altogether unknown, or in so rude a state that it could not be prosecuted with advantage. In Doomsday Book the iron trade of Sussex is not mentioned, although the iron trade of Cheshire, Hereford, Gloucester, Somerset, and Lincoln is spoken of.

The earliest actual record of the iron trade of Sussex is contained in the *murage* grant made by Henry II. in 1266 to the town of Lewes. This empowered the inhabitants to raise tolls for the repair of the town walls after the battle. Every cart laden with iron for sale, from the neighbouring Weald, paid one penny toll, and every horse load of iron half that sum. In 1281, reign of Edward I., iron was smelted at St. Leonard's Forest. In 1320, reign of Edward II., Peter de Walsham, Sheriff of Surrey and Sussex, by virtue of a precept from the king's exchequer, made a provision of horseshoes and nails of different sorts for the expedition against the Scots. The

number furnished on this occasion was 3,000 horse-shoes and 29,000 nails, and the expense of their purchase, from various

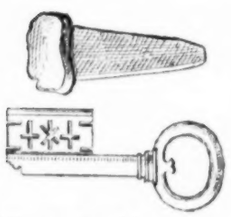


No. 1.—Ancient Key from Wilmington Priory.

places within the sheriff's jurisdiction, and their delivery in London, by the hands of John de Norton, clerk, was £14 13s. 10d.

Except the Roman iron relics, the oldest existing article of Sussex iron art is a monumental slab in Burwash Church. It is of the fourteenth century (*temp.* Ed. II.). It measures 18 inches by 27 inches. The excoriations on its surface were caused from floor washings and feet wearing when it was formerly in the horizontal position in the nave of that church. It is now, to preserve it, fixed against the wall of the north aisle. Judging from the Longobardic letters forming the inscription, the date of this slab is the fourteenth century. The inscription runs, "Orate P. Annema Ihone Coline." "Pray for the soul of Joan Collins." Mistress Collins was possibly an iron-mistress at Sockernish, about three miles south-east from Burwash; here is an ancient farm-house, where the family of this name was settled.

Our historians assert that cannon were first employed by Edward III. in his expedition against the Scots in 1327, and later at the battle of Crecy, in 1346; and it is very probable that most of the pieces employed by our armies of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries were the production of Sussex iron-works. All these were banded guns. The chambers of these guns were of cast iron, and the tubes consisted of many small bars or rods, bound together by nine hoops. This was the original method of constructing these tremendous engines of war.



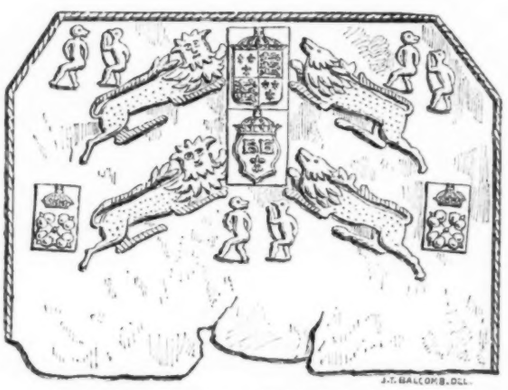
No. 2.—Key of Lewes Priory, and Wedge.

Our first drawing represents a fragment, namely, the handle and shaft of an ancient key from Wilmington Priory. It is preserved in Lewes Castle; and its date about 1430, estimating from the age of the remaining shattered gate towers near the farm-house. This "Alien Priory," as it was called, was an offshoot from the Benedictine Abbey of Grestein, near Honfleur, that is, after it was presented to the latter by Robert de Moriton, the first Norman Lord of Pevensey.

Examples of existing Sussex iron art, made before the reign of Henry VIII., are exceedingly few. There were formerly, some forty years ago, but are not now, in the prior's chamber at Michelham Priory, a pair of andirons. These andirons terminated in a human head, and the fashion of their head-dress fixed their date at not later than Henry VII., or about 1500. In Mr. M. A. Lower's paper in "Sussex Archæological Collections," (to whose valuable assistance much of my information is due), a drawing of one of these fire-dogs is given.

By way of connecting the history of the Sussex iron art in its proper order, the next two illustrations given are the key, 5 inches long, of the ancient priory of St. Pancras, at Lewes; and an iron wedge, 4 inches long, used in the destruction of its walls, in 1537, after the order for the dissolution of the monasteries had gone forth in the reign of Henry VIII.

This brings us at once to the great Sussex iron age, of which there are numerous examples remaining. Camden, speaking of Sussex, says, "Full of iron mines it is in sundry places, where, for the making and founding thereof, there be furnaces on every side, and a huge deal of wood is yearly burnt; to which purpose divers brooks in many places are brought to run in one channel, and sundry meadows turned into pools and waters, that they might be of power sufficient to drive hammer mills which beat upon the iron, resound all over the places adjoining." A very strong contrast this to the quietness of the beautiful Weald of Sussex in the present day.



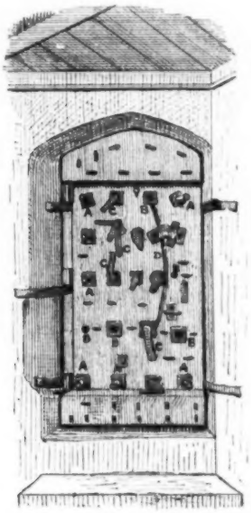
No. 3.—The Largest Fireback in Sussex.

The largest fireback in Sussex is in the possession of Dr. Prince, of Crowborough Beacon; its size is 4 feet 8 inches by 3 feet, and its date is about the year 1541, the year in which Katherine Parr married Henry VIII. It has the royal arms, France and England, quarterly. On the dexter side is the lion supporter. This was Henry VIII.'s adoption at the latter part of his reign, instead of the red fiery dragon previously used by Henry VII. and himself. The sinister supporter appears to be quite unknown to heraldic painters in the present day; but if the writer of this description, who has searched diligently through every available source of information, may hazard a conjecture, it is a defective representation by the Sussex artist of the dragon which Henry VIII. retained, as his sinister supporter, instead of the greyhound, which was his sinister supporter at the first part of his reign. His arms, with the supporters thus given, are carved in stone at Carhayes, seven miles south-east of Grampound, in Cornwall, with this difference, that the dragon there has wings, and here the Sussex artist did not think them necessary. At Carhayes the lion is rampant-gardant, the dragon rampant, as they are on this fireback. Possibly no other explanation can be given of this extraordinary creature. The four crowns are the same as given on the Great Seal in the Guildhall library,



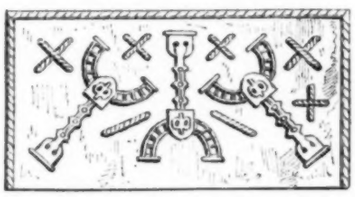
No. 4.—Fireback in Lewes Castle Museum.

made A.D. 1539, for the Field of the Cloth of Gold; from the circle and the arches rise fleur-de-lis; the whole is



No. 5.—Door in Tower of Warbleton Church.

crowned by the ball and cross. On the lower shield are the initials and fleur-de-lis. A thorough comparison of all the alphabets of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries with those on this fireback prove these letters to be K. H. Of course some allowance must be made for the metal having



No. 6.—Fireback at the Village Inn, Warbleton.

run rather improperly in the rude casting, and the artist had adopted, as we often do now, an older letter than that in use at the period in which he lived. It is known that Queen Katherine Parr, the sixth wife of Henry VIII., had some connection with Sussex, and it is recorded that she had a rent charge on Otham, near Polegate. The initials, there-



No. 7.—A Fireback at Burwash.

fore, can be no other than those of Katherine and Henry. On this fireback are also the Tudor badges of the Rose, and four human figures with monkey or dog-like heads, evidently mummers. There is, or was, a similar fireback to this at Riverhall, Wadhurst, with but one pair of supporters, and other minor differences.

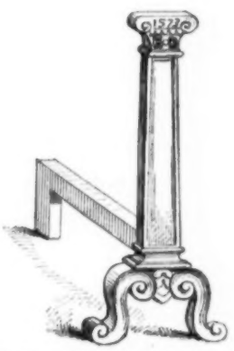
In 1538 Leland describes Birmingham, "There be many smiths in the town, that used to make knives, and all manner of cutlery tools, and many lorimers that make bits, and a great many naylors, so that a great part of the town is maintained by smiths who have their iron and coal out of Staffordshire."

In the year 1543 Ralf Hogge, at Buxted, cast the first cannon in one piece ever produced in England, superseding the older banded guns of wrought iron.

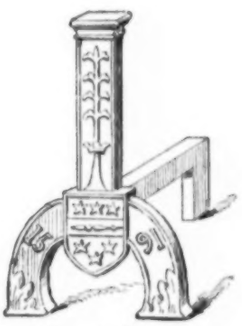
The illustration (No. 4) represents a fireback in Lewes Castle. Its size is only 20 ins. high by 18 ins. wide; dated 1550 (*temp.* Edward VI.); it represents a salamander.

In the strict order of date we next have Richard Woodman's Door in Warbleton Church Tower (No. 5). Richard Woodman was the principal Sussex martyr during the Marian persecutions. He was a native of Buxted, where he probably learnt his business of working in iron. He carried on an extensive trade at Warbleton, employing one hundred workmen. He and nine others were burnt at Lewes, in one fire, 22nd June, 1557. An account of his long examinations is contained in Fox's Book of Martyrs, and at the time of his martyrdom he was thirty years old.

This door was, most probably, originally fixed to his strong



No. 8.—Elizabethan Andiron.



No. 9.—Andiron, 1591.

room, where he kept his valuables, in his own house. He must have had constant occasion for money wherewith to pay wages, for there was no banking accommodation in those days. The door is of oak, the outer face being covered with an iron plate, a coating of leather separating the wood from the iron work. At the back centre is a recess to afford space for the mechanism of the lock, and the whole of the mechanism was doubtless enclosed with an iron plate like that on the outer side. Both plates were fastened to the pins (A). These pins have eyes at their ends, which would have projected beyond the iron plate. The holes (B) pass through the door, and appear to have served as a communication externally with the works of the door with a drop key. The pieces of iron (C) move on their centres; (D) is a groove one inch wide and half-inch deep. The handle of the door moves on a pivot, seen on the exterior. This lock was probably a "patent Chubb" or "Bramah" of its day. About the time when the church bells of Warbleton were cast, *i.e.* in about 1734, and other improvements effected, this door was doubtless added to the loft in the tower, which was thus con-

verted into a strong room, and devoted to the use of a few of the wealthier of the parishioners, who each had his own separate locked strong box therein, and was furnished with a pass key to the outer door.



No. 10.—*Andiron in Lewes Castle.*

The next drawing (No. 6) represents a fireback four feet by two, having on it three fire-dogs, five crosses, and two straight marks. The crosses and strokes have been interpreted to mean the year in which this back was cast. It is currently believed to have been Richard Woodman's own work. It was originally fixed where it now is in the parlour of the "Warbill-in-Tun" village inn, at Warbleton. This inn is as old as Woodman's foundry.

The next fireback has been in use in Brick Cottage, Burwash parish, to the certain knowledge of the present occupant, Henry Mesham, over one hundred years.

The Rev. J. Coker Egerton, rector of Burwash, who directed my attention to it, sets a high value on this piece, and thinks it was probably cast at Mayfield, where there were many martyrdoms. There is no date to it, but the stakes and flames, with the man and woman being burnt to death, fix it before 1558, the year in which Queen Mary died.



No. 11.—*Chimney-back from Brede Furnace.*

The original of the next (No. 8) is in the possession of Dr. Prince. It stands twenty inches high, by the same front to back, and, as will be seen by the date 1573, it is of the time of Queen Elizabeth.

There is also a fireback at Dr. Prince's dated 1589, and the letters I. H. It is of rude workmanship, but is of great interest, as having been cast at Buxted by the Hogge family, cannon founders.

The next (No. 9) is of an andiron, dated 1591 (time of James I.), also in the possession of Dr. Prince. It is eighteen inches high. The arms are those of the Ashburnham family, and the ornament upon the pillar is a rude attempt at their punning crest—an ash springing from a ducal coronet. This is, doubtless, a production of the Ashburnham furnace.

In Lewes Castle are two fire-dogs (No. 10), twenty-two inches high, also of the period of James I. They represent the upper part of a man with pipe and jug. The bird on the shield is probably a phœnix.

The next example (No. 11) is taken from the original in Lewes Castle. It bears date 1636 (Charles I.), and, as the inscription states, is by Richard Lenard, founder at Brede Furnace. He has here doubtless posed his own figure for us to admire, with the implements of his art and some of his productions around him. Beginning at the top are vase, tankard, and cup. On the other side are his arms; below, a barrow full of shot, weight, pot and ladle, and the furnace at the bottom.

In the entrance hall of Bateman's Farm, a grey, stately-looking manor-house, erected 1634, and in the parish of Burwash, there are a pair of fire-dogs of the following design (No. 12), and dated 1640 (*temp.* Charles I.). There are several copies of this in Sussex, and they were cast, it is said, in the parish of Waldron.



No. 12.—*Fire-dog at Burwash.*

As an example of the numerous specimens of old Sussex iron manufacture still extant in eastern Sussex, there were, a short time ago, in Burwash alone, the following articles: the fireback with the two martyrs, previously illustrated; a fireback with Queen Boadicea riding in a chariot (since removed from the parish); four other firebacks, dated 1621, 1626, 1656, and 1724 respectively; as also the andiron here shown. A similarly extensive collection might be found in scores of other parishes in this half of the county.

Scripture, mythological, or historical subjects or figures, were favourites with the Sussex artists in iron. Dr. C. L. Prince has a fireback with Jacob on his death-bed blessing his children, and also the following fireback with the figure of Charles I. on horseback: this was formerly at Maresfield.



No. 13.—*Fireback, time of Charles I.*

Here the artist has attained much greater perfection in the modelling of the figure and horse.

J. T. BALCOMB.

(To be continued.)

THE WORK OF SCHOOLS OF ART.

YEAR after year throughout the United Kingdom, from Elgin to Penzance, and from Great Yarmouth to Cork, in every great centre of manufacture, and in many a quiet town, the Government Schools of Art are carrying on a really great national work in a really very unobtrusive way. In most towns, indeed, the only occasion on which the school is brought prominently before the public is the annual distribution of prizes, when the students receive the congratulations of their friends, the report of the school is read, and frequently the largest live lion who can be procured makes a speech upon Art. At other times teachers and students are steadily preparing for the various and varied examinations of the Science and Art Department, and for the "national competition," success in which means for the master reputation and a livelihood, and for the pupil a certificate, a prize, or perhaps a scholarship, as well as some assurance of definite attainment.

But, although individual schools may thus pursue the noiseless tenor of their way, the very foundations upon which their work is built afford themes for the hottest controversy, and every feature in their constitution is freely belaboured with many a swashing blow. The subtler points of fence would indeed be thrown away, since the assailants have so much the stronger initial position. Not only is mankind in general more ready to believe evil than good of any institution in the maintenance of which it has no personal interest, but as every attack is intended to show that whatever is, is wrong, the sympathies of students are easily enlisted in any assumption that their present labour is needlessly laborious and long.

It is just fifty years since a select committee of the House



Figure Design for the Interior Decoration of a Building. By Ed. Ingram Taylor.

of Commons first sat "to inquire into the best means of extending a knowledge of the arts, and of the principles of design, among the people (especially the manufacturing population) of the country; also to inquire into the constitution, management and effects of institutions connected with the arts." Amongst the many unsatisfactory pieces of information elicited by its deliberations as to the state of English industrial Art, both absolutely and in relation to that of Continental nations, not the least pointed was the fact that almost all the designs produced in England, good or bad, were the work of foreign artists. The first result of this commission was the establishment of a School of Design at Somerset House, which was opened on the 1st of June, 1837. In 1840 a grant of £10,000 was made towards the starting of Schools of Design in the great manufacturing centres, and in 1842 the first provincial schools were established at Birmingham, Manchester, and York. Almost every year has seen additions made to the list, until in 1886 the total number of institutions at which instruction in Art can be obtained is more than seven hundred. The recently established evening classes in the London Board Schools must again be added.

In 1857 the "National Competition" for medals and prizes was established, in connection with an annual inspection of local schools. At that time the Inspector awarded local medals, and selected the works to be sent up for the national competition. Now, the schools send up, practically, all their work to South Kensington, for examination, and the examiners award to the most meritorious of the drawings and models prizes of the "third grade."

All works for which third grade prizes have been awarded

are in virtue of that award included in the national competition for gold, silver, and bronze medals, and book prizes. The personnel of the examiners in this case is quite different from that of the first selection, and consists of men chosen for their celebrity and special knowledge of the various subjects.



Modelled Figure Support. By Edward Crompton.

The total number of works sent up from 227 Schools of Art and branch classes this year was 324,315, and of these 1,597 in advanced stages were awarded third grade prizes, and passed forward for the national competition. It is interesting to compare these figures with those of eleven years ago, when 100,400 works were sent up, and 1,700 referred to the national competition. The medals and book prizes amounted in all to 193. The honorary awards made in the separate competition of masters in training and national scholars at South Kensington, numbered, in 1886, 70; in 1875, 19. The inference to be drawn as to the general improvement in the quality of the work ought to be clear enough.

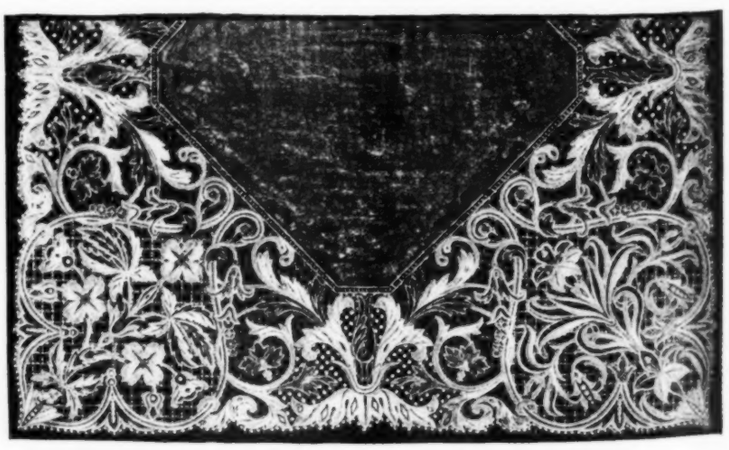
It may not be amiss to endeavour to realise somewhat the position of those essential elements, the master and his pupils, and especially the latter, not as mere factors of a problem in political economy, but as individuals, working with their own personal hopes and ambitions more or less definite, not necessarily selfish, but founded, say, upon the liberal basis of "every man for every man, himself included."

The nature of the raw material with which a teacher has to deal must be considered in order to appreciate the methods which will be found expedient in his hands. There are the pupils who come to him because they, or their friends for them, have detected the presence of talent of some sort which they desire to have directed; and there are those who, feeling that some power of draughtsmanship or design would be of advantage to them in their occupation, attend the school, some, of course, from inclination, but many more from a sense of duty and expediency. Now this latter class, the artisans and other employés of manufacturers, are at present the chief recipients of Government aid, and consistent efforts are being made to drive them in the direction of Design. Setting aside the large proportion of those who have no natural aptitude, or, at best, insufficient individuality to become more than mere handicraftsmen (of whose education this is not the place to speak), we get a residuum of capable workers sufficiently enthusiastic to attend the evening classes after their day's work.

Consenting therefore to particularise, and drawing our illustrations from the works sent up in "national competition" and exhibited at South Kensington this and last year, we find the efforts of the students invading almost every branch of applied design. A very fair example of this is given in our illustration. Take, for example, the design by Ingram Taylor, of West London, exhibited last year, a portion of which forms the first of our illustrations. In it is demonstrated the value of study from "the life," a branch of Art education much assailed by those who consider that the business of Government is not to swell the already overcrowded ranks of "artists," but to produce "designers"—drawing a line between the two professions which is as unjust as it is unreasonable. In fact the great deterrent from the pursuit of design as a profession is the as yet far from conquered popular impression that even the higher walks of design are inferior in dignity to picture painting pure and simple. Such a prejudice is of course very absurd, but it exists to an equally absurd extent; an extent that is probably little appreciated by the man of culture, who in learning to appreciate beauty in line and mass and colour *quâ* line and mass and colour, without reference to subject or sentiment, has learned at least something of the skill and subtlety of perception that lies in their production. Some people seem quite unable to disassociate decorative painting from scaffolds and house-fronts and painting by the square yard.

It is easy enough to assert that such ignorance is fast dying out, but equally easy to prove that it is far from extinct. Besides which, some of the recent Art fashions—the Japanese craze, for example—have begotten, among the large mass of amateurs and others who understand nothing of the principles of balance and contrast which underlie all good composition, entirely false notions of the meaning of decoration; and the young lady who paints a naturalistic spray of leaves across a plate fondly imagines that her efforts are of the nature of both decoration and design. But, to return.

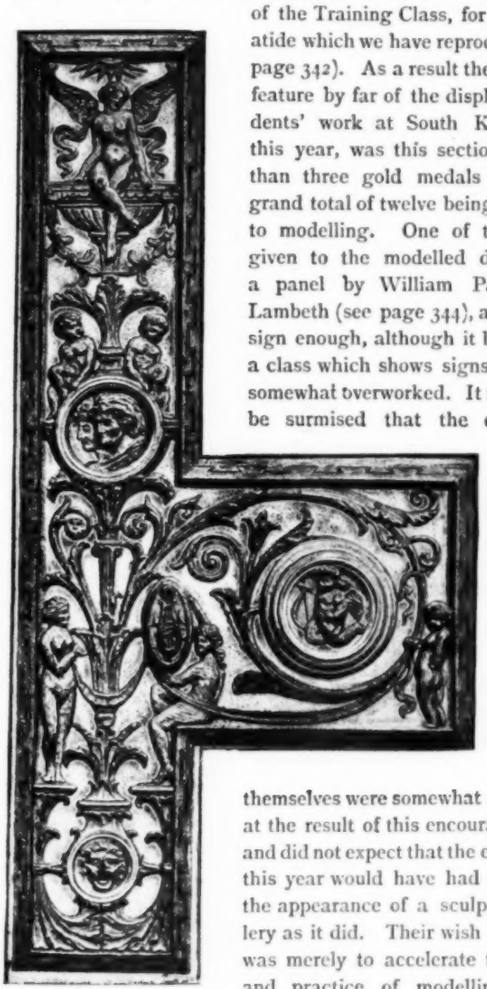
It is generally accepted by masters of schools of Art that those branches of Art education which the Department most desire to foster and encourage will each year receive the highest awards in the national competition. Yet this cannot be considered as an unalterable rule. For instance, last year



Needlework Design for Irish Point Lace Handkerchief.

the designs for lace received the coveted distinction of a gold medal, and other awards; the Irish point lace sent up from the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare, being commended by the examiners, in the hope "that the awards which they are able to make may encourage the convent to higher effort." The character of the work in this section may be seen by the illustration, from last year's exhibition, which we give on the preceding page. This year lace received no high award, and was but poorly represented.

The examiners have recently been conspicuously anxious to recognise the merits of an extended study of modelling, and last year a gold medal fell, amongst others, to Mr. E. Crompton, of the Training Class, for the caryatide which we have reproduced (see page 342). As a result the strongest feature by far of the display of students' work at South Kensington this year, was this section, no less than three gold medals out of a grand total of twelve being awarded to modelling. One of these was given to the modelled design for a panel by William Parker, of Lambeth (see page 344), a good design enough, although it belongs to a class which shows signs of being somewhat overworked. It may fairly be surmised that the examiners themselves were somewhat surprised at the result of this encouragement, and did not expect that the exhibition this year would have had so much the appearance of a sculpture gallery as it did. Their wish probably was merely to accelerate the study and practice of modelling as a means to an end. As evidence of this intention we turn to the modelled design for a lock-plate (see above), by Walter Freeth, of Birmingham, which also received a gold medal. There must have been some difficulty in the minds of some of the visitors in understanding the meaning of this award. It is, however, a good thing to show appreciation of careful work, especially where figures are introduced decoratively, and where it is in touch with the industry of the place.



Modelled Design for a Lock-Plate. By Walter Freeth.

The wish to encourage designs for the staple industry of a locality must account in some measure for the fact that Manchester received in 1886 two gold medals and five silver medals for designs for textiles and hangings, yet there was very little this year specially attractive in these diploma drawings, and few things indeed which showed the delicacy and brightness of the design for cretonne by Miss Maud Johnson, which we have selected to illustrate from the exhibition of last year (see page 344).

It may safely be urged that a primary law affecting the decision of the judges is the practical value of the work of each school considered in connection with the leading manufacture of the neighbourhood in which it is placed.

All this is in the right direction, no doubt, and it is easy enough on paper or platform to preach a new Renaissance of Art workmanship which is speedily to lead to the millennium when every artisan shall be an artist at heart; easy enough, too, is it to cite past ages as fulfilling the requirements demanded. But to restore the spirit of such times in its integrity, not merely our Art Schools, but the whole sentiment of our modern civilisation, must be radically reformed. Amongst other little details of practice, our modern machinery would have to go by the board—a consummation, according to some authorities of repute, devoutly to be wished for.

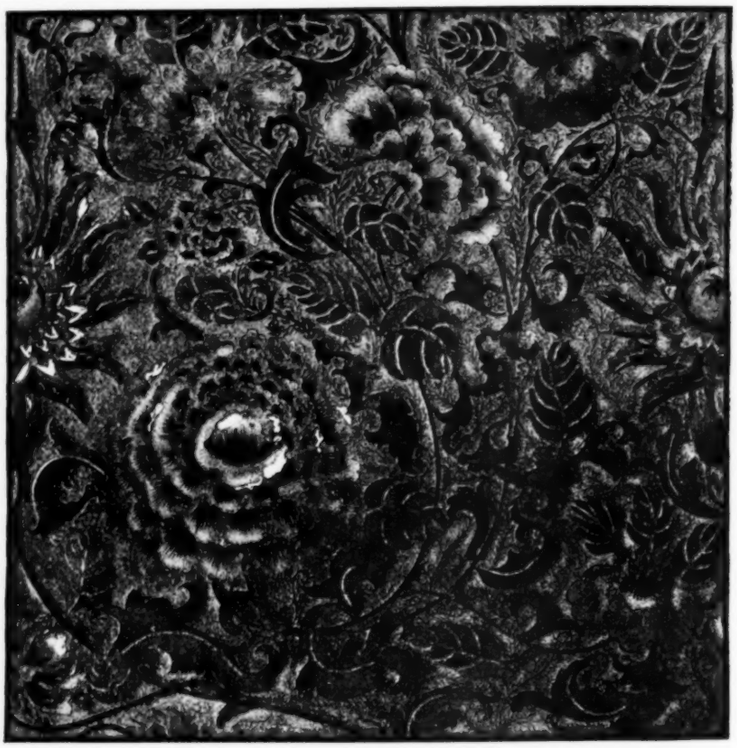
Machinery is an accomplished fact, an ubiquitous and lasting presence, and as such must be recognised and reckoned with, not scouted or ignored. As long as mechanical reproduction is looked upon as an inferior substitute for handwork, so long will our machinery continue to turn out mere shams—imitations of more costly originals. The meaning and true purpose of machinery will be understood when man sets himself to supply brains for the machine, not treating it as a mere senseless Briareus to multiply and cheapen the work of his hands, but as a faithful servant to do good work within certain well defined limits. "Hand-made" and "machine-made" should not be, as they too often now are, terms of unreasoning commendation or contempt, but indications of work conceived and carried out on essentially differing principles, with entirely separate objects. To design work for a machine imposes restrictions more severe and often irksome, than are encountered in pure handicraft; which very restrictions, duly respected and considered, will give a special character to machine work, removing, with the mistaken attempt at imitation, the stigma of inferiority, and freeing the works of men's hand from the injurious and unfair competition at present forced upon them by the still imperfectly educated taste of the majority.

In considering the merit of the work done by the students of schools of Art, we must not forget that those pupils of our Art Schools for whom most can be done, both in actual instruction and direction of study, are quite young. Many of them have not arrived at what, in other matters, are considered years of discretion, and have naturally not even begun, consciously or unconsciously, the process of analysis that forms the very basis of design. They possess some imitative power, and perhaps show promise of invention, but a pupil whose early and undirected efforts take the form of industrial design, would be somewhat of a curiosity.

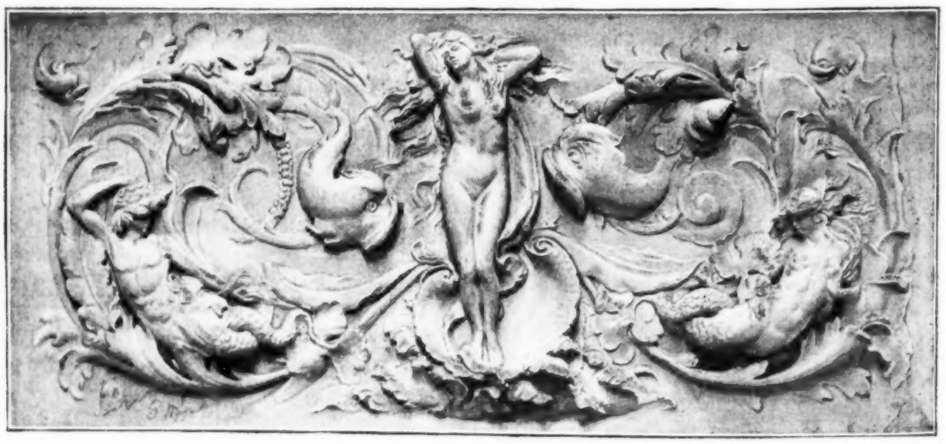
With such pupils, what is the most effective incentive to steady and persevering endeavour? What form of ambition; what Pisgah of hope, from which the youthful mind's eye may best descry its Canaan? Fame, position, and wealth will no doubt form subsidiary features of the landscape, so far as each individual craves for them, but the promised land of the student is almost invariably pictorial Art, simply because such a prospect appeals more directly and distinctly to his untrained faculties. But the modern theorist, thrusting human nature

into the background, and acting on the assumption that compulsion is the soul of freedom, tells us that all this hankering after Fine Art is good neither for the student nor the country.

In a profession where so much depends on temperament, would it not be well to allow at least some semblance of freedom to the beginner, rather than risk the secession of those more enthusiastic and aspiring spirits from whom the best results are to be expected? For much of the earlier part of his work must be essentially the same, whether he is to be a painter of pictures or a designer of paper-hangings. Is it necessary to show that the function of true education is to set each to the work for which he is best fitted; that a good designer or a good painter is not to be manufactured; that he who would make a good painter may turn out, after much uncongenial drudgery, but a very mediocre designer; or that a natural tendency to decoration will not be stifled, but may be assisted, by more complete acquaintance with the methods and matter of painting? No incompatibility with proficiency in design can be charged against the highest achievements in painting or sculpture; on the contrary, experience confirms the dictum of Mr. Redgrave, that "all great improvements in taste may still be traced to the follower of Fine Art stooping once more to ally himself with the manufacturer, rather than to those who had started as designers for manufactures advancing to greater taste and skill in their branch of the profession." It could not well be otherwise, since the wider knowledge and sympathy of a great artist must bring to bear upon his perceptions of grace or vigour influences that can hardly have a place in the mind nurtured on technicality and confined to what it works in. Nor is it clear that practice in the higher walks in any way necessarily injures the faculties needed for the construction or conventionalising of ornament. Confining ourselves to modern instances, was Stevens less a master of mouldings or of the acanthus point because he was also a master of the figure? or was the suite of furniture designed by Mr. Alma-Tadema less truly decorative for being the work of a powerful colourist and proficient in the technique of painting? On the other hand, early training in industrial design has hardly proved fatal to men, amongst others, of such varied talents as Luke Fildes, A.R.A., Henry Woods, A.R.A., George Clausen, Edward Brewtnall, Fred. Slocombe, T. B. Kennington, and Walter Langley.



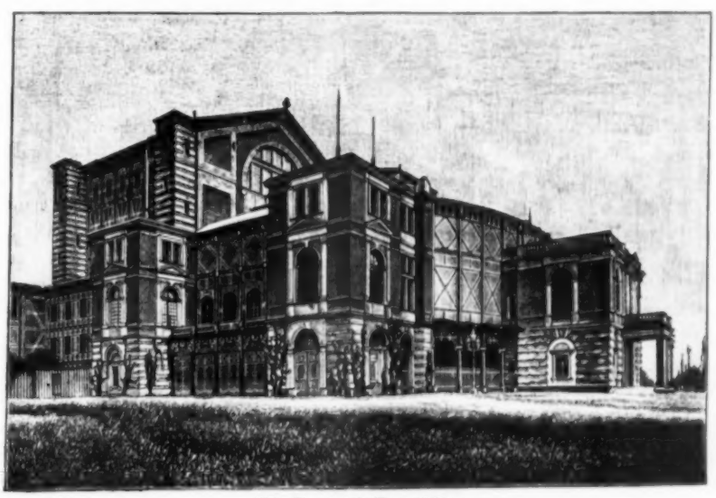
Design for Cretonne. By Miss Maud Johnson.



Modelled Design for a Panel. By Wm. Parker.

"TRISTAN UND ISOLDE."

THE cost of the Bayreuth theatre, which is built of brick, wood, and sandstone, was fifty thousand pounds, which sum included the scenic properties of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, with which the play-house opened in 1876. The auditorium resembles a half-opened fan, and is not dissimilar to the Greek amphitheatre, every row of seats being higher and longer than the one in front; the row nearest the proscenium holding thirty-two persons, the back row fifty-eight. For the customary tiers of boxes there are substituted two galleries at the back of the theatre; the lower one, the "Fürsten Gallerie," is for royal visitors, the other, at which no money is ever taken, was, in Wagner's time, thrown open to the inhabitants of Bayreuth. The ceiling is one large sounding-board, from whence hangs no chandelier, the play-house being illuminated by gas and electric lights at each side, which are turned almost entirely off prior to the commencement of the music-drama. The invisible orchestra, which Grétry conceived as feasible years before Wagner caused it to take actual shape, is a powerful factor in these representations. The space devoted to the band holds a hundred and twenty performers, and is composed of wide descending steps, reaching from a point twenty feet in front of the edge of the proscenium to fifteen feet under the stage. Here are located the wind instruments; a sounding-board is above the performers' heads, and the mellow effect thereby attained is peculiarly new and beautiful. The conductor stands on the highest step directing his forces, who look up to him instead of downwards, as is usual in the concert-room. Both conductor and band are invisible to the audience. The performances last from four o'clock until ten, the two intervals between the acts being each three-quarters of an hour to an hour long. The signal for the audience to assemble and reassemble is given by a small band of wind instruments stationed outside the theatre, which plays a musical theme from the act about to commence.



The Bayreuth Festspielhaus.

The other music-drama which has been recently represented here alternately with the *Parsifal* is a modern and significant version of the old-world legend of Tristram and Iseult. Gottfried van Strassbourg's epic poem on the subject has been the source whence Wagner drew the larger part of his incidents. The libretto is written in terse, idiomatic, alliterative verse, with an occasional recourse to rhyme in the more emotional passages, and is practically untranslatable. It is a poem eminently adapted to that mode of tonal setting which Wagner may be said to have created. As with the *Parsifal*, the orchestral music is composed exclusively of a comparatively few themes or *leit motivi*, and their exhaustive metamorphoses by means of augmentation, diminution, changes from the major key to the minor, and *vice versâ*. These themes accompany the declamation of the actors from beginning to end of the action in a current of intense and expressive comment.

Wagner's drama may be divided into three great scenes, and prior to its opening the following events are supposed to have taken place. Tristan, nephew of King Marke, of Cornwall, has delivered his uncle from a dangerous enemy, slaying Morold, an Irish knight, who has made an annual visit to Cornwall to collect the Irish impost. But in the combat Tristan is himself sorely wounded, and it was given out that no leech or surgeon but Isolde, the Princess of Ireland, one skilled in drugs and potions, and the betrothed of Morold, can cure him. Accordingly, under a feigned name, he sets sail for Ireland, and encounters the Princess, who, succeeding in discovering the identity of her patient, stands before the helpless invalid with uplifted sword. But his eye meets hers, and the would-be avenger of Morold's death drops the weapon, heals the wound, and sends Tristan back to Cornwall. Love has already crept into their hearts unbeknown to each other, and Tristan, despairing of ever again seeing Isolde, persuades his uncle to despatch him to Ireland on a mission to demand the hand of the Princess for King Marke. His embassy succeeds, and the music-drama opens on board the ship upon which Tristan conveys the Princess to Cornwall.

To the audience sitting in a darkened hall, the prelude, consisting of some of the fundamental musical themes, steals upwards from the invisible orchestra. The curtain opens (for Wagner abolished the usual act drop), and a tent-like apartment on the fore-deck of the vessel, heavily hung with blue and red hangings, is seen, the ship being completely hidden by large curtains, which fill the background. This *mise-en-scène* is hardly satisfactory. It betrays too obviously that it is stage property. Isolde has sat pale and silent during the voyage, and now, in an outburst of mingled anger and dis-

appointed love, calls upon the elements to combine in shattering the ship. Brangäne, her attendant, endeavours to pacify her, but Isolde insists that Tristan, who, according to strict etiquette, has remained apart from her, shall be summoned to her presence. The curtains of the apartment are pulled aside, disclosing the stern of the vessel with Tristan at the helm, and the sailors grouped around in picturesque positions. The blue sea lies beyond. This scene is exceedingly well put upon the stage, and presents a beautiful *coup d'œil*. Brangäne appears and delivers the message, but ere Tristan can reply Kurwenal, his henchman, gives a defiant answer in the negative, which Isolde overhears. The Princess then commands Brangäne to prepare a cup of poison, wherewith she intends to take Tristan's life and her own. When Tristan appears to announce their approach to land, Isolde first taunts him with his neglect, then swears revenge for Morold's death. Tristan replies by handing her his sword, with leave to slay him. But Isolde produces the cup, and bids him drink the contents as a draught of atonement. Divining full well her intention, the hero nevertheless swallows half the potion, and would drain it completely, but Isolde, snatching the goblet from him with the words—

"Betrug auch hier?
Mein die Hälfte!
Verräther!
Ich trink sie dir!" *

puts it to her lips and drinks the remainder. They then stand motionless with white and bodeful faces, awaiting the first symptoms of advancing death. There is a long pause of high dramatic portent, of which the Bayreuth actors make the most. But the expression upon their faces gradually undergoes a change, resolving itself into one of ecstatic love. This was no death-draught! Brangäne's trembling hands had substituted a love philtre, which has served to reveal their secret. The lovers remain folded in an embrace, while the ship approaches the shore. The sailors shout greetings to King Marke, but Tristan and Isolde heed them not. At this juncture the curtain closes upon the first act, with the crew preparing to step on land to meet the King.

The second act takes place in the garden of the palace. It is a placid summer night. The King and suite are engaged upon a nocturnal hunting expedition; the sound of their horns are heard growing fainter in the distance. Isolde is here with Brangäne, impatiently awaiting the advent of Tristan, who dares not approach until the concerted signal—the extinction of a lighted torch—is given. Unable to brook further delay, Isolde throws down the torch, exclaiming—

"Die Leuchte! Und wär's meines Leben's Licht
lachend sie zu löschen zag'ich nicht." †

Tristan thereupon arrives, and a long rapturous duet between the lovers ensues. For some time the turbulence of their excited emotions allows them to give vent to nothing but disjointed ejaculations of endearment. As their language grows more coherent, they cast imprecations upon the day, for, as with nearly all the Aryan myths, the solar hypothesis is the key with which to unlock the Tristan story. The relations between the simple, natural phenomena of light and darkness—the sun daily wooing and quitting the earth—Wagner has incorporated into his drama, or, more correctly speaking, brought them nearer to the surface than in the original version of the myth. The episode of the torch and its extinction is a further instance of this symbolic tendency. As the lovers continue to curse the light and welcome the darkness, their thoughts become more and more elevated. By degrees they forget the world of conscious, sentient things, and experience an internal life of longing aspiration. They cry aloud for death, that their souls, freed from the bonds of matter, may escape to free, spiritual life. A more exalted conception than this scene has rarely been furnished by a poet. And the pictorial framework upon the Bayreuth stage is worthy of this love idyl; the effect which it produces will not easily be forgotten. A mass of overarching tree-branches envelops the scene. On the left is the palace, outside which burns the torch; on the right is a flowery bower; at the extreme background through the entwining trees, as in "a picture within a picture," peeps forth a glimpse of hilly landscape. Tristan and Isolde sit in the bower laid in one of nature's most delightful spots; *pianissimo* music from the hidden band pours over the whole a flood of delicate tone-colour. The warning voice of Brangäne has fallen unheeded upon their ears. At last the end comes with a swift relentlessness. King Marke, Melot (Tristan's reputed friend), and the hunting train suddenly appear and confront the pair. A striking tableau is formed. Clad in costumes of a heroic type, but of no precise historic period, the King and his suite stand on the left hand. Upon the right are Tristan and Isolde. The woman, dressed in pure white, cowers upon the stone bench; Brangäne throws sympathising arms around her. Thus she remains until the close of the act. Tristan's first impulse is to spread out his red mantle, so that it hides Isolde from view. Then the King utters his reproach to Tristan, a lament touched with the dignity of a great grief. In reply, his nephew, who is deeply conscious of his perfidy, turns to Isolde and inquires if she will follow whither he is going—the land of Night or Death? She at once consents. Tristan thereupon turns quickly to Melot, his betrayer, draws his sword, and engages him in combat; but, after a few passes, Tristan intentionally drops his weapon, and falls grievously wounded by that of his antagonist.

The third act takes place on the terrace of Tristan's castle in Brittany. The stage scenery is again a success. Hither Tristan has been conveyed by his faithful servant, Kurwenal, who watches over the sick bed of his unconscious master. As of old, Isolde's healing arts alone are of any avail, and accordingly Kurwenal has dispatched a messenger for her. When Tristan has recovered sufficiently to speak, he gives vent to an excited relation of his delirious experiences when midway through the gates of death. In this long scene the influence exercised upon Wagner by Buddhism, and the conjectures of Schopenhauer as to the nature and destiny of man, are clearly evidenced. At length the ship bearing Isolde appears in sight. Kurwenal leaves to receive her, not before giving to Tristan a parting injunction to remain quietly upon the couch. But the dying hero, excited both by the pain of the wound and by joy at the prospect of Isolde's approach, springs to his feet, tears the bandage from his side, and falls to the ground. Isolde rushes in, just in time to fold him in her arms, where, with her name upon his lips, he expires. With ardent words of love Isolde seeks to recall him to life, but, in doing this, her

* "Betrayed ev'n here?
Mine the half!
Traitor!
I drink to thee!"

† "The torch! and were it the light of my life,
Laughing, I dread not to extinguish it!"

mind gives way. At the moment when she imagines he has awakened, she sinks in a swoon upon his body.

And now the tragedy sweeps to a conclusion. A second ship approaches with the King and suite. Kurwenal, with a few followers, endeavours to bar their entrance, and Melot falls by Kurwenal's hand. But the faithful henchman is himself sorely wounded; he crawls to his master's feet and dies there. The King enters, not upon an errand of revenge, but to unite the lovers. Too late! Tristan and Kurwenal lie dead upon the ground. The King and courtiers stand by in motionless grief. Then Isolde awakes and sings that famed death-song, the musical themes of which have been heard in the love scene of the second act, and which now play the part of mournful reminders of a vanished happiness. But the shadows of death are gathering close about Isolde; the secrets of the grave are about to disclose themselves; from the woman she develops into the seer. She fancies that Tristan's eyes are unclosing, smiles wreathing his face, and wonderful melodies issuing from his lips. These latter seem to grow louder and louder, then to change to gentle breezes, and these again give way to heavenly odours that surge around her. She points out these phenomena to the bystanders, and is surprised that they also do not observe them. At length her spirit frees itself, passing out into the unknown country. Thus, at the close of the song which commences in subdued measures, rising, as it proceeds, to ever loftier heights of rapturous exaltation, Isolde drops lifeless to the earth.



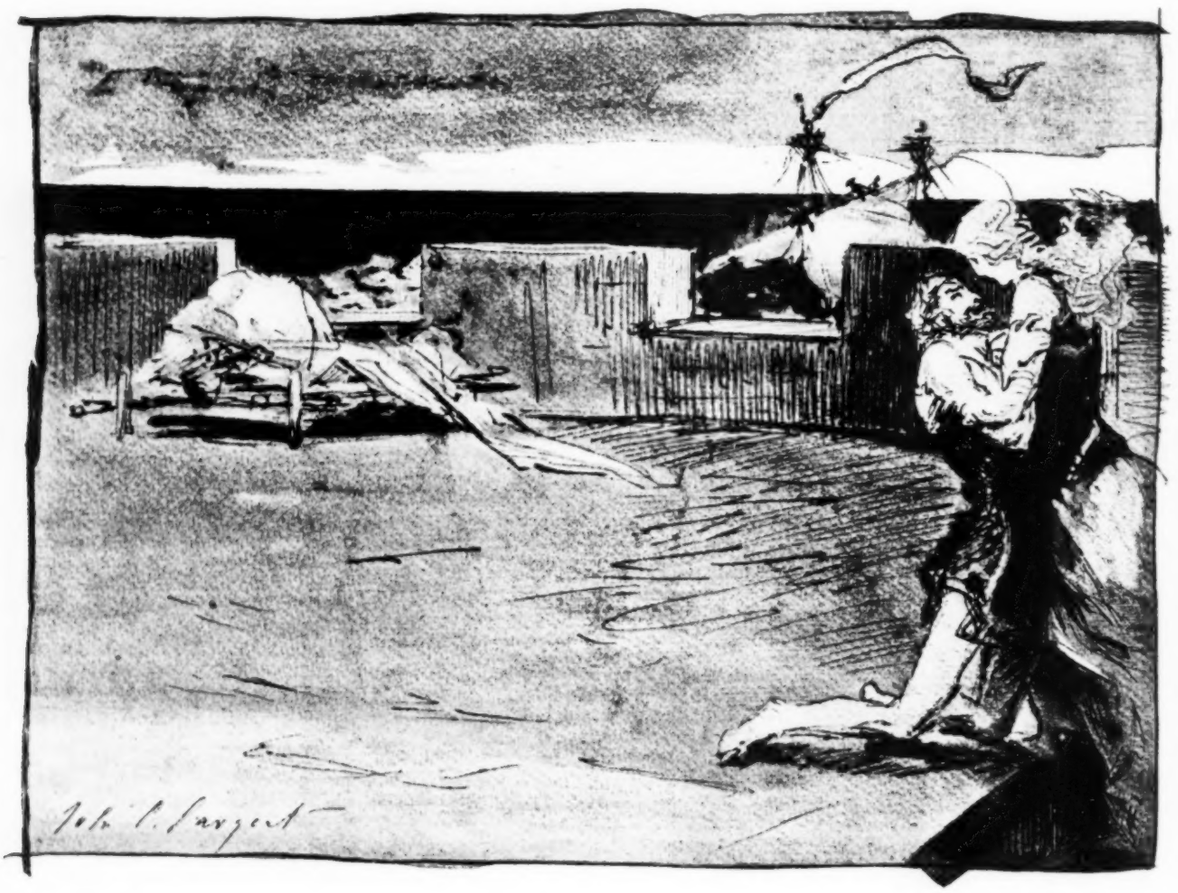
The Journey to Cornwall. Act 1.

It should have been made clear from this attempt to denote the main outlines of the work that Aristotle's definition of tragedy as "the purification of the feelings of pity and terror" has here been accepted and illustrated by Wagner with a successful intrepidity possessed by few moderns. Fate, the dominating presence of which is manifest throughout the Æschylian trilogy, bears down upon the luckless lovers from the moment when we first meet them upon the vessel until Tristan succumbs to his wound, and Isolde breathes her last sigh over his body. The idea that they are but straws blown along by the breath of Destiny is conveyed with an unusual and a sustained intensity, for the high key pitched in the opening of the first act is not only consistently maintained, but even raised with accentuation as the action develops.

Now that this drama has been given for the first time in the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, it is evident that no other *locale* can accord it corresponding advantages. An auditorium in almost complete darkness, with the eyes of the audience directed perforce to the stage, conjoined with a hidden orchestra particularly rich in the majesty of its bass, has produced results undreamt of before the erection of this theatre. And the salient characteristics of the play itself assist the general impressiveness of the surroundings. The sequence of events is so deliberate in its evolution, the incidents follow each other so tardily, that the drama might not incorrectly be designated more lyrical than dramatic. Were it not for the music this feature might leave itself open to objection, but as it is, these impassioned and poignant tones which lay bare the innermost feelings of the characters, picturing to us the secret motions of their mental life, remove the work to a different platform to that which would be occupied by a spoken drama.

And when played alternately with *Parsifal* (of which we spoke fully in our last number) the comparison which arises is singularly interesting. For the contrast which is at once suggested is as much musical as dramatic. It is true that the music of each drama is entirely composed of *leit motivi* and the well-nigh inexhaustible changes for which the exigencies of the action call; but each tonal setting has an eminently special and appropriate character of its own. In *Tristan und Isolde* there is pictured, with that extraordinary force and vividness which belongs to music alone, the whirling emotion that sways the two principal personages—love, untempered by self-control, and doomed from the first to involve the pair in the consequences of their guilt. Every bar evidences that even Wagner never wrote anything more intensely subjective, or that shows more clearly and more potently how profoundly he himself had borne the sorrows of humanity and sounded the depths of its sufferings. The strong joy that arises from an ardent love enjoys triumphant moments; but even the passages in which it appears most prominently are coloured and overshadowed by impending catastrophe that is destined to carry all before it as upon a resistless stream. In *Parsifal* the music partakes, in spirit,

of the loftier realm into which we are transported. Here the spiritual truths, which form the fundamental features of the subject, receive full and peculiarly felicitous expression. We are in a different world of thought and experience, and thus the music breathes resignation, self-renunciation, and the denial of the will to live. Human weakness, temptation, and sin are not totally unrepresented, but perhaps the principal purpose of their introduction is to afford artistic relief to the peaceful yet unwavering pursuit of ideal aims that constitute the distinguishing trait of the work. Again in *Tristan und Isolde* opportunities for the exercise of the scene-painter's art are few enough. It boasts but three tableaux: a king's sailing vessel; the wooded garden of a palace; and the terrace of a Bretagne Castle. In *Parsifal*, on the other hand, there is much greater scope for pictorial display. We are there transported to the sacred domain of Montsalvat, its glades, the Temple where the Grail brethren perform their mysterious rites—the latter a spectacle to the impressiveness of which, it is not too much to say, the modern stage can offer no parallel—thence to the keep of a magician's castle and his enchanted garden;



The Death of Tristan. Act 3.

thither back again to the Knights' Hall. And further in *Tristan und Isolde* we are the witnesses of the fleeting joys followed by the direful end of two lovers consumed by an uncontrolled passion for each other, whereas in *Parsifal* the vital and indestructible elements of Christianity and of Buddhism have been blended into the life of the "guileless one," who becomes enlightened by the force of a compassionate pity that embraces all things. We are thus lifted to the clear perception of religious altruism, of sacrificing self-mastery, and of world-redeeming deeds.

These two music dramas are, perhaps, Richard Wagner's greatest works. They form speaking proofs of what surprising concentration and objectivity of thought his luminous mind was capable. While, played in such intimate juxtaposition, each drama proves itself to be true to its own artistic laws, to be a veracious portrayal of a distinct condition of human feeling—the one almost antithetical to the other—in short, to be the mirror in which mankind sees reflected its own humanity.

C. DOWDESWELL.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE following distinctions have been conferred by the Emperor of Germany on British artists in connection with the Jubilee Exhibition of the Berlin Academy of Arts: Large gold medal for Art: Professor Hubert Herkomer, Sir John Everett Millais, Mr. Walter Ouless. Large gold medal for science: Sir F. Leighton. Small gold medal for Art: Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, Mr. Alfred Gilbert, Mr. W. B. Richmond, Mr. John R. Reid. Honourable mention: Mr. F. Goodall, Mr. William F. Yeames, Mr. George Simonds.

Questions of interest to the Art community engaged some attention in Parliament shortly before the close of the session. In the course of the discussion on the vote of £3,607 for the National Portrait Gallery, Sir G. Campbell moved its reduction by £300 on the ground that there had been "a wicked and sinful waste of public money." The Chancellor of the Exchequer promptly put a stop to any attempt "to pronounce dogmatically on the merits or market value of the old masters." The question of opening our national Art galleries and museums in the evenings on week-days and on Sundays was raised by some of the speakers. It appeared from Sir H. Maxwell's statement that it is simply a question of expense.

The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery will this year consist of a collection of the works of Vandyck. The selection of this distinguished artist was suggested by Sir J. E. Millais.

The exhibition of the Photographic Society of Great Britain, held annually in the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in Pall Mall, is the only opportunity afforded the public of ascertaining the year's advance in the Art science. The display this year is very like its more immediate predecessors, and yet has some characteristic peculiarities. The most remarkable of these is the desire of the workers in the black art to invade the realms of high Art; this finds expression on every hand. Technical triumphs have so far succeeded each other in recent years, that one is prone to believe that further progress in the purely technical side of photography is well-nigh impossible. Should the day ever arrive when photographers can produce faithful transcripts of colour as well as form, then great onward strides may be made. Apart from this, there appears to remain little else for the technical expert to achieve. It happens, therefore, that "Art" photography is now the main desideratum. The judges would seem to recognise this, and we find their awards largely tending to its encouragement. High in the order of merit stand the platinum prints in sepia by J. W. Edwards, of four panels by the Lambeth sculptor, George Tinworth, of the 'Power of Temptation,' 'Power of Faith,' 'Power of Darkness,' and 'Power of Light.' These prints are very appreciative in the true rendering of tone relations, subtle gradations, and careful lighting. A 'Portrait of a Lady' (No. 113), by Fritz Eilender, is exceedingly fine, and well deserves its medal. Excellent too is the platinum print, by H. W. Gridley, of 'The Good Fiasco,' which has all the quality of a fine photogravure; 'A Top Spinner,' by W. Adcock, and 'The Comb Maker,' by Harry Tolley, although not diploma'd, deserve notice also as examples of good pictorial treatment. Leonard Blake achieves a veritable triumph in an out-door portrait of a little girl, a work which in its direct simplicity compares favourably with some highly effective but laboured groups by George Brokesch, which also receive a medal. The instantaneous photographs of children, by Robert Faulkner, are clever, but belong to the old conventional school, and in this particular differ greatly from the extensive series of studies by G. B. Wood, which are amusing, and show remarkable versatility. 'On the River Dove,' by H. B. Berkeley, is a beautiful print; and the 'Alpine Heights,' by the Autotype Company, are excellent in general effect, if perchance not all that could be desired in the details. These last are "auto-gravures," and to this class belong also the photo-engravings by Annan and Swan, of which No. 421 is a good example. Other medals are taken by W. J. Byrne & Co., for a portrait of a lady in a Grecian dress, taken direct in platinotype; by G. P. Cartland, for his portraits of dogs executed for Her Majesty the Queen; by R. Brandel, for an extensive display of pictures, of no particular artistic value, taken with a photo-revolver; by R. H. Lord, for an indifferent picture of 'Neddy's New Shoes;' by J. Holcombe, for some 'Idyls of Capri;' by T. J. Dixon, for skilful photographs showing improved renderings of yellow and blue, and for his orthochromatic process; by W. Cobb and F. M. Sutcliffe, for some very ordinary subjects; and by G. West and Sons, for their always welcome and excellent yacht studies. Amongst the unsuccessful exhibitors J. Lafayette, W. W. Winter, whose 'Village Rhymster' is happy, Henry Stevens, whose studies of flowers are as artistic as ever, and B. J. Wilkinson, junr., contribute good works. The display of apparatus is extensive but includes no startling novelties.

The recent annual exhibition of the Amateur Photographic Society of New South Wales showed with what unmistakable zeal the Art-science is followed in that country. The exhibited examples ranged over most phases of landscape, architectural, and portrait work. Notable subjects from the life were shown by Victor Cohen; landscapes by J. J. Rous, J. H. Simpson, E. P. Bishop, and W. Hamilton; instantaneous pictures by Dr. Ward, E. P. Bishop, and H. Henry; architectural subjects by E. Gostellow; interiors by J. S. Wigram and W. Hamilton; animals by H. Henry and L. L. Ramsay; and there was good work by J. Prior, R. J. Orrell, C. J. Perry, and G. Woodhill. All these exhibitors received prizes for the excellence of their work. The judges were Mr. W. R. George, Mr. E. L. Montefiore, and Mr. W. E. Kemp.

The exhibitions held during this year and last, under the direction of the London Stereoscopic Company, of the productions of amateur photographers, were a surprise to many. The volume which has recently been issued by

that firm of a selection of the prize pictures will be still more so. Now that the best of the productions have been gathered together, and they can be calmly criticised without the disparaging effect produced upon them by proximity to less worthy efforts, the result is quite astonishing. There is hardly an indifferent photograph amongst the fifty which find a place in this handsome album. Where failure occurs, it appears, curiously enough, not to arise from mechanical shortcomings, but from lack of artistic grouping or selection of subject. This is a reversal of what would be expected, and the success is due to the extreme simplicity which now attends the greater portion of the process, and which makes it hard for any one of ordinary capacity to deviate far from the right path. Those exhibits which specially call for commendation appear to us to be 'Interior, Palais de Justice, Brussels,' Samuel Baker; 'A Cloudy Morning, Windermere,' W. Gaddum; 'Studies of North Lancashire Industries,' by Lady Roscoe (gold medal); 'The Interior of the Táj,' Lt. W. R. Little (gold medal); 'A Study,' Sir Geo. Clerk, Bart.; 'A Skating Party,' H. J. Kennard; some admirable interior and exterior views by Mrs. West, which obtained the silver medal for the best picture by amateurs of less than twelve months' standing; 'A Yacht,' by A. H. Clark, which gained the bronze medal in the same competition; 'Clovelly and Tintagel,' by Miss Stone, which won the bronze medal for a photograph the negative of which was taken and developed by a lady without assistance; 'On the Dart,' J. R. West; 'Moulsey Lock,' C. E. Nesham; 'The Backs, Cambridge,' C. P. White (bronze medal in competition for members of the Universities); 'On the Riviera,' F. E. Holls; 'Piper, Cameron Highlanders,' Lieut. Dicken, R.N. (bronze medal for officers abroad); 'An Indian Hill Station,' Col. R. Malden (bronze medal for officers abroad).

The Jubilee year of the Queen's reign should also be a year of thanksgiving for sculptors. The air is full of projects for the erection of statues of Her Majesty. Sir A. B. Walker has commissioned Count Gleichen to execute one for erection on the green at Gatacre, his native village, and a Bristol merchant has also offered one to that city.

The Birmingham stonemasons are protesting against Messrs. Ingress Bell and Webb's design for the new Assize Buildings, on the ground that the terra-cotta is not so durable as stone, and that if the former is employed £20,000 will be spent outside the town. They have altogether failed to prove the first part of their case, which, of course, was only dragged in to the aid of the latter.

The Liverpool Corporation have annulled their contract with Mr. Stirling Lee, the sculptor of the panels for the façade of St. George's Hall. Litigation is threatened.

The abandonment of drawing in the elementary schools of the country is causing just alarm amongst those who see in an early acquaintance with the elements of Art the addition of a faculty too long uncared for. Amongst recent protests against the course now adopted, is that of the Speaker of the House of Commons, who, in presenting the prizes gained in the May examinations of the Science and Art Department at Leamington, said that he regretted exceedingly that drawing and scientific teaching were being abandoned in the elementary schools of the country. The danger, he said, was already being appreciated by the Department at South Kensington; for he noticed that the Assistant Director for Art, in his recent report, stated that a considerable number of schools had withdrawn from the examination in drawing, assigning various reasons, of which the most important was that when the grant for this subject was given by the Education Department it would no longer be an addition to the income of the school, and therefore the schools which could earn the maximum grant without it would derive no pecuniary advantage for being examined in drawing. Science and Art were of enormous importance to the country at large; and he believed that when the Jubilee of her Majesty came to be celebrated, as, please God, it would be next year, one of the not least remarkable events of this reign would be the great development of Art and scientific teaching, and the encouragement of those two great departments by the State. It was a curious fact that almost coeval with her Majesty's accession to the throne the mind of this country was directed to the twin subjects of Science and Art. It must be of enormous consequence to this country, at a time when it was face to face with the spirited competition of other countries, to have about five hundred children taught in drawing and design through the instrumentality and encouragement of the great central department at South Kensington. It would be a sad commentary if Science and Art teaching were to be restricted, and its usefulness retarded by the withdrawal of the special grants which had been so long given for these special subjects. When will Englishmen awake to the fact that instruction in elementary drawing does not naturally mean the production of a useless crop of picture painters?

The Nottingham Castle Art Museum is about to be enriched by a collection of specimens of classical antiquity of unusual interest. Sir John Savile Lumley, K.C.B., the English Ambassador at Rome, has offered to the Museum committee a large number of objects found on the site of the Temple of Diana Nemorensis, the Artemisium of Strabo, on the shore of Lake Nemi, which he recently discovered and excavated. The collection comprises four hundred and seventy pieces of terra-cotta, consisting of votive offerings, mostly of an archaic character, portions of friezes, and fragments of figures of a later and finer period of Art, lamps, lachrymatories, and ointment bottles; also a number of bronze statuettes representing nymphs and priestesses of Diana, with numerous other objects and fragments in bronze; seven hundred and forty specimens of money of the Roman Republic, dating from the very earliest period down to coins immediately preceding the Empire, together with some Imperial coins, and several inscriptions, etc., in marble. In addition to the above, the donor gives a portfolio of thirty photographs of the site of the discovery, which he has taken on the spot; and in referring—in his letter to the Director of the Museum—to the numerous objects comprising the collection, trusts that their high antiquity, perfect authenticity, and good state of preservation, will prove instructive as illustrating a phase of pagan worship of the earliest period of Roman history in a temple, all trace of which has been lost for more than fifteen centuries. In order to render the collection as complete as possible, the ambassador also presents a number of objects which he had originally intended for his private cabinet. These include two small coloured glass vases of Greek work, three terra-cotta heads, as fine as any found at

Tanagra, and a curious mask of coloured glass, believed to be Etruscan; the bronze sole of a sandal, considered to be unique; and a bronze sacrificial ladle, with the name Diana in Archaic characters engraved upon the stone. It appears that, in accordance with a contract entered into with the landowner, one-half of everything discovered fell to the share of Prince Orsini, and amongst the Prince's treasures is a remarkable double-headed bust, representing two aquatic divinities, supposed to be the genii of the Lakes Nemi and Albano. Sir Savile Lumley has, however, had a copy of this made in plaster of Paris, which copy will be included in the collection sent to the Nottingham Museum. A portrait bust and stelæ found on the same site, which at present form part of the ornamentation of the vestibule of the British Embassy, will be presented to the Museum when the ambassador's mission to Rome ceases.

The damage which Mr. Holman Hunt's famous picture of 'The Light of the World' sustained through being hung too close to some hot water pipes, has been carefully repaired by the painter, and the picture is now back in its Oxford home at Keble College.

Artistic "finds" are rare nowadays, but they do happen occasionally. Some time back Professor Nicolie, of Lausanne, had the good fortune to stumble across the Raphael 'La Vierge au Sein' in a dealer's shop, and the good sense to purchase it for £8. It has recently been sold at Geneva to a French collector for £8,000.

The famous Roman villa at Brading, Isle of Wight, is said to be in danger of destruction by the elements unless something is done to protect it from wind and weather. There are various proposals afloat. It is proposed by some to roof the buildings in, by others to photograph them and then recover them with earth—the most effective measure. Would it not be as well, however, if, before anything is done—and something should be done—for a committee of experts, of members of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings for example, to inspect the Villa and propose the best remedy? The Villa is private property it is true, but the owners are hardly likely to thwart any attempt at protecting their own property.

The committee formed to erect a memorial in Dudley to commemorate the gifts to the town of the late Lord Dudley, have selected, out of the thirteen models submitted, a design by Mr. Birch, A.R.A., which only awaits the approval of Lady Dudley to be carried out.

The results of the International Competition of Automatic Engraving has been announced. For the competition, which was promoted some months ago, six subjects were chosen, of as varied and useful a character as possible, including a drawing in pen and ink by J. Sturgess; a line engraving by Masquelier after Paul Potter; a drawing in wash by Shirley Hodson; a photograph of sculpture by W. England; a photograph of landscape by the Military School at Chatham; and a photographic portrait by Window and Grove. The competition was divided into four classes, which embraced all the known methods of automatic reproduction:—Class A, Automatic Intaglio Processes; Class B, Automatic Relief Processes; Class C, Automatic Processes applicable to Lithography; Class D, Automatic Processes applicable to Photomechanical or any other Printing not provided for in the other classes. The impartiality of the competition was secured by the same original subjects having been sent in turn to each competitor. There were fifty-four exhibits, and certificates of merit were awarded to the following:—Class A, The Typographic Etching Company, first prize; Class B, Angerer and Göschl (Vienna), first prize; Class B, the Photodirect Engraving Company, commended; Class C, Mr. James Akerman, commended; Class D, Woodburytype Company, first prize; Class D, Automatic Engraving Company, second prize. The jurors were Sir Frederick Leighton, P.R.A., Captain Abney, R.E., F.R.S., Mr. Edwin Bale, R.I., Mr. J. Comyns Carr, Mr. Edward Dalziel, Professor Sidney Colvin, Mr. Hubert Herkomer, A.R.A., Mr. J. S. Hodson, F.R.S.L., Mr. Marcus B. Huish, and Mr. W. L. Thomas, R.I.

A correspondent writes respecting a recent article (see page 244) on Lady students at Munich, that "since the writer of it became acquainted with the school of Art commented upon, the want of elementary teaching has been supplied, and classes have been arranged, for such students as desire to study Art from the very beginning. The academy has been founded by the Künstlerinnen Verein (The Confraternity of Female Artists) of Munich. It is purely for the sake of Art, and to facilitate study, that the Verein has been at the expense and labour of forming this school of Art, in order to supply to women the means of studying inexpensively and well, within easy reach of the magnificent collections of Art treasures for which Munich is so well known."

Sales of pictures at the present Manchester Autumn Exhibition are proceeding quietly, the amount realised up to the present being close on £4,000. Amongst the more important works disposed of are: 'Mount's Bay,' £630, Henry Moore, A.R.A. (purchased by the Corporation); 'Sybilla Delphica,' £800, E. Burne-Jones, A.R.A.; 'The Heart of Cambria,' £840, H. C. Whaite; 'Washing Day,' £350, D. Laugee; 'A Game of Chess,' £125, Dendy Sadler; 'The Edge of the Comb,' £105, Eyre Walker; 'Spring,' £90, Anderson Hague; 'Beaching a Pink,' £84, J. B. Hardy; and 'Portrait of W. A. Turner' (late chairman of the Exhibition Committee), £84.

With the death of Mr. Thos. Webster, R.A., passed away one of the very oldest of the members of the Royal Academy. Mr. Webster was born in Pimlico in 1800, and entered the Royal Academy Schools as a student in 1820, where he obtained the first medal for painting in 1825. His earliest important picture, 'Rebels Shooting a Prisoner' (a scene of boy mischief), was exhibited in 1825 at the Gallery of the Society of British Artists. Mr. Webster's contributions to the Royal Academy began with his portrait of the children of Mr. T. Drane. Amongst the best known of his pictures prior to his election into the Royal Academy were 'The Gunpowder Plot,' exhibited in the Academy of 1829; 'The Lantern' and 'The Village School,' 1833; 'Football,' 1839. Mr. Webster was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1840, in which year he produced 'Punch,' followed in 1841 by two pictures by which, perhaps, he is best known to the present generation, and which are familiar to all by the engravings—'The Smile' and 'The Frown.' 'The Boy with Many Friends' was exhibited at the British Institu-

tion in 1842, and then there followed 'The Grandmother,' 'Going to School,' 'The Impenitent,' 'Sickness and Health,' and 'The Pedlar,' and in 1845 appeared 'The Dame's School.' In 1846 Mr. Webster became an Academician, and from that time all his principal pictures were to be seen on the walls of the Royal Academy. Among the most prominent of his contributions were 'Good Night,' 'A Village Choir,' 'The Internal Economy of Dotheboy's Hall,' 'A See-saw,' 'A Slide,' 'A Chimney Corner,' 'A School Playground,' 'A B C,' 'Peasant Children,' 'Village Gossips,' and 'Hide and Seek.' One of his latest contributions to the Academy was a portrait of himself in 1878. Mr. Webster resigned his membership of the Academy in 1876, when he was placed in the list of Honorary Retired Academicians.

It is with sincere regret that we chronicle, also, the death of the architect, Mr. E. W. Godwin, F.S.A., one of our valued contributors. A brilliant, if somewhat eccentric, character, Mr. Godwin has for long been known as a clear writer and thinker on many Art subjects, and most archæological questions. As an architect his fame is widespread, and only a few weeks back Mr. Geo. Aitchison, A.R.A., in a paper to a contemporary, spoke of him as the only architect capable of "classing" a building. His more important architectural achievements are the town halls of Northampton and Congleton; and amongst his minor works comes the famous White House in Chelsea, which he designed for his friend, Mr. J. McN. Whistler. His designs for Art furniture are also familiar to many. Outside his professional work Mr. Godwin did much, and as a setter of dramatic works, as an authority on dramatic archæology, he was unsurpassed, and the public at large will probably best remember him in connection with the production of *Claudian* and *Hamlet* at the Princess's Theatre, and of the Greek play at Hengler's Circus.

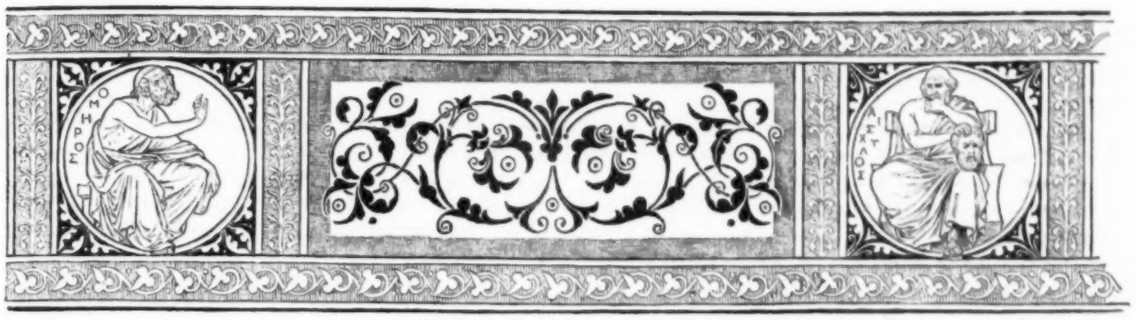
The unique collection of engravings and photographs of the works by Raphael formed by the Prince Consort, which is in the Library at Windsor Castle, are shortly to be catalogued, and the information will appear as an elaborate illustrated volume, "for private circulation only."

The third of the publications of the Art for Schools Association has just been issued. It consists of an autotype reproduction of Nicolaus Dorign's engraving of Raphael's cartoon, 'The Miraculous Draught of Fishes.' The objection of size which we felt in their second issue certainly does not apply in this case, for it measures 25 inches by 17 inches, and when placed upon the walls in a close oak frame it will form an attractive feature. Whether the childish mind for whom it is intended will understand and recognise its fine qualities is questionable; the smallness of the boats and the absence of oars, masts, or sails will probably raise awkward questionings. But anyhow the representation of the subject is far better from every point of view than what they will have been accustomed to in the pictorial productions of later days. Subscribers of a guinea to this admirably conceived and well-conducted Association receive as a *quid pro quo* a copy of every publication issued during the current year.

The numerous hand-books which exist upon flower painting have been supplemented by one from the pen of Miss Maud Naftel, entitled "FLOWERS, AND HOW TO PAINT THEM" (Cassell & Co., 5s.)—There is probably no one at the present time who is so well qualified to write on such a subject as this lady, for (with a single exception, perhaps) she is the first flower painter in water colours of the day, and a worthy pupil of Mrs. Angell; she is besides the daughter of an artist who has long been held in high repute for his capabilities as an instructor in that medium. We therefore are not surprised to find that the examples, which are chromo-lithographed from Miss Naftel's water colours, are distinguished for strength of drawing and sharp and decided touch, and simplicity of treatment. The letter-press is also succinct, to the point, and wanting only in those interminable sentences which usually preface every chapter in manuals of this sort. We are glad to see that she advocates only a sparing use of body-colour, and usually is content with the colour of the paper for her highest lights.

It is a little astounding to be told, as Mr. Daniel Brade announces in the preface of his "PICTURESQUE SKETCHES IN ITALY" (London: B. T. Batsford), that "several admirable works have been issued in recent years, illustrating the technical or detailed and constructive features of Italian Art, but, valuable as these are, they are scarcely appreciated by, or awaken much interest in, any but professional architects and archæologists." We should have been inclined to think that the picturesque of no country had been more sketched and published than that of those parts of Italy—Rome, Venice, Florence, Verona, and Milan—which Mr. Brade seeks to clothe in a new guise. As records, too, of certain picturesque sights—such as the Ruins in the Forum and the Torre di Specchi, and the Campo San Paternian, Venice—which have been altered or obliterated since the artist made his studies, these sketches would afford quite equal, if not more valuable memorials, had they been made in the way which is said to be "scarcely appreciated." If the main object which has led to the issuing of this series of views is not very clear, however, the work may be of interest to many, for the sketches are for the most part of those picturesque objects and quarters of which the enthusiastic tourist generally brings home photographs. The photo-lithographic process employed in their reproduction is by no means a success, and goes far to destroy what picturesque quality existed in the original sketches.

BRITISH MUSEUM

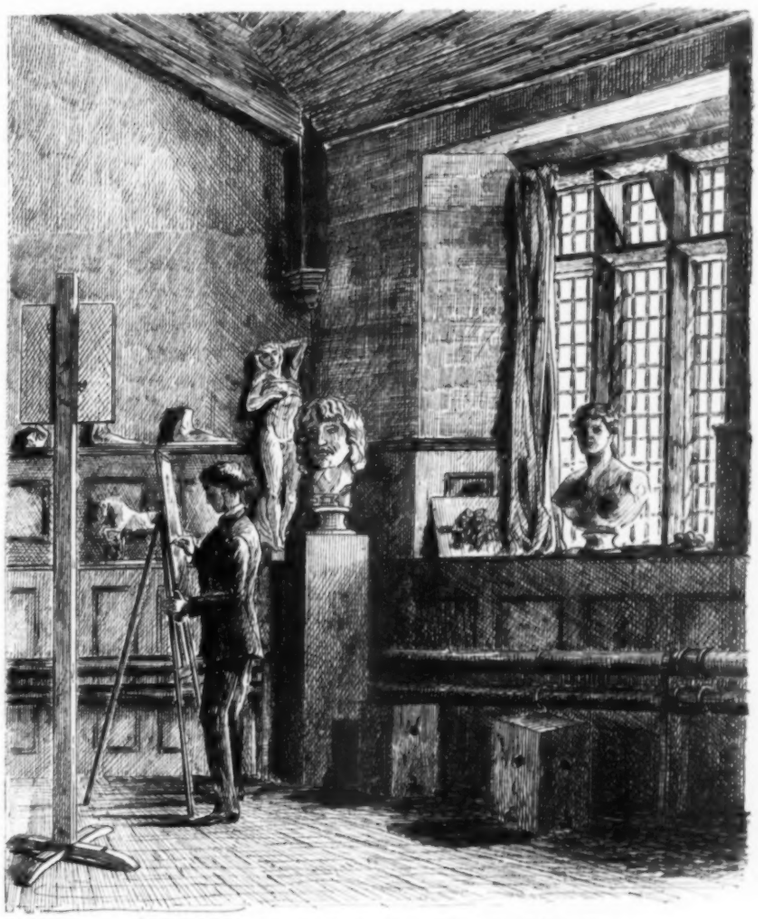


Portion of Frieze in Great Schoolroom.

ART TEACHING AT UPPINGHAM SCHOOL.

ALTHOUGH Uppingham School celebrated the tercentenary of its foundation two years ago, it is within comparatively recent times that it has taken a place among the great schools of England. Founded in 1584 by Robert Johnson, Archdeacon of Leicester, it has increased tenfold under the present head master, the Rev. Edward Thring, who has been not inaptly called "the second founder."

Placed on the brow of a steepish hill, which boasts an elevation of 480 feet above the sea-level, on the southern side of the little town of Uppingham, the old schoolhouse, with its grey gables and terraced garden, with the new schoolroom and chapel rising behind, form an interesting and picturesque architectural feature in the view of the town as one approaches it from the London Road. Separated from them by the churchyard and rectory garden is the old schoolroom, now the Art class-room, of which more will be said farther on. The church, with its tower and tall steeple, its jackdaws and its lime-trees, is a structure of goodly proportions, dating apparently from the twelfth century, but subjected to much inconsiderate treatment in later times. There is little of interest in the interior, two rude figures of SS. Peter and Paul, to whom it is dedicated, on each side of the north door, some twelfth or thirteenth-century ornament of elegant design round the arcading of the nave, brought to light some years ago when the whitewash was removed, and an octagonal oaken pulpit, carved all over with Elizabethan ornament in low relief, and known as Jeremy Taylor's pulpit, being about all the objects of antiquarian interest which it contains.



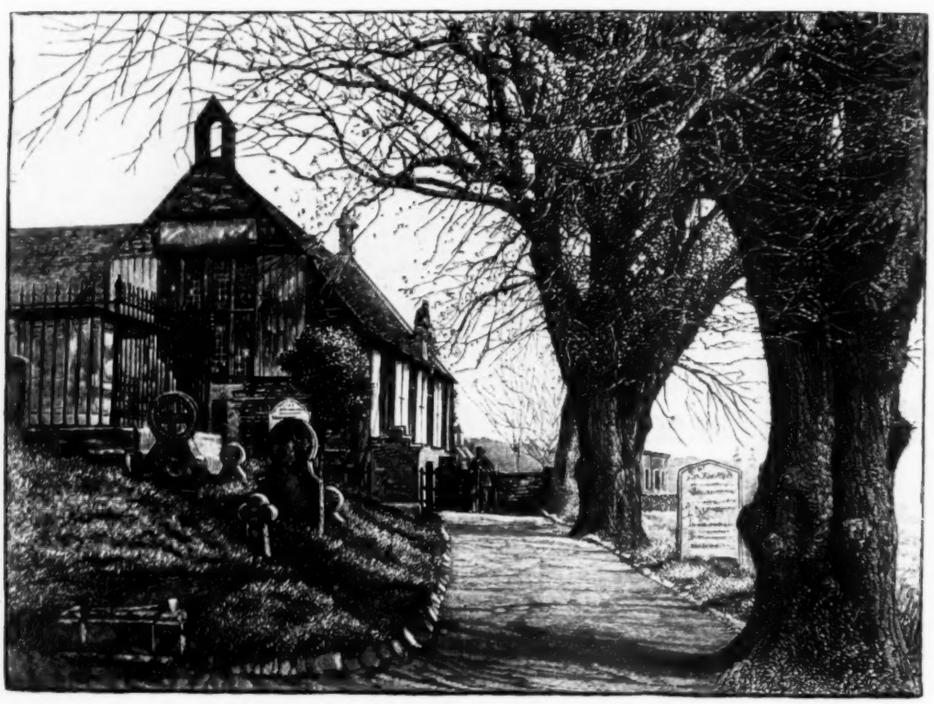
"A Corner of the Studio." Drawn by G. A. Fothergill.

Scattered about in various parts of the town and its approaches are the new schoolhouses, ten in number, each accommodating its thirty boys, that being the prescribed number to each house. The science class-rooms, laboratory, etc., metal and carpenters' workshops, and a forge where practical lessons in farriery are occasionally given, are located in one of the older houses in the town, the whole being under the personal supervision of the science master. Conspicuous among the additions of recent years is the swimming-bath.

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Fine Arts are not neglected at Uppingham. Music occupies a prominent place in the school life; every boy with a voice becomes a member of the choir, and the school concerts may be fairly designated the musical events of the district. In addition to these our maestro, Herr David, with his band of assistant masters, Herren Richter, Fricker, Oberholtzer, and Zeisberg, perform chamber music in the big schoolroom every third Thursday, from five till half-past six. As regards that branch of the arts which form the immediate subject of this paper:—

Drawing is taken by the three lower forms as a school subject for two lessons a week, the time given amounting to about three hours in each week. Each form attends the Art school one first school, *i.e.* before breakfast, and one evening from 7.20 till 9 o'clock, the numbers in the forms being respectively—I., twelve to fourteen boys; II., twenty to twenty-two; III., twenty-two to twenty-six. The work is restricted to freehand outline from the flat. Above these forms drawing is a voluntary subject. From thirty to thirty-five boys is the usual number learning.



The old Schoolroom, from the Churchyard.

Boys taking the subject as an extra are allowed, as a rule, to choose whichever branch of the art they prefer to study, the majority choosing landscape, comparatively few displaying either capacity or inclination for the severer, and perhaps apparently slower work, involved in the study of the figure. Animal drawing is somewhat popular, and is encouraged, being perhaps, next to the figure, the best practice in rendering form. All boys, at some period of their tuition, go through a course of perspective, and boys destined for professions requiring it may, in addition, go through a course of practical geometry, plane and solid.

The room now devoted to the work of the Art school is the original schoolroom, built in 1584; it is of fair proportions, being 56 feet long by 26 feet wide. The lighting is not of the regulation studio character, there being along one side four mullioned windows, but the thickness of the wall is so great that the light from a single window can be concentrated upon the casts in use without difficulty; whilst the deeply embayed windows, with their time-worn stonework and quarried lights, afford, with the old entrance-doors and the interior itself, good subjects for practice and practical illustrations of perspective. The doors of the room open into the churchyard, affording views of the church porch, the churchyard limes, etc., and also giving more than one good subject for study from nature; and from just outside our doors we get one or two picturesque groupings of cottages, backed by wooded slopes and purple distance; indeed, we have all the requirements for landscape study on the spot, which, seeing the little time boys at school can give to Art studies, is a great advantage.

Another valuable influence on the Art education of the boys is to be found in the decoration of the room now in progress: a panelled dado runs round the walls, the upper panels of which, seventy in number, and twelve inches square, are level with the eye, and are being filled with heads (portraits where procurable) of the great masters of Art, from Polygnotus to Joseph Mallord William Turner, A.D. 1775—1851, the names, dates, and countries being inscribed on labels attached; and on the walls above specimens of their work, as rendered by engraving, autotype, or the productions of The Arundel Society. By these means boys passing through the school may have impressed upon their minds, without having it given them as a lesson, a knowledge at least of the names and countries of the world's great artists, who they were, when they lived, and what they did.

Mr. Poynter, in the introduction to Messrs. Sampson Low's "Illustrated Text Books of Art Education," says:—"Most boys on leaving school know at least who Homer, Æschylus, Virgil, and Horace were, and what they did. They have probably learnt also how Virgil's epic is founded on Homer's; how Æschylus led the way to Sophocles and Euripides; they have learnt from Horace the various forms of versification which he used, and whence they were derived, and much more of the same kind; in fact, unless more than the usual amount of time has been devoted to athletics, they come away with a sufficient general acquaintance with fine literature to form their tastes, and to help them to pursue the subject in after life if so inclined.

"But it is doubtful whether the large majority of boys would

not be puzzled by any allusion to the names of Phidias or Michael Angelo. They may have heard of Raphael, because his cartoons for the Vatican tapestries are in this country, and they may have seen prints of Da Vinci's 'Last Supper'; but there are very few who would come well out of an examination as to any other works of these great artists."

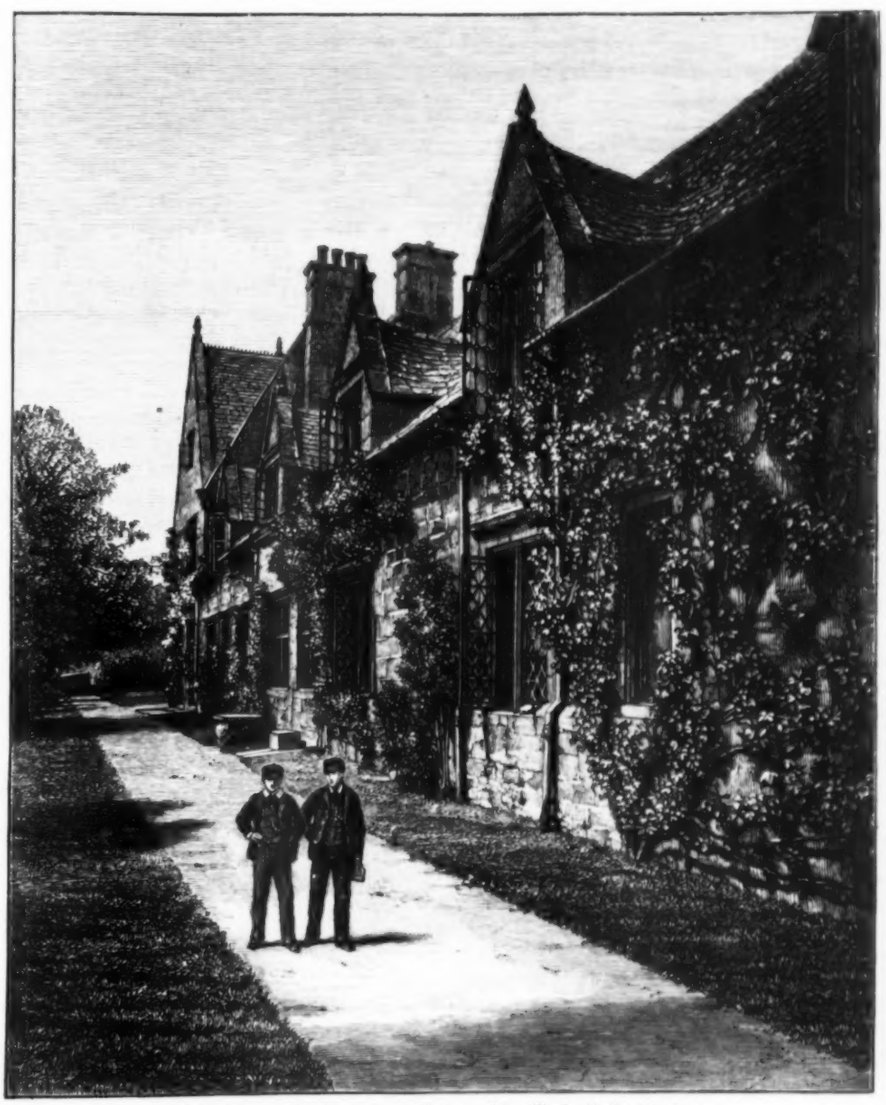
By means of our portrait gallery, we hope that at least a good percentage of our boys will not be open to this reproach, whilst a series of incidents, legendary and historical, connected with Art, arranged as a frieze along the upper part of the wall, will awaken an interest in the subject, and doubtless lead to a taste and love for Art, and its doings, which, growing with their growth, will accompany them through life, and be to its possessors a life-long pleasure.

While on the subject of decoration something must be said of the large schoolroom, the walls and windows of which have lately been subjected to treatment at the hands of the Art master of the school. The room, in the Early English style, was built, some sixteen years ago, from the design of the late G. Street, R.A. It will be more becoming if the description of the decoration is the work of another pen, I therefore transcribe from the school chronicle.

"The celebration of Founder's Day, at Uppingham (June 30th, 1882), will enjoy a prominence among these anniversaries. To the usual festival was added this year a special ceremony, graced by the presence and words of distinguished guests. The ceremony in question was the inauguration of the paintings with which Mr. Rossiter's art has covered the walls of the schoolroom. The scheme, of which these are the fulfilment, is the logical conclusion to the principle of working with fitting tools. The first germ might be seen in the embellishment of the schoolhouse hall, in very early days; later on the photographs in the head master's class-room carried out the idea further; then came the autotypes in the schoolroom itself; and Mr. Rossiter has not ceased to suggest that kind of decoration he has now been enabled to complete. So we will accept as official the ironical account rendered by the head master, who described it as a conspiracy between Mr. Rossiter and himself, which he lays to the door of Mr. Rossiter's readiness to conspire, citing Shakespeare:—

> 'How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
> Makes ill deeds done.'

Looking to results, we are very glad the conspirator was at hand to tempt Mr. Thring thus θεια πανουργία. We are also reasonably proud that the school should have supplied its own Art without going beyond its own borders, and that the most recent of the 'Makers of Uppingham' should be a member of her polity."



Schoolhouse—Garden Front. Engraved by W. & J. R. Cheshire.

"The plan of the decoration is as follows: The whole wall above the string course has been painted a rich Pompeiian red, with the exception of the stone dressing of the windows, which is left untouched. This colour well sets off the autotypes from ancient sculpture which line the walls, and the portrait of the head master. Above the pictures and immediately below the band on which school honours are inscribed, runs a frieze, thirty inches deep, consisting of alternate panels of thirteenth-century ornament, in harmony with the style of architecture,

and seated whole-length figures on gold backgrounds, the representatives of literature, ancient and modern. The following is the order of the figures. At the south end, King David on the left and St. John on the right, represent Holy Writ; on the west wall are ranged the ancients in chronological order, commencing at the south end: they are Homer, Æschylus, Pindar, Herodotus, Plato, Demosthenes, Euclid, Cicero, Virgil, Horace. At the north end, westward of the big window, Livy concludes the series. Eastward of the window, Dante begins the line of moderns, and along the east wall are Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Corneille, Dr. Johnson, Goethe, Scott, and Wordsworth. . . . . The appropriateness of the design to the purposes of the building must be obvious, and the splendour of the general effect cannot fail to impress every one who enters it. The elaboration of the figures raises them above the level of merely decorative art, and so brings them within the reach of detailed criticism. Possibly in the uncertainty of human standards of excellence, some critic of the selection will miss his favourite hero from the file of chosen worthies. The only objection of this kind which has reached us is that of the boy who, discovering the likeness of the Greek geometrician, exclaimed, 'Why they've got old Euclid up there! Then where's Algebra and Arithmetic?'"

I may also be allowed to quote from Lord Carnarvon's speech on the occasion. "Gentlemen, since the days of the Painted Porch in Athens, I doubt whether training has been installed more lovingly, or more truly, or in a worthier home."

As far as our methods of work are concerned I do not think I can claim to have introduced any novelty, following as closely as the limits imposed by the exigencies of school-life will allow me, the usual course of Art school instruction. Copies are used in the initiatory stages, and as soon as the pupil shows sufficient perception of form and proportion, and capacity to put a subject on paper, he is invited to try his hand at the cast or object. I need not say the time for this varies in nearly every case. Supposing a boy has chosen the figure as his subject, he is set to draw the sections of the face of Michael Angelo's 'David,' then other sections of faces according to his progress, from them to the mask, and so on to the bust, hands, feet, and the whole figure, drawing in with charcoal, and shading with the little grey "Tortillon" stump.

There is a fairly good and ever-increasing collection of casts to work from, which, as boys progress, are occasionally varied by getting a living model. From the life I encourage working entirely in charcoal, rubbing in tone with the finger, and getting out lights with wash-leather and bread. It is comparatively rare for a schoolboy, in the little time he can devote to drawing, to reach any great proficiency in drawing from the life; we can only take care that what he does shall be honestly done, and his progress, as far as it goes, shall be solid rather than showy. "That which you have to praise in a boy is not the thing, but the hope of the thing," and to nothing that a schoolboy does can this apply with more force than to his school drawing. At the present time I have three boys capable of working with advantage to themselves from the living model, and we have a sitter once a week, a change from the cast, which I need scarcely say is greatly appreciated by them, and which naturally helps them to a keener appreciation of the value of their work from the cast, which by itself must become a trifle monotonous. In the same way, sundry cases of well set-up specimens of the larger birds, kindly placed at our service by one of my classical colleagues (a keen ornithologist), I find eagerly welcomed as a change from cast, or copy, by boys practising animal drawing. The live animal, being more difficult to keep in order than the human subject, I have not yet ventured to introduce.

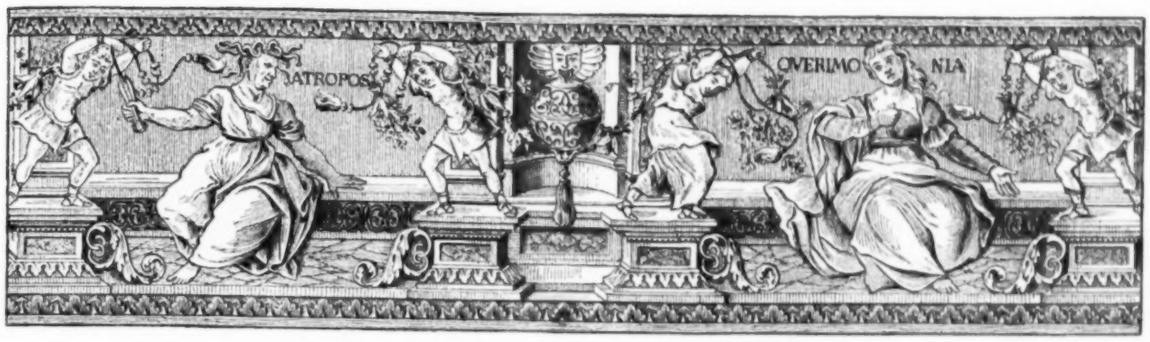
Of landscape study from nature beyond the immediate precincts of our picturesque old room, I get but little, the only times available for the purpose are the half-holidays, and half-holidays in the summer time are sacred to cricket, which no properly constituted British schoolboy can afford to forego; it is, moreover, impressed upon him that he must "play cricket," and not merely "play at cricket." Now and then I get a boy whose devotion to Art is greater than his affection for the noble game, and most satisfactory work has been the result; but these are exceptions rare enough to prove the rule. Latterly some of my most likely boys have either been in the eleven, or eagerly looking forward to that proud distinction. I may, therefore, regard myself as being fortunate in having good subject-matter not only at my doors, but within my doors, so that every boy studying landscape, given the requisite amount of capacity and perseverance, gets before he leaves the school sufficient actual practice from nature to enable him to carry his sketching easel where he will, and work by himself, with profit and with pleasure, supposing that he has no further opportunity of getting direct instruction.

The time at which most of our extra drawing is done is between twelve o'clock, when a boy leaves his classical form, and dinner time, half-past one. All boys are required to attend twice a week, the times for such attendance being fixed; but boys who are sufficiently in earnest, and can manage their other work to enable them to do so, are at liberty to attend as often as they please; the oftener they come, the warmer their welcome.

It is of course disappointing, when a boy with whom one feels much might be done, if he would only give a few more hours weekly, cuts down his attendances to the fewest allowable, because he is wanted in the cricket-field; possibly cutting even those to do battle for his school in a big match. After all, Art and cricket are not wholly incompatible. A distinguished bowler of the last few seasons, whose prowess was largely instrumental in inflicting on the Australians one of the most decisive defeats they suffered in this country, was a drawing boy during the whole time of his stay at school. I had the pleasure of awarding him a prize, of which he probably is not so proud as of his achievements in the field. Another of the eleven, who left us a year ago, and who had been a drawing pupil for several years, has, he tells me, adopted architecture as his profession.

The discipline among themselves which regulates and governs the games, is by no means the least valuable part of a public schoolboy's training, and if our respected cricket coach, H. H. Stephenson (may his shadow never be less!) has had the glorious satisfaction of seeing five of his old boys in the Cambridge eleven (Oxford was beaten that year by an innings and I forget how many runs), I have for the last few years had the gratification of seeing the works of some of my old boys on the walls of the Royal Academy.

C. ROSSITER.



From a Tapestry by Bernard van Orley, at Hampton Court.

SUGGESTIONS IN DECORATIVE DESIGN FROM THE WORKS OF GREAT PAINTERS.*

No. VIII.

IN our last article on this subject the works in precious metals designed by, or represented in the pictures by, the great painters, were chiefly treated of; but the baser metals were not regarded as too low to receive their Promethean touch, for pewter and brass—the two metals of daily life—were also kindled into living beauty by their hands.



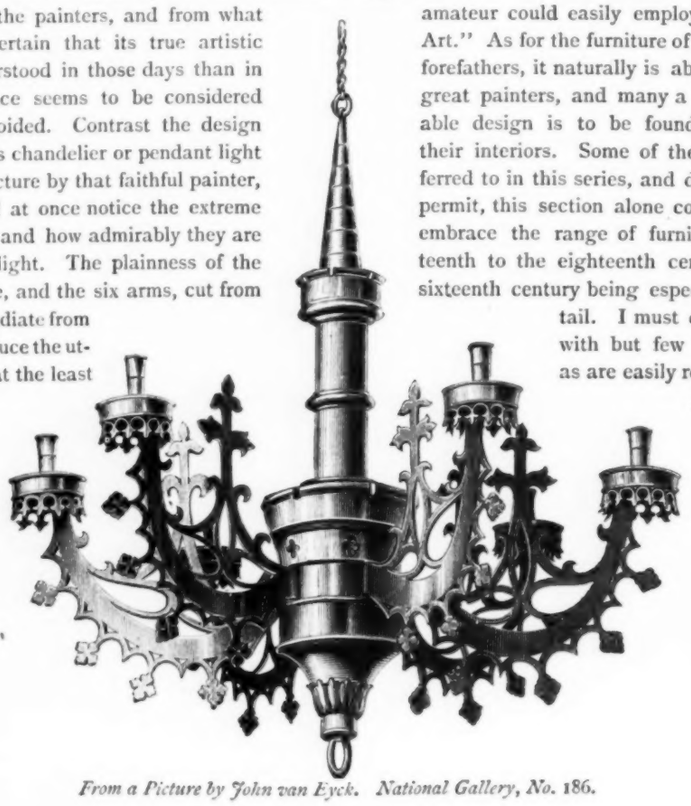
From a Picture dated 1522. Brussels Gallery, No. 98.

We have seen how Mabuse made a stoneware vase all beauteous without with wrought gold, and here an unknown contemporary of his presents us with an analogous treatment of a blue cylindrical pot, elaborately mounted in brass.

The body of the cup or vase is of pale blue, highly glazed, and may possibly be a bit of veritable Oriental porcelain, though it is probably of more ordinary ceramic character, but it is carefully and ably mounted with wrought brass work, chiefly composed of detached motives pinned on to the ceramic nucleus. The base is admirably designed, being wide-spreading and well weighted, so as to prevent the vessel being readily overturned; and the way in which the body of the cup is allowed to appear through the strap-work and perforations of the socket is full of useful suggestions. The cover, too, is good, and the mouldings are fine and sharp, of delicate contour, and well suited to polished metal work, in which respect they widely differ from modern mountings. Here the art is everything, the materials a secondary consideration, and the suggestions thus offered are well worthy of being taken note of by the donors and designers of prize cups, whose pawn-worth is too frequently the measure of their value. By whom it was designed we do not know, and the zealous director of the Brussels Academy is too true an Art lover to be content that a doubtful name should remain in the gallery over which he has charge, and so boldly classes the picture whence this cup is taken amongst the many *maîtres inconnus* which adorn this rich collection. It forms an accessory to an ably-designed 'Descent from the Cross,' the centre panel of a triptych, and was the vase of precious ointment which the Marys brought for the anointing of their Lord. It was not jewelled nor of gold, for they were of the poor of the earth, but it was the best they had, and Art and love made it glorious. The picture was painted in 1522 for one of the convents in the neighbourhood of Brussels, by the order of "Joffrow Janne Văde Maerde, borsieresse vă desē godshuyse," and in commemoration of the deaths of many sisters of the confraternity of the name of Bockaers, extending from 1400 to 1500. It has been attributed to the hand of Jan van Heenenessen, though as there is so little really known of the many painters who wrought so excellently in Flanders at the commencement of the sixteenth century, it is much wiser to leave it unnamed until some warranty to an assignment can be given.

* Concluded from page 339.

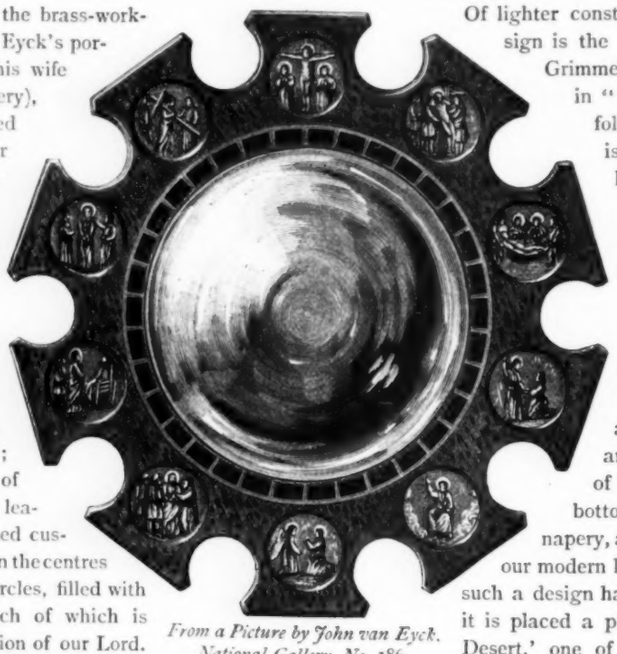
Brass work, by its wonderful reflections and the large masses of glowing light obtained from it, has at all times been lovingly treated by the painters, and from what they reveal to us it is certain that its true artistic treatment was better understood in those days than in these, when a plain surface seems to be considered as the one thing to be avoided. Contrast the design of almost any modern brass chandelier or pendant light with this, taken from a picture by that faithful painter, John van Eyck. You will at once notice the extreme simplicity of the surfaces, and how admirably they are calculated to refract the light. The plainness of the turned and "spun" centre, and the six arms, cut from flat plates of metal, which radiate from it, are all calculated to produce the utmost amount of brilliancy at the least expense of labour; in fact, the axiom of all true decorative art has been acted upon throughout, and that the "thought doth save the wrought" is exemplified in every detail.



From a Picture by John van Eyck. National Gallery, No. 186.

In most modern work there is confusion worse confounded by little bits of scrolls and leaves being stuck on here and there to stop a gap in the design, until a perspective view of the subject presents a contorted convolution of meaningless lines, not one of which aids the primary purpose of the object by enhancing the effect of the light.

This interesting example of the brass-worker's art is taken from Jan van Eyck's portrait of John Arnolfini and his wife (No. 186 in our National Gallery), a picture of domestic life painted in 1434, whence also comes our next illustration of a circular and convex mirror; an early illustration of the use of this agreeable accessory, which has continued almost uninterruptedly in popular favour to the present day. Its framework consists of an inner band of rich blue glass or vitrious enamel in small oblong sections set in a red rim; the outer frame is evidently of wood covered with dark brown leather, divided into twelve reversed cuspations on its outer periphery; in the centres of these are pierced twelve circles, filled with small convex glasses, on each of which is painted a scene from the Passion of our Lord. This also offers valuable hints for the inexpensive framing of such mirrors, and the floral emblems of the months, or passages from some favourite poet, painted in the newly-revived method of painting on the back of the glass, would render such an accessory decoration an object of much interest, and one on which the intelligent amateur could easily employ himself and his "Home Art." As for the furniture of the rooms occupied by our forefathers, it naturally is abundantly illustrated by the great painters, and many a quaint device and agreeable design is to be found in the backgrounds of their interiors. Some of these have been already referred to in this series, and did the limits of our space permit, this section alone could be extended so as to embrace the range of furniture design from the fifteenth to the eighteenth century, the pictures of the sixteenth century being especially rich in furniture detail. I must content myself at present with but few examples, choosing such as are easily reproducible, or which offer suggestions for every-day use. Such an one is the bench or settle taken from a picture of 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' and painted by Jan van Conninxlo somewhere about 1540. The picture is preserved in the Brussels Gallery (No. 10), and forms one of the two wings of a triptych the centre of which is missing. Both it and its companion are of considerable interest for their many details of domestic furniture and accessories, and this bench gives us a very useful type of massive character.



From a Picture by John van Eyck. National Gallery, No. 186.

Of lighter construction and more elegant design is the side table designed by Abel Grimmer, in 1614, and placed by him in "the house of Mary," which, following the custom of the time, is furnished after the fashion of his day. Of this fashion the example here engraved is a very good example. The body of the side table is of light wood, probably pear-tree, which was then much used, and is of a pleasant warm tone; the framework, the mouldings, and the enrichments, which are carved in very low relief, are of oak or walnut; both top and bottom portions contain drawers for napery, and in the small class of rooms our modern life has chiefly to be passed in, such a design has great applicability. Above it is placed a picture of the 'Repose in the Desert,' one of a series which decorate the room. The bed and the chimney-piece which are there represented are of noteworthy design, and it is evident that Abel Grimmer was a facile designer, though of his life we have little record, and his works are but

seldom met with. He was inscribed in the records of the Guild of Painters of Antwerp as having been elected a member of it in 1594, and was probably a relative, if not a son, of Jaques Grimmer, of whose works the Brussels Gallery possesses an example.

Amongst the many treasures enshrined in the Musée d'Anvers is a considerable number of the old "blazons," or emblematic devices of the various societies which solaced the life of the city in its palmy days. The designs for these blazons were the subjects of much friendly competition, and a "blazoenfeest" was held at varying intervals, when the prize was decreed to the most successful designer or designers, for they were frequently conjoint productions, the most distinguished artists enrolled in each society aiding in their composition. Under such circumstances these emblems are often of a very high degree of merit, and from one of them, in which Henri van Balen (*le vieux*), Jean Breughel (*de velours*), Sebastian Vranckx, and François Francken (*le jeune*) collaborated, is taken our last illustration. It is a design for a wooden bracket or *étagère* for hanging against a wall, on which ornaments can be placed; and as in these days our walls are covered with such things, to hide our mean paper-hangings, it affords a very serviceable hint to render such things at least worthy of the objects placed upon them. As represented in the blazon of "The Rhetorical Society of the Violet," an offshoot from, and intimately allied to, the Guild of St. Luke, it is surrounded by a wreath of flowers—no doubt Breughel's contribution to it, for it was from his flower painting he earned that sobriquet which has, oddly enough, been translated in both French and English into "Velvet;" and the wildest theories have been based upon this mistranslation, for the "Velvet Breughel" of old inventories is simply Breughel the painter of flowers (*velours*). On the bracket are figures by Van Balen (who was *doyen* of the Society of St. Luke and the master of Van Dyck) with others by Francken the younger, and the bracket in question was probably designed by Sebastian Vranckx. The date of their united victory was 1618, and until this victory was wrested from the Society of the Violet, Painting had the right to be represented in that coloured robe in all the Antwerp pageants.



From a Picture by Jan van Conninxlo. Brussels Gallery, No. 10.

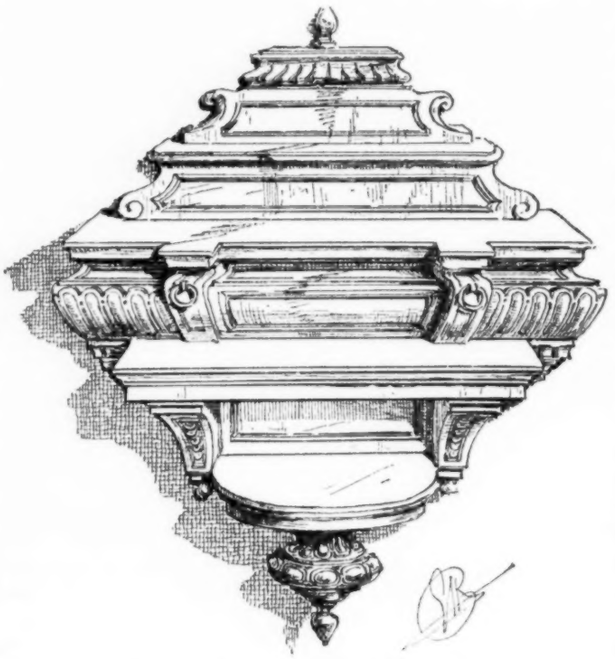
Many of the "blazons" are full of quaint allegory and fertile with design, and, as may be inferred from the history of the one we have culled this last illustration from, present to us the loving work of many of the foremost artists of their day. It is to be hoped that, now the Antwerp pictures have been installed in their new home, these blazons may be better displayed than they were in the old and crowded galleries, as they are quite worthy of a special investigation and a separate notice.

My present and pleasant task here ceases. I have endeavoured in the preceding articles to point out how very much there is to be learned from the somewhat overlooked accessory work of the great painters, and how many suggestions in design there are embodied in their pictures. The architect, the sculptor, the ornamentist, in fact, the designer for, and the executor of, almost every artistic detail which surrounds our daily life, may find hints which may set him on his road rejoicing. But I would impress upon the student that the greater gain will be his, if in thus finding that which may be of immediate and practical use to him, he delves somewhat deeper into the mine, and endeavours to find out how his treasure came there, to trace whence it came, and why it was adopted. By thus doing he will find a living speech for his craft, and by the spirit he will thus be enabled to infuse into his work, he will cause the dry bones of the past to live again. His art will be no longer a collection of fossilised forms, combined with more or less discretion, but he will carry on the rekindled torch, and decorative design will be as full of meaning for those who come after us as has been that of the past to us. But why revert to the past? say some of our doctrinaires. Why revert to the past? why not rather create something entirely new? Let us have a nineteenth-century Art. Let us go to Nature and create afresh! There are two propositions in this theorem of theirs, both plausible and each deserving of serious answer—especially as



From a Picture by Abel Grimmer. Brussels Gallery, No. 297.

they are often repeated by those who talk much but work little. If the nineteenth century were an entirely new epoch, differing in all respects from the many more than the eighteen centuries which have preceded it, the first of these suggestions for decorative design would be tenable, but as our century is but another link added to a long existing chain, the present but unites itself to and becomes an integral portion of that which existed aforetime, and all that has been is but a part of that which is. Has the nineteenth century created a new speech? It has developed and added to that of our forefathers no doubt, and even in its decline essays "volapük," but neither the orator nor the philologist nor the artist can create a new tongue. To appeal to the sense of those he would teach or touch, each must speak in a language understanded of the people, must use old forms, must even use apt quotation, and blend wise saws with modern instances. Janus-headed must each be, and look both rearward and forward in his circumspection. Neither in science nor in learning nor in Art has there ever been, or can ever be, an entirely new creation. Development and evolution are the means by which all true progress is and has ever been made, and especially must this be the case in the arts of design, wherein memory and allusion play so large a part.



From a Picture in the Musée d'Anvers.

And yet the demand made in this proposition is not entirely causeless. Nauseated and fatigued by the slavish and irrational reproduction of old forms, the meaning of which has long since passed away, those who feel an interest in Decorative Art have come almost to loathe the good original examples of it by reason of the reiterated repetition of its weak imitation. Alas! music is not the only Art which suffers from organ-grinders, and the ornamentalist or designer who, without wise adaptation, filches from our museums fragments of the past, is but the equivalent of the organ-grinder in music, or "gra'merci" and "i'fakins" school of writers which the real progress of literature has thrust down into a limbo, whence it is to be hoped there is no resurrection.

As to the second proposition, "Let us go to Nature and create afresh," it is a hard speech and difficult of comprehension. If the designer is to create afresh, it is a contradiction to refer him to created Nature. If he is to go to Nature, the question arises, where does Nature begin or end, for the word Nature has an application as vague and as wide as is Nature itself. To go directly to Nature, or rather to any natural production, and copy it as nearly as he can, is but to prove that he who does it is not a designer, nor truly speaking an artist, for it is a fact, often ignored and generally lost sight of, that Art and Nature are very different—opposed even, for Art is certainly non-natural, and the nearer a designer would approach to an imitation of Nature the wider he finds himself from Art. At no time when the arts of design have flourished has direct imitation of Nature, or even highly naturalistic treatment of design, prevailed. Nature undoubtedly supplies the artist with an alphabet, which he can use in the construction of the language of Art, but as all his work must be artificial, and therefore non-natural, he must take but his "suggestions" in decorative design from her bountiful store, reflecting always that once done his work remains unchangeable, whereas hers is ever changing, and that the essential conditions of his labour and hers being so opposed, he must seek a different and not a similar result.

By the reasoning and careful study of the Art of the past, he will see how the strong men developed new beauties from old forms, how they read the book of Nature without plagiarising her work, how they wrote the history of the subtler thoughts of their day, and by practising the lessons he thus learns he will make the future of the arts of design far different to that which it is in the present. Of the present phase of decorative art there is little to be said; it is a harlequinade of shreds and patches, and until it becomes a thoughtful study, and not regarded as a graceful trade or a pretty pastime, it will never be anything else. And yet, when designed by the thoughtful artist, there is no branch of art which more surely, or more subtly, records the evanescent moods of the human mind, or foreshadows the aspirations and tendencies of the artistic movements of its time—aspirations and tendencies perhaps not fully achieved until long after, and the germ of which can only be surely traced to its embryonic stage save by its growth-record thus written.

Not all of these germs fructify; some are doomed to die from their birth, others are rudely eradicated by a sudden change of national feeling, the record of which change is itself preserved by the decorative artist (if the dubious qualificative term must be used); but others grow until grim Atropos—as designed by Bernard van Orley in the border of his tapestry at Hampton Court, which forms the head-piece of the present chapter—cuts it off, as grim fate now severs the thread of my discourse.

G. T. Robinson.



"What valiant foemen, like to Autumn's corn,
"Have we mow'd down in tops of all their pride."

THE valley of the Avon has been one of the choicest fighting grounds of the kingdom. Running north-east and south-west through the very heart of England, it forms a natural highway from Gloucester, Bristol, and the west, to the important garrison towns of Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, and the eastern counties. Nearly every contending party in the State has given battle within sight of the tranquil river, that flows now as it flowed then through the land, regardless of wars or rumours of wars. With the strong sweep of the Severn, the rush of the Dee, the turbulent mountain-born streams of the north—with these the thought of fighting seems not out of place. But the idea that our quiet, uneventful Avon's course should be connected with some of the most momentous struggles in our country's history is strangely incongruous. So fate has willed it, however—fate and the river's very character. The broad stretch of gentle undulating ground, flanked by plateaux like Edgehill, the important fortified abbeys guarding the stream from point to point, and the strong castles of Kenilworth, Warwick, and Worcester as gathering places for troops, have drawn down upon the land the curse of war. Every mile has been marched over—fought over—every town taken and retaken, who knows how often.

Joining the Severn at Tewkesbury, where the Lancastrians made their last stand against the House of York, the Avon rises on Naseby field, where all Prince Rupert's prowess, all Charles's passionate despair, calling on his troopers for "one charge more" against the Ironsides, could not save the royalist cause from utter destruction. On "Evesham Plain," among the orchards and the vineyards, Simon de Montfort, "that glorious man," struck his last blow for the Parliament he had helped to create. And Warwick and Coventry blazed out answers to the beacon fire on Burton Dassett church tower—burning in the old cresset that stands there yet—after Edgehill, the first great fight of the Civil War, when Parliament and Crown were again arrayed against each other.

It is beyond Stratford, past the Weir Brake where Titania stuck musk-roses in Bottom the Weaver's "sleek smooth head," past Binton Bridges, and "Haunted Hillborough" with its dovecote, and red-roofed "Drunken Bidford," that the battle-fields of the Vale of Evesham begin. The reaches from Bidford down to Cleeve Mill are as notable for quiet beauty of the true Avon type as any on the river—a sweet pastoral prologue to the great drama of wars and fightings on which the curtain rises below.

Upon a warm stormy day of late autumn—one of those days when rain, past and future, emphasises every colour in the present—the deceased and lamented Betsey Hendley of Bidford provided us with a cranky craft—odd sculls, creaking rowlocks, many leaks, and grass growing in the bows. To this, with two and a quarter inches freeboard, we entrusted our precious lives. In peril as imminent as ever Cavalier or Roundhead encountered in battle by Avon, we rowed down between the flat green meadows. Then under the high wooded bank of red marl, crusted and streaked with green, that the country folk call Mar Cleeve, but that the Ordnance Survey have debased into Marl Cliff on all their maps. Then past the mouth of the little Arrow; and the tower of Salford Priors church; near Salford Abbot's nunnery, deserted by nuns and haunted by rats; and so down to Cleeve Mill—the solitary red mill set against a wooded cliff. Away to the right across

the meadows, as the strong current bore us on, three soft cloudy willows stood out against the rich purple slope of an upland fallow field, and every one exclaimed "A bit of Costa." The delicate greys and yellows of the nearer masses of willows that made us think of Tiffany's frosted silver inlaid with gold—the golden-brown reed beds that fringed them—the line of loosestrife, all crimson, along the banks—the rare lesser-bulrush—the great water-grass and giant reeds—were all reflected vividly in the brown water that ran smooth and oily. And above the willows the cliff hung over us, a glory of colour, clear yellow of maple, scarlet of wild cherry, warm rich tawny brown of beech, among the heavy rainy green of the few trees that still made believe summer was not quite gone: every tone intensified by the dull grey of the sky, with here and there a stormy break of light, or passing shadow of yet more stormy darkness.

The village of Cleeve Priors lies nearly a mile back from the river on a high plateau. Like most of the up-country villages of the district it is built all of grey stone: fine old solid houses with mullioned windows, and gardens full of roses and dahlias, and yew-trees clipped into peacocks, and a vine over every house, a relic of the mediæval vineyards of these parts. Everything in Cleeve, down to the very stiles, is built of stone, save the delicious old manor-house, a red-brick house with white stone mullions, and groups of twisted chimneys against a background of tall elms, all yellow-madder and green, and alive with cawing rooks. But more remarkable than the house is the yew walk that leads up to its round-arched door and gabled porch. A smooth massive wall of black yews some ten feet thick, on either side of a flagged path, is clipped with minutest care into great square arches; and each block between the openings is surmounted by a well-rounded dome. For solidity and evenness, and grand mass of light and shade, it is difficult to imagine that this yew walk at Cleeve can be surpassed by any in England. The farm buildings across the road are a complete contrast to the red manor-house and its gloomy yew walk; for they are all of grey stone, with flights of outside steps up to wooden-porched doors, soft and tender with the greys of sixteenth-century woodwork. And as our minds were somewhat haunted by memories of Shakespeare and his carouse at Bidford, we could not help speculating whether he had ever come over to see the manor-house that must have been nearly finished in his lifetime, and looked at the stock in the grey stone farmyard, and, perchance, drunk a glass of ale at the "Old King's Head," a fine stone inn with a great pigeon-cote behind it.

At the top of the cliff over Cleeve Mill we find the first trace of battles. Just above the road stands a broken stone cross; and from its steps a glorious view unfolds itself. South lie the Cotswold Hills, with Broadway tower against the sky. Bredon Hill lifts its great shoulder above Pershore, and almost hides the Malvern range. Still farther away southwards are the hills about Cheltenham and the head-waters of the Thames. And between Cleeve and those distant points lies the rich, wooded vale of Evesham, covered with orchards and gardens, thick with villages clustered about their church towers, while the Avon winds in and out through its midst.

The battered old stone cross marks the spot where Prince Edward crossed the Avon during his advance in the summer night before the battle of Evesham. From Friday, July 31st, 1265, to the following Tuesday, August 4th, our Avon valley was the theatre of a series of marches, surprises, skirmishes, and battles. On Friday, Prince Edward, who lay at Worcester, made a rapid night march on Kenilworth, surprising the younger Simon de Montfort and his men in their beds, and securing such enormous booty and such numbers of horses that the very grooms paraded before the Prince in the arms and on the horses of knights. With these fresh mounts for his troops, his foot soldiers turned into cavalry, Prince Edward returned to Worcester as rapidly as he had come, reaching it the same night.

The Prince left Worcester on Monday when he heard that the Earl of Leicester was advancing on Evesham and Kenilworth. He marched a few miles up the Severn as if he would have gone to Bridgenorth, in order to confuse the spies, who seem to have been pretty active on both sides. Then turning suddenly eastward he made for Alcester, and crossed the river at Cleeve Priors, where there was a ford, his object being to cut de Montfort off should he advance to Kenilworth by the Warwick road. There were two old roads according to Camden's map, from Evesham to Kenilworth, one by Stratford and Warwick, the other by Alcester and Henley-in-Arden. Finding that the Earl had not taken the former, Prince Edward recrossed the river a mile or two above Evesham at Dead Men's Eyot—a ferry now known as Bridge Inn, although no trace of a bridge can be found there—in order to cut de Montfort off by the Alcester road, and mounted the high ground to the north of Evesham called Green Hill. Here he was joined by Gloucester, who had stolen along the north of the Avon from Worcester by Wyre and Fladbury; Roger Mortimer, meanwhile, following de Montfort's track by the southern route through Pershore, to Bengeworth, a suburb connected with Evesham by a bridge. Posting his own men in the open on the top of the hill, and Gloucester's troops in a little hollow to the left, out of sight of the town, Prince Edward waited, sure of success, for he commanded every outlet, and knew de Montfort could not now escape him.

In the meantime, the Earl of Leicester, all unconscious of the Kenilworth disaster, marched with the King, his prisoner, from Hereford to Kempsey, a few miles below Worcester. Thence on Monday night he moved away, crossed the Avon at Pershore, and following the left bank arrived at Evesham, after a fifteen miles' march, early on the morning of Tuesday, August 4th. The King, who probably was aware through spies that his son was near at hand, breakfasted and heard mass. But the Earl, impatient to meet his son Simon, on whose arrival depended all the success of his proposed movement against the royalists, would touch nothing. Just as de Montfort and the King were about to mount their horses and push on to Kenilworth, word came that troops were approaching from the north. "It is my son," the Earl cried out joyfully. Perhaps the other father silently repeated the exclamation. "Nevertheless," he added, "go up and look and bring me word again." Nicholas, the Earl's long-sighted barber, who had some knowledge too of heraldry, mounted the bell-tower of the abbey, followed by his master. At the first glance all looked well. The ensigns of young Simon and his allies floated over the troops on Green Hill. But the next moment keen-eyed Nicholas saw they were in hostile hands. All was over, and de Montfort knew it. He was in a trap. The enemy before him on the hill—the river behind him—and Mortimer hastening to cut off his only means of escape by the bridge.

"May the Lord have mercy upon our souls," he said, "for our bodies are undone." In vain he tried to persuade his son Henry and his old friend Despencer to save themselves while there yet

was time. They refused. "Come then," he said, "and let us die like men, for we have fasted here, and we shall breakfast in heaven." The troops, shriven by the old Bishop of Worcester, advanced in close order, the white cross on their shoulders. They met the royalists in the coombe at the foot of Green Hill; and even in that supreme moment de Montfort could not help admiring the way the Prince's men advanced. "By the arm of St. James they come on well; they learnt that not of themselves, but me."

The Earl's horse was killed under him; and his son was among the first to fall. Then the old lion, crying "It is time for me to die," rushed upon the foe, wielding his sword with both hands. "Had there been but half-a-dozen more like himself," says one who saw the fight, "he would have turned the tide of battle. As it was he nearly gained the crest of the hill." But "while he stood 'like a tower,' a foot soldier, lifting up his coat of mail pierced his back, and with the words 'Dieu merci' on his lips he fell."

Then the battle became a butchery. No quarter was asked or given. In two hours of that summer morning all was over; while an awful tempest and a great darkness fell upon the country—a darkness like that in the hearts of thousands to whom Simon de Montfort's name meant liberty.

"Mes par sa mort le quens de Montfort conquist la victorie,
Come le martyr de Caunterbyr finist sa vie.
* * * * * * * *
Ore est ocys la flur de pris, qe taunt savoit la guere
Ly quens Montfort, sa dure mort molt emplorra la terre."

Modern Evesham in the midst of its fertile gardens and orchards, with the Avon running round it in a horseshoe, looks curiously unwarlike. Of the splendid Abbey that St. Egwin, Bishop of Worcester, founded in 701, on the spot in the forest where a vision of the Virgin Mary appeared to his swineherd Eoves, scarcely a vestige remains. The first thing one sees at Evesham, whether one approaches it by road, rail, or river, is the Bell Tower, a detached campanile and gateway of fine Perpendicular work, built between 1533 and 1539 by the last of the abbots. The very beautiful fourteenth-century cloister arch is now the gateway to some allotment gardens. Abbot Lichfield's chapels are incorporated in the parish church of St Lawrence. The base of a pillar almost buried in the earth, is all that marks the site of the Abbey church, that "had withinside one hundred and sixty-four gilt marble pillars." And the town horses and donkeys browse on the turf covering the spot where Simon de Montfort was laid by pious monks before the high altar.

Nevertheless, in the sleepy little town, given up to fruits and vegetables, there are a few interesting relics of early days. St. Egwin's gateway, by which you pass from the market-place into the churchyard and Abbey precincts, is delightful with its Norman arcading on either side—the base of which is buried eight feet in the ground—and a charming old black and yellow house built over the archway. The white plaster of Warwickshire gives place in Worcestershire to a warm soft yellow, very pleasant to the eye. And the old Vicarage, adjoining St. Egwin's gateway, is an excellent specimen of yellow-wash and black timbers.

On the curious old Booth Hall in the market-place, with overhanging upper stories, quaint gables, and crowds of little casement windows, the yellow-wash has been used with unfortunate generosity; for it is plastered all over the fine oak beams, and the building loses half its effect. One hardly dares venture a conjecture as to the date of the Booth Hall. It was disused as a court-house in 1664, being too old for the taste and comfort of the judges of the Restoration; and may really be any age, a few centuries more or less would make little difference to such timbers.

On Merston Green one relic of the Abbey is still extant. Next to an old cottage, with pargetted front and nice bay window supported on wooden brackets, is a gabled house. Outside nothing special is to be seen, save a good square-headed window with carved dripstone. But within, the courteous owner showed us beams all carved and painted, and stairways and doorways which must certainly have been standing when the almoner of the Abbey distributed alms to the poor. For this is the Almonry; and in the wall of what is now the cellar of the cottage there is a very curious opening about a foot high, with a sort of slab outside and a crocketed finial over it, that must have been used to pass the doles through. And this is all—all that remains of the little kingdom ruled over by the mitred Abbot of Evesham—save a few foundations that archæologists grub out, and a few names, such as Abbey Gardens, St. Cross Churchyard, Vine Street, above the Vineyard Hill where the monks grew their wine, Abbot Reginald's Wall, and so forth.

Barely two hundred years after "Sir Simon was killed upon Evesham Plain," the Avon once more, according to the language of the chroniclers, "ran red with blood." Outside the Abbey church of Tewkesbury, with its high stilted Norman pillars, its chapels clustered outside a wide ambulatory exactly like those of a French church, its lofty recessed arch on the west front, which yet further increases its foreign look—outside its walls a desperate battle was fought. On Saturday morning, May 4th, 1471, Queen Margaret and young Prince Edward made their last stand with their host that "were ryght wery for travailynge" in the Vineyard, "close, even at the towne's ende: the towne and the Abbey at theyre backs; afore them, and upon every hand of them, fowle lanes and depe dikes, and many hedges, with hylls, and valleys: a right evill place to approche, as cowlde well have been devysed." Edward IV., by a splendid march, was close behind them; and a few hours after the Lancastrians encamped, he fell upon them.

The battle surged up over the meadows through which the Swylgate runs, into the precincts of the monastery, up to the very walls of the Abbey church, where many of the fugitives took refuge. The King and his victorious Yorkists pursued them closely. And now the great western arch was a setting to one of the most dramatic scenes ever enacted on our Avon's course. Abbot Strensham, who had been celebrating mass while the storm of fight raged outside, met the King at the west door, holding the Host in his hands, and forbade him to pass until he promised to spare those who had taken refuge in the church. The King gave his word; and monks and Abbot, soldiers and King, all marched "throughe the churche and the qwere to the hy awtere with grete devocion, praysenge God, and yeldynge unto hym conveniente lawde."

Without, the slaughter went on unabated, the worst being at the mill just outside the monks' beautiful old bowling green. And Edward's mercy and "devocion" were but shortlived. For, on his leaving the Abbey, the young Prince of Wales was brought a prisoner to his lodgings in High Street; and Edward's buffet with his gauntleted hand was the signal for the poor boy's assassination in one of the three houses where his blood still stains the floor.

The town of Tewkesbury is delightful; "watered," says Rudder, "by four rivers like the Garden of Eden;" and though, as he goes on to say in 1779, "not long since, the

roads were so founderous that a carriage could not possibly pass," yet modern highway boards have in this case done some good. There are wonderful old black-timbered and yellow-washed houses in Tewkesbury, not to be surpassed by any in England. Their upper stories and deep-eaved gables overhang the streets in such apparently perilous fashion that one almost hesitates to trust one's self in their upper rooms. But once inside the house, the solidity of the whole structure, the huge beams, the smooth oak floors, are completely reassuring; and one is willing to sit in the charming black oak gallery at the head of Mr. Collins' staircase, and believe that the good burghers and fair dames of Tewkesbury sat there four hundred years ago.

The monks' bowling green still exists behind the Bell Inn, a three-gabled, brown-timber and yellow-wash house of 1696. At either end masses of black yews are cut into cones and pyramids, teapots, and peacocks, and lively hens, with here and there the yellow shoot of a late rose forcing its way through the dark wall. In little arbours garlanded with hop-vines you may still sit, if you are so minded, and watch the bowling matches; or look out through a screen of lilacs at the Avon creeping past under the old buttressed wall, and the masts of boats in the Severn away across the flat meadows, and the fruitful land of Gloucestershire rolling up the Malvern hills in the west. While over narrow borders of old-fashioned lilies and wall-flowers, flags and peonies, that grow round the bowling green—over ancient thorns and elders and acacias—over the tops of the horse-chestnuts in the churchyard, rises the grand Abbey tower with its rows of Norman arcades; and the deep-toned bells chime out to call good folks to evening service.

Between Evesham and Tewkesbury the Avon is barred here and there by charming mills, and locks constructed in 1635 by the public-spirited Mr. Sandys of Fladbury, who made the river navigable from Tewkesbury up to Stratford, and thereby brought coals to the dwellers in the vale of Evesham, who hitherto had suffered from want of fuel. There is Chadbury, set against a distant blue body-colour hillside; the sweep of its rushing weir broken by a tall clump of reeds, that somehow have found roothold in its midst; Fladbury, too, with a wooded bank opposite the mill, crowned by a grand church. And so down to Pershore.

The Avon runs under a fine old seventeenth-century bridge, with sharply pointed angles to the stone buttresses up-stream, telling a tale of winter floods and heavy currents through the calm meadows. But the old bridge has a history more stirring than the recital of floods that carry away sheep and haystacks, and tear down the loamy banks.

When we came in peace to Pershore Bridge on a bright autumn day, the sun streamed in shafts of light through the arches, and over the still meadows, and the osier beds turning golden, and the yellow elms on the grass slopes of Wyke Park, and turned the wet road climbing the hill into a band of silver. Above the grand pollard willows with dark stems, and the thorn-tree, crimson with berries and hung with mistletoe, the sunny tower of the Abbey church rose over the purple and red house roofs, among tree-tops full of blue shadows, while the great black mill-wheel splashed ceaselessly.

Pershorians may well be proud of their sunny little town of good red-brick houses, built mostly in the regular Worcestershire fashion of one hundred and fifty years ago—white facings, pleasant bow windows, and doors with that ugly, but eminently respectable broken pediment above them, against which Mr. Ruskin inveighs so bitterly. It is not an imaginative style of architecture. But it does look so well-to-do. It is suggestive of a tidy balance at the Worcester Bank; of solid silver teapots; perhaps a brooch of family diamonds, small and a trifle grimy, set in old silver, and worn only at "high teas" when the neighbours come in and gossip flows like a river. One fancies there are Chippendale chairs, now relegated to the kitchen, and an Adam's sofa with curled ends and painted feet in the best bedroom. Of course the parlour was done up, when the present owners married, with rosewood abominations and flowery carpets. But even these atrocities cannot rob the Worcestershire house of its look of sterling worth. Pershore does look thoroughly worthy. And for romance you have but to turn to the bridge on the Avon, or to the Abbey church, and you have your fill.

Of the famous and powerful Abbey, hardly second to those of Evesham and Tewkesbury, nothing—absolutely nothing remains, save the choir and great square tower of its vast church.

The choir, which is now used as the parish church, is an exquisite specimen of Early English, richly clustered columns, an exceedingly lofty triforium arcade arranged in groups of three lancet arches, and an extremely beautiful roof, the ribs of the simple vaulting being very deeply moulded, and the bosses unusually rich in design.

The yellow elms shone like gold against the walls of the Norman transept, and cast clear purple shadows on the yellow sandstone of which the church is built; while above them the four golden vanes of the massive tower glittered against a tender blue sky. It was hard to believe that the outer walls of the church bore marks still of Cavalier and Roundhead skirmishes; that Dudda, the Earl of Mercia who founded Tewkesbury in 715, and Odda, his great descendant, the Earl of Mercia in Edward the Confessor's day, should have both been buried at Pershore in preference to their magnificent Abbey of Tewkesbury.

Now the only worshipper was an old man, in a plaited white smock, who knelt in front of the chancel, the clear autumn sunshine streaming in through the south windows on his snowy head. And falling leaves whirled past us through the open door, taking sanctuary from their enemy, the coming frost.

Odda and Dudda belong almost to the world of myth. Cavaliers and Roundheads have but left a few bullet holes on the church walls to mark their transit across the stage. And what of the monks of Pershore Abbey?

A country fellow—a regular country loafer, to whom the hoisting of a white sketching umbrella meant unspeakable joy of a victim who could not escape, pointed out a small doorway that must have led from the roof of the north transept, now destroyed, into the bell tower. "You see that hole like up there? Well, they call that the monkeys' hole—because there was monkeys used to live there. I never seen them myself: but there's plenty living now as can remember when there was monkeys there."

"But what did they live on?" inquired the listener.

"They did used to put down food for them every night; and they'd come out too through that hole and get nuts and things. But folks didn't like for 'em to be about the church, so they stopped up the hole."

By a reversal of the Darwinian theory, the Pershore monks have gone back to their hairy ancestors.

ROSE KINGSLEY.

HOME ARTS.—No. VII. HOW TO DESIGN.

I PROPOSE in this paper to set forth the leading principles of an easy system by which drawing and design can be taught together, and which has been thoroughly tested by me during several years on hundreds of scholars, and also been adopted in many classes or schools. By means of it I have often taught children of even eleven years of age to produce, after a few weeks' practice, good working patterns, fit to be put in hand and worked out in the brass, wood, or mosaic for which they were designed.

First, let it be observed that it is quite as easy for even a child to begin drawing with a free hand, spirals, or curves, as straight lines; and if a vigorous effort be made in the very beginning to master these, instead of straight lines and their combinations, there will be in the end a great saving of time and labour. The proportion of pupils who *could* draw circles very well indeed if they began with them, as compared to those who ever learn at any time to do so, is incredibly small. Yet he who can draw a circle can draw anything, for all curves are, for all practical purposes, composed of parts of circles. By a simple combination of these parts—far simpler than would be supposed—we can produce all that is most beautiful in organic development, or in the growth of plants and animals. In this paper I shall confine myself to the vine, bine, or creeper, which of itself forms the motive for a very great proportion of all the best decorative design of the Aryan races.



Fig. 1.

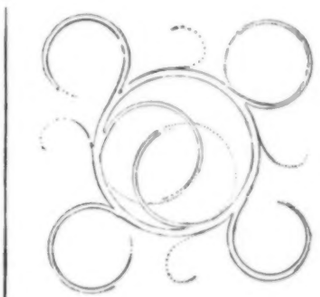


Fig. 2.



Fig. 3.

Let us begin by drawing a circle with a pair of compasses or by hand, and within this, and within and near it, another (Fig. 1). By a bold conventionalism (the only one which we shall employ) it is assumed that this doubled line represents a trunk of a tree, or of a vine bent in a circle with joined ends. Now take the compasses and throw out from it parts of circles, forming so-called tangential, or touching, curves, all growing in one direction (Fig. 2). Let these offshoots consist of parts of circles, each of about two-thirds of the diameter of the parent circle, just as branches are in smaller proportion to the original trunk. We may also make branches inside the circle as well as outside, but all should grow in one direction. If these branches balance one another, that is to say, are placed opposite each to each in due proportion, it will not be possible to make a design of which the general form or construction line will not be *absolutely perfect*. And this perfection or accuracy may be maintained to a very great degree in the most varied and complicated designs, if we adhere to the legitimate development of this beginning.

It is held that when the lines are developed so as to intersect or cross one another, the principle of simple perfection is departed from. This development or continuation of the lines is produced by simply drawing parts of circles back to back, so as to form the letter S. It may be done with any circle growing from the trunk at any portion of it. Vines may thus be continued to any extent (Fig. 3). Mr. Moody, late of the South Kensington School, compares such an arbitrary or capricious cutting across the regular lines of the plan to a discord in music. But it is certain that all the life or *vivacity*, so to speak, in such design, according to organic growth, depends on these irregularities. But even these are subject to strict principles. They too must follow the law of proportion or balance, and may be carried out to any extent by simply adding segments of circles to their ends, but reversed so as to form an S.

This S, let me observe, when it consists of semicircles of unequal sizes, forms very nearly, or enough for an illustration and practical use, the so-called line of beauty, which is found wherever organic life assumes graceful forms or lines. The pupil should practise drawing it by free hand in different sizes and with variations. The next step is to consider the spiral volute, or *helix* line, so called from *helix*, a snail, because its twist is precisely that of the gradually expanding line of a snail's shell. If we were to take a cone, and wrap round it a thread going from the point to the base, that thread would, if looked at from the side, form a line of beauty; regarded from the point it would be a spiral. Now as the spiral, as I shall show, consists, if not absolutely, at least nearly enough for average ornamental design, of the segments of circles, it is worth while to master it and the line of beauty in their relation to the circle, for with these three any design whatever which follows the vine can be easily drawn.

If the student will now take a pair of compasses and draw a circle, and another beyond this, and so on, and connect these with semicircles, he may form an *approximate* spiral line by taking half the centre circle and connecting it with the next by means of semicircles whose diameter shall be half the distance between the centre and the next circle beyond (Fig. 4). The expansion of the spiral would of course be in proportion to the distances at which the circles are

placed one from the other. But practically the beginner should copy spirals by eye without any measurement, and he will soon draw them well enough for all ordinary designs.

In the growth of vines there is a gradual diminution from the root to the tip or end. This may be represented by the nether half of a long whip-lash, of a serpent, or, best of all, by a water-lily's stem.

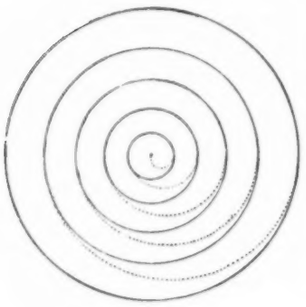


Fig. 4.



Fig. 5.

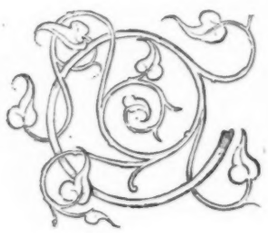


Fig. 6.

It is understood that to draw a vine there must be two lines. The true single line of construction, which determines the direction of these, after being drawn is erased or rubbed out. Let the pupil now draw a spiral, double it, throw out from it branches or tangential curves, as he did with the circles, and he will have what constitutes a very great proportion of all the drawing which makes the most difficult decorative design (Fig. 5).

The art of combining segments of a circle, lines of beauty, and spirals into ornaments will be considered farther on. We have now a spiral vine with branches, as we had at first a circle. If we affix to this ornaments, it will be *per se* finished (Fig. 6). Ornaments, when at the end of the vine, are called *finials*, or *terminals;* at the side they are *crockets*. In architecture crockets are the ornaments which project from the sides of a spire, like thorns from the sides of a stem. Mr. Colling ("Examples of English Mediæval Foliage") calls these, when they expand into broad, leaf-like ornaments, *crochets*, to distinguish them from the former. A *finial* may be a simple ball, or two combined, or three in a clover-leaf, a leaf, a heart, an ace of clubs or of spades, or any bud or flower whatever (Fig. 7). But it is best that they be simple, and, if copied from nature, that they be conventionalised, that is, drawn with as few lines as possible, while yet retaining the character. All beginners err by believing that the ornaments form the chief part of the design, and devote themselves chiefly to elaborating them. In fact, the construction line is, or ought to be, nine-tenths of the whole conception. The Greeks and Romans confined their ornament chiefly to the acanthus and honeysuckle; the Moors for a thousand years relied chiefly on the Indian fig-leaf, originally formed by drawing an S or doubled semicircles within a circle, as it may be seen on Chinese tombstones. An examination of Norman and Early English ornament will show that beyond the construction lines, the leafy ornaments are really all of very easy design. It is absolutely necessary that the beginner should get a few easy ornaments so well by heart that he can draw them from memory. For a long time the pupil should simply apply given ornaments, and not attempt to design or invent them. As a rule (which has of course exceptions) the more elaborately finials are executed, or the more the artist imitates real flowers in detail, the less good general effect does he produce.

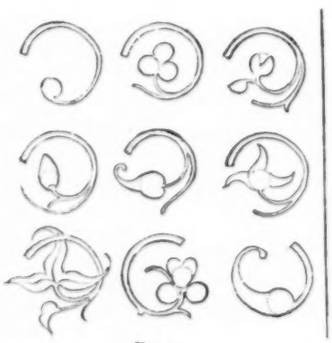


Fig. 7.

Spiral ornaments, large or small, may be developed from circles in apposition into vines, so as to cover any given space (Fig. 8). The beginning of the vine is the root, which is varied in different ways. It may be indicated by a ball or lozenge, or made, as in Celtic Art, to grow from a dragon. The trunk may also grow from the border which surrounds the pattern. In Fig. 9 we have a fan-shaped area which may be one-sixth of a circle. Draw within this three circles, and from these develop three spirals with a central root. Double the lines according to those of the water-lily stem, and affix ornaments. To fill a circle, divide it into similar fans with triple circles, but make each a branch proceeding from a common root (Fig. 10).

Any number of circles lying together may be formed into a vine, and this again may be extended so as to be adapted to any other space. In Fig. 11 the pattern is adapted to fill in or decorate a cross; but if it is desired to convert it to a circle, we have only to fill the space between its arms into minor circles, and make these into spiral ornaments. A single spiral crochet, by repetition in different positions, may make a beautiful ornament. Those who cannot draw at all, and who have never designed, may still make patterns by cutting out a spiral ornament from cardboard, drawing circles with compasses, and filling them in by such stencilling. This, it is true, is not very artistic work, but it familiarises beginners with the use of the pencil, and develops the faculty of design. I have used it not only with children who expe-

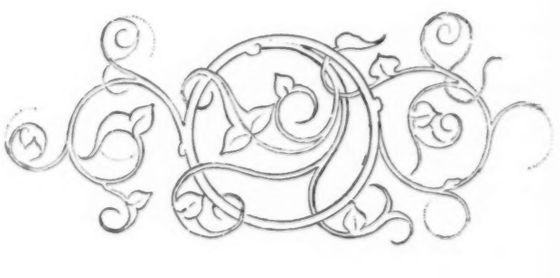


Fig. 8.

rienced great difficulty in learning to draw, but also with grown pupils. An easy exercise of this kind is to draw a border of from three to four inches diameter, with semicircles such as may be made with a teacup, and a trefoil ornament which may be drawn with the aid of a shilling.

It may seem difficult to the inexperienced to make a graceful, winding, irregular vine, but let us make the experiment. Draw a spiral, and let another branch from this, as a twig would grow—not backwards, but according to the natural direction of a sprout. Pupils neglect this, just as it is neglected in most current decorative art. Let others grow in like manner from these, in any direction whatever, but gradually diminishing in size. Made into a vine, with the crochets and finials applied, this will be a correct design. To convert it into a central ornament, treble or quadruple it from the root.



Fig. 9.

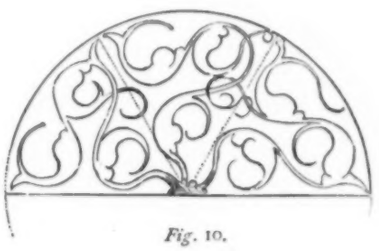


Fig. 10.

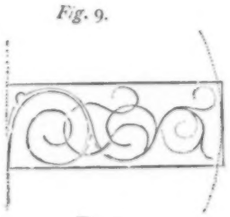


Fig. 11.



Fig. 12.

A *border* is made by adding semicircles one to another, so as to form a wave-line. Fill these with spirals growing in proper order (Fig. 12). By adding new spirals or segments of circles to these, and drawing them so as to intersect or form interlaces, an infinite variety of beautiful effects may be produced. Observe that all interlacing should be in and out, or alternate, as in network. In drawing a wave-line to surround a frame, begin by dividing it into exact squares, and if the root of the vine is to be in the centre and send out a growth to either side, it will be necessary to make the squares of an uneven number on each side, or there will be a different direction to the curves in the corners. It is to be understood that I do not say that all borders or frames are to be drawn on this system, but simply that a beginner may thus learn to easily make a simple and correct pattern of one.



Fig. 13.

I will now show how a few simple ornaments may be designed. The most obvious and easy of all is the ball, which is simply formed by the end of the vine turning round on or into itself. If we cut a wedge out of the end of the ball we have a conventional bud. A semicircle growing with and from the ball is a line of beauty. Join to this another and it forms a leaf. By taking the ball as a nucleus, and adding simple lines to it, several ornaments result (Fig. 7).

The beginner should draw all ornaments in circles of from one to three inches diameter. All designs should be made at first on a large scale in preference to a small one.

Mere repetition or reduplication is perhaps the basis of decorative art. A simple line or band drawn round a cup is ornamental, because its every part reproduces, so to speak, the rest. So it is with a line of dots or balls; still more so with leaves. In architecture repetition is absolutely necessary to insure harmony and strength. But it becomes very monotonous where there is florid ornament and detail. In such cases there may be a perfect effect produced by having the compartments or larger divisions alike, while the details are varied. A great deal of minor decorative art at the present day is wearisome and flat because of its mere kaleidoscope repetition. It is considered enough to repeat a heart or a flower six times round a given point to make an ornament. But it is remarkable how a very little change in a few trifling details will give character even to such a design. These irregularities, like "the discord in music," are suggestive of originality. Long and earnest study of ornamental design leads us indeed to find in it depths of expression which make it like a written language of such emotions as music expresses. There are abrupt curves and unexpected branchings which are like caprices; long continued graceful sweeps which suggest the swelling notes of an organ; there is melody and harmony; and all this to the experienced artist who thinks and reads is far too frequent, and approaches too nearly to a *system*, to be regarded as a mass of forced or fanciful similes.

Many persons who can even draw the human figure well, or paint excellent landscapes, are often bewildered at complicated arabesques and ornamented interlaces, and believe them to be beyond their power, while in fact *anybody* can learn to make them. By cutting out a tolerably simple pattern from paper, and laying upon another of different formation, we can produce a design which is like old Irish illumination, quite bewildering, especially if we develop and add to the ornaments.

Beginners should have a clear and definite idea as to how certain objects should be "proportioned" and "spaced." First of all they should be taught that a pattern, especially one for metal, leather, wood, or any single colour, should never take up more than half the space, less being better. The temptation to artists to overdo their work, and never to know where to stop, is illustrated in most wall-papers, in which anything like a ground is hardly perceptible. Now a ground may consist of even diaper-work, as in wood carving or brass it may be dotted with a "mat;" and in like manner

in nature it may be all foliage, but this is a very different principle.

To draw a vase, the egg-shape is preferred, with the addi-

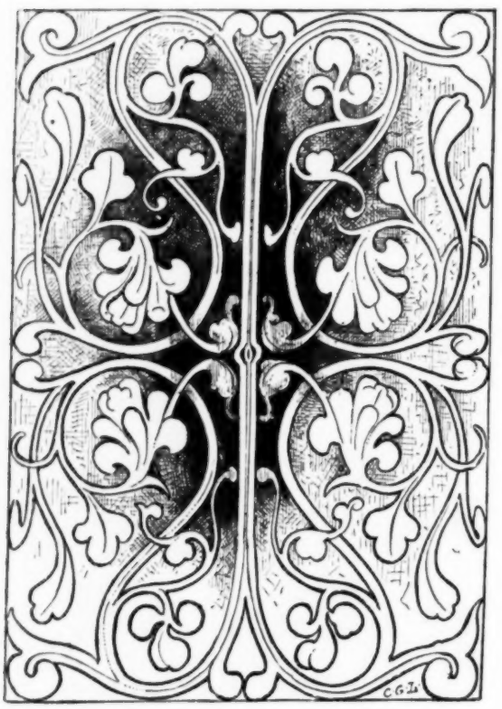


Fig. 14.

tion of a base and neck; and this also gives a good rule of proportion for the title-page of a book, and also for a pair of bellows. Take the compasses, draw a circle, A B, and add half a diameter, A C, for the lower part (Fig. 13). Draw a base, D E, of half a diameter, and at the distance of an eighth diameter the base, D E F G. Now take a circle which can be exactly inscribed within one-fourth of the larger circle, and make it the centre line of the handle. This handle is the root or beginning of the vine. Draw on the body of the vase circles, form them into the vine and branches as already directed, and affix the ornaments. It is not to be understood that all vases are to be drawn in this manner, but it is a good beginning for a pupil to have a definite idea how to proceed to form one.

They who condemn the use of the grotesque in decorative art can hardly have carried either the practice or study of it to any great extent. I have actually seen in a museum notices affixed to certain pieces of majolica, directing the multitude what to admire in them, but giving solemn warning against the grotesque which was mingled with it—a piece of ignorant Philistinism without parallel. It often happens that the root of a design must be shown, and it has sometimes taxed the powers of the greatest artists to do this gracefully. Now a root, though disguised as a ball, does not look well floating in mid air; but if converted into a dragon's head, the entire vine becomes, as it were, a flying animal. In all ages, and in most styles of design, this has been done instinctively, not from a mere fondness for monsters, but to intimate a reason, or to give something like an idea to the design. And this should always be done when possible, not indeed by picture-making, but in adopting ornaments and motives which suggest associations to the cultivated taste. What there is which makes so much savage or barbarous Art vigorous and racy, is that it is suggestive of more that is human or natural than the meaningless twists and scrolls of the Rococo or Baroque style which characterized the beginning of this century. To do away with the grotesque would simply be to revert to it.

Patterns may be easily designed by using the kaleidoscope. The best form of this for the artist is the pocket, or folding one. Take two pieces of looking-glass, each about six inches square. Lay their faces together, joining, and paste over the backs and edges a piece of fine thin leather or muslin, with very strong paste or dextrine. When dry, with a penknife cut or slit down three sides. Thus made, the glasses will open and shut like a portfolio. Lay any design on the table: one in high colours will give the most striking effect, and place the kaleidoscope partly opened on it. According to the angle at which it is opened it will multiply, from three to twelve times, whatever is between the reflectors. When you make a design which pleases, draw with a lead pencil two lines, close to the glass, and you can then find it again whenever you wish. Shells, flowers, and other objects may be placed in it instead of designs.

To decorate a panel. By a panel we mean any rectangular surface. Observe that of the two illustrations given of panels (Figs. 14, 15), both are made on the same leading lines, and differ only in their ornaments, those of one being taken from Old English decoration, while the other is Moorish. There is in the centre a root, from which grows two trunks, which expand and turn at the ends into a long S made on two circles. Both also consist of a single quarter, which is

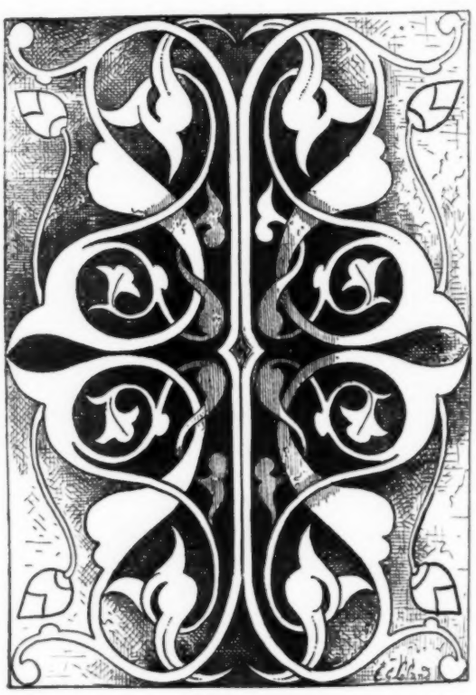


Fig. 15.

exactly multiplied four times. If any beginner thinks it would be difficult to design either of these, let him draw the constructive line, say six inches by four, for a single quarter.

Then let him draw or trace any ornaments he thinks fit, cut them out of paper, and adapting them to the construction line, draw round their edges. A little practice of this kind will render design easy.

Shading is not an *essential* part of design, but it has advantages in bringing out the pattern clearly. It is effected by cross-hatching with a pen; almost every artist develops a style of his own as to shading. When a pattern is intended for repoussé, wood, or leather, it is necessary to at least fill in the ground more or less with dots, to indicate the part which is to be *matted* or indented. The beginner should carefully study pen drawings or engravings, and endeavour to catch the method of drawing lines, dotting, and cross-hatching them. I have myself found it much more difficult both to learn and to teach pen shading than design.



Fig. 16.

To learn to *draw*, the pupil should rest on the body, or even the left arm, so as to give freedom of action to the right. Rest the right arm as lightly or as little as possible on the table, and never throw the least weight on the right hand. If you do this the area of action of the point of the pencil will not be larger than a shilling, and to extend it the hand will be simply pushed along. Let the lines be very light, so as to admit of rubbing out and correction. Above all things, the pupil should avoid drawing broken, ragged, or dotty lines, such as are characteristic of sketching, as well as rubbing and "stumping." Pupils who have learned drawing according to the old method—that is, by copying pictures of trees, castles, cattle, etc.—generally persist, even in decorative outline design, in endeavouring to produce effects quite foreign to it, by over-blacking the lines and drawing deeply, in order to produce a striking effect.

With very young and inexperienced or dull pupils, the teacher will do well to sit down, take the compasses, make a design, and then let him or her draw the same. Then explain the simple process of adding circles to any part of it, and of converting them into spirals.

To learn to design perfectly, it is advisable that as soon as the pupil can make a simple pattern, the lessons be alternated with others in easy modelling; just as drawing and design may be best taught together, so both improve when coupled with practice in a minor art, which gives definite ideas of what drawing is intended for. I have thoroughly tested that it is not best in Art to learn one thing at a time; on the contrary, the boy or girl who designs and learns modelling together, acquires both better and in less time than if they were to be taken up in succession. And when the two are acquired, any other art, such as repoussé or carving or sheet-leather, may almost be said to be acquired with it, so easy is its acquisition.

Fig. 16 is a variation on an ornament in Ely Cathedral. In the original the spiral ornaments, or crockets, are all alike. In this plate the three on either side are different, but are like their duplicates on the other side. In this way variety in unity may be obtained.

Of straight lines, it may be observed that designs executed in them are curiously characteristic of early barbarous races, and that they correspond to a geological or crystalline stage of development, so to speak. When culture advances to a higher or organic state, the angles are rounded into the sinuous, flowing lines of plants, or of life. Sometimes, as was the case with the vigorous Normans, man reverts in something to the savage. Then the crystal angles occur again. The same thing is to be seen in Persian carpets since the decadence in design and work in that country. But the chevroned, saw-tooth, angular design is capable of being developed into great beauty. Perhaps finer effects may be produced by it, at a less expenditure of labour, in architecture than can be got from the vine.

It is to be observed that within the brief limits of this paper I have only attempted to set forth the rudiments or first steps of a system of design allied to drawing, and that it is capable of extensive development. But by really mastering what is here set forth, the beginner cannot fail to become familiar with all the curves and lines which enter into the drawing of the human figure and of animals.

CHARLES G. LELAND.

'1814.'

IN 1814 the storm which had for so long threatened the great Napoleon burst with full force. Ten years after his coronation by the Pope, on the 5th of April, 1814, he renounced the thrones of France and Italy, and accepted the Island of Elba for his retreat, only, however, to return to Paris the following year, and receive the last blow to the tottering edifice of his fortune on the field of Waterloo. The title which the great French painter, Meissonier, has given to his canvas is impressive and ominous, and the coming storm in the Emperor's life finds a counterpart in the gloomy and threatening aspect of nature. This is not merely a portrait of Napoleon: it tells its story of the time also.

RUSKIN'S NOTES ON BEWICK'S "BIRDS."

II.*

"The kingdom of God is already come to those who have learned to cherish what is lovely and human in the wandering children of the clouds and fields."—*Our Fathers Have Told Us.*

NOTES ON VOLUME II. (Published 1804.)

Vignette to Title-Page.—Children sailing boats, a church steeple and a factory chimney in the distance. "Amiable type of juvenile simplicity. Compare woodcuts on pages 9 and 304 (four boys riding on tombstones). I am not sure of the meaning of this vignette, but I think it signifies waste of time, the work of earth and heaven calling us in the distance; or, perhaps, the results of church and factory on British youth. Compare page 56."

To Advertisement.—Peasant saying grace, and a cat stealing his food. "Modern binding. The fine plate spoiled and the opposite page too. Grace before meat. Query, as superstitious? ! ! † I do not understand what Bewick means by the picture of the boy riding on a goat."

End of Advertisement.—A baker's oven. A dog watching at the side. "The dog at the oven. Meaning?"

To Introduction.—Masons pulling down a house. Two old soldiers in foreground. "Two old soldiers. British War. (Profit and Glory.) Superb—in fine impressions. This is a very bad one. Note the dovecote in the distance; ironical."

End of Introduction.—A blind man being carried across a stream by a lame beggar. "The blind and lame. Compare Turner's 'Crossing the Brook.'" ‡

End of Contents.—Several men on rocks getting sea-birds' eggs. "Poor, especially the odd cutting of the distant mountain."

Page 3.—A man on a tree. His dog wishes to follow, but does not dare. "The dog puzzled. Compare page 85."

Page 5.—Two sportsmen on stilts; one resting in a tree, the other crossing a brook. "Over elaborate in vain (see the resting figure in the distance). Bewick never seems to have seen reflections in water. Compare page 23 (man in mid-stream holding four-pronged fork)."

Page 6.—Two fisherwomen on the sea-shore. "Singularly bad and poor."

Page 9.—A man riding. His hat is entangled in the string of a kite, which some boys are flying. "Pony's head and mane fine. Bewick has no respect for the sport of youth.§ Compare title-page and pages 31 and 304 (children riding on tombstones)."

Page 10.—'The Water-crake' (*Rallus Porzana*). "When Bewick feels he has done his feathers well, he almost always goes in hard for the background too. This begins a series of engravings very fine in their plumage-work. See woodcuts on pages 19, 32, 45, 47 ! ! ! and 60."

Page 12.—A feather. "Fine."

Page 13.—'The Water-rail' (*Rallus aquaticus*). "Not much good in this one, however."

Page 15.—A savage-looking old woman on the point of hitting with a gridiron a mastiff which is stealing some meat from a dish. "English vulgarism. Bad enough. Compare page 313."

Page 18.—A rocky stream with a bird in the right-hand corner. "All done for the little bird on the right! (water-ouzel?)"

Page 19.—'The Kingfisher' (*Alcedo ispida*). "Nice spotting, but not up to bird."

Page 27.—A beggar with a wooden leg sitting at a park entrance. "At the rich man's gate. See the dog's ribs. The peacock is finer than in the professed engraving of it."

Page 31.—A boy tumbling from a tree; a bird's nest on the top bough. "Bird's-nesting (see note to page 9)."

Page 32.—'The Stork' (*Ardea Ciconia*). "A noble cut, but a bad impression in this copy of the work. The young are quite delicious."

Page 35.—A winged man drawn by thirteen storks flying to the moon. "The modern Icarus! Compare Dædalus on Giotto's Tower at Florence."

Page 36.—A dog barking at a heron which it has just raised. "Dog splendid."

Page 41.—A man fishing. He is crouching against a tree. "Fishing in rain and wind. Very fine."

Page 42.—A girl crossing over a stile. "Can't make this out."

Page 43.—'The Night Heron' (*Ardea nycticorax*). "Look with lens at the cutting of the white-crest feathers and the claws."

Page 45.—'The Egret' (*Ardea Garzette*). "First-rate cut. But nobody could do the bird. The tail here is the best that can be done."

Page 46.—A man fishing. A bridge in the distance. "Compare cuts on page 50" (a man baiting his hook) "and 52" (a man fishing below a small cascade). "This perpetual fishing, with no joy in the beauty of the stream or shore, is a most useful and wonderful condition of degradation in Bewick's mind."

Page 47.—'The Bittern' (*Ardea stellaris*). "Typical of Bewick's highest style ! ! !"

Page 56.—Dog with tin kettle tied on to its tail. Boys throwing stones at it. Their father looking on, and Cathedral towers in background. "The use of Cathedrals and Bishops!* Look at the dog's eyes with a powerful lens, and also at the man's face ! ! !"

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* Continued from page 296.

† Mr. Ruskin has further explained this note. "Bewick, I think, seeks to throw ridicule on the custom of saying grace. This he indicates by making the cat eat up the old man's food whilst he is occupied with his prayers."

‡ The point to which Mr. Ruskin wishes to draw attention is thus further explained by him. "I have often remarked Bewick's absolute want of pleasure in water, as water. Here one can barely see the stream at all; while in Turner's splendid picture there is betokened the highest appreciation of the beauties of water and the loveliness of Nature. Bewick's lack of admiration for water is all the more remarkable as his own Northumberland streams are quite exceptionally beautiful, and one would have expected that he would have received the most vivid and lasting impressions from them."

§ "It is one of the most terrific facts in all the history of British Art that Bewick never draws children but in mischief."—*Art of England.*

* "Everything evil in Europe is primarily the fault of her Bishops."—*The Political Economy of Art.*

Page 60.—'The Woodcock' (*Scolopax rusticola*). "Superb!!!!"

Page 68.—'The Common Snipe' (*Scolopax gallinago*). "The wing one of Bewick's finest bits."

Page 75.—'The Knot' (*Tringa canutus*). "Horrible all!! The tail curiously spoiled by the background."

Page 80.—'The Red Godwit' (*Scolopax Lapponica*). "Very fine. See the outline of the back-feathers, and the point of the bill."

Page 83.—A man on a rock watching the sun rise. "Query Sunrise, or Musing?"

Page 84.—A dog attacking a man carrying a stick. "Compare page 160."

Page 85.—A peasant dragging a dead bough across the snow. A dog by the side of a stream in the distance. "Superb. See the dog trying to get across the stream. Compare page 3."

Page 87.—A man blowing a log-fire. "Look at the man's face with a lens."

Page 91.—'The Redshank' (*Scolopax calidris*). "Wofully conventional water, but the bird and its shanks are fine."

Page 94.—A dog crossing a plank; its master has tumbled into the river. "Both the dog and the man are uneasy in their minds. Bewick has a curious love of drawing creatures uncomfortable."

Page 106.—A girl hanging up clothes. The pigs and fowls have come through the open gate while her back is turned. "Highly comic. The old sow is really beautiful."*

Page 107.—A factory by the side of a stream, the chimney sending forth volumes of smoke. "Smoke, the Lord of all. Compare pages 220 and 225." (A river scene. Three men dragging a barge to shore. The factory on the left of cut.)

Page 109.—A man climbing a ruined tower. "Curiously bad. No action of climbing."

Page 115.—Three feathers. "Fine."

Page 117.—'The Dunlin' (*Tringa Alpina*). "Very fine."

Page 122.—'Little Flint' (*Tringa pusilla*). "Exquisite."

Page 123.—Sandpipers on the shore. Rocks to the left. "Very fine. See small birds."

Page 126.—'Turnstone' (*Tringa morinella*). "Superb."

Page 131.—Two men sawing. Ale-house in the distance. "The sawpit. Fine."

Page 138.—A rocky coast in a violent storm. Part of a wreck in the foreground. "The rudder. This is a very fine cut, but the tiller is wrong way on! or, is it a loose spar?"

Page 144.—Two men on a high rock looking out to sea. "Miserably bad. Compare page 156."

Page 156. A boy climbing a rock. Ships at sea. "Very poor. Compare page 161."

Page 157.—A man ploughing. Inscription—"*Justissima tellus*" in foreground. "Justissima tellus! exquisite."

Page 158.—'The Avoset' (*Recurvirostra Avosetta*). "Exquisite in line of body and wing."

Page 160.—A tramp defending himself with a stick from a snarling mastiff. "The dog and the tramp. No Greek work is grander than the angry dog. Compare cut on page 84."

Page 161.—Coast scene. Two large rocks, with several birds flying out to sea. "Poor. Bewick had never seen fine cliffs, I suppose. Compare page 156."

Page 164.—'The Razor Bill' (*Alca torda*). "Great pains have been taken with the bill."

* "Bewick can draw a pig, but not a girl."—*Art of England.*

Page 166.—The churchyard. Tombstone aslant with inscription, "Good times, and bad times, and all times got over." "Inside the gate!"

Page 173.—A man holding on to a cow's tail and fording a river. A cart is crossing a bridge, and hills are behind. "The landscape is superb."

Page 176.—Two figures and a dog walking in the rain. "Northumberland rain! Entirely magnificent."

Page 180.—Seven skaters. "Very fine."

Page 182.—A shipwrecked mariner on a lonely rock. "Shipwrecked! (See the masthead above the water.)"

Page 188.—An icebound ship. "Arctic sea! Glorious—like a piece of Turner."

Page 193.—'The Red-throated Diver' (*Colymbus septentrionalis*). "The spotty plumage is exquisite."

Page 194.—Small vignette, representing four ships sailing by moonlight. "Rippled sea under the moonlight. There is more light in it than in many an Academy picture."

Page 196.—A demon lifting a heavy sack on to a thief's shoulder. "The devil and the burglar."

Page 198.—A snow-clad cottage in a field. Three men leaning against one of the windows. "The landscape is perfect. I do not understand the meaning of the three figures."

Page 202.—A sportsman reposing under a hedge. "Rest. Very marvellous; see the brace of birds and the dog's head."

Page 206.—A rock with waves breaking against it. A ship to the right and left of the rock. "This is wonderfully fine in unaffected, unexaggerated wildness and sadness of the sea."

Page 208.—A man carrying a sack, talking to another who is riding a donkey. "It is very curious how little Bewick enjoys a donkey."

Page 220.—An old man explaining to a boy the meaning of a Runic pillar. A man ploughing, and a factory-chimney in the distance. "The antiquary. Compare page 107."

Page 221.—A woman smoking a pipe; a little dog at her side. "Tobacco." *

Page 227.—Winter. A boy leaning against a stack of hay. "Thoroughly fine, especially the little boy."

Page 230.—Two figures to the left of cut. An Esquimaux's boat to the right, and tall icebergs behind. "Fine. How strange is the deep tone given to the ice!"

Page 238.—Two men in the stern of a boat. A larger vessel farther off. "Thoroughly good fast sailing, and only wanting in foam and wake."

Page 286.—A man driving a horse. Six small ducks looking out of the panniers. "Look at the ducks' heads in the panniers, as also at the old horse's eye and nostril."

Page 291.—An angry old woman driving geese away from a fountain. The nymph at the fountain. "Compare Rogers' 'Italy':—

> 'Then hadst thou seen them, as they stood, Canova,
> Thou hadst endowed them with immortal youth;
> And they had evermore lived undivided,
> Winning all hearts—of all thy works the fairest!'

See also page 313."

Page 313.—A goose hanging on to the cloak of an old farmwife, who is raising a stick to beat it off. "Bewick's idea of refined female character and features in advanced life! Compare Wordsworth's sonnet:—

> 'Such age how beautiful! O lady bright,
> Whose mortal lineaments seem all refined
> By favouring Nature and a saintly Mind
> To something purer and more exquisite

* "The pot and pipe have been the root of every other demoralisation of the filthiest and literally scurviest sort among all classes."—*Lord's Meanie.*

Than flesh and blood; whene'er thou meet'st my sight,
When I behold thy blanched unwithered cheek,
Thy temples fringed with locks of gleaming white,
And head that droops because the soul is meek,
Thee with the welcome snowdrop I compare;
That Child of Winter, prompting thoughts that climb
From desolation tow'rds the genial prime;
Or with the Moon conquering earth's misty air,
And filling more and more with crystal light
As pensive evening deepens into night.'

These lines form, indeed, a strange contrast to Bewick's idea of old age." Mr. Ruskin continues: "If any modern wood-cutter can do more with that much of his block [namely, the old woman's face, in which Mr. Ruskin greatly admires the wonderful expression of energetic malice] I should like to see it."

Page 385.—At the bottom of this page there is the following note:—"Dr. Heysham relates that about the year 1759, one of these birds (cormorants) perched upon the castle at Carlisle, and soon afterwards removed to the cathedral, where it was shot at upwards of twenty times without effect; at length a person got upon the cathedral, fired at, and killed it." "In another instance, a flock of fifteen or twenty perched, at the dusk of evening, in the tree on the banks of the river Esk, near Netherby, the seat of Sir James Graham. A person who saw them settle, fired at random at them in the dark six or seven times, without either killing any or frightening them away; surprised at this, he came again at daylight, and killed one, whereupon the rest took flight." Mr. Ruskin thus criticises the above note: "British Sport—Religion—Wisdom and Valour!"

Having now come to the last of the characteristic and valuable notes on Bewick's "Birds," the readers of *The Art Journal* will, I think, be glad to be reminded of the following passage which relates to the "Burns of painting," and is from the Appendix to one of the scarcest of Mr. Ruskin's works, "The Elements of Drawing"—

"The execution of the plumage in Bewick's 'Birds' is the most masterly thing ever yet done in wood-cutting, it is just worked as Paul Veronese would have worked in wood, had he taken to it. His vignettes, though too coarse in execution, and vulgar in types of form, to be good copies, show, nevertheless, intellectual power of the highest order; and there are pieces of sentiment in them, either pathetic or satirical, which have never since been equalled in illustrations of this simple kind; the bitter intensity of the feeling being just like that which characterizes some of the leading pre-Raphaelites. Bewick is the Burns of painting."

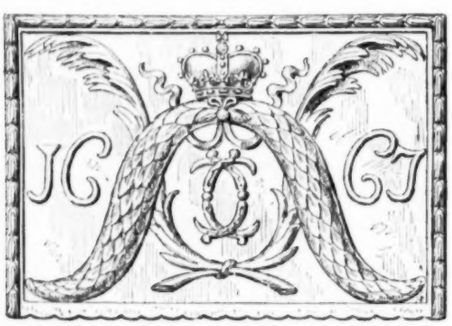
A. GORDON CRAWFORD.

AN EXTINCT SUSSEX ART.

NOTES AND SKETCHES IN EASTERN SUSSEX.

II.*

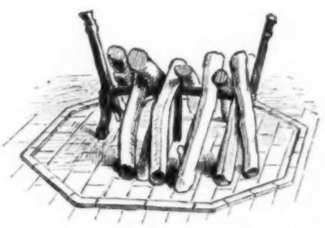
IN our first illustration this month we give a specimen of the highest and most carefully finished artistic talent bestowed upon the Sussex iron art during its golden age. The period of this fire-back is that of Charles II.



No. 14.—*Fire-back of the time of King Charles II.*

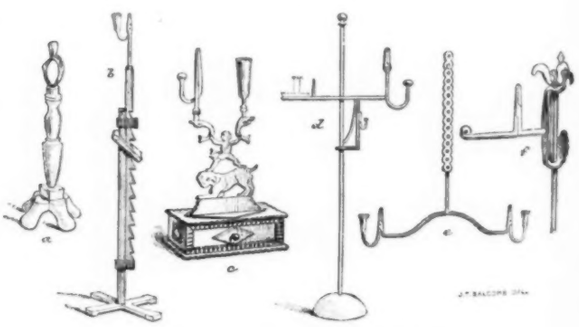
In the centre of the great hall at Penshurst Place, in Kent, is the original hearth or reredos, octagonal in form; on it are "fire-dogs" for arranging logs of wood for burning. These andirons are evidently not the original pair, and may be safely placed in the age of James II. The smoke here escaped by an opening in the roof, called a smoke louvre.

An entirely different class of subject of the Sussex iron-workers' art will now engage our attention, all of which illustrations have been drawn, by Lady Dorothy Nevill's kind permission, from her unique collection. We can hardly realise in these days the state of semi-darkness in which our ancestors, even the wealthy, were compelled to pass their evenings. Below are a few of the forms of light-holders in general use in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The inexpensive candles used in these primitive candlesticks were made of rush pith, prepared by stripping the peel off common rushes (*Juncus conglomeratus*), and also the core of the common bullrush.



No. 15.—*Ancient Fire-dogs at Penshurst Place.*

The operation of stripping off the peel was facilitated by previously soaking the rushes in water. One rib only is left as a support to the pith core. After being

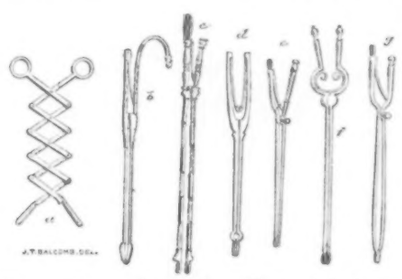


No. 16.—*Sussex Iron Rushlight and Dip Holders.*

* Continued from page 340.

bleached in the grass and dried in the sun, the cores were dipped into molten grease, mixed sometimes with a little beeswax. *a* is an early form of rush holder, the spring clip for the rush is inserted in a wooden stand: the whole is a foot high. *b* is a rushlight and dip holder, combined with rack stand for altering the height of light: it is about three feet high. *c* is a rush and dip holder. *d* is a rushlight and holder stand; the candlestick is gone in this example, but the dotted lines give its place: in the opinion of Lady Dorothy Nevill it was a votive candle for a church. *e*, rush holder and candlestick: this, in her ladyship's opinion, was suspended in the roomy old fireplace. *f* is the top only of a stand rush holder, drawn on a larger scale; here the artist in iron has ornamented the top with a rude resemblance of a cock. The stand itself is about four feet high; the light can be raised or lowered when required. Of course these candlesticks have many various forms, of which these may serve as samples.

The introduction of tobacco into England by Sir Walter Raleigh occasioned the formation of a new habit among our countrymen—smoking. In the olden times, the fire being on the ground, if a light were required for the pipe of the smoker, stooping would be necessary. The artist in iron, to obviate this necessity, invented smoking, or "lazy tongs," as they were sometimes called. These articles were found very useful for seizing a glowing piece of wood in order to light the pipe. *a* is in Lewes Castle; *b* to *g* are in Lady D. Nevill's collection. *b* is dated 1617 (James I.), *c* is dated 1687 (James II.). The others show some of the patterns in use during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. The longest of these tongs is twenty inches, the remainder are drawn in strict proportion.



No. 17.—Sussex Iron Tobacco Tongs of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.

The following three articles are of the seventeenth century, and in the possession of Lady D. Nevill. The front object is a bread toaster, the third a bacon roaster, extreme lengths, front to back, 13 inches and 16 inches respectively; the centre is a portable fire basket, 2 feet high.



No. 18.—Bacon Roaster. Fire-dog and Fire-basket. Bread Toaster.

The legendary story of St. Dunstan's contest with the devil may now engage our attention for a short while. Although historically the events narrated in it took place in the days of the Saxon King Athelstan, and the locality has been given at Glastonbury, in Somersetshire, yet, as the Sacred Heart sisterhood of nuns, at Mayfield, profess to show the identical relics of the saint, and which are of Sussex iron, it may be worth while to repeat the story, which is, that while St. Dunstan was at work forging charcoal iron at his forge, one mile north of Mayfield, the Prince of Darkness in person tempted him in the shape of a damsel wondrous fair to look upon. The sturdy saint, far from yielding as the fiend expected *blanditiis ejus* to the lady's winning ways, seized her lovely nose, "tip-tilted" or otherwise, between his tongs. Startled by the pain, the tempter appeared in his true form, and, escaping from St. Dunstan, made but one bound from Mayfield to Tunbridge Wells, and plunged his injured proboscis into the water, imparting to it its chalybeate qualities. At Mayfield are current two other versions of the same story; in one the locality is changed to St. Dunstan's Bridge, one mile south of Mayfield. Be that as it may, there is no doubt whatever that many of the natural springs round Mayfield and in the eastern half of Sussex are strongly impregnated with iron.

This little sketch shows the celebrated relics of St. Dunstan: an ancient sword, called St. Dunstan's sword, anvil, tongs, and hammer. The last is from a drawing of it in the Sussex Archæological Collection; it was lost some years ago, when the workmen were engaged in the new convent buildings, which are built on the site of the old palace of the archbishops of Canterbury. The hammer, with its solid iron handle, was mediæval, and was then the oldest of the relics there shown. The others would be about the time of James II.



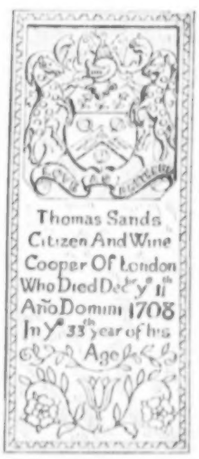
No. 19.—Anvil, Tongs, and Sword of St. Dunstan, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart at Mayfield.

With the relics at Mayfield are also shown a cake griddle (time of William III.), the whole about three feet long, with incised patterns on the inside on each half of the round portion, which received a thin layer of dough. A few minutes' baking, with the closed griddle held alternately over the wood fire, completed the process. Here also is a seventeenth-century cannon, cast at St. Dunstan's Forge. The last time this old piece of ordnance was fired was as a salute from over the gateway of the now demolished palace in honour of the then Princess Victoria's visit, when a girl, to Mayfield.



No. 20.—Cake Griddle.

From the early part of the seventeenth century down to the extinction of the manufacture, the Sussex foundries produced numerous monumental slabs; these still exist in churches in eastern Sussex. The inscriptions and armorial decorations are in general of very rude workmanship. These slabs are most numerous in Wadhurst Church. The one here given (6 feet by 2 feet), time of Queen Anne, is in the nave of St. Dunstan's Church, Mayfield. In the same church is an iron grave-slab, sixty years older than the above, and two, of the same metal, of the Baker family.



No. 21.—Iron Slab in St. Dunstan's Church.

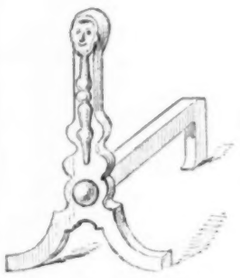
The following fire-back, with its crests—viz. castles, and armed arm issuing from mural crown, the hand

holding an apple, belonged formerly to Michael Baker, Esq., of Mayfield, in 1740, and is of the time of George II. The monogram is simply his initials.

The next is one of a pair of andirons, once the property of



No. 22.—Fire-back formerly belonging to Michael Baker, Esq.



No. 23.—One of a pair of Fire-dogs formerly belonging to Michael Baker, Esq.

the same gentleman; both the fire-back and this are now at Star House, Mayfield.

The last locality in Sussex, east or west, where the iron manufacture was carried on was at Ashburnham Furnace. At Ashburnham Forge the hammer pond is now cultivated, and in September, 1884, a field of ripe hops occupied it. A stream, strongly impregnated with iron, flows through and under the road, past a stable and a cottage which stand in a hollow. The foundations of the forge are incorporated into these two small edifices. At the Furnace, three-quarters of a mile from it, a similar state of things exists, with the addition of its slag being still used in the neighbourhood to mend the roads with. The old stream, strongly impregnated with iron, at Ashburnham, which worked the furnace hammers, still runs through the hamlet: its course is from the reed-grown hammer pond through the dam.

In the cottage of one of the villagers here, Mrs. Hobday has in her possession, and showed to us, the last and only existing mould of Ashburnham Furnace (time of George III.).



No. 24.—The only existing Mould from Ashburnham Furnace.

It is for a fire-back, made of oak, worm-eaten in parts, and corroded away at the edges. The size is 1 foot 9 inches by 2 feet, and the subject on the centre part of it is Hercules killing the dragon with the seven heads: this dragon and Orthus, a dog with two heads, were kept by Geryon, a three-headed monster in the island of Gades, in Spain. It occurs in the tenth labour of Hercules. The signature at the bottom of this mould was the mark of the Ashburnham Furnace, at which Mrs. Hobday, aged eighty-six, told us that she and her husband worked when young. Iron work ceased to exist in this neighbourhood about the year 1827.

Although the Sussex ironfounders' art has only become extinct less than seventy years ago, little or nothing remains of it beyond the varieties of manufactured forms given to the iron by the Sussex folk, except vast quantities of slag, scoriæ, cinders, or clinkers, as they are indifferently called by the natives. This holds good from St. Leonards or Ashdown eastward to Seddlescomb. And here and there, as at Ashburnham, the foundations of a forge or furnace have been incorporated into a cottage. The ponds, made and left by the ironmasters, are utilised as reservoirs for water power to turn the wheels of corn-mills. The original massive iron railings that are still (with the exception of those of the west front, which have been removed) round St. Paul's Cathedral, London, were cast at Gloucester Furnace, whose site is now occupied by the furnace, mill, and farm, Lamberhurst, Sussex.

There is a very remarkable fact connected with Sussex iron, which is, that the iron works of South Wales, now a great source of wealth, had their origin in the enterprise of Sussex men. Upon the rapid decrease of fuel in Sussex, and in consequence of the prohibitive Acts passed during the reign of Henry VIII. and later, many of the ironmasters directed their attention to Glamorganshire, rich in all the materials for the manufacture of iron. At that period it is certain the latter county was a remarkably well-wooded region, and that abundant supplies of fuel could be conveniently and cheaply obtained. W. Llewellin, Esq., F.S.A., in *Archæologia Cambrensis* for April, 1863, observes that "those early iron works of Aberdare and Merthyr-Tydvil possess peculiar interest from the circumstance that they were apparently established and owned by *distinguished ironmasters from the county of Sussex*, which at that period formed the chief seat of the trade in the kingdom." He introduces a chimney-back with the royal arms, the initials E. R. (Edwardus Rex), and the date 1553, which is precisely of the same character as those still to be found in Sussex cottages. Other fire-backs he mentions, identical with well-known Scripture types to be found at the present time in the Sussex weald.

Till last year there was standing at Howburne, in Buxted parish, with the foregoing exceptions, the very last relic of the iron manufacturers of eastern Sussex, namely, an old hammer post. We made a pilgrimage expressly to see this interesting and venerable oaken remain, but only to learn that a horse pulling a waggon-load of wood had come into collision with it, causing it to fall. The famous old post was then removed from the ground, so that no relic now exists of the forge established in this locality. The former hammer pond by the side of it was drained off long ago. There are very many homesteads, farms, mills, and fords in the Sussex weald the names of which are denoted by the adjunct to the names of cinder, furnace, forge, hammer, mine, mine-pit, tongs, iron, cannon, and so on; and this is all that can now be discovered in the country of the Iron Age. Sussex is at present a purely agricultural county, and by way of contrast from its former grimy aspect, and to convey some idea of the present appearance of what is known as the Forest Ridge, a few words will suffice. The scenery between Mayfield, Burwash, Dallington, Heathfield, and Buxted, can compare with the sweetest parts of Devonshire. The views from Brightling Observatory (painted in Turner's "Coast Scenery") are apparently immeasurable.

In conclusion, we have only to note with pleasure the remarkable and artistic destiny of the blast-furnace slag, in

consequence of the discovery (about the year 1880) of an eminent German chemist of the secret of softening this material. It is ground to powder, then fused by heat, and when in a plastic state it is forced into steel moulds under hydraulic pressure, and made to assume the forms of useful or ornamental articles for the decoration of the household. The different metallic oxides which compose the slag become so thoroughly melted through the action of the fire, that the ornaments are discovered, when released from the mould, to be pervaded throughout by variegated, diverse, or serpentine markings or lines, and somewhat resemble marble. The chief supply of this material is from Middlesboro' in Yorkshire, and Kendal in Westmoreland. In the International Inventions Exhibition at South Kensington this novel use of it was very properly shown as a new invention, and a new appearance of Art.

J. T. Balcomb.

THE WANING YEAR.

IT does not need much to make a picture when the artist's aim is simply pictorial. The most meagre motive, studied in its *ensemble*, in its own light, and with its own significance (such as that may be), has a value beyond that of the elaborate commonplace. Nay, it is possible to make a picture of something like emptiness, and to create an interest by emphasising that vacancy. This has cleverly been done by the painter of 'The End of the Season,' who presents a curious array of empty chairs, and three belated seaside visitors listening to the last strains of the industrious band. A delicate sky overspreads a faint but luminous sea, and the whole simple scene, in its desertion and its suggestion of absent crowds, is eminently characteristic of the watering-place as understood abroad.

For in nothing do English and Continental ideas differ more than in the theory of watering-places. The seaside resort abroad—among all races—has a certain organization, a centre, and a routine. The place is built, the life is organized, on a certain plan. In England, the individualism which distinguishes the national social system prevails at the watering-place triumphantly. There is no system, except what may be



'The End of the Season.' From the Picture by F. H. Kaemmerer.

found in a systematic absence of system. Except in large and ambitious places, where the insular characteristics are almost exchanged for the cosmopolitan, and where hotels have attained important proportions, there is no attempt at offering prepared accommodation. Accident indeed it is that holds its casual and irresponsible rule over the whole of English life at the seaside. The place goes on through the holiday season severely ignoring the gregarious instincts of man and his desire for recreation; and its floating population float upon orbits having all kinds of different planes, and in such directions as seem best to themselves. Perhaps one of the pleasantest of the centres of daily activity in little French seaside towns is the market. Then bathing is a systematic ceremony, by no means done in secrecy and fear, while the walk on the esplanade is performed with an explicit intention of showing and seeing dress, and not with any pretence of starting or returning from a country ramble. What country ramble indeed is possible in such a watering-place as that suggested in the picture? It will remind the reader of quaint Blankenberghe, which lies within sight of the three highest towers of ancient Bruges—a place which has the inexpressibly uninteresting Flemish country behind it and the

sea before—the solitary sea, and a country which is crowded with formal thin trees and small cultivation, and so has not that usual alleviation of flat lands, a large sky visible to the horizon.

We turn from this to one of those scenes of midwinter landscape, that are not purely snow-scenes, which are more studied in Art now than they have been at any former period. Indeed, a snow scene, with all the forms made blunt and indefinite—blunter than the fullest summer verdure makes them—is rather a negation of the winter landscape proper, the landscape that is exquisitely articulate and full of the beauty of line. Line has been always valued in France, but generally somewhat neglected in England; it is probably the high appreciation felt in this country of late years for Japanese design, that has taught us nationally the beauty of line, a point of Art as definite as form or colour. Of all the landscapes in Europe, the English panorama in summer is perhaps the least articulate. But it is certain that our peculiarities of scenery have trained our painters in a style that accords with it, because public taste has demanded of them blunt summer views, or blunter snow-scenes. A closer study of winter landscape would have persuaded them to a greater delight in the anatomy of trees which is so full of charm and order. Nor is the tree thus revealed symbolical of natural death, as a skeleton would be of the death of man. Long ago the Greek poet dwelt upon the pathetic difference:—

> No second life
> Invests our branches.

But the temporary sleep of the winter tree is full of the suggestions of life.

The French painter of 'Winter' has made a very thorough



'Winter.' From the Picture by L. de Bellée.

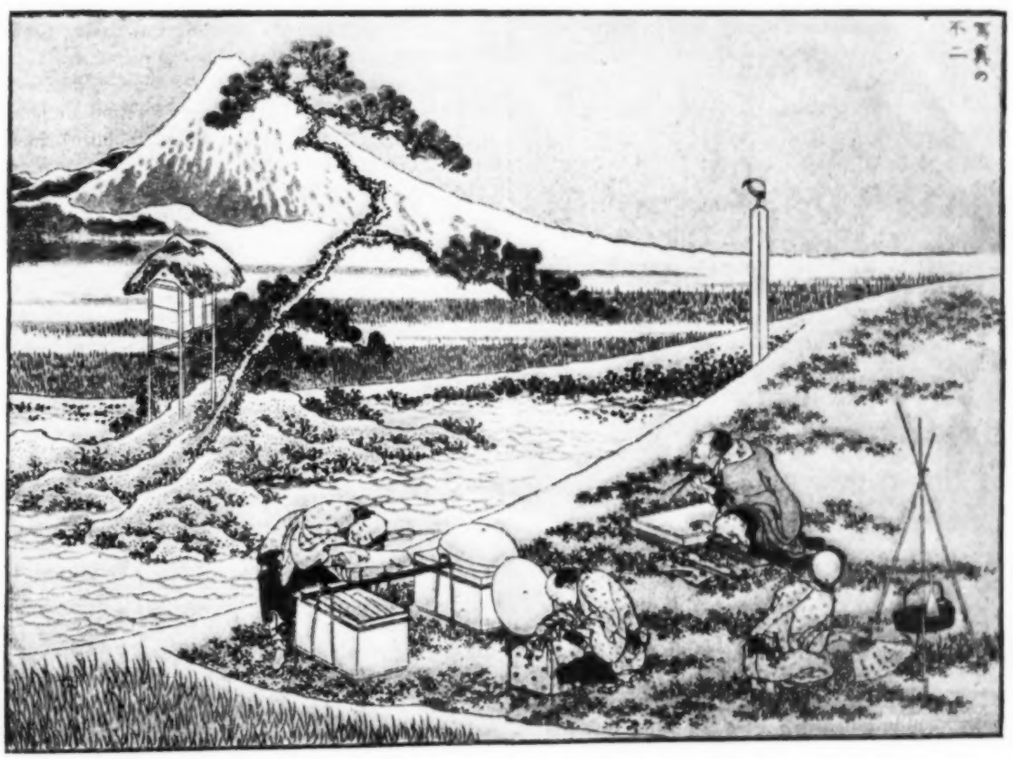
study of articulations, hardly veiled by the light snow, and equally delicate are his lines in the sedges that grow in the cold waters of the foreground. To correct this abundance of detail, he has involved his distance, as nature does, with fine mists that make the picture as "broad" as a painter could wish. His tree-drawing is very intelligent, and undoubtedly intelligence is necessary to correct draughtsmanship in this difficult study. Since the day when Mr. Ruskin pointed out the long and persistent error by which all painters had drawn tree-stems tapering without throwing out boughs, and the fact that they diminish only when they *do* throw out boughs, and only by the bulk thrown out, and, moreover, that this holds good of every branch and every twig, artists have thought the facts of vegetation worth studying. The great critic rebuked once for all the supercilious and idle conventionality which disregarded truths so common, so patent, so constantly offered to the admiration of man; which considered all the human traditions of Art worthy of respect, but the living ways of vegetation too slight for remark; which disputed over the dead letters of schools, but neglected the spirit of nature. Doubtless the modern study will be carried farther still, not to the indiscriminate rendering of all that appears at once in nature, but to the right rendering of what is chosen. Art must select—must play her melody note by note, and not "sit on the keyboard," as Mr. Whistler has wittily put it. Truth does not necessarily imply the *naïf* Art of the "pre-Raphaelites," who thought it rather sacrilegious to refuse anything that came by chance into the scene they "sat down" before.

JAPANESE ART.



ABOUT four years ago the Trustees of the British Museum purchased the large and magnificent collection of Japanese drawings formed by Mr. Anderson. These drawings have served to illustrate a work which treats of the history of the pictorial and associated arts down to the rise of the naturalistic school of painting and the wider development of the artisan popular schools in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Many reproductions of specimens of glyptic art are introduced, partly to illustrate a period scarcely represented by pictorial relics, partly to indicate the general artistic culture of the Japanese during the various stages of the progress of painting. The more modern phases of the art—those belonging to the last hundred years—will be dealt with in the forthcoming parts.

The early history of the present dominant race in Japan is involved in the greatest obscurity. Neither ethnological nor philological research have as yet done more than link the people with the great Turanian family, and we are in profound ignorance both as to when they entered Japan to drive their Aino predecessors northward, or whence they came. Native literature and legends do little more than make confusion worse confounded. The accepted chronology which affects precision, at least so far back as the accession of the Emperor Jimmu, in 660 (the year of the Japanese calendar), is self-contradictory down to the beginning of the fifth century of our era; and from the commencement of written records, both language and tradition are so intermingled with imported elements borrowed from China, that investigators have not yet succeeded in passing the negative stage of advance of knowing that they know nothing. It is almost certain that before the period of intercourse with Korea and China, Japan was in a state of almost complete barbarity, and whatever arts they then preserved were not in advance of those practised by barbaric races in general. To



Hokusai sketching the Peerless Mountain. From the Fugaku hiak'kei.

explain our lack of positive information, it is only necessary to learn that the oldest Japanese writings date no farther back than the eighth century, that they refer to no MS. earlier than the sixth century, and that the materials of these chronicles and relations are, for the most part, so absurd a mixture of extravagant fable and loosely preserved tradition

that we may safely reject as historical matter everything related as anterior to the fifth century.

It is necessary to understand this, because with the collapse of the first thousand years of the dynastical register, nearly the whole of the dates assigned by Japanese antiquarians to the origin of the various arts fall to the ground.

The history of pictorial art is divided into four periods, the first extending from the latter part of the fifth to the middle of the ninth century; the second to the second half of the fourteenth century; the third nearly to the last



From a Picture by Hōyen, in the Spier's Collection, Shijō School (c. 1835).

quarter of the eighteenth century; and the fourth to the present time.

Only the first three periods are discussed in the present division of the work. The First period must be regarded as one of instruction, in which Chinese and Korean immigrants were spreading amongst the aristocratic classes in Japan a knowledge of all that the Middle Kingdom could teach, not only in Art, but in science, literature, laws, and other adjuncts of a high civilisation. So far as we know, there were no great artists of Japanese blood in these long centuries, but it is probable that the works of Art created during this time by foreigners and their descendants were of a quality that has never since been surpassed.

The first painter whose name appears in the early records was a Chinese immigrant called Nanriu, who visited the country in the reign of the Emperor Yūriaku (457—459 A.D.), but of whose works no examples have descended to us. The most ancient pictorial relic in Japan is nearly a century and a half posterior to this date, and consists of a Buddhistic altar-piece in the temple of Hōriūji, at Nara.

The Second period, signalized by the genius of a truly great painter of Japanese birth and descent, began in the latter half of the ninth century. This master, Kosé-no-Kanaoka, was doubtless preceded by several generations of native artists. Of these we know little beyond a few names and one or two passing references to works. Kanaoka, however, crested the wave of ascent, and his fame reposes not merely upon historical statements but is supported by well-authenticated examples of his skill: examples which demonstrate a nobility of conception, a sense of chromatic harmony, and a technical power that can scarcely be excelled.

The term inaugurated by Kanaoka saw the establishment of at least four different styles of painting, *i.e.* the Buddhistic, the Chinese, the Yamato or native manner, and the Toba caricatures, the characteristics of all of which are described in the work before us, and illustrated by examples.

The Third period may be called that of the Chinese Renaissance. In the previous term Chinese Art had become completely overshadowed by the ornate attractions of the Buddhist and Yamato schools; but during the fourteenth century the works of the Chinese painters of the Sung and Yüen dynasties found many admirers and imitators in Japan, and at the close of the century an important school was established by Jōsetsū (a Chinese by birth), in which the later Chinese manner was followed. But the revived Chinese style was essentially caligraphic, and could only exist in a country where the caligrapher is the equal of the artist, and where drawing is valued less for its resemblance to the object depicted than for the mastery of the brush displayed in its formative lines.

It was towards the end of the fifteenth century that the popular school, which in the present day is carrying Japanese Art to every part of Europe, came into vogue. The new artists borrowed freely but with discrimination from all schools, and their works embraced every possible motive, including many, such as the streets and the stage, which had not found favour in the sight of the men of gentle blood who represented the orthodox schools. Their works displayed much of the technical skill and power of colouring that distinguished the older masters; but they were for the most part wanting in those indications of refinement and educational training which were the natural outcome of the superior social grade of their rivals.

Finally, as an appendage to the popular school must be noticed the work of Kōrin, a highly original painter of the seventeenth century, who has left an indelible stamp upon decorative art, especially as applied to lacquer, while his brother and pupil, Kenzan, rendered a similar service to keramics. It was not, however, until within recent years that his powers have been made fully manifest, and Japan is largely indebted for the preservation of his style to a patrician admirer who collected his works and reproduced them in

large numbers in the forms of cheap albums of wood engraving, in the first half of the present century.

The Third period, beginning with the apotheosis of a Chinese ideal, was at length ended, before the close of the last century, by a revolution of taste that was destined to bring into the foreground a naturalistic theory altogether subversive of the older teachings, and a development of artisan popular art that was no less destructive of the former appropriation of painting by the noble and military classes as gentle accomplishments beyond the reach of the vulgar populace.



Puppies at Play. After a Painting by Okio, in the Ernest Hart Collection, 1777.

The remarkable collection of Japanese and Chinese paintings and drawings gathered by Mr. Anderson during his six years' residence in Japan, having, as above stated, been acquired for the British Museum in 1882, the authorities of that Institution, realising that, for its proper appreciation by the English student, an explanatory catalogue was indispensable indeed, wisely entrusted the compilation of that work to the person best qualified for the task, Mr. Anderson himself.

The result of that gentleman's labours, which has just been issued to the public in the shape of a handsome octavo volume, appears to be excellently adapted to its purpose, the lucidity of arrangement and fulness of information leaving nothing to be desired. The Japanese section, which describes 3,562 items, and forms the bulk of the catalogue, is prefaced by a very instructive account of the rise and progress of the art in that country, from its introduction by the Koreans in the sixth century, and the paintings are then classified under the names of the recognised schools, the distinguishing characteristics of each of these being explained, and lists given of the principal artists belonging to them. A striking feature of the work consists in the well-told accounts of many of those strange and fantastic legends with which Japanese literature abounds, and which form the motives of a large proportion of the pictures in the collection.

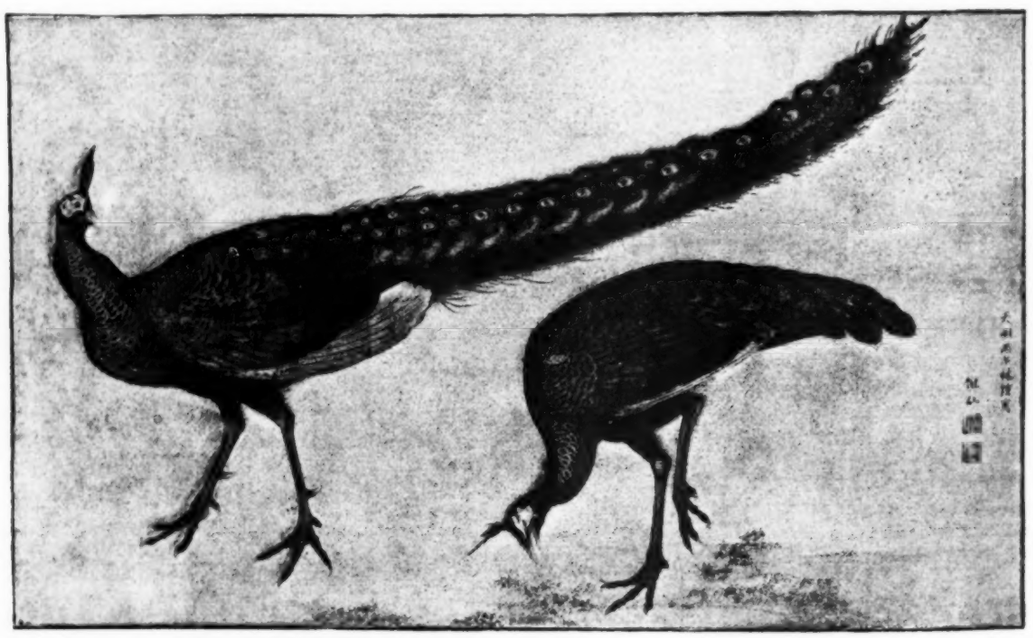
The Chinese and Korean section, though of comparatively small extent, comprising only 227 numbers, affords the author an opportunity of describing the character of the Art work of those countries, and the close relationship which exists between it and that of Japan.

The catalogue is extensively illustrated with reproductions of the most interesting examples, and altogether constitutes an excellent introduction to the study of this now popular but nevertheless little understood class of oriental art.



The Ghost. From a Picture by Maki Chokusai. Popular School (Nineteenth Century.)

Of the illustrations which we give here from "The Pictorial Arts of Japan" (London: Sampson Low), the first is from a drawing by Hokusai, an artist whose fame now chiefly rests upon the *Mangwa*, or Rough Sketches. Besides these monumental volumes, Hokusai, even as late as 1836, when he was approaching fourscore years, was adding to the list of his achievements, and produced the *Fugaku hiak'kei*, from which this sketch is taken. The form of painting which we illustrate in 'The Ghost,' is one sometimes used by Japanese artists to produce ingenious effects, the figure passing beyond the limits of the picture space. In this picture the weird form of the ghost seems to be in the act of rising from the picture to vanish into space. 'Puppies at Play,' from Mr. Ernest Hart's renowned collection, is an example of the work of the first painter who seriously endeavoured to establish naturalistic art upon a practical basis. Mori Sosen was a late contemporary of Okio, and may be regarded as one of the greatest animal painters of his school. Mori Tassan followed the style of Okio very closely, and had as his pupil Hoyen, the artist of our second illustration. He attained a wide reputation for sketches of birds and flowers, which combined,



From a Painting by Sosen, in the Dillon Collection, 1786.

with rare effects of grouping and close observation of naturalistic detail, an elegance of touch remarkable for a Japanese artist.

LOUIS FAGAN.

ART NOTES AND REVIEWS.

THE anti-Academy movement is still dragging its slow length along. There has been more correspondence in *The Times;* Messrs. G. Clausen and Walter Crane have resigned their membership of the Royal Institute; an organization having for its object the foundation of a "National Exhibition of the Arts" has been established and, "up to a certain point," completed; a sub-committee, consisting of Messrs. Clausen, Crane, Holman Hunt, La Thangue, Kennington, S. J. Solomon, and J. K. Thomas, with Mr. Frederick Brown as chairman—has been appointed, and has sent round for signature a document affirming that "the juries for the selecting and placing of works of art must be elected from and by the artists of the United Kingdom." It is understood that so far the appeal has met with scant success; also that the difficulties in the way of such a scheme as is proposed—difficulties of funds, of locality, of patronage—are insuperable; so that (it is hoped) the union may go no farther after all, and the conspiracy may presently be allowed to lapse. In any case the scheme is foredoomed to failure. What is wanted is not a new association, which nobody knows and for which nobody cares three straws, but a reform of the old one, which has the eye of the country, and, with all its faults and shortcomings, is recognised as representative of English Art. We hold that no stone should be left unturned to bring such reform about, but we cannot believe that the so-called "National Exhibition" is a step in any but the wrong direction; and we are strongly of opinion that to start it, and to fail in its establishment, would help the anti-reformers more than anything that could happen.

The Keeper of the Prints has of late been singularly fortunate. Among the more recent of his acquisitions are eighty mezzotints from the Addington Collection; eighty drawings by the late Randolph Caldecott; a fine collection—of portraits, caricatures, fantasies, and so forth—of drawings in pen and ink and water colours by the late Richard Doyle; a number of drawings by the Old Masters—Leonardo, Watteau, Aldegrever's 'John of Leyden,' Van Dyck, Michelangelo, Sir Joshua, Timeoteo Viti, and others—from the collections of Lord Breadalbane and Mr. F. T. Palgrave; an example of Jehan Fouquet, 'The Vision of Saint Louis,' from the volume in the Brentano gallery; and the largest collection of toy theatre scenes, prints, characters, and portraits in existence. This last is mainly composed of the publications of William West, the ancestor of Green, Skelt, B. Pollock, Marks, and other famous tradesmen, and includes the dramas of *Blue Beard, Ivanhoe, The Elephant of Siam, La Perouse, Casco Bay, Hyder Ali, The Red Rover, Black-Eyed Susan,* and *The Miller and His Men;* with a number of character portraits of eminent actors on a larger scale. As West was not only the first, but the best of the toy-theatre makers, the interest of this unique collection is considerable, from the point of view of Art as well as those of history and drama.

The Birmingham Museum has been open ten months, and has had in that time over a million of visitors; the Colonial Exhibition, open during six months, has had over five millions and a half. The Society of Lady Artists will hold their next exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; the sending-in days are the first Friday and Saturday in March. At the Burlington Fine Arts Club there will be an exhibition of McArdells in December. There will be a Fine Art Exhibition at Elgin, under the patronage of Lord Thurlow, Lord Fife, the Duke of Richmond, and others, at the end of the year. The Bewick Club will next year merge their annual show in the Jubilee Exhibition of Mining and Engineering, to be opened in Newcastle on the Queen's birthday. Finally, an exhibition of the work of Mr. Whistler—pictures, etchings, and pastels—will be held next March in the galleries of the Society of British Artists.

The attendance at the Autumn Exhibition of Pictures at the Liverpool Walker Art Gallery has been considerably affected by the "Shipperies;" but artists will be more concerned to know that the sales of pictures are considerably in excess of last year—at the time of writing one hundred and sixty works have found purchasers. The Corporation have bought for the permanent collection a work by Professor Geets, of Malines, entitled 'Awaiting an Audience.'

Sir John Millais is painting a sequel or companion picture to 'The Huguenots;' it has been purchased by the proprietor of 'The Vale of Rest' and 'The Knight Errant,' Mr. H. Tate, of Streatham. The so-called Lausanne Raphael, which has been described as a daub of the meanest type, has been sold for 200,000 francs. At Leipzig the Felix Collection has realised a total of £51,695. Dr. Bode has bought in Paris, for the Berlin Museum, the 'Jan Arnoulfini' of Jan Van Eyck, which was sold in London with the Nieuwenhuys Collection to Mr. Sedelmeyer for £326.

M. Berne-Bellecour has painted 'The Abdication at Fontainebleau' on a large scale and with the utmost attention to all details of costume and portraiture. The French Minister of War has commissioned, for the Salles d'Honneur of the Ministry, ten pictures representing the feats of arms of ten several regiments. For this first series M. Protais will paint 'The Storming of the Malakoff by the First Zouaves;' M. Delahaye, 'The Charge of the Twelfth Hussars at Marengo;' M. A. Morot, 'The Charge of the Third Cuirassiers at Reichshoffen;' M. Dupray, 'The Eighteenth Dragoons at Wörth (1794);' M. Broun, 'The Eleventh Chasseurs à Cheval at Hohenlinden;' M. Sergent, 'The Charge of the Third Chasseurs d'Afrique at Cinq Palmiers against the troops of Abd-el-Kader;' while MM. Berne-Bellecour, Le Blant, Renard, and Arthus will immortalise the Seventy-Sixth Foot and the Eleventh Artillery at Solférino, the First Engineers at Sebastopol, and the death of Colonel Froidevaux of the Sapeurs-Pompiers. A second series of ten, to be devoted to the line regiments and the Chasseurs, is in preparation, and it has been decided that four others shall be put in hand as soon as possible.

An interesting exhibition, probably the largest display of Copley Fielding's works ever brought together, is now open

at Messrs. Vokins, in Great Portland Street. Though no very intelligent observer of nature, and by no means to be ranked among the great innovators of the beginning of the century, Copley Fielding was, in the true sense of the word, an artist. He handed on, and often modified according to his personal feelings, the traditions of the past—traditions of a school in which formal beauty of composition and exquisite purity of paint were paramount qualities. Thus he has passed on the sacred fire to many painters of the present day, who, like him, cherish the cult of the old decorative water-colour painting in preference to the new and vigorous religion of naturalism. In 'Vessels in a Stiff Breeze' (6), 'Vessels in a Storm' (59), and many others of like complexion, we see the prototype of the sort of work now produced by Mr. E. Hayes and Mr. A. Parsons. The convention has probably more or less of a Dutch origin, but Copley Fielding added an easy grace to it, and made it his own by adapting it legitimately and skilfully to his favourite medium, water colour. He, indeed, as much as any painter, appreciated the intrinsic beauties and decorative quality of this material, and never allowed enthusiasm for nature, or any passionate human feeling, to interfere with the delicacy and orderly beauty of his work. 'Loch Katrine' (18) well shows his limits: the hill forms are impossible, the relations false, the handling feeble, the foreground too evidently the cheap and common brown *repoussoir*. Nor can we say much more for (50), or even for (60), in spite of its lovely opal sky. But such instances of exquisite workmanship and delicate Art applied to a somewhat empty convention are common enough. The 'Scarborough' (12) is one of those large spirited compositions which, not quite convincing as an aspect of nature, are handled throughout with mastery, and are consistent as illustrating a mood and phase of Art. 'Raby Castle, Durham' (35), though less pretentious, will appear sounder and more complete to the modern artist occupied with truth as well as harmony of ensemble. 'The Bay of Naples' (29) resembles some over-detailed Turners. A 'Composition, Surrey' (57), flimsy in tone, shows the influence of Claude and Turner; but the best and most perfect in this vein is the mellow and atmospheric 'River Scene—Sunset' (40), which almost rivals the purity and elegance of a Claude. A 'Landscape—Sunset' (31), one of the most striking of the large pictures, reminds one in the force and vividness of its colouring, as well as in the character of its sentiment, of the late Samuel Palmer.

At the Fine Art Society's galleries Mr. Fulleylove shows seventy-four sketches in pen, pencil, and water colour, of scenes from "Petrarch's Country." Though all of them can hardly be said to be of the first order of technique, most of them possess what is of more importance, the gift of sympathetic imagination, and the quality of style that follows in its train. In the matter of composition and large constructive arrangement, some of these water colours are of very high merit; their breadth and dignity fully excuse the occasional flimsiness and want of atmospheric fusion of the colours that may be noticed in others. Nearly all of them are excellent as illustrations, the artist having seized and emphasized with a ready sympathy the notable and picturesque features of the scene. 'Arles: Arena,' is full of feeling for the big, deserted, sunlit amphitheatre overgrown with weeds. 'Nimes: Roman Bath,' is full of rich and sympathetic colour, but, on the whole, we prefer the superior dignity of a treatment of the same subject in black and white, 'Nimes: Roman Baths.' A broad, firm, and imposing, yet fresh and highly coloured drawing, well illustrates the desolation of 'Aigues Mortes, from the Marshes.' Perhaps 'Narbonne' may be with confidence pronounced the most complete, if not the finest, of all the water colours, as to elegance of style it adds considerable truth of realism and a refined and admirable technique. The relative values are good; the colours are blended softly and aerially; a cool blue atmosphere bathes all, from the firm yet delicate Cathedral perched in air to the figure groups introduced with taste and suggestiveness on the banks of the river below. Pencil drawings such as 72, 74, 71, and 43, will be found not the least artistic or attractive part of the show.

The death is announced of the sculptor, Emilio Castellani, at the age of ninety years; of the Danish painter, C. Laude; of John Pritchard, diocesan architect of Llandaff, and author of "Views, Elevations, and Sections of Minster Lovell Church;" of the German sculptor, Dielmann; of Baron Charles Meyer de Rothschild (Frankfort), one of the most successful of modern collectors; of Ernest Eugène Hiolle, a pupil of Jooffroy and Graufils, sculptor of an 'Arion' (1867) and a 'Narcisse' (1865), both in the Luxembourg; of the Moscow painter, Paul Semenovitch Solokin; of Lord Monkwell, better known as Sir Robert Collier, an amateur landscape painter, but a frequent exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere; and of J. Beavington Atkinson, Art critic and historian, author of "An Art Tour in the Northern Capitals of Europe," and for many years a chief contributor to this magazine. Mr. Atkinson was born in 1822, and in due course articled to a solicitor. He, however, never seriously practised his profession, being more concerned to study and copy works of art. He travelled largely, visiting Italy, Greece, Turkey, Damascus, and Upper Egypt. On his return he commenced to lecture, and opened his literary career, which has been a long and busy one, by contributing to *Blackwood's Magazine*, *The Eclectic Review* and *The Art Journal*. He was also well known as the Honorary Secretary of the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

Sir Henry Layard has been for some time past engaged upon the correction and revision of Kugler's "Hand-book of Italian Painting," and by incorporating with it the results of his own researches and those of Morelli, Eugène Muntz, Bode, Lubke, Crowe and Cavalcaselle and others, has made it, we are told, almost a new work. The Rev. Thomas Burns (Edinburgh) has in hand a "History of Old Scottish Communion Cups, Baptismal Plate, and Tokens," to be illustrated with some fifty plates. Mr. Hunnewell has finished, and Mr. Murray will shortly publish, a set of "British Chronicles in Stone." Mr. Stanley Lane Poole is hard at work on his "Fasti Arabici," for the preparation of which he has journeyed of late through Sweden, Finland, Russia, the Crimea, Constantinople, and Smyrna. The success of the French and Dutch Loan Collection in the Fine-Art Section of the Edinburgh International Exhibition will be commemorated in a *catalogue raisonné* redacted (with a preface) by Mr. W. E. Henley. The volume will be published by Messrs. Constable at the University Press. The illustrations, some forty or fifty in number, in etching and lithography, will be the work of Messrs. W. B. Hole, A.R.S.A., and Zilcken.

The two new numbers in the excellent "BIBLIOTHEQUE DE L'ENSEIGNEMENT DES BEAUX-ARTS" (Paris: Quantin) are

M. Henri Buchot's "Le Livre" and M. Louis Gonse's "L'Art Japonais." The first is in some sort a model of its kind. The point of view is purely French, of course; so that the Englishman who searches it for a satisfactory account of Baskerville and Caxton, and Roger Payne, will come well-nigh empty away. All the same, it is capital work. The first chapter contains as good and explicit a summary of the origin of printing—the contributions of Coster, Guttenberg, Fust, and Schoeffher—as we know. The second deals with the men of the second generation, in Germany and Italy, France and Holland; the establishment of a press at the Sorbonne; the beginning of illustrations; "l'apparition du portrait;" marks, borders, initials, and signatures. The next two chapters deal with the innovations of the next two centuries (1600-1700); in the fifth the book of the eighteenth century is examined and discussed, with special reference to France and the illustrations of Gillot and Laurent Cars, Watteau and Boucher, Choffard and Moreau, Cochin and Eisen and Gravelot; but with a brief excursus upon England, Bartolozzi, the publications of Boydell, and "the Ariosto of Baskewille;" and a few lines concerning Chodowiecki. The heroes of the sixth chapter are the Didots; and among the names arrayed in it as examples are Daumier, Devéria, Jean Gigoux, Bewick, Doré, Gavarni, Johannot, and "le célèbre Benjamin West." Then comes a discourse on types, papers, inks, and presses; with a chapter on binding, from the achievements in wood and pig- and calf-skin, of old Mayence, to the Marius Michels and Trautz-Bauzonnets of the present time; and a final note on libraries, in which the Bodleian and the British Museum are not forgotten. M. Buchot, it should be added, is an excellent writer, so that his book is very easy reading; while his illustrations, which are many, are so well chosen and so successfully presented as to be deserving of special commendation. There is not nearly so much to be said for "L'Art Japonais" of M. Louis Gonse. It is at best an epitome of the author's larger treatise on the same subject, which has been completely superseded, as far, at least, as pictorial art is concerned, by the work of Mr. William Anderson. Had M Gonse delayed the publication of his book a little longer, and incorporated in it the immense amount of novel information contained in Mr. Anderson's "Catalogue" and "The Pictorial Arts of Japan," he had done his readers much better service than he has. He would have been obliged to recast and rewrite his treatise, but it would have savoured much less of empiricism, and have possessed a greater scientific value. It is a little annoying, indeed, to find him repeating himself to so little purpose. Of Mr. Anderson's eight historical and academical divisions—the Buddhist, the Yamato-Tosa, the Chinese, the Sesshiū, the Kano, the Popular, the Shijō (or Naturalistic), and the Ganku Schools—he takes no account, though some knowledge of them is essential to the understanding of the progress of Japanese painting, but makes his story one of individuals and individual practice. He declines to recognise the fact that Japanese Art is only a development of the Art of China; remarks that—the existence of Wu-tao-tz', and others notwithstanding—"il n'est même pas prouvé qu'avant le XIIe Siècle la Chine ait eu des maîtres plus habiles que le Japon;" says nothing of Korea and the Korean example, and nothing of the Græco-Indian inspiration, but insists, against all evidence, on the presence of Persia and Persian influences, and, in brief, misstates the case as clearly and categorically as he can. To Hōkusai he gives, as in his larger book, a separate chapter, written with the exaggerated enthusiasm which that admirable artist has from the first awakened in him in common with all French critics. In treating of printed books he asserts that there are no examples of block-printing anterior to the fifteenth century, whereas, according to Messrs. Anderson & Satow, block-printing has been a Japanese industry for over a thousand years, and there is extant a block ascribed to Jigakū Daishi, one of the lights of the Buddhist school, who died in 864. It will be obvious from all this that as a text-book M. Gonse's work leaves much to be desired. It is written, however, with elegance and spirit; it contains a great deal of unimpeachable information and some intelligent criticism, and it is, on the whole, well illustrated, so that, until the appearance in English of a better book of the same class, it will be found not altogether useless.

Mr. G. A. Audsley has produced in "THE ORNAMENTAL ARTS OF JAPAN" (London: Sampson Low) what is probably the most sumptuous publication existing on the subject. It has pretensions to completeness, and it takes in fact as comprehensive a survey of the several arts of Japan—embroidery, enamel, lacquer, metal work, painting, textiles, and so forth—as has yet been achieved. More than that, Mr. Audsley has collected his material from the best and richest sources—has gone to Mr. Anderson for information about pictures and engravings, to Sir Rutherford Alcock for his textiles, to Mr. M'Clatchie for his heraldry; so that, for some time at least, his work is likely to be of value as an epitome of what is known on the subject to which it is devoted. The best of its sections is that upon cloisonné enamel, which is readable and sound in no mean degree; and it may be said of even the worst that it is accurate so far as it goes, and with all its defects is thoroughly well meant. But it is, after all, as a publication *de luxe* that the book attains to eminence. That the examples illustrated are not all well chosen—are interesting commercially rather than as objects of Art—may be readily conceded. The fact remains that, good or bad, they are produced with such exemplary magnificence as to give a permanent value to the book in which they appear. To give any adequate account of them in the space at our disposal is impossible. Some are in photogravure; those in colour are mostly the work of Lemercier of Paris. Among them may be mentioned, in the first part, a masterpiece in encrusted lacquer, which represents the escape from their demon conductor of a batch of souls bound for the gates of Tartar, which is simply as good as it can be. Conspicuous in the third part are the grotesque in ivory and wood of Chung-kwei engaged in combat with a crowd of demons; the portrait of Ben-kei as he appeared when he stole the bell of Mi-i-dera; the lacquer and encrusted work, after Yōsai, of the lovely and accomplished poetess (a daughter of the illustrious Shunzei), who won the heart of a lettered prince and became a princess, by the grace with which she leaned upon an ume-tree, and the aptness and propriety with which she quoted verse; the superb *fukusa* embroidered with peacocks; all the lacquers and embroideries in general. In the last instalment is a fine ivory, representing the combat of Ben-kei and Yoshitsuné, with two admirable miniatures of the Brahma and the Indra at Tō-dai-ji; some wonderful specimens of champlevé and cloisonné, from the collections of Mrs. Adam Bell, Mr. Bowes, and Mr. Ernest Hart; and a piece of embroidery produced in Kioto in the seventeenth century, which simply beggars description. We might speak

of a score besides; but we must leave our readers to see and admire for themselves. What is more, they will learn a great deal that is novel and true about a subject as delightful as any in the range of Art. With this subject Mr. Audsley has identified himself; and it will be long ere the association is dissolved, and the services which he has rendered to all students of the arts of Japan are forgotten.

MISCELLANIES.—Mr. Church's "Carthage," in "The Story of the Nations" series (London: Fisher Unwin), is mainly a story of battles, massacres, and sieges; it is probably, even certainly, more accurate than "Salambô," but it is not nearly so picturesque and suggestive. The illustrations are appropriate, but inexpensive; Mr. Church acknowledges his indebtedness for most of them to Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez. The second volume of Mr. Roach Smith's "Retrospections, Social and Archæological" (London: Bell & Sons) contains a good many personal details, some pleasant anecdotes, and a certain amount of antiquarianism; it may be read without much difficulty. The text of "Legends and Popular Tales of the Basque People" (London: Fisher Unwin) is by Mariana Monteiro; it is very readable, though the style is heavy and the diction strained. The illustrations, which are in photogravure, are the work of Mr. Harold Copping; they mean well. "Engraving" (London: Cassell), which Mr. Stevenson has translated from "La Gravure" of Vicomte Henri Delaborde, is infinitely better reading than the original, for Mr. Stevenson's English is not less vigorous and expressive than M. Delaborde's French is woolly and inexact. The chapter on English engraving which Mr. William Walker has added to the original work partakes too much of the nature of a catalogue, but is useful and comprehensive. The illustrations are well chosen, but a trifle worn.

If it serves any real purpose to class engravings, they may broadly be grouped under three heads:—those prints which command attention by reason of the subject; those which whilst faithfully following the spirit of the picture which they aim at reproducing, attract by the intrinsic merit of the reproducer's art; and those which belong to the class known as "painter-etchings." Under the first head comes the etching by Charles Waltner, after Frank Dicksee's 'Romeo and Juliet' (Arthur Tooth and Sons), A. Brunet-Debaines' etching of B. W. Leader, A.R.A.'s, 'At Evening Time' (Agnew and Sons), and the photogravure after W. Q. Orchardson, R.A.'s, 'Her First Dance' (Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells). The work of the etcher of the first plate, published as a companion to the painter's 'Harmony,' possesses a fineness and minuteness by no means too common, and it is from such as this that the locust host of amateur etchers could learn an instructive lesson. M. Waltner has attained to the nice boundary line between the brilliant facility of the etcher's art and the minute detail of the engraver's practice. Of very different character, and yet in some measure alike, is A. Brunet-Debaines' treatment of Mr. Leader's well-remembered picture. Here, whilst not a line is meaningless, the etcher relies largely for his effects on the adroit distribution of the lights in the picture. In this respect the black and white reproduction shows to advantage beside the original, to which the etcher has added something of direct force. The etching, too, is less "well groomed" than Mr. Leader's canvas. The photogravure of Mr. Orchardson's 'Her First Dance' comes as a straggler at the end of the long array of reproductions, of which we hear on many hands that there is less in store for the future. The public, it is said, are tiring of "process" plates. There is one more plate, the etching by F. Slocombe after Farquharson's 'Twilight' (The Fine Art Society), which for convenience we include in this class. Its treatment is individual, yet the beauties of the original picture were such as to command more than average respect for the painter. There is no attempt to do more than the etcher can safely do, and, as a pure etching, it is bound to receive attention.

Before quite leaving this class of work we must record the recent issue of certain etchings of pictures by Chas. Cattermole, R.I., illustrating four important events in Lancashire history: 'The Visit of King James to Hoghton Tower,' 'The Battle of Preston,' 'Whalley Abbey,' and 'A Preston Guild in the Seventeen Century.' The etchings have that peculiar characteristic style which we have learnt to associate with the name of Cattermole, and as pictorial records of important historical events they should be of interest, especially to Lancashire men. They are published by L. S. Walmsley, of Blackburn.

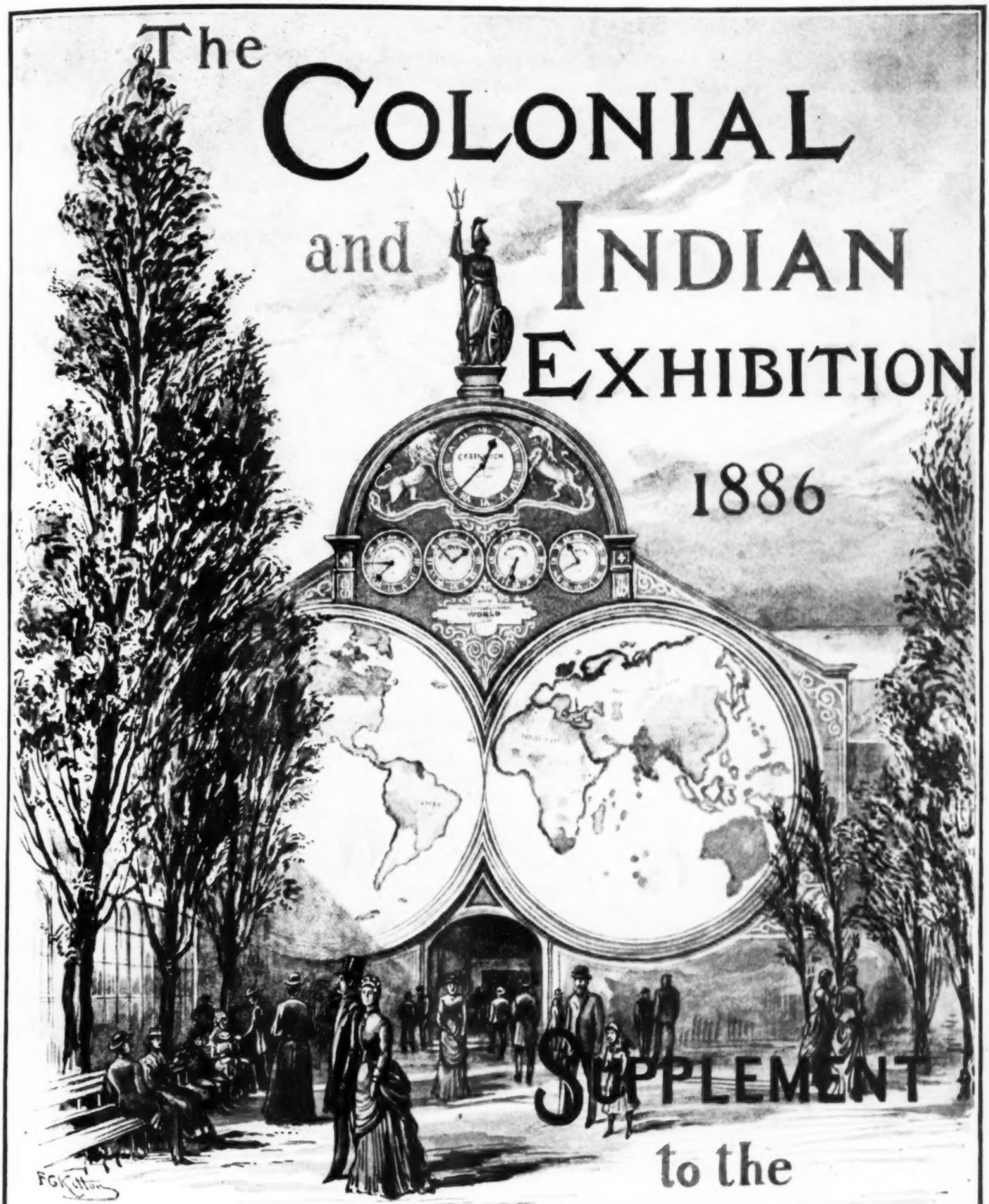
The etching by Robert W. Macbeth, A.R.A., of the late Geo. Mason's 'Pastoral Symphony' (Thos. Agnew and Sons), comes well at the head of the class of reproduction on which the etcher indubitably makes his mark. It is a poetic rendering of a poetic subject. It is Geo. Mason's picture seen through Mr. Macbeth's spectacles. The result is happy, if we accept it for what it claims to be, an etching, and do not insist on too slavish a copy of the original work.

Of what the "painter-etchers" have been recently doing we have three examples before us, 'To Meet the Fleet,' an original etching by John Fullwood (The Fine Art Society); 'Windsor Castle,' original etching by David Law (Dowdeswell and Dowdeswells); and 'Charlcote,' by F. Slocombe (The Fine Art Society). At the outset we feel a little disappointed with the large plate which Mr. Fullwood has etched, but a longer acquaintance serves not only to eradicate this first impression, but to disclose many qualities not at first perceived. The scene is full of business and bustle, finding a healthy contrast in the quiet of the sea which rolls away to the horizon. Mr. Fullwood has grasp of a good subject, and the knowledge to enable him to freely execute it. Very different indeed, in style, in treatment, and in subject, is this plate from the work which David Law last published. Windsor Castle is a time-honoured and oft-tried subject, and its attraction can no longer be that of novelty. Perhaps Mr. Law has recognised this, and put more than usual care and thought into his plate, which is characterized, moreover, by even more than his customary sensitiveness and delicacy of touch. The last of the plates now under review is the large upright by Fred. Slocombe. 'Charlcote' is issued as a companion to the 'Rookery,' a plate which has been hugely popular, and will, naturally, be the subject of comparison. Under such circumstances, we will not attempt to dictate, but simply record our impression that it can hardly fail of equal, if not wider, acceptance with the 'Rookery.' What it lacks in other respects, it gains in effect and atmosphere. A contrast, yet a companion, it is in Mr. Slocombe's happiest vein; and that is saying much.

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The Colonial and Indian Exhibition 1886



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MUSEUM

THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

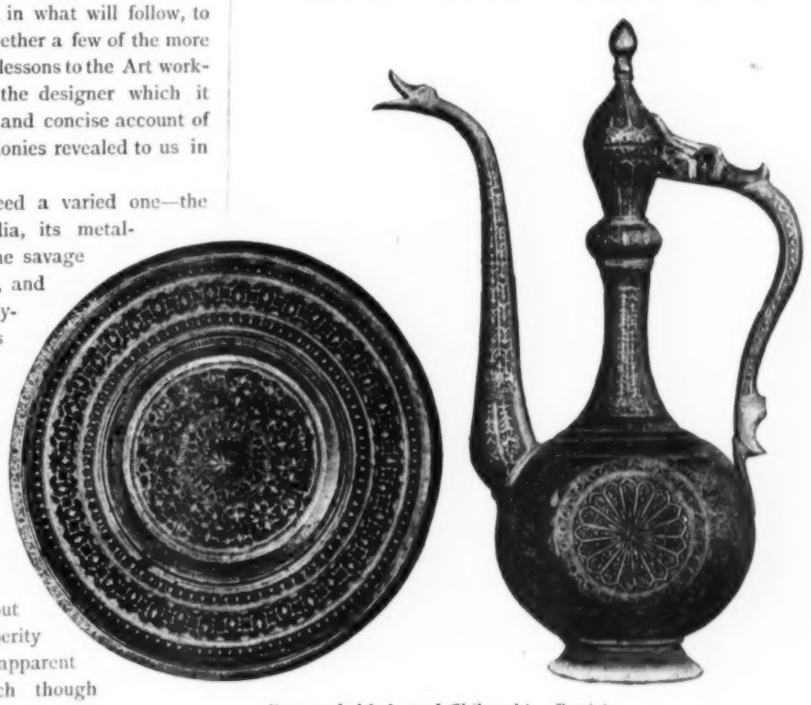
INTRODUCTION.



THE magnificent display of the wealth and treasure of Greater Britain brought together in the Galleries at South Kensington, is essentially a record of material and industrial progress and success, vast, no doubt, beyond the power of most minds to conceive, and wholly unparalleled until now in the history of the world. But it is not alone in its social and commercial aspects that the present exhibition is a remarkable one. It appeals alike to the artist and to the Art-lover, as well as to the economist and to the statesman, in the many-sided indications it affords to us of activity and skill, and it will be our pleasant task, in what will follow, to gather together a few of the more important lessons to the Art workman and the designer which it conveys to us, and to furnish a brief and concise account of the Art wealth of India and of the Colonies revealed to us in these collections.

The picture we have here is indeed a varied one—the wondrous native handicrafts of India, its metal-work, its pottery, and its textiles; the savage Art of New Zealand, Western Africa, and Australia; the ancient civilisation of Cyprus; the Art of China, coming to us from Hong Kong; and the skilful workmanship of Malta, which partakes of the refinement of Italian culture. The material wealth of Australia and the Cape seems, it is true, to have left small room for artistic progress, while Canada has felt too strongly the influence of her American neighbours to make an independent advance in the Fine Arts; but amidst all the signs of physical prosperity and development there is everywhere apparent a striving after artistic effect, which though at times rude and ignorant, at others gives abundant evidence of inspiration from true and living sources.

In no part of the world, with the sole exception, perhaps, of Japan, is there a more certain traditional and instinctive native feeling for Art than in many of the provinces of India. In their eye for harmonious arrangements of colour, in their power of skilfully disposing ornament over a given surface, and in their appreciation of graceful and correct outline, it seems almost impossible for the Indian workers to err; and surely never before have we had such an opportunity, as we have here presented to us, of forming a true estimate of the Art-handicrafts of this marvellous country. In certain of our Colonial possessions, where a savage race with a strongly accentuated feeling for ornament, as was the case with the New Zealanders, has been displaced by European settlers, it is interesting to note how entirely the Art-work of the aboriginal inhabitants has failed to produce any impression on the decorative work of the colonists. Nowhere have we been able, even after careful search, to discover any traces of the existence of such an influence. Of course, as might have been expected, where a colony has sprung up in close proximity to a prosperous and thriving country, it has moulded its arts and industries in strict accordance with those of its more



Engraved Aftaba and Chilamchi. Panjab.

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powerful neighbour; but here all power of being influenced would appear to cease.

It is impossible, when wandering through these galleries, to overlook the variety as well as the profusion of the natural productions of the countries which own our sway. Almost every material which Art has lifted into beauty comes to us more or less abundantly from some one or other of these foreign lands. Timber, in almost inexhaustible quantity, from Columbia and Canada, and all the rare woods useful to the cabinet-maker from Africa, New Zealand, and Australia; minerals and metals from all parts of Australia and the Cape; precious metals, jewels, and rare shells, wool and silk for textiles, grasses and fibres, colours and dyestuffs—everything needful for the Art-workman is there, and in many parts seems only waiting for the touch of the skilled artificer in order to yield us lavishly new forms of delicate and graceful handiwork. In all new countries, and as such many of our colonies must needs be considered, Art and the appreciation of Art come slowly. It may perhaps occasion to some minds a sense of disappointment to find how much remains to be done in order to bring up even the most forward and progressive of our colonies to the standard of Art excellence to which we ourselves have attained; but it must be remembered that everything has with them taken giant strides, and that they have frequently reached, within the space of a single lifetime, the position it has taken us, the mother country, centuries to achieve.



A Corner of the Ceylon Café.

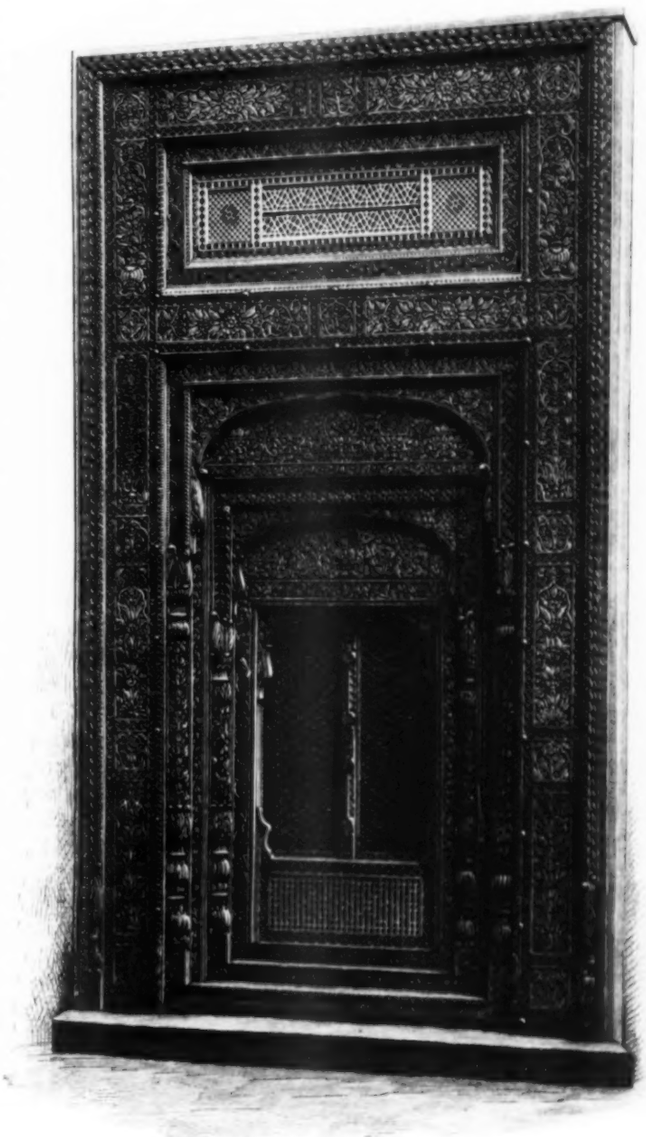
Nearly everywhere we find the love of Art to prevail, and we may take it for granted that, rightly directed, this impulse will ere long produce excellent results. What we have chiefly to guard against, and it is most important that we should keep this fact constantly before us, is the tendency of the strong commercial instincts of the British race to lose sight of the artistic abilities of the native populations with which we are brought in contact. It would be sad indeed to contemplate the extermination or the decay of any one of the indigenous arts of India, but we must remember that many of them are already threatened, and that it may need our best exertions to maintain them in the face of the pushing and all-pervading influence of our own manufacturing centres. In this direction such an exhibition as the present one may be productive of vast good. It marks an actual position, and, though in certain directions we may be found wanting, the display assures us of the excellence and value of the Art work of India, and it will furnish us with an incentive to foster and maintain it. Of this we may be certain, that we could never, if these traditional handicrafts were lost, revive them by any efforts we should be likely to make; and it is only by a widespread sense of appreciation and liberal encouragement that much that is most delightful and excellent in the minor Art handicrafts of India can be secured a prolonged existence in the coming struggle with the factory system.

But it is not alone in its warnings that such a display as this is of value; it must also occasion to us and to all true lovers of their country a sense of joy and gratitude for what has been done by these, our far-off children, in the near past, and a glad anticipation of the triumphs in store for them and for us in the not distant future. For it must be remembered with pride that these treasures, amassed in some of the most beautiful and in some of the most fertile quarters of the earth, have been won by our own sons and belong to our own kith and kin. There has been in recent times a disposition in the minds of some of our statesmen and politicians, a tendency to regard the colonies as "from us" but not "of us." Surely never did a more fatal creed than this gain acceptance in our midst. Our own small and comparatively insignificant island has little room for expansion, except in these broad lands across the sea we have made our own. England united to these great colonies by the most intimate bonds which statesmen can devise, may well hold her own against the growing power of the nations of Europe, with whom she is confronted, and who may any moment become opposed to her.

The Prince who presides over the present Exhibition, and to whose foresight and initiative we owe its inception and its completion, has shown a deep knowledge of the power we here possess, and a true insight into the best means of cementing the friendship between the various portions of the great empire over which he will one day be called upon to reign. The future of England, as well as the future of the colonies, lies in federation, and the splendid example furnished by Australia in the recent war has taught to all the soul-stirring lesson that we have, indeed, in our colonial possessions "a fresh reservoir of strength within striking distance."

INDIA.

FROM an Art point of view this is unquestionably the most attractive section of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition. On passing the turnstiles at the main entrance, the visitor will find himself in the Colonial Vestibule, a large and spacious room having the original model of the Bombay equestrian statue of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales as the centre feature. Since the last exhibition this front vestibule has, however, entirely changed its character. On the two lateral walls are displayed large paintings of some of the most striking scenic features of the British Colonial dominions. On the wall, over the turnstiles, a panorama of London reminds the visitor of a fact hitherto not sufficiently appreciated, that London is the capital of the largest, and at the same time the most loyal, empire on the globe. On the wall facing the entrance will be seen an admirable design, by Doulton, around the three doorways that lead into the second or Indian Vestibule. The walls have been tastefully draped with Kashmir and Panjab printed calicoes, selected for this purpose by the indefatigable superintendent of the Indian Museum, Mr. C. Purdon Clarke, C.I.E., during his recent visit to India as an emissary from the Royal Commissioners of the Exhibition. But the surprise created by the freshness and vigour of these cheap calicoes is little more than aroused when attention is immediately diverted to the display of life-size and truthful military figures in clay, arranged around the room. These, we understand, were executed by native artists under the direction of Mr. E. C. Buck, the Secretary to the Government of India. They were designed to forcibly demonstrate the immense value and power to the British Empire of the Indian army, and two hundred and fifty thousand men is by no means a force that can be despised when it is recollected how admirably they have been trained, and, at the same time, how completely they are equipped with the most recent weapons of destruction. The only regret that can be expressed regarding these military figures is, that, although admirably modelled, the men themselves would have been preferable, and a guard of honour of her Indian troops to the Queen-Empress would have been a fitting complement to the demonstration witnessed on the 4th of May of the vast Empire which has been built up and consolidated during her Majesty's reign.



Carved Wooden Door, Panjab.

We give an illustration of a member of His Excellency the Viceroy of India's body-guard, keeping sentry at the door at the top of the staircase that leads to the Indian section of the Exhibition. Before descending these steps it may be as well to explain here that the Indian exhibits are grouped in five distinct courts. The three galleries which are comprised in the southern block of the Exhibition buildings constitute the most imposing feature of the Indian section. The Central Gallery is devoted to the Indian Art industries, and these have been grouped in divisions corresponding to the various Provinces and Native States of India. This is the chief promenade of the Exhibition, and the long vista of wood and stone carving lining either side of this popular resort has most fittingly been described as a "revelation" of the fertility of Indian Art conceptions. To Mr. Royle, the official agent of the Government of India, is due the credit of having so admirably

completed all the arrangements of this court. To the left of this gallery will be found the Imperial Economic and Commercial Court, presided over by Dr. George Watt, the special officer deputed by the Government of India for this purpose. Unlike the Art Court, the exhibits shown in this gallery have been arranged according to an industrial system, instead of a geographical. That is to say, all fibres have been placed in a section of the court by themselves. Thus with the greatest ease the inquirer can study within a small area all the products of one class instead of having, as at former exhibitions, to wander over the entire Indian section.

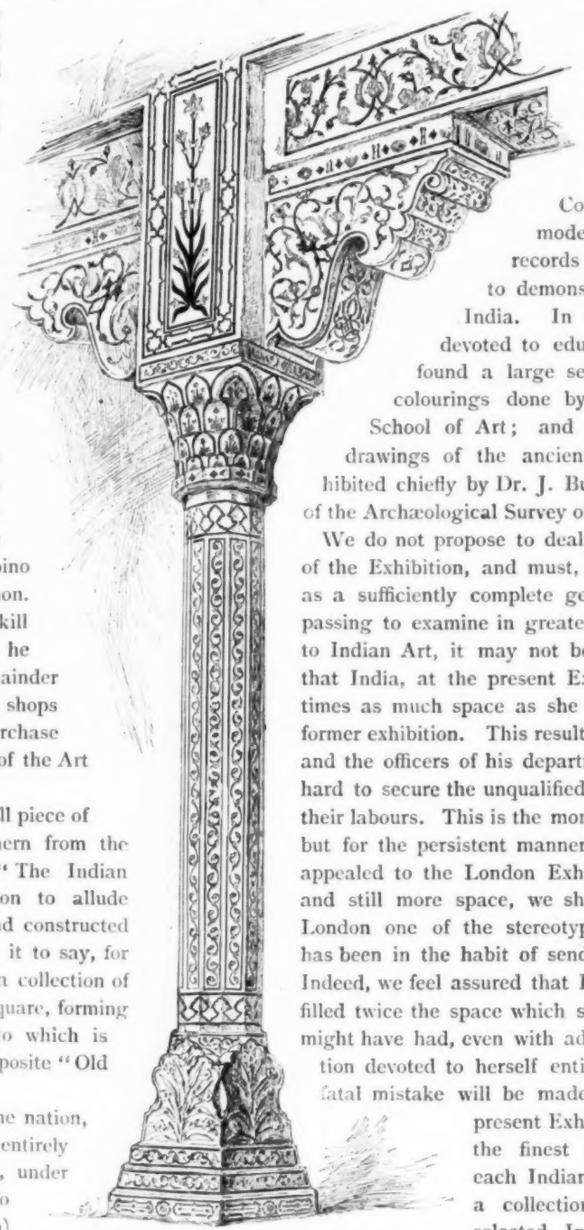
The gallery to the right of the central avenue is that known as the Indian Bazaar. The first portion of this court, and the one which attracts the greatest number of visitors, has been designated "The Animal Trophy." Within a small space a selection of the leading animals of India has been grouped in an amusing way; but it must not be supposed that the exile on India's tropical swamps and impenetrable jungles meets at every step a tiger, a cheetah, an albino black-buck, an alligator, and a python. Mr. Rowland Ward has displayed skill in the life-like attitudes in which he has placed each animal. The remainder of the gallery is devoted to small shops or stalls, where the visitor may purchase and carry away at once examples of the Art manufactures of India.

Still to the right, and in the small piece of ground which separates the southern from the central blocks, will be found "The Indian Palace." We shall have occasion to allude again to this building, designed and constructed by Mr. C. Purdon Clarke; suffice it to say, for the present, that from the palace a collection of small shops or booths surround a square, forming a sort of *Serai*, the entrance to which is through Sindia's stone gateway opposite "Old London."

This arch (now the property of the nation, and the construction of which was entirely due to the efforts of Major Keith, under great and unusual difficulties, to show what native artificers could do) has been most unfortunately dealt with. It has been placed much too near the Old London gateway for its proportions to be properly seen; in fact, it has been sacrificed to the Indian Palace, to which it has been attached—a strange incongruity, this intermixture of Hindoo and Mahommedan architecture. It would be interesting to know who is answerable for this gross error.

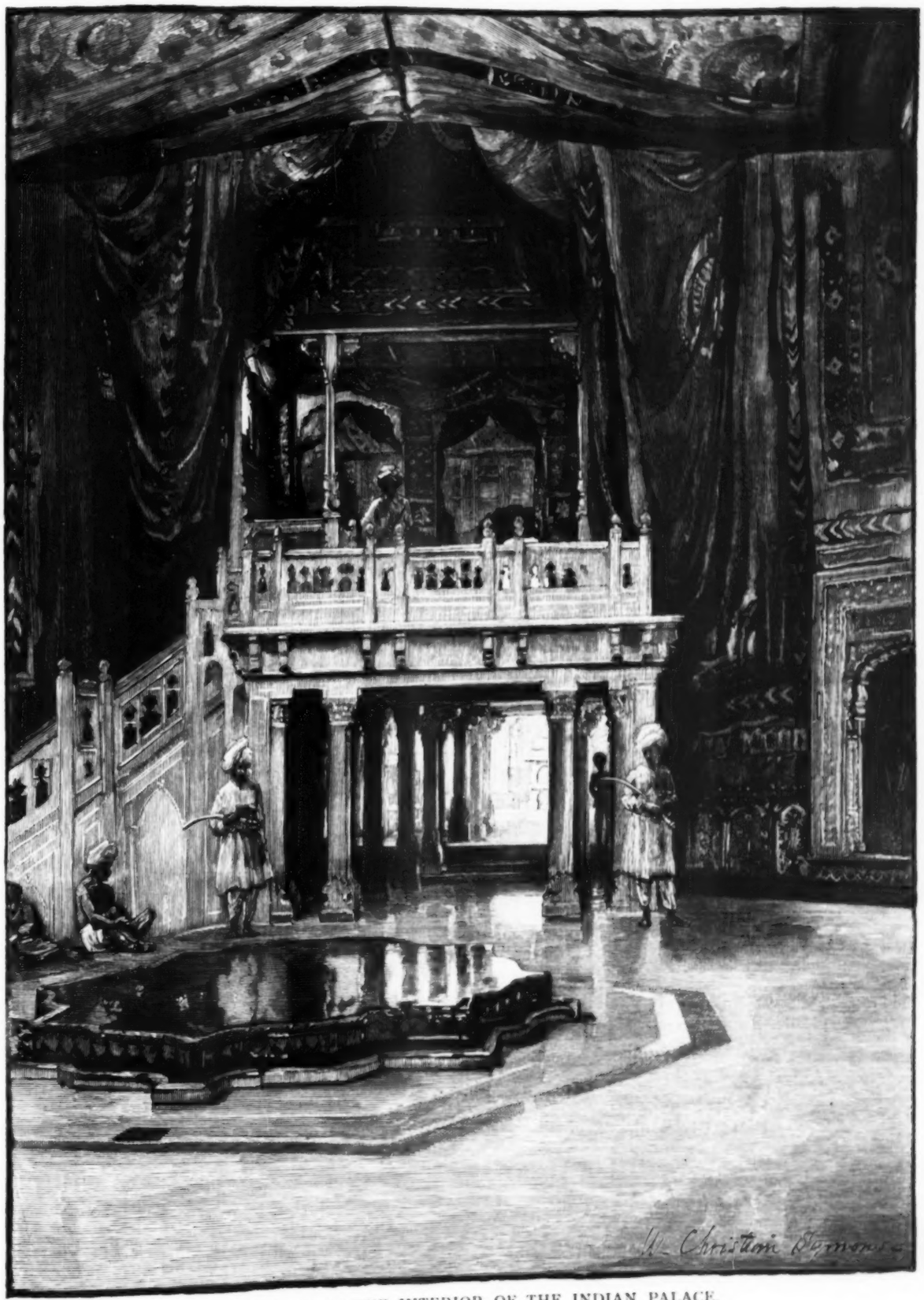
In these shops the Indian artisans brought to London by Dr. J. Tyler may be daily seen busily engaged prosecuting their various trades. Around the palace will be found Mr. Thomas Wardle's instructive and artistic collection of Indian silks, which will be found not only to contain a complete series of the woven and embroidered silks of India, but in addition a most instructive display of the wild and domesticated silks.

There is yet another gallery devoted to India, the East Arcade. This will be found to commence from the Indian Vestibule on the right, and to pass round the eastern side of the Exhibition, between the Indian Museum and the court devoted to the West Indies. This is the Indian Administration Court, in which will be found models, photographs, maps, and records specially prepared in order to demonstrate the administration of India. In the section of this court devoted to education, for example, will be found a large series of drawings and water colourings done by the pupils of the Indian School of Art; and in another, a collection of drawings of the ancient monuments of India, exhibited chiefly by Dr. J. Burgess, the Director-General of the Archæological Survey of India.



Marble Pillar from the Palace Fort, Agra.
Drawn by J. Stevens.

We do not propose to deal, however, with every section of the Exhibition, and must, therefore, accept the above as a sufficiently complete general account; but before passing to examine in greater detail the gallery devoted to Indian Art, it may not be out of place to add here that India, at the present Exhibition, is occupying five times as much space as she has ever before held at any former exhibition. This result is mainly due to Mr. Buck and the officers of his department, who, in India, worked hard to secure the unqualified success which has attended their labours. This is the more commendable, seeing that but for the persistent manner in which they worked and appealed to the London Exhibition authorities for more and still more space, we should have had repeated in London one of the stereotyped collections which India has been in the habit of sending to ordinary exhibitions. Indeed, we feel assured that India could quite easily have filled twice the space which she at present occupies, and might have had, even with advantage, a separate exhibition devoted to herself entirely. While this is so, a fatal mistake will be made by any one entering the present Exhibition in the hope of seeing the finest samples ever produced of each Indian Art. The present is not a collection of ancient or specially-selected Indian Art like that to be seen at the Indian Museum, but is one of the articles now produced, which can be actually purchased in quantity at the present day from the men who are described as the manufacturers of the particular samples displayed. Many of the articles offered for sale are no doubt in some cases degenerations from similar articles produced fifty years ago, but not more so than are the silks sold in London for the ladies' dresses of to-day inferior in point of quality and durability to those sold half a century ago. Competition is in India as in



A PORTION OF THE INTERIOR OF THE INDIAN PALACE.

Drawn by W. Christian Symons. Engraved by W. and J. R. Cheshire.

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MUSEUM

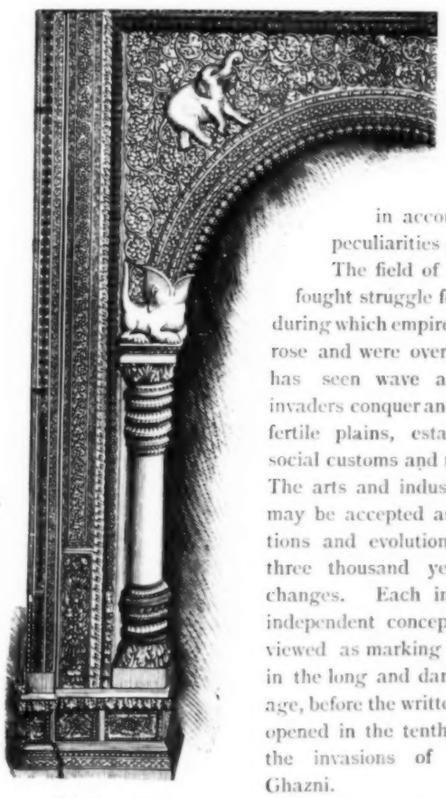
Europe injuring the Art industries. But it should not be forgotten that even fifty years ago, or at any other period, bad as well as good pieces were produced. The bad were destroyed and the good preserved, until for fabulous sums the best have found their way into museums or the cabinets of collectors. We cannot, therefore, reiterate too forcibly that the collection now on view is a typical one of the Indian Art industries of to-day, and that in spite of demerits, which certainly exist, there is a charm and freshness about the Indian Art manufactures which goes a long way to producing that feeling of satisfaction which the visitor carries away with him from the Colonial and Indian Exhibition.

We propose to examine three distinct classes of Indian Art manufactures, comparing those of one province with another, namely, (1) Wood and Stone Carving; (2) Metal work; and (3) Pottery.

INDIAN DECORATIVE ART.

PROVINCIAL SCREENS OF CARVED WOOD OR STONE.

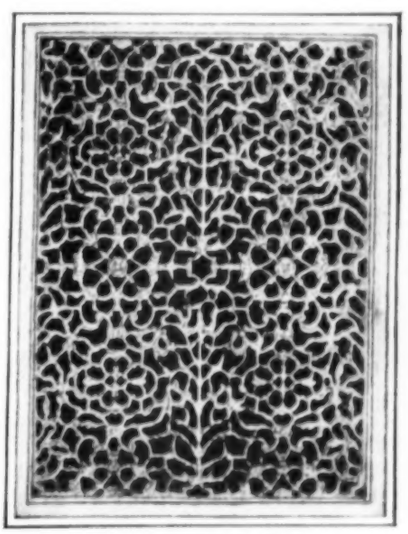
THE Art of every country must be interpreted in the light thrown on it by the study of the social and religious habits of the people. In perhaps no other country have greater revolutions occurred than in India, and this fact is one of the most potent in accounting for the peculiarities of Indian Art. The field of many a hard-fought struggle for supremacy, during which empires successively rose and were overthrown, India has seen wave after wave of invaders conquer and colonise her fertile plains, establishing new social customs and new religions. The arts and industries of India may be accepted as the adaptations and evolutions of at least three thousand years of such changes. Each important and independent conception may be viewed as marking a new epoch in the long and dark pre-historic age, before the written chronology opened in the tenth century with the invasions of Mahmud of Ghazni.



Scindia's Gateway.

THE VEDIC FAITH AND THE ARYANS.—Without traversing too far the debatable field of anthropology, it is desirable to review very briefly the accepted theories regarding the origin of the people of India in order to understand their arts. The curtain rises with the Rig Veda, and the influence of that monotheistic nature-loving song has pervaded everything that can be called Indian for the past five thousand years. Penned by a Sanskrit-speaking people, who invaded and conquered the greater mass of the previous (or, as they are generally called, aboriginal) inhabitants of India, it became the inspiration of a new religion. For convenience these invaders are generally spoken of as the Aryans, and they are accepted as having entered India through the passes of the Panjáb Himálaya. About 2000 B.C., they had taken possession of Ayodhya (the Oudh of to-day), and the "Ramayana," written long after, tells the stirring events of that period. Then follows a gap of eight hundred years, and when the history can again be picked up in the "Mahabharata," it is difficult to avoid the impression that, if Aryans at all, the heroes who carried their victorious arms to Ceylon were sadly changed; for they are no more the peaceful shepherds of the earlier age, but a degenerate race of mixed blood and contaminated faith. Five or six hundred years later (700 B.C.) the Aryans can no longer be traced as a separate people.

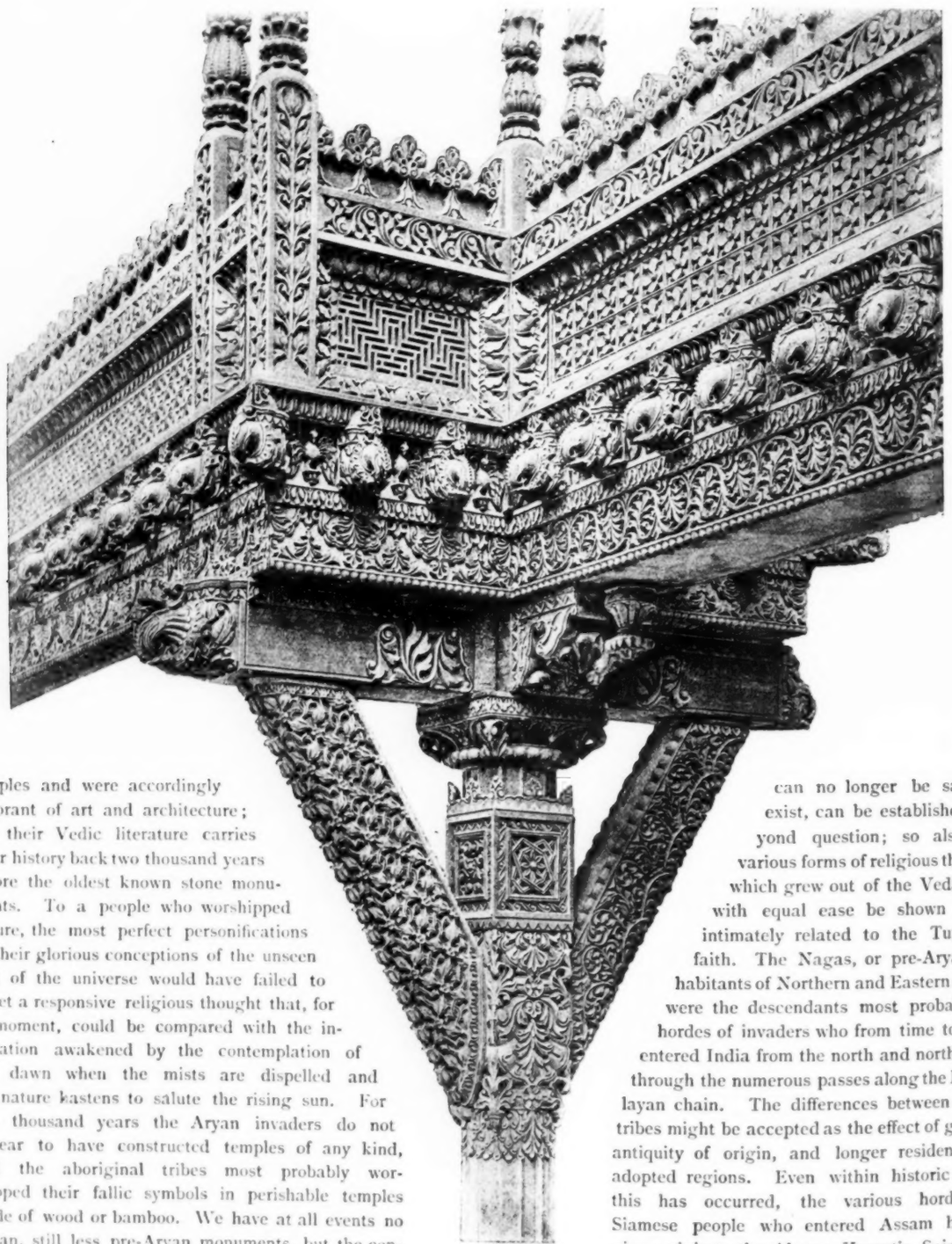
BRAHMANISM.—The "Mahabharata," written over many years, continues the history, however, and introduces the priestly Brahmans, and tells of the formation of the inhuman and selfish dogma of caste. The Vedic faith must be viewed as now obscured by the popular doctrine of Brahmanism. The sun and moon, the firmament, and the glories of the terrestrial world are no more the manifestations of the supreme omnipotent creator of the universe. The act of worship, Brahm, has taken the place of the being worshipped, and has been constituted the greatest of all gods, with the Brahmans as his priesthood and twice-born men. So long as this ascendancy is admitted the superstitions of the aboriginal people are tolerated, and their gods accepted as personifications of lesser deities, over whom Brahm is supreme. Thus from the Vedas Brahmanism is derived.



Copy of Marble Screen around the Tomb in the Taj of Agra.

THE TURANIAN RACES OF INDIA. — But before tracing this brief history farther it is necessary to refer again to the aboriginal tribes of India. It is beside our present purpose to inquire into who these pre-Aryans were, and we may therefore accept the popular term for them of Turanians. It is enough to know that India was peopled long before the Aryans brought their classical language and high civilisation to Hindustan. It is customary to refer the Indo-Turanians to two great sections, (*a*) the inhabitants of the more inaccessible portions of the Gangetic and Brahmaputra basins, and (*b*) the Turanians of South India. From the prevalence of "Tree and Snake Worship" among them, Mr. Fergusson called the former the Nagas; the latter are generally known as the Dravidians. Much of the so-called Hindu art of to-day must be traced to a Turanian origin.

ORIGIN OF ART. — The early Aryans had no need for temples and were accordingly ignorant of art and architecture; but their Vedic literature carries their history back two thousand years before the oldest known stone monuments. To a people who worshipped nature, the most perfect personifications of their glorious conceptions of the unseen god of the universe would have failed to beget a responsive religious thought that, for a moment, could be compared with the inspiration awakened by the contemplation of the dawn when the mists are dispelled and all nature hastens to salute the rising sun. For two thousand years the Aryan invaders do not appear to have constructed temples of any kind, and the aboriginal tribes most probably worshipped their fallic symbols in perishable temples made of wood or bamboo. We have at all events no Aryan, still less pre-Aryan monuments, but the contamination of the Aryans with the Turanians, until the former can no longer be said to exist, can be established beyond question; so also the various forms of religious thought which grew out of the Vedas can with equal ease be shown to be intimately related to the Turanian faith. The Nagas, or pre-Aryan inhabitants of Northern and Eastern India, were the descendants most probably of hordes of invaders who from time to time entered India from the north and north-east, through the numerous passes along the Himálayan chain. The differences between these tribes might be accepted as the effect of greater antiquity of origin, and longer residence in adopted regions. Even within historic times this has occurred, the various hordes of Siamese people who entered Assam having given origin to the Ahoms, Kamptis, Snigphos, and probably also to some of the Nepalese. Bold and fear-



Burma Screen. Indo-Buddhistic Art.

less, the Nagas seem to have fought the Aryans bravely, but they had finally to fall back and yield to greater skill and superior intelligence. Many retired into the mountain recesses, while others struggled on in the plains and were finally absorbed into the lower castes of Brahmanism, bringing with them their gods and Tantric forms of worship. This low social position they seem, however, to have resented, and when Sakya Muni preached the faith of Buddhism, it was the Nagas who first embraced the new doctrine.

BUDDHISM.—It was not, however, until the year 250 B.C., when Asoka became a Buddhist, that the new faith assumed a formidable position. It then became the state religion, and soon spread until the greater part of the people of India became Buddhists. For a thousand years thereafter it reigned, and India was then a united nation.

THE INTRODUCTION OF STONE INTO ARCHITECTURE.—About this time also Asoka substituted stone for wood in the construction of the great architectural monuments, some of which still proclaim to the world the greatness and power of this enlightened king—the Constantine of Buddhism. The earlier buildings constructed by the Buddhists are clearly lithic reproductions of designs which probably for centuries before were executed in wood. The gradual evolution to more constructive conceptions, suitable for stone, affords one of the most interesting studies in Indian history.



Jeypore Screen. The Saracenic Art, common in Upper India.

INTRODUCTION OF GREEK ART INTO INDIA.—During the first half of the Buddhistic period the Topes and Rails of Buddh Gaya and of Bharut were constructed, and these are essentially Indian, there being absolutely no trace of Egyptian or any other Art about them. The better known Rails and Torans (or gateways) of Sanchi and of Amravati, on the other hand, mark a radical change, which can alone be accounted for by the political changes which at this period were taking place in Northern India. Alexander the Great had made his appearance in India, and shortly after Bactria became the most eastern point of the Hellenic Empire. During the latter half, therefore, of the Buddhistic period, Greek influence in India must have been considerable, and this may be accepted as accounting for the classical Art of India. With these facts before us it is no more difficult to account for the Doric temples of Kashmir, and the Corinthian pillars of the Gandhara monasteries near Peshawar, nor for the Græco-Buddhistic sculptures found in Upper India and Afghánistán. It would indeed be surprising if classical Art were not found in India, but its introduction dates from before the Christian era.

JAINA.—At the same time that Greek was modifying Buddhistic Art, the new faith of Jainism was making rapid progress, and the elegant detail elaborated upon Buddhistic art forms, by the Jainas, constitutes one of the most remarkable features of Indian Art.

VAISHNAVA AND SAIVA.—A period of great darkness settled, however, on India, just as Jainism had attained to equal popularity with Buddhism. We shall never know the full details of what then took place. The Brahmans are found reasserting themselves at the Court of the Great Vicramaditya (about A.D. 490 to 530), and when the cloud cleared away, and we are enabled to pick up again the chain of India's lithic history, Buddhism had completely disappeared, except in Assam, Nepal, and Burma. Indeed, it may be doubted whether the Buddhism of Nepal and Assam should not rather be viewed as re-importations, the former from China, and the latter from Siam. However that may be, from the seventh century, India became a divided people, with Jaina, Vaishnava, and Saiva, rival religions.

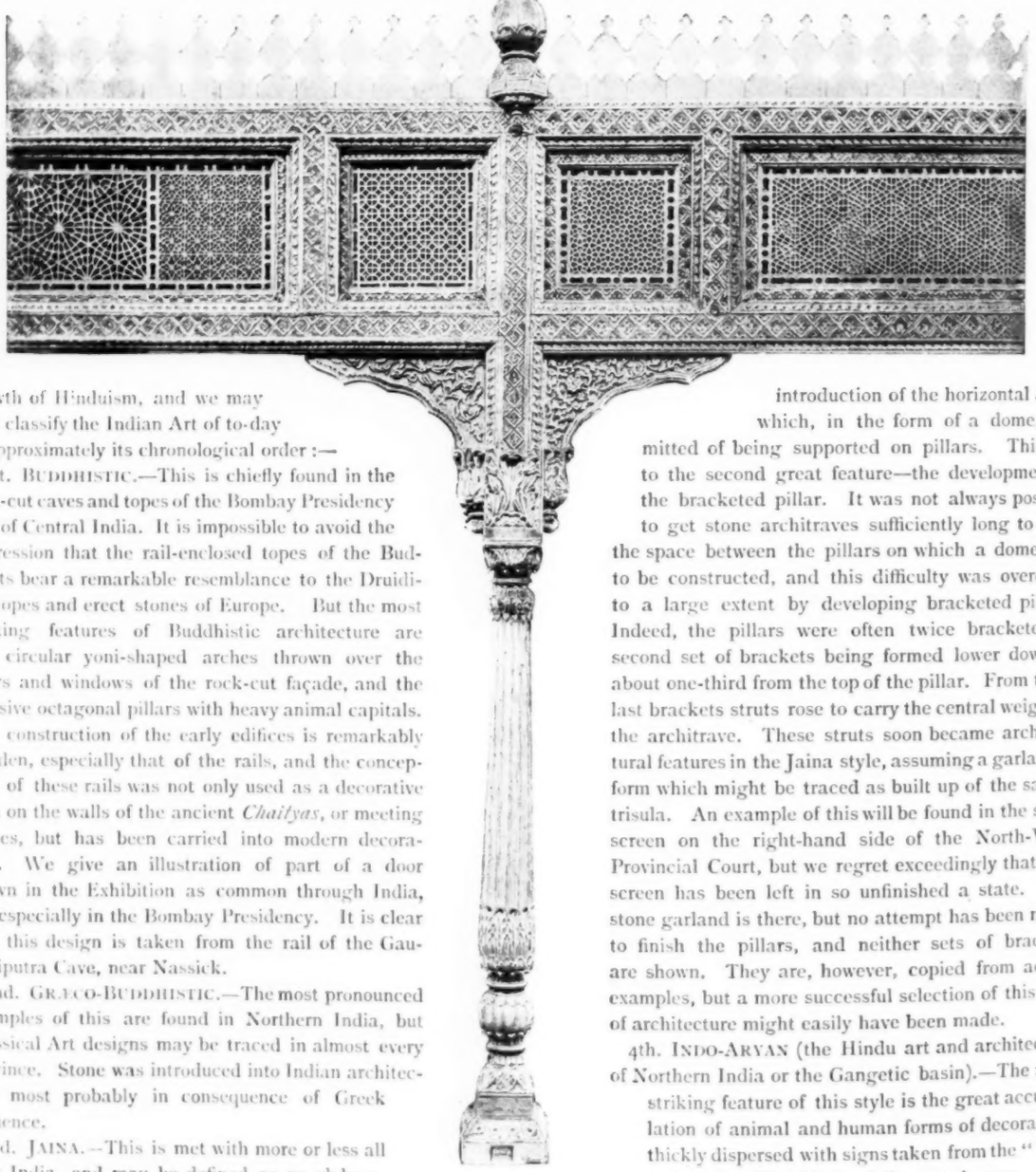
MAHOMEDAN CONQUESTS AND SARACENIC ART.—The old dynasties had disappeared, and the Rajput races were triumphant over the Buddhists, when the whole country was changed by the Mahomedan invasions and the importation of Saracenic Art. From that date, however, the chronology of India is no more indebted to the ancient monuments, but has been carefully written.

THE DRAVIDIANS.—We have already alluded to these as the Turanians of South India, but it is necessary to explain here, very briefly, that although the oldest Dravidian monuments with which we are at present familiar, are little more than three hundred years old, still they are intensely interesting, and quite different from anything else known in India. There is much of an Assyrian character about them, but nothing to prove that this may not be due to early trade established between the Persian Gulf and the West Coast of India. The Dravidians do not appear to have embraced Buddhism, although in some parts of Madras they became Jainas.

THE CHALUKYAS.—Little is known regarding these people. They seem to spring into power with their arts and architecture almost full blown at once. They appear to have occupied the country of Hyderabad north to Berar and south to Mysore, stretching east to the Bay of Bengal, between the Kistna and the Godavery. They are said to constitute the Kalyan dynasty, a name given to them after their capital. Originally Jainas, they became Hindus, but were annihilated as a separate people during the dark ages. Their temples are

among the finest in India. The pillars found in their temples are massive and elaborately ornamented. They are formed of a combination of the square and the circle, the place of the bracketed capital of the Jainas being taken by a large square slab with pendants from the four corners. These enormous pillars, according to Dr. Burgess' most recent discoveries, would appear to have been turned on a lathe, the weight of the stone having been supported by water. A pit appears to have been dug and a pivot fixed in the bottom: upon this, vertically, the crude block of stone was fixed and held in its place by fastenings at the top. When adjusted the pit seems to have been filled with water to the required height, and the stone rotated and turned, like a piece of wood, into the desired form. The pillars in the so-called Jaina temples of Múdbidri in Kanara, are almost identical with the Chalukyan pillars, and very unlike Jaina pillars; it is probable they may yet come to be referred to this dynasty.

CLASSIFICATION OF INDIAN ART.—But we have said enough to remind the reader of the more important revolutions which have taken place in India during the past five thousand years, and as these mark the introduction of the prevailing types of art and architecture it may be as well to recapitulate the ideas we have tried to work out. The Aryans brought to India its great classical literature, but none of its arts. The evolutions, however, of the Vedic faith into Buddhism, and finally modern Hinduism, may be accepted as producing all the forms of Indian Art except its Classical Art brought to it by the Greeks, and its Saracenic brought by the Mahomedans. Local Art conceptions, like local superstitions and Tantric forms of worship, were embraced by the Brahmans during the growth of Hinduism, and we may thus classify the Indian Art of to-day in approximately its chronological order:—



Panjáb Screen. Saracenic with Pinjra Panels.

1st. BUDDHISTIC.—This is chiefly found in the rock-cut caves and topes of the Bombay Presidency and of Central India. It is impossible to avoid the impression that the rail-enclosed topes of the Buddhists bear a remarkable resemblance to the Druidical topes and erect stones of Europe. But the most striking features of Buddhistic architecture are the circular yoni-shaped arches thrown over the doors and windows of the rock-cut façade, and the massive octagonal pillars with heavy animal capitals. The construction of the early edifices is remarkably wooden, especially that of the rails, and the conception of these rails was not only used as a decorative idea on the walls of the ancient *Chaityas*, or meeting places, but has been carried into modern decoration. We give an illustration of part of a door shown in the Exhibition as common through India, but especially in the Bombay Presidency. It is clear that this design is taken from the rail of the Gautamiputra Cave, near Nassick.

2nd. GRÆCO-BUDDHISTIC.—The most pronounced examples of this are found in Northern India, but Classical Art designs may be traced in almost every province. Stone was introduced into Indian architecture most probably in consequence of Greek influence.

3rd. JAINA.—This is met with more or less all over India, and may be defined as an elaboration of Buddhistic forms. Its most striking features are the introduction of the horizontal arch, which, in the form of a dome, admitted of being supported on pillars. This led to the second great feature—the development of the bracketed pillar. It was not always possible to get stone architraves sufficiently long to span the space between the pillars on which a dome was to be constructed, and this difficulty was overcome to a large extent by developing bracketed pillars. Indeed, the pillars were often twice bracketed, a second set of brackets being formed lower down or about one-third from the top of the pillar. From these last brackets struts rose to carry the central weight of the architrave. These struts soon became architectural features in the Jaina style, assuming a garlanded form which might be traced as built up of the sacred trisula. An example of this will be found in the stone screen on the right-hand side of the North-West Provincial Court, but we regret exceedingly that this screen has been left in so unfinished a state. The stone garland is there, but no attempt has been made to finish the pillars, and neither sets of brackets are shown. They are, however, copied from actual examples, but a more successful selection of this type of architecture might easily have been made.

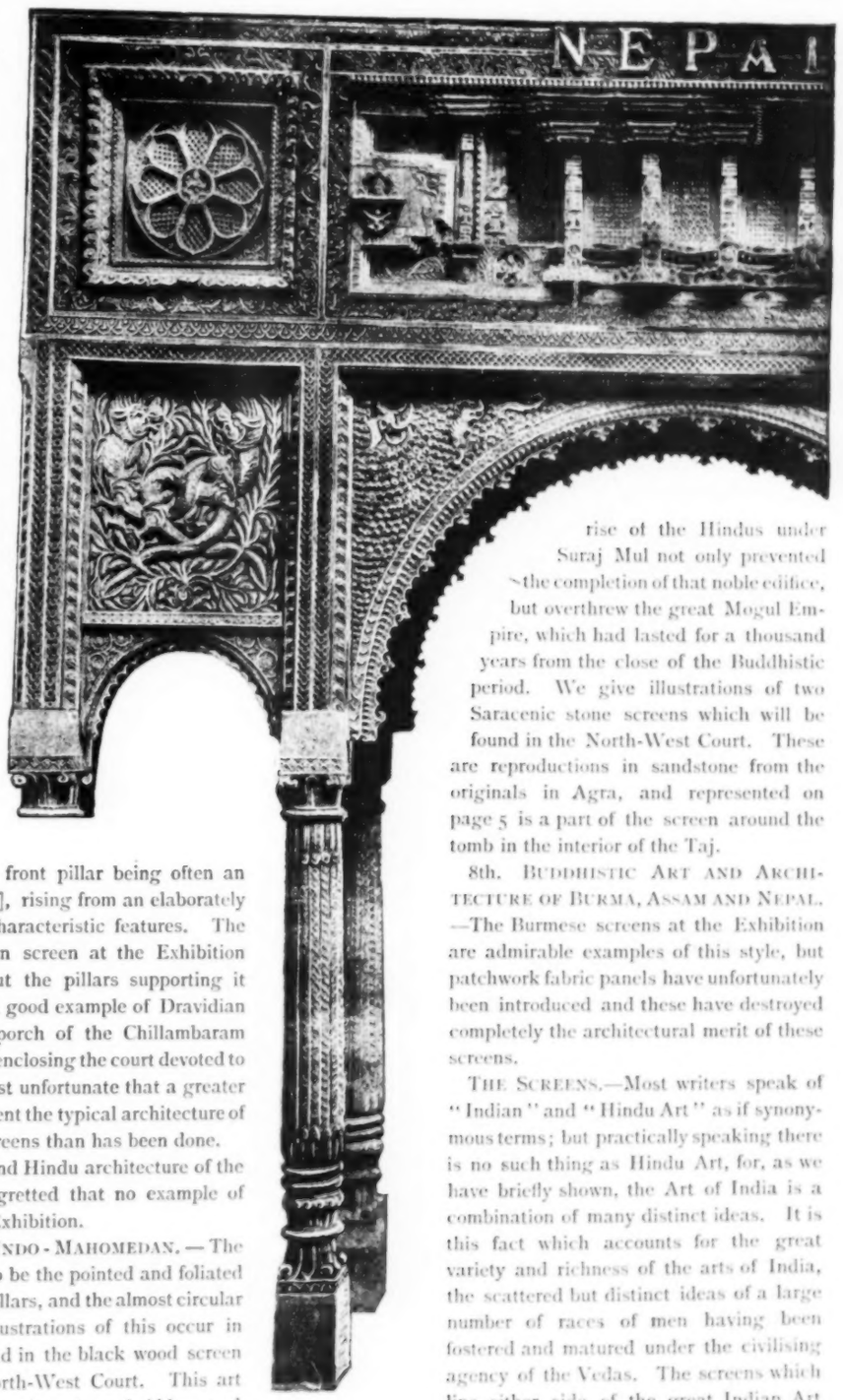
4th. INDO-ARYAN (the Hindu art and architecture of Northern India or the Gangetic basin).—The most striking feature of this style is the great accumulation of animal and human forms of decoration, thickly dispersed with signs taken from the "Tree and Snake Worship" of the pre-Aryans. The temples are erect towers, rising over the idols, from a small

square base, and assuming externally a curvilinear outline. There are one or two admirable models of this kind, one especially so, which will be found about the middle of the Indian bazaar. In Bengal this architecture assumed a very striking modification in the flattened arch of the cornice, an idea apparently taken from the form of the indigenous bamboo hut. The Bengal screens at the Exhibition illustrate this curious cornice, and they are especially interesting because they show that local Art has exercised a much more powerful influence on the arts introduced into India than most people are aware. Not only did Bengal give its characteristic cornice to the Brahmans, but long after to the Mahomedans also. There are no Indo-Aryan temples known of an earlier date than the fifth century.

5th. DRAVIDIAN (South India).—Although the temples of Madras are sacred to the same deities as those of the Gangetic basin, architecturally they are quite distinct, and thus we have again another illustration of the manner in which the Brahmans accepted and adopted, as their own, local Art conceptions. In Dravidian style the edifices are nearly always pyramidal, many-storied, with a double curved projecting cornice. Detached shafts with transverse purlins resting on double or combined pillars [the front pillar being often an animal or demon group (the Vali)], rising from an elaborately carved stylobate, are its chief characteristic features. The Madras provincial carved wooden screen at the Exhibition shows the Dravidian cornice, but the pillars supporting it are Jaina and not Dravidian. A good example of Dravidian pillars (after the pillars in the porch of the Chillambaram temple) will be found in the screen enclosing the court devoted to the Central Provinces. It is most unfortunate that a greater effort has not been made to represent the typical architecture of the Provinces of India in these screens than has been done.

6th. CHALUKYAN (the Jaina and Hindu architecture of the Kalyan dynasty).—It is to be regretted that no example of this style has been shown at the Exhibition.

7th. INDO-SARACENIC OR INDO-MAHOMEDAN.—The feature of this style may be said to be the pointed and foliated arches supported on thin circular pillars, and the almost circular and suddenly-pointed dome. Illustrations of this occur in most of the Rajputana screens and in the black wood screen from Lucknow, shown in the North-West Court. This art attained its glorious period during the reign of Akbar and that of his son and grandson. The Taj of Agra is the most memorable example of this, and solid marble inlaid with precious stones was employed. Perhaps the most interesting objects shown in the entire Exhibition are the five marble pillars brought from the Fort of Agra (page 4). These have been built into a verandah near the Indian Palace (at the Exhibition), and have been presented by Sir Alfred Lyall to the British nation. Once these pillars were intended for an extension of the wonderful marble Palace of the Fort of Agra, but the rise of the Hindus under Suraj Mul not only prevented the completion of that noble edifice, but overthrew the great Mogul Empire, which had lasted for a thousand years from the close of the Buddhistic period. We give illustrations of two Saracenic stone screens which will be found in the North-West Court. These are reproductions in sandstone from the originals in Agra, and represented on page 5 is a part of the screen around the tomb in the interior of the Taj.

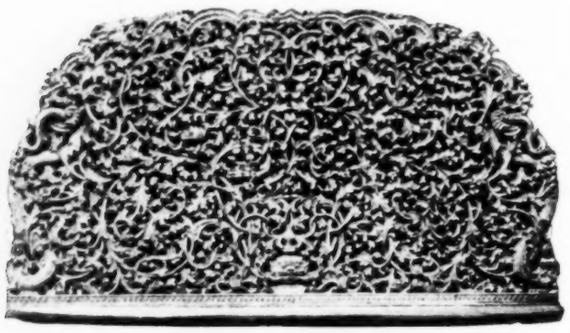


Nepal Screen.

8th. BUDDHISTIC ART AND ARCHITECTURE OF BURMA, ASSAM AND NEPAL.—The Burmese screens at the Exhibition are admirable examples of this style, but patchwork fabric panels have unfortunately been introduced and these have destroyed completely the architectural merit of these screens.

THE SCREENS.—Most writers speak of "Indian" and "Hindu Art" as if synonymous terms; but practically speaking there is no such thing as Hindu Art, for, as we have briefly shown, the Art of India is a combination of many distinct ideas. It is this fact which accounts for the great variety and richness of the arts of India, the scattered but distinct ideas of a large number of races of men having been fostered and matured under the civilising agency of the Vedas. The screens which line either side of the great Indian Art Gallery were originally intended to convey some idea of the architectural features of

the various Provinces of India, and the classification of Art objects into provincial sections, to represent the prevailing



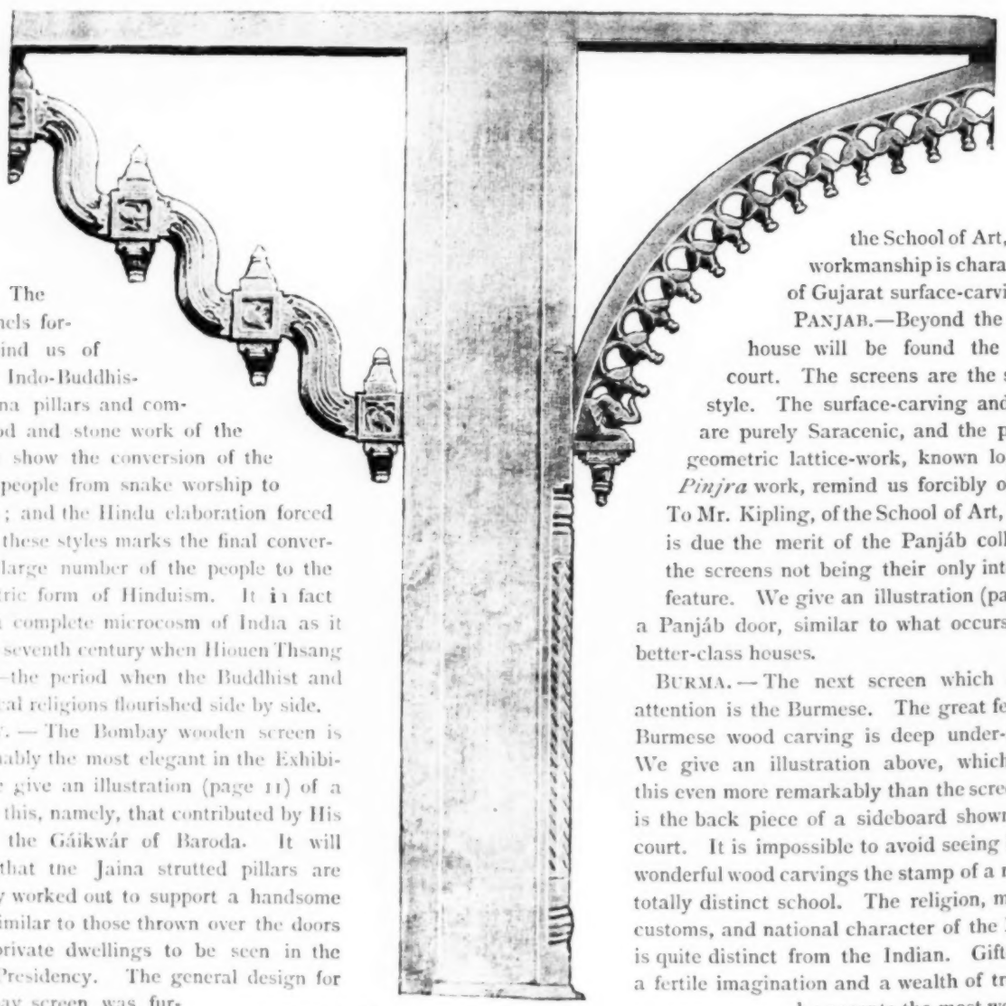
Sideboard-back of Deep Under-cut Burmese Wood-carving.

forms of Art manufactures. Being limited in height to fifteen feet, it was, however, found impossible to carry out this idea, and with the exception of the Bengal screens all the others show Indian decorative woodwork as often employed in stone buildings, or they reproduce in wood, designs used in stone or iron. But in the form of screens and miniature panels as shown in the Exhibition, it should be understood they nowhere exist in India.

JEYPORE.—On passing under the Jeypore screen (page 7), the conventionalized *Nakar-khana* (or drum-house), the long vista of carved wood and stone will immediately arrest attention. A close inspection will reveal that the designs of the Jeypore section are Saracenic, the pillars closely resembling those of the lovely Sultana's Kiosk of Futtehpur Sikri near Agra.

THE PIGEON-HOUSE.—The Baroda pigeon-house standing near the centre will most probably next attract attention. By some fancy of the artist a distorted miniature cenotaph has been placed on the top of this most elegant structure. This no doubt gives a finish, not unpleasing, for its present ornamental purpose, but it is somewhat unfortunate that the artist should have gone to Rajputana for this addition to a Baroda pigeon-house. The cenotaph is as near as possible a copy of the modern Hindu tomb of Rajah Baktawar at Ulwar, in which the Bengalí curved cornice is employed to break the monotony and severity of the straight lines borrowed from the Mahomedans.

NEPAL.—The small quaint screen which encloses the Nepal court bears evidence of a most pronounced Naga or Tartar influence. The demon panels forcibly remind us of Siam; the Indo-Buddhistic or Jaina pillars and combined wood and stone work of the end piece show the conversion of the Nepalese people from snake worship to Buddhism; and the Hindu elaboration forced into both these styles marks the final conversion of a large number of the people to the most Tantric form of Hinduism. It in fact presents a complete microcosm of India as it was in the seventh century when Hiouen Thsang visited it,—the period when the Buddhist and Brahmanical religions flourished side by side.



Screen of the North-West Provinces. Jaina Strutted Arch.

BOMBAY.—The Bombay wooden screen is unquestionably the most elegant in the Exhibition. We give an illustration (page 11) of a portion of this, namely, that contributed by His Highness the Gáikwár of Baroda. It will be seen that the Jaina strutted pillars are elaborately worked out to support a handsome balcony, similar to those thrown over the doors of many private dwellings to be seen in the Bombay Presidency. The general design for the Bombay screen was furnished by Mr. J. Griffiths, of the School of Art, but the workmanship is characteristic of Gujarat surface-carving.

PANJAB.—Beyond the pigeon-house will be found the Panjáb court. The screens are the same in style. The surface-carving and pillars are purely Saracenic, and the panels of geometric lattice-work, known locally as *Pinjra* work, remind us forcibly of Cairo. To Mr. Kipling, of the School of Art, Lahore, is due the merit of the Panjáb collections, the screens not being their only interesting feature. We give an illustration (page 3) of a Panjáb door, similar to what occurs in the better-class houses.

BURMA.—The next screen which attracts attention is the Burmese. The great feature of Burmese wood carving is deep under-cutting. We give an illustration above, which shows this even more remarkably than the screen; this is the back piece of a sideboard shown in the court. It is impossible to avoid seeing in these wonderful wood carvings the stamp of a new and totally distinct school. The religion, manners, customs, and national character of the Burman is quite distinct from the Indian. Gifted with a fertile imagination and a wealth of tradition, he accepts the most wonderful legends and perpetuates them

in the most grotesque designs. The *kanaya*, or half-man, half-bird, like the demon clouds of Siam, is insinuated into every design. The Burmese dancing girl even becomes imbued with the same idea and she twists her body into fantastic attitudes like the flaming decorations and floral undulations which flow through every form of Burmese Art.

We have still to examine a rich variety of forms and designs as applied to furniture and household decoration. For example, inlaid woodwork, inlaid stone, sandal-wood and ivory carving, lac-work and lacquering of wooden vessels and baskets, painted wood and papier-maché are still untouched. Before briefly directing attention to some of these, however, we must conclude this account of architectural decoration by once more conducting the visitor to

THE INDIAN PALACE.—This illustration represents the better class native houses of Agra, and the window-frames are actual casts, in plaster-of-Paris, from sandstone originals at Futtehpur-Sikri. The interior of the palace has been entirely lined with elegantly carved deel-wood work, in Sikh style, executed in England by two Panjábí wood carvers, under Mr. C. Purdon Clarke's supervision. This admirable piece of decoration occupied these clever workmen for about ten months, and we venture to think that the favoured few who may have been conducted into the upper room of the palace (for unfortunately it has not been thrown open to the general public) will regard this as one of the most attractive parts of the Exhibition. The attention of architects may well be directed to the Sikh style of decorating the interior walls of houses, for with little trouble and much advantage it might easily be adopted in Europe. The designs are simple, yet most effective, and are strictly suitable for architectural decoration.

Returning to the main Indian gallery we must now try to rapidly direct attention to a few of the leading examples of wood and stone articles of household decoration.

FURNITURE AND HOUSEHOLD DECORATION.—Sir George Birdwood, in his "Industrial Arts of India," remarks that, judging from the example of India, "The great art of furniture is to do without it." The natives of India use neither chair nor table, and thus the articles of household furniture, upon which so much Art has been spent in Europe, are in India confined almost exclusively to a few small articles. The *lotáh* and *surái*, or the various forms of water vessels, the *hukáh*, or smoking pipe, the *pikdán*, or spittoon, the *pándán*, or spice-box, the *gulábpásh*, or rose-water sprinkler, and a few other similar small articles, such as bed-posts, jewel-caskets, penholders, and work-boxes, are the chief articles of Indian household furniture. These are made in pottery, in metal, in wood, or in ivory, variously ornamented; but the energy of the Art ware manufacturers of India has been concentrated upon such minor articles, and hence the rich variety



Cutch Panel from the Bombay Screen.



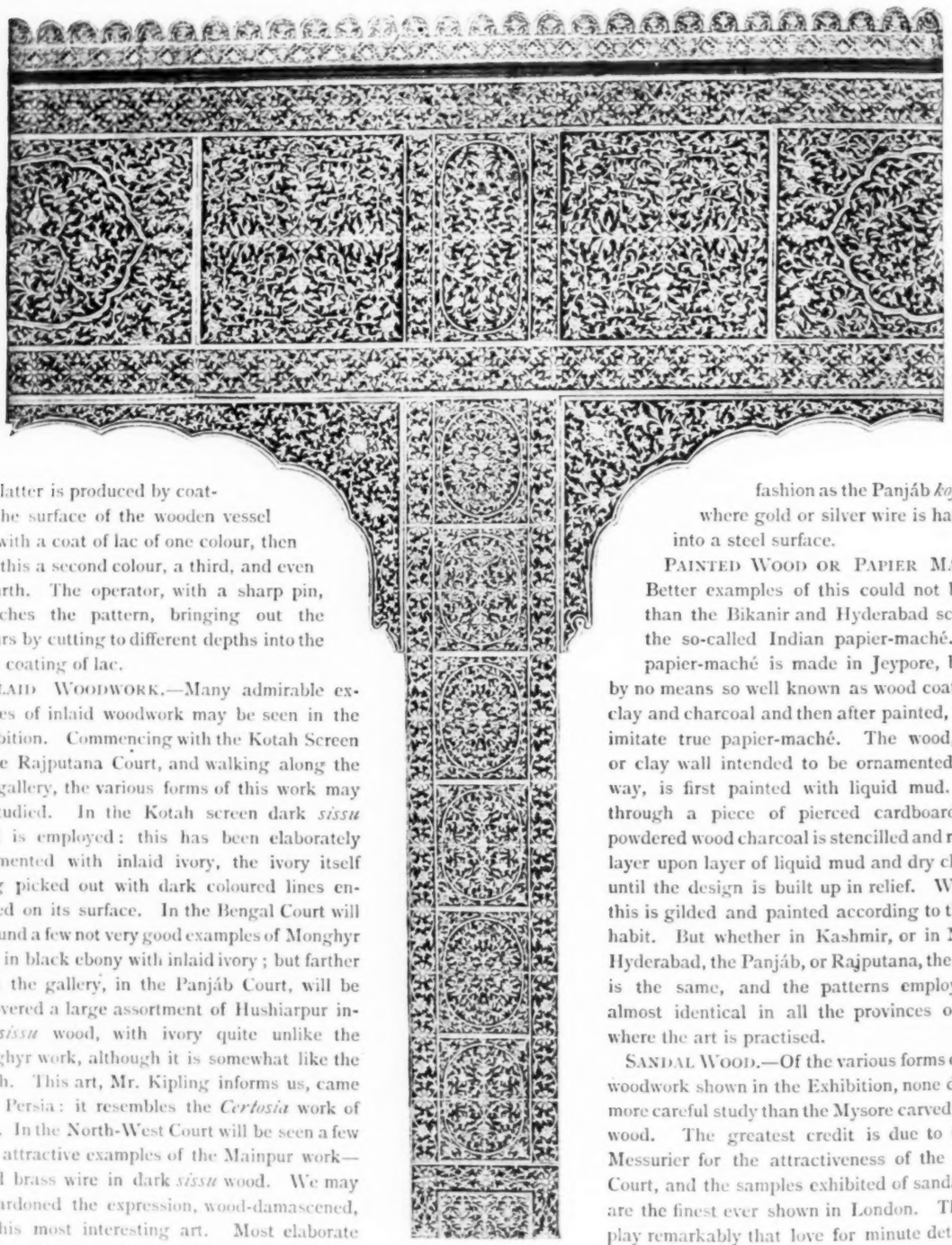
Brass with Zinc. Copper with Silver. Brass with Copper and Silver.

Dravidian Encrusted Metal Vessels from Tanjore, Madras.

which exists. With the exception of enriching the walls of their palaces, whether of wood or stone, with carvings, the princes of ancient India do not appear to have employed drapery, painting, or sculpture, for household decoration.

Indeed, the paintings and sculptures found in modern Indian palaces are entirely introductions from Europe, and appear only in the public rooms, which are designed for the reception and entertainment of Europeans.

LAC-COATED WOODWORK.—Lac articles are most interesting and will richly reward a walk from end to end of the Indian Art gallery, in order to compare those of one province with another. These should, however, be carefully distinguished from the lacquer work of Japan and Burma. Lac is the resinous extract from the insect of that name, and lacquer is a varnish obtained from one or two species of trees. The best examples of lac-work will be found in the Panjáb Court, where two distinctly different styles are exhibited, namely, lac-painted ornamentation, and scratched lac-work.



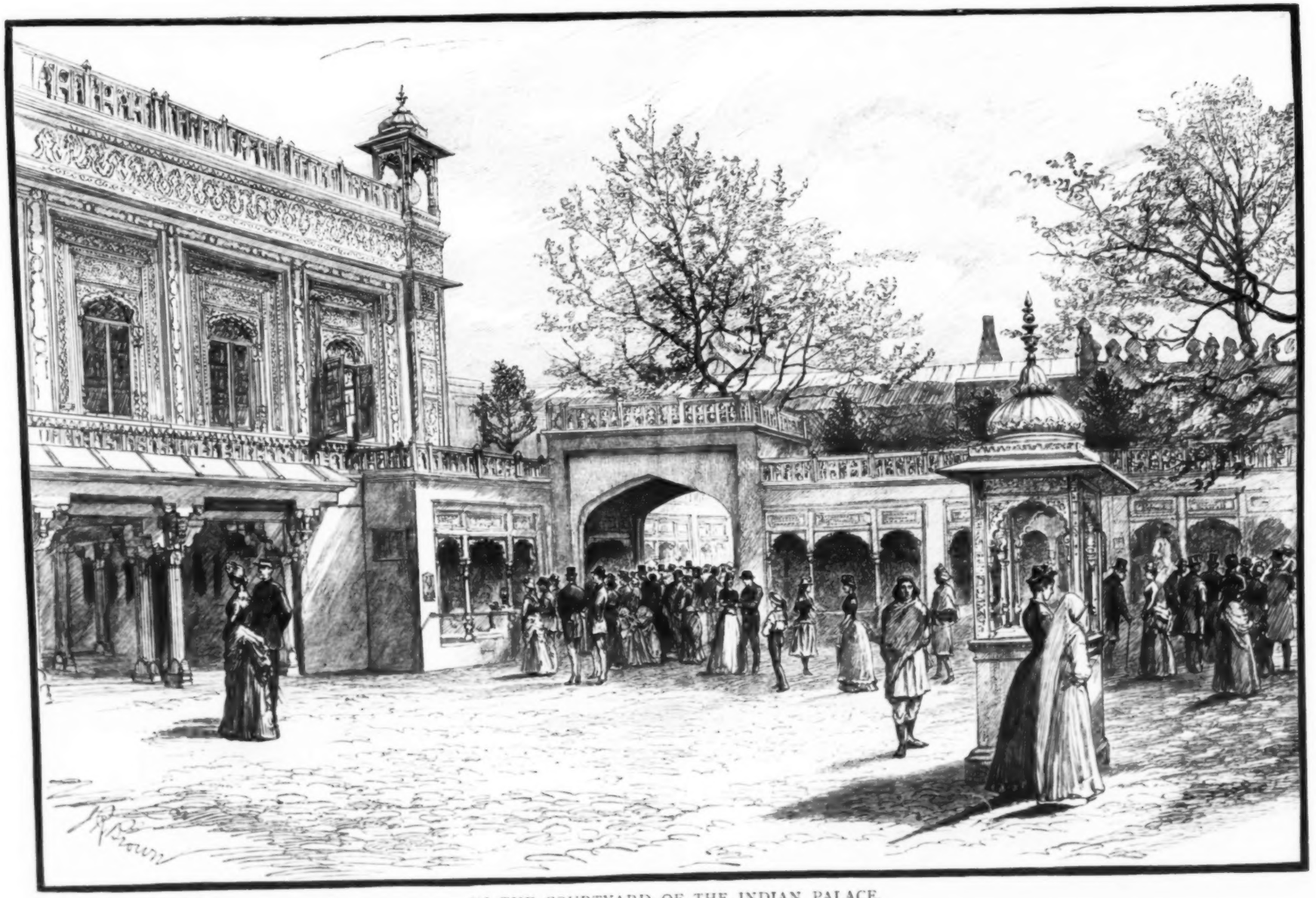
Bikanir Screen. Wood with Coloured Decoration.

The latter is produced by coating the surface of the wooden vessel first with a coat of lac of one colour, then over this a second colour, a third, and even a fourth. The operator, with a sharp pin, scratches the pattern, bringing out the colours by cutting to different depths into the thick coating of lac.

INLAID WOODWORK.—Many admirable examples of inlaid woodwork may be seen in the Exhibition. Commencing with the Kotah Screen in the Rajputana Court, and walking along the Art gallery, the various forms of this work may be studied. In the Kotah screen dark *sissu* wood is employed: this has been elaborately ornamented with inlaid ivory, the ivory itself being picked out with dark coloured lines engraved on its surface. In the Bengal Court will be found a few not very good examples of Monghyr work in black ebony with inlaid ivory; but farther down the gallery, in the Panjáb Court, will be discovered a large assortment of Hushiarpur inlaid *sissu* wood, with ivory quite unlike the Monghyr work, although it is somewhat like the Kotah. This art, Mr. Kipling informs us, came from Persia: it resembles the *Certosia* work of Italy. In the North-West Court will be seen a few most attractive examples of the Mainpur work—inlaid brass wire in dark *sissu* wood. We may be pardoned the expression, wood-damascened, for this most interesting art. Most elaborate scroll and geometric patterns are cut on the wood and the wire beaten into this, much after the same fashion as the Panjáb *koft* work, where gold or silver wire is hammered into a steel surface.

PAINTED WOOD OR PAPIER MACHE.—Better examples of this could not be cited than the Bikanir and Hyderabad screens of the so-called Indian papier-maché. True papier-maché is made in Jeypore, but it is by no means so well known as wood coated with clay and charcoal and then after painted, so as to imitate true papier-maché. The wood, stone, or clay wall intended to be ornamented in this way, is first painted with liquid mud. Then through a piece of pierced cardboard finely powdered wood charcoal is stencilled and repeated layer upon layer of liquid mud and dry charcoal, until the design is built up in relief. When dry this is gilded and painted according to the local habit. But whether in Kashmir, or in Madras, Hyderabad, the Panjáb, or Rajputana, the method is the same, and the patterns employed are almost identical in all the provinces of India where the art is practised.

SANDAL WOOD.—Of the various forms of minor woodwork shown in the Exhibition, none deserves more careful study than the Mysore carved sandal-wood. The greatest credit is due to Col. Le Messurier for the attractiveness of the Mysore Court, and the samples exhibited of sandal-wood are the finest ever shown in London. They display remarkably that love for minute detail characteristic of the Hindu Chalukyan temples; indeed, it is difficult to conceive a small gold ornament more



IN THE COURTYARD OF THE INDIAN PALACE.

Drawn by J. R. Brown. Engraved by Carl Dietrich.

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Hindu Mendicant (Siwait).

delicately and elaborately chased than are the two large sandal-wood cabinets shown in the Mysore Court.

THE METAL WORK OF INDIA.

The forms of Indian metal vessels and of earthen utensils may be traced to primitive prototypes. Before the coppersmith's art was understood or the potter's wheel invented, it may safely be assumed each individual fashioned, for definite purposes, bamboo joints or hollowed-out hard crustaceous fruits, thus constructing for himself his water-pails and drinking cups. Where these materials were not procurable soft wood took their place, and wooden cups, pails, and platters were prepared to meet the necessities of domestic life. Canes and pliable twigs were early found capable of being plaited into the baskets required for agricultural purposes, and indeed among the less civilised people of to-day with whom the potter's wheel is quite unknown, basket-work of a most intricate kind is often practised. Skins were doubtless also extensively used for meal bags, or water and oil bottles, just as they are by the hill tribes of India at the present day.

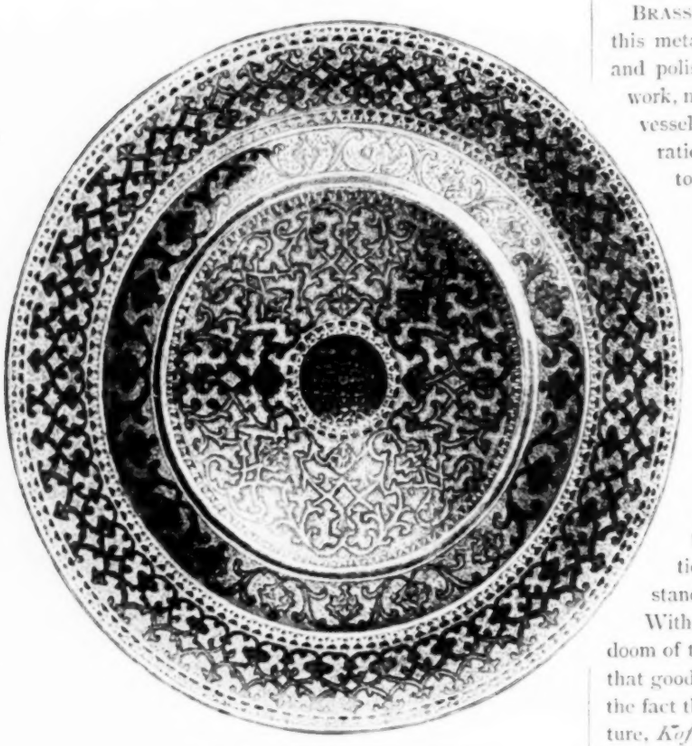
This may be accepted as a history of one phase of early or primitive life, just as it enumerates the leading domestic and agricultural vessels employed by the aboriginal tribes of India. Proficiency in preparing such articles gradually led to the separation of certain individuals, and in time to the formation of artisan crafts with their protecting guilds. This isolation of individuals to trades gave origin to village communities, for it was more convenient that artisans should live together rather than remain scattered over the agricultural districts. Soon polytechnical cities came into existence, and from this point we may assume the Art industries took their birth, the wealthy merchants demanding more luxurious articles than were supplied to the simple agriculturists. Competition rapidly gave wing to invention, and the potter's wheel, the carpenter's lathe, and the coppersmith's anvil were brought to bear on the production of vessels to supplant those formerly made of fruits or soft woods. It is but natural to imagine that the forms of vessels first adopted by these skilled artisans would have been in imitation of those in former use. We may trace, for example, the *lotáh* or flattened water vessel with a wide mouth, as used by the Hindoos, and the more elongated *surái* of the Mahomedans, to two very common forms of the bottle-gourd which are actually used as water vessels by the hill people; indeed, the native represented on this page bears on his side a *lotáh*-shaped gourd with the top portion partially removed so as to form a handle, and this exact (somewhat hour-glass) form is actually made in brass and very largely used by the Brahmanical priests. The flattened-circular or sometimes almost squarish *lotáh*, with much contracted mouth, and having a heavy reflexed rim, closely resembles the skin vessels seen all over India. The wide Burmese bowl may have been suggested from the lacquered baskets so extensively employed in Burma. We may remark here that copper is preferred by the Mahomedans and brass by the Hindus for ordinary domestic utensils, but silver or even gold are sometimes used by the rich, or the surface of brass or copper vessels is at times elegantly ornamented by being engraved, chased, embossed, or inlaid with gold or silver, or encrusted with designs executed in different metals.



Lucknow. Bidar. Purniáh. Morshedábád. Lucknow.

Bidri Ware. Drawn by F. Miller.

COPPER WORK.—Copper vessels are nearly always beaten



Panjáb Koft (Damascened) Plate.

on an anvil from sheet metal, and neither spinning on blocks nor stamping in moulds is ever attempted. The Indian coppersmith is ignorant of many, indeed of most, of the appliances used in Europe. After laboriously fashioning a vessel on the anvil into the desired shape, the surface is smoothed, but only occasionally on the lathe, before the ornamentation is commenced. The burin is unknown, but with a chisel or a punch a bold and elegant design is rapidly carried round the vessel, and it is to the simplicity of the coppersmith's appliances that much of the merit of his work must be attributed. In the palace one of Dr. Tyler's artisans may be seen hammering sheet copper into all sorts of vessels, and the splendid show of Lucknow embossed copper work on view in the North-West Court will richly repay careful inspection. We may here explain that the North-West Court is one of the finest in the Exhibition, and to the joint labours of Colonel Pitcher and Dr. Tyler the public are indebted for this result. Farther down the gallery will be found an admirable collection of Kashmír copper utensils. These are both embossed and chased, the primary feature of the design being brought out in sharp relief over the secondary, and this again raised until it is quite free from the surface chasing of the ground pattern. When electroplated these copper vessels look remarkably well, and in this form are they now being exported to Europe. We give an illustration (page 16) of a large Kashmír vase, in which the interspaces of the embossed design have been enamelled. We give also on our first page an illustration of the Persian-like ewer and basin frequently found in the Panjáb: the basin has a perforated false bottom, so that as poured over the hands the soiled water disappears into the lower chamber.

BRASS WORK.—The Hindu *lotáhs* are universally made of this metal, and they are cast and then reduced in thickness and polished on the lathe. When speaking of Indian brass work, most people will immediately think of Benares punched vessels and plates. From their cheapness and great elaboration of floral and mythological designs, these have come to be far more widely known than, from an artistic point of view, they deserve. A less known art, and not much superior, is the Moradabad tin and lac-coated brass work. We give an illustration of this below, which shows how closely this cheap work imitates the more expensive gold and silver Damascene of the Panjáb.

THE KOFT OR DAMASCENED WORK OF THE PANJAB.—This art of inlaying gold or silver wire on a steel surface seems to have been brought to India by the Mahomedans, but in the hands of the clever Sikh workers it soon assumed a local character. It is chiefly applied to the ornamentation of arms and caskets, but as a modern degeneration it is applied to photograph picture-frames, inkstands, and other minor articles of a European nature.

With the fall of the rich warlike chiefs of the Panjáb, the doom of the *Kŏft* industry was sealed, and it is with difficulty that good examples can now be found. This is mainly due to the fact that, as applied to minor articles of household furniture, *Kŏft* work is not to be desired. We give here an illustration which shows the peculiar style of decoration generally adopted by the Panjábís, and although now copied by the students of the various schools of Art throughout India,



Moradabad Brass Lac-coated Plate.

Kŏft work must be viewed as characteristic of the Panjáb.

Bidri Ware of Hyderabad, of Bengal, and of the North-west Provinces.—This is one of the most interesting forms of metal work met with in India. It may be described as a peculiarly Indian kind of Damascening, where, instead of wire, flat pieces of silver, cut into various patterns, are inlaid upon a metal surface, consisting of an alloy of copper and zinc, with sometimes lead, tin, or even steel powder added, to give strength to the alloy. The peculiar dark greenish colour is given to the object by leaving it for hours coated with a paste made of rape oil, saltpetre, sal ammoniac, blue vitriol, and nitrate of potash. We give an illustration (page 13) in which examples of each of these forms of Bidri work will be seen.

The peculiar form of Bidri, and probably the most ancient, is that where the floral decoration exists in narrow bands, reminding one of the lines of embroidery. It may be fanciful, but we cannot avoid the impression that there is something very Chinese about this style of ornamentation, and it is remarkable that not far from the home of Bidri ware occur the Múdbidrí temples, which, architecturally, are the only Chinese monuments in India. The principal Bidri work of Lucknow shows a remarkable approach to the encrusting style of metal work characteristic of South India and Ceylon. It is much less artistic than the Purniah work (in Bengal), being overburdened with the fish emblem of the kings of Oudh. This is known as *zurbuland-bidrí*, and is well exemplified in the smaller *surái* in our illustration, and the inlaid or encrusted metal may be either silver or gold. We give a second *surái* also from Lucknow, but in quite a different style, large smooth patterns being purely inlaid and not encrusted. This approaches the distinctive character of Murshidábád work, another centre of Bengal *Bidrí*.

The Encrusted Metal Works of Madras.—We give an illustration of three of the more characteristic forms of this work. It may be briefly defined as copper with silver mythological and floral designs encrusted, or brass with copper floral designs. In the *surái* with greatly expanded mouth, reminding one of the pyramidal temples of Madras, zinc has been inlaid upon brass. The brass and silver work of Tanjore is perhaps the finest in India, and it is greatly improved with age, time deepening the hue of the copper and toning down the colour of the silver. The practice of encrusting silver upon copper is comparatively modern, the original habit having been to embellish brass with copper. In both forms, however, the accumulation of design forcibly recalls the elaboration of Dravidian style of architectural decoration, and whether Assyrian or indigenous the two arts are intimately related.

Silver and Gold Work of India.—We must now return to the Bombay Court, for a first place must be assigned to the Kutch silver *repoussé* work. Our illustration (page 16) may be taken as an admirable example of this elegant workmanship. Sir George Birdwood, in his most interesting treatise on the "Industrial Art of India," tells us that this art most probably is of Dutch origin, but that the pattern has been perfectly assimilated to native style. It is now produced not only at Kutch, but at Poona, Baroda, Ahmedábád, Ahmednáger, and Bombay. While highly characteristic of the Western Presidency, the art has even migrated to other and remote parts of India, but has preserved its characteristic feature—elaborate floral designs in bold relief. Nothing could be more distinct from this than the silver embossed and chased bowls of Burma. As in many other parts of India this is produced by hammering the metal into the desired form, then by filling the interior with a yielding composition of lac, the embossing is produced by punching on the exterior. Between the lines of punching, the lac forces the metal to rise up, and when the general design has been thus produced, the pattern is completed by chasing and engraving. One of the most interesting objects shown in the Exhibition, however, is the large silver plate from Kashmír, valued at £125. The feature of this admirable piece of workmanship is characteristic of Kashmír—a silver object is partially chased, then gilded, and the chasing completed. In this way soft silvery lines are made to show through the gold, and as Sir George Birdwood admirably expresses it, "the delicate tracery, graven through the gilding to the dead white silver below, which softens the lustre of the gold to a pearly radiance, gives a most charming effect to this refined and graceful work." We give an illustration of this Kashmír work in the form of an *aftaba* of almost pure Persian style.



Pottery from Bombay and Jeypore.

POTTERY.

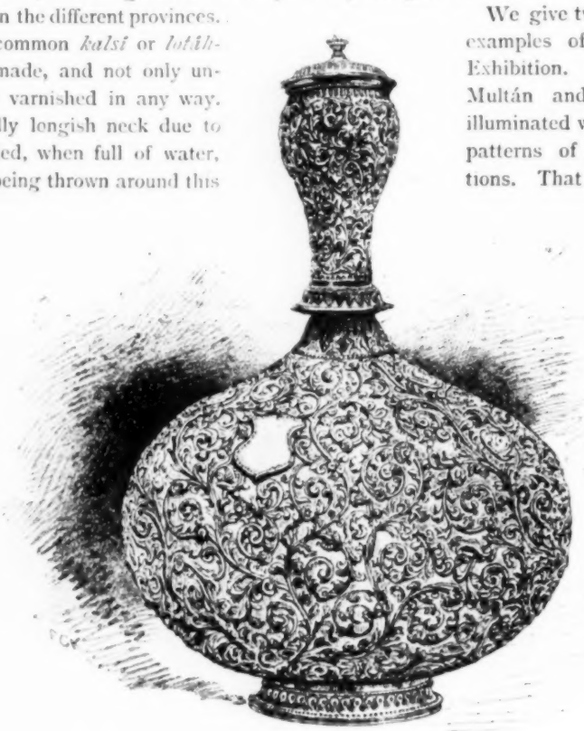
No craft, except perhaps the tanner's, is in India held in lower esteem than the *kumhar's* or potter's. To the village community, however, the potter is indispensable, since simple unglazed ceramic wares are required by all, and after having been once used they are thrown away; hence the demand is continuous. The potter's art is one of the greatest antiquity, and the vessels thrown out by the village wheel in the India of to-day are almost identical in form with those represented by Buddhistic sculptures. It is often remarked that the forms of Indian pottery must be copied from classical patterns, but it may be shown that they have scarcely altered for nearly three thousand years. The pottery in every-day use in India, as Sir George Birdwood points out, is older in design of form "than the oldest remains we possess of the ceramic art of Greece or Italy." Glazed pottery is probably quite a modern art in India, having been introduced by the Mahomedans.



Kashmir Copper Enamelled Ware.

Unless definitely required for some purpose regulated by religious ideas, pottery is never purchased by the Hindu for purely fancy purposes.

Nothing is more pleasing than the simple graceful forms of domestic pottery met with in India, and the greatest diversity exists in the articles produced in the different provinces. In Bengal, for example, the common *kalsi* or *lotáh*-shaped water-pot is crudely made, and not only unglazed, but not coloured, nor varnished in any way. It has also a characteristically longish neck due to the fact that it is chiefly carried, when full of water, against the side by the arm being thrown around this elongated neck.

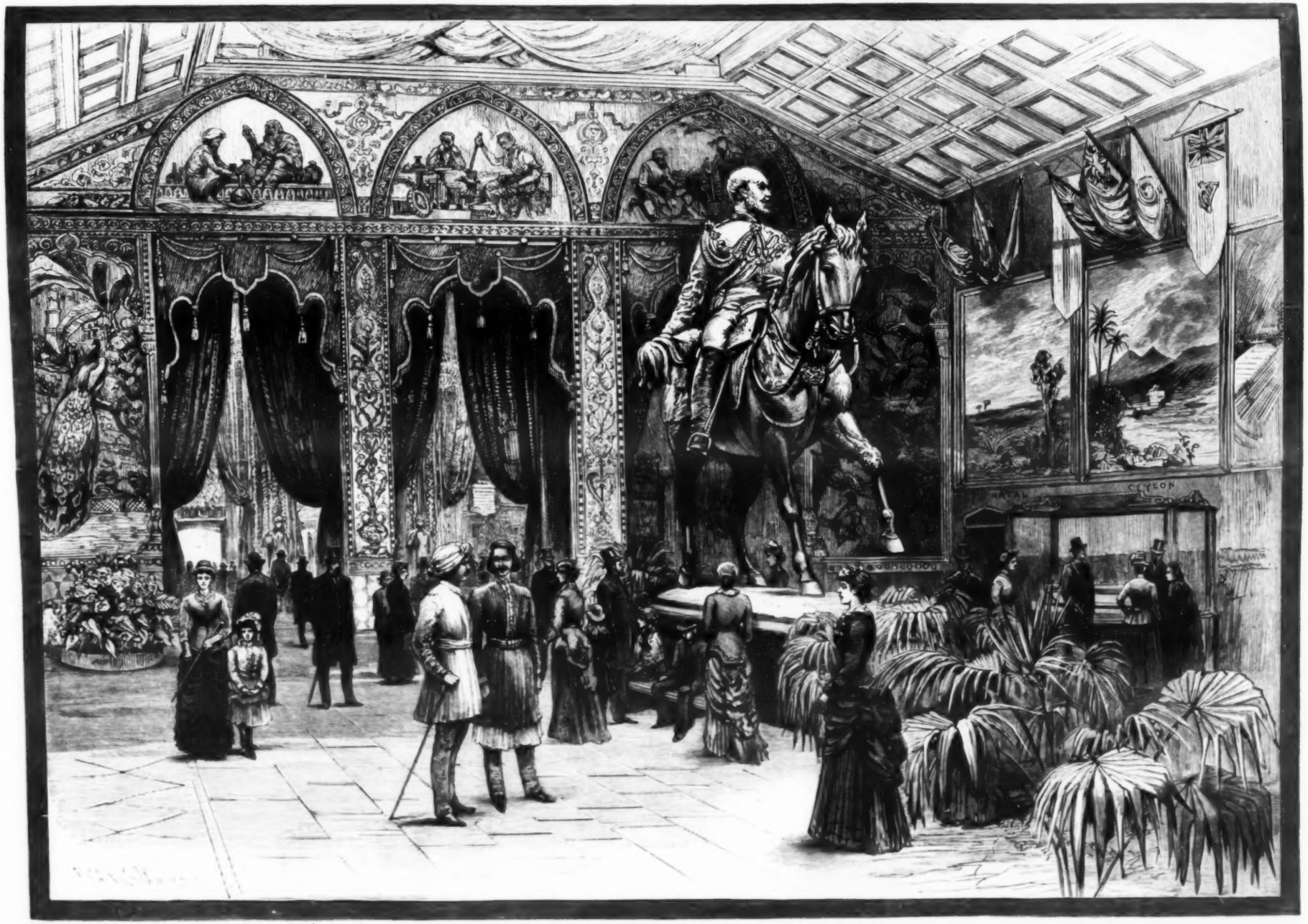


Kutch Silver Repoussé Surái.

In Bombay the same article is generally carried on the head, and is more spherical, with a short thick neck, the whole surface being dark red and highly varnished. In Hyderábád, on the other hand, the *kalsi* is not varnished, but it is often coloured with a pinkish-purple pigment. Unlike the *kalsi* of other parts of India, it has a more interesting peculiarity, however, than the mere colour, a perforated partition is thrown across the interior of the bottom of the neck, in order to prevent weeds and other impurities from entering the vessel. Polishing pottery is generally done by rubbing the baked vessel with a pebble.

The demand of Hinduism for a constant supply of certain idols, which, once used, are destroyed, has given birth in India to a distinct branch of the potter's art, namely the construction of clay figures or models. In the Economic Court will be found a large collection of life-sized clay figures, designed to represent the leading types of aboriginal races of India, and in the Bengal and North-West Courts collections of miniatures in clay will also be seen. The sculptor will find much to admire in these figures, but it should be generously recollected that they were constructed by simple country potters, who are ignorant of what in Europe would be regarded as the first principles of Art. The movements of the muscles, in the various acts of labour, are as familiar to the Indian potter (from the nudity of the people around him), as are the expressions of joy and sorrow to the European sculptor. The art of clay modelling has been practised all over India from time immemorial, and many of the older temples in Bengal (such as the Dinajpur temple reproduced in the Hindu screen in the Bengal Court) are built of bricks, each carefully modelled on the face, before being burned, into grotesque mythological designs.

We give two plates of a few of the leading examples of glazed pottery shown in the Exhibition. That on page 17 represents the Multán and Delhi style in white vessels, illuminated with two shades of blue in classical patterns of geometrical and floral combinations. That on page 15 shows a plate from Bombay and three small pieces from Jeypore, of which the pilgrim's flattened water-bottle is doubtless taken from the skin bottles of that shape common throughout Rajputana. These, like the Multani, are ornamented in patterns very similar to that of the Sind tiles. In the North-West Provinces at Rampur, glazed pottery in two shades of green is produced. The art of glazing the pottery commonly met with in India may be supposed to have been diffused from Sind, and the patterns employed in the better examples are symbolic designs perpetuated in Saracenic Art. This happy change, or rather reversion, in ornamentation



COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION. THE VESTIBULE.

Drawn by F. G. Kitton. Engraved by J. D. Cooper.

SMITHSONIAN
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from the realistic period of Hindu Art to the more ancient and conventional designs practised alike by the Assyrians,



Multán and Delhi Pottery.

the Buddhists and the Greeks, must be viewed as marking one of the most important historic features of Indian Art.

CEYLON.



Hindu Beggar.

THE Ceylon Court is entered by a fine porch or gateway, of characteristic design, constructed of teak, and at the farther end is a second gateway, which is an exact reproduction of one sculptured in stone at Yápahu, an ancient royal city of the Sinhalese. Much artistic decoration is found, as is the case with all the Eastern nations, on the arms and weapons, and the gold, silver, and bronze swords and daggers, which have handles often finely jewelled, have been contributed from the cabinets of many private collectors. The pillow lace of Galle is well represented, and though somewhat poor in design, has the reputation of great durability and strength. In the excellent collections of gold and silver work, pottery, and skilled carving, we repeatedly find allusions to the Kandyan Art Association, a society formed to foster and encourage the indigenous arts of Ceylon. The skilled native workers in silver estimate the cost of their labour by the cost of the metal upon which it has been expended; thus a trinket of the weight of fifty rupees, of the most elaborate workmanship, upon which the patient silversmith has toiled perhaps for months, would be paid for at its weight in silver, namely, fifty rupees, over and above the value of the metal. One of the objects of the association is to seek out and engage these workers, to provide them with the raw silver, and to find a market for their productions, and some of the most important objects in the Ceylon Court have been thus obtained. The magnificent two-eared silver dish, which we reproduce (p. 18), is entirely of native workmanship and design, and has been executed for the Kandyan Art Association under the above conditions. It is an excellent example of the hill country type of silver work. There may be said to be three schools of metal work in Ceylon. The *repoussé* work of Kandy, in which conventional foliage in high relief predominates; the bolder work of Galle and the maritime provinces, in which various traditional emblems, figures, and bas-reliefs are introduced; and the Tamil work of Jaffna and the northern districts, in which filigree ornament is much employed, and in which traces of forms derived from European sources are noticeable —all of these schools are fully illustrated in the various collections. We find good examples also of some of the older workmanship in precious metals. Thus the magnificent silver-gilt dagoba, or shrine, close to the entrance, is reputed to have been made nearly two hundred years ago, and the curious silver begging dish, lent by the high priest of the monastery at Adam's Peak, is of still greater antiquity. The brass work of

Ceylon is in some respects similar to the inlaid *repoussé* work of Tanjore, in India; there are here some fine brass vessels, inlaid with *repoussé* ornaments in copper and silver. The large sphere of brass, cast in a single piece, is a triumph of the founder's art, and would puzzle the metal-workers of Birmingham to imitate. The carving in cocoa-nut shell is a speciality of the island, and among the exhibits are included some excellent examples, together with some objects lent by Miss Emerson Tennent and other private collectors. The carving of tortoiseshell, an industry largely practised on the south coast, is well displayed in the loan collection contributed by Captain Skinner, R.E. The painted pottery of Kandy, consisting principally of chatties and plaques, has been prepared under the auspices of the Kandyan Art Association. In this work yellow and red tints predominate, with a sparing use of black and white: the subjects are principally derived from the Buddhist sacred writings. The pearls and precious stones of Ceylon have been celebrated from the most ancient times, and the pearl-fishery is still carried on. Government takes one-third of the oysters, and in a good year its share may realise as much as £60,000. The average price of the oysters in 1881 was £3 1s. per thousand. Some fine rubies, sapphires, and cat's-eyes are shown here, and also some moonstone jewelry set in silver. The decorations of this court are well worthy of attention. The dado is covered with representations of mythological animals. Higher up, a frieze of a yard in width is painted with some of the more popular of the birth stories of Buddha. Yellow, which is the sacred colour of Buddhism, predominates in all these decorations.



Portion of Silver Salver, by the Kandyan Art Association.

AUSTRALIA.

THOUGH all of the great countries into which Australia has been divided have their own representatives, and their own special sections of the Exhibition, it will be convenient in the first instance to glance at the island-continent as a whole. Few who pass through the courts at South Kensington, filled with the marvellous specimens of precious metals, minerals, timber, and manufactures from the distant colony, will need to be reminded that it is but little over one hundred years ago since Captain, then Lieutenant, Cook sailed here in the *Endeavour* and took possession of this vast territory for King George III. He reached New Holland, as it was then called, on the 27th April, 1770, and landed the same afternoon in a bay in which so many beautiful flowers were found by Mr. Banks and Dr. Solander, the naturalists of his party, that he named it "Botany Bay."



A Bushman's Hut.

The territory of New South Wales has acquired the name of the "Mother-colony," as being the first settled portion of the island, for on the 13th May, 1787, Captain Phillip landed a party of emigrants at Port Jackson, and laid the foundation of Sydney, the future capital, one of the most beautiful cities of the world, situated as it is on a finely wooded group of bays. To write in a few words the history of this colony, or indeed of any of its neighbours—Victoria, South Australia, Queensland, or Western Australia—would be out of the question in our present limited space. The prosperity of New South Wales dates from the discovery of the fine pastoral country beyond the Blue Mountains and the introduction of the merino sheep, for the rearing of which the great plains of the interior were so admirably adapted. Then came the gold rush in 1851, after a long period of agricultural success, and for a time everything was abandoned

in the mad thirst for gold. The province of Port Phillip was constituted a distinct colony as Victoria in 1851; and in 1859 the Moreton Bay district in the north assumed a separate rule under the name of Queensland. South Australia had been made an independent colony in 1834, and Adelaide was founded in 1836. Western Australia, long known as the Swan River Colony, is the largest and most sparsely inhabited of the divisions of Australia, embracing as it does nearly one-third of the island, with an area of over one million of square miles. It was first settled in the year 1829.

The golden arch which forms the entrance to the Victoria Court is a fitting introduction to the display of colonial wealth; it is composed of ingots of metal of various shapes and size, the approximate worth of each being written thereon, and represents the total value of gold exported from this colony since 1851, amounting to two hundred and sixteen millions of pounds sterling. Grouped around it are casts of famous nuggets, and of the crude ingots which have been obtained by fortunate miners as the results of the "clean up" after a few days' work.

Walking through the South Central Gallery, where some of the best of the productions of New South Wales and of Victoria have been brought together, it is impossible to escape the conviction that Australia will erelong cease to require supplies of manufactured goods from Great Britain. For the past thirty years this colony has been one of our best customers, but the time is fast approaching when she will be able to produce herself, from her own raw materials, all that she has hitherto obtained in European markets, and there can be no reason why she should not do so; for it is evident that she possesses both the skill and the capital to build factories and to supply herself with all she needs. The grand united Oceana of the future, the last-born child of the old country, is doubtless destined to become one of the greatest manufacturing centres of the world, and it is no idle dream to look forward to the time, less than half a century hence, when, as Mr. Froude tells us, "if the several provinces continue to increase their numbers at the present rate, there will be more than fifty millions" of Australians. "A new England" is here springing up, "growing daily in population and in wealth with incredible speed," not a foreign or a rival power, but our own flesh and blood, "and all parts of it combined in a passion of patriotism, with the natural cord of affinity, to which the strongest political confederacy were as a rope of straw." What a splendid opportunity is afforded by this present Exhibition to cement more closely than ever before the bonds of kinship which bind together the colonies with the mother country; and with what pride it is possible, with this feeling strong within us, to survey these collections, and to ponder upon the future glories of Greater Britain!

VICTORIA.

THE Colony of Victoria, known at first as Port Phillip, attained to its independent position in consequence of the discovery of gold at Clunes in 1851. The chief city, Melbourne, the most populous capital in the Southern hemisphere, has grown up within the last fifty years, and may be ranked, according to Mr. Anthony Trollope, as "one of the most successful cities on the face of the earth." On the walls of the court will be found a collection of drawings and paintings of more than average merit, indeed, the reputations of some of the artists of the colony have reached this country. We may single out for special praise the water-colour drawings of Ashton, Bennett, and Thallon. There is also an admirable series of photographs of native scenery, which give some idea of the luxurious and beautiful vegetation of the interior, and show also the skill with which this process is carried on in Australia. The furniture made by some of the Melbourne firms leaves little to be desired in point of style or execution. We may specially refer to the dining-room suite made of Australian blackwood, by Messrs. W. H. Rocke and Co., of Melbourne, and the dining-room and bedroom suites manufactured out of colonial woods by Messrs. Mowbray, Rowan, and Hicks. The best show of pottery from Australia comes to us from the Bendigo Pottery Company, of Epsom, near Sandhurst. We have illustrated below some of the more important pieces; the body is coarse, but the glaze is good, and some excellent relief modelling of flowers and foliage has been executed in majolica. The colours are subdued, and though the application of ornament of this kind



Some "Bendigo" Pottery.

is in somewhat questionable taste, we are bound to admit that



A Laughing Jackass, in silver, by Evan Jones, Sydney.

this species of decoration has become very fashionable of late. Not only does this company exhibit art work in majolica and parian, but they have contributed also a large collection of domestic pottery, both in stoneware and earthenware.

The collection of woods from Victoria is extensive and complete; there are polished sections showing the grain, while representations of the foliage of each tree are painted on the timber itself, giving a very excellent idea of the chief characteristics. This collection has been brought together by the Technological Museum of Melbourne, and comprises two hundred different varieties; the paintings were executed by Miss Vale at the Museum, and the display has been prepared under the direction of Mr. J. Cosmo Newbery, the superintendent. Baron von Mueller, the Government botanist, likewise contributes a very large number of colonial woods, arranged in book form, as also a collection of objects made out of some of the more important varieties. A vast quantity of wool of fine quality is exported from this colony, and successful endeavours have been made by the various meat-preserving companies to utilise the mutton for tinning and packing. The fine fruit of Victoria, sent to this country in refrigerating chambers, is shown in the colonial market, which is situated to the left of the Indian Economic Court. Wine growing is now becoming a most important industry in the colony, and wines of high quality are sent by a very large number of exhibitors. Much praise is due to the Royal Commission for this colony for the admirable illustrated "Handbook of Victoria" which they have prepared for circulation in connection with the Exhibition.

NEW SOUTH WALES.

THE reader of Captain Cook's voyages will remember that he found the aborigines of Australia to be savages of a very low type, and subsequent information has only tended to confirm the opinion of Dampier, that they were the most wretched savages on the face of the earth. They do not appear to have been capable of building themselves proper huts, and their arts were of the rudest description. The excellent group in the Exhibition shows the rough shelter of bark made by the natives, and some of the people themselves with their weapons and utensils.

Long before the gold mania set in, the territory of New South Wales had begun to attract the attention of colonists as a country eminently well suited for immigration, and sheep-farming in Australia had become recognised as a profitable undertaking. The discovery of gold, though for a time it drained the country of all its more active inhabitants, proved in the long run of great indirect benefit to this colony. The full tide of emigration set in, and though many provinces were lost, New South Wales steadily gained in importance. Agriculture, while it is still the chief occupation of the colony, is by no means the only one, as gold has been found in very considerable quantities, and there is also great wealth in coal, copper, silver, tin, iron, and several other minerals.

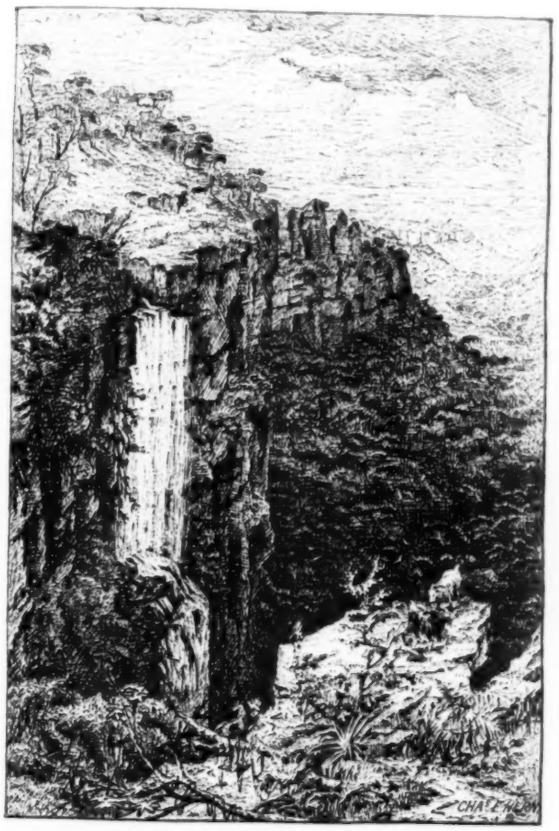
The pictures from New South Wales surround the principal court, and we are pleased to be able to reproduce two of them. The coast scene by Mr. Edward Combes, C.M.G., one of the Commissioners appointed by the Colony, represents Coogee Bay, near Sydney, and the water-colour drawing by Mr. Charles E. Hern, an artist now settled in England, shows



Panel of Carved Billiard Table, by B. Hulbert.

us the Katoomba Falls, in the Blue Mountains, we believe the grandest waterfall in Australia. A large number of excellent photographs illustrate some of the chief places in the colony, and among other portraits the large trophy exhibited by Mr. Boake, of Sydney, will be looked at with interest at the

present time, as it contains the portraits of the officers and prominent members of the New South Wales Military Expedition to the Soudan. Ornamental silverwork of high quality is shown by Evan Jones, of Sydney. The emu eggs, set in silver, are characteristic specimens of a kind of work much prized in the Colonies; and the representation of the laughing jackass, a feathered denizen of Australia we hear much of, has been selected for illustration. It is executed in silver from the Sunny Corner Mine.



Katoomba Falls, Blue Mountains. By Chas. E. Hern.

The Commissioners have employed some of the principal firms of cabinet-makers to manufacture special furniture for the Exhibition, and some excellent specimens of workmanship are shown by Messrs. Wallach Brothers, of Sydney, who send a dining-room suite, made of cedar from the Richmond River. A bedroom suite of the same material has been contributed by Messrs. Farmer & Co., of Sydney; and Messrs. Turberville, Smith, and Brown have supplied a dining-room suite of blackwood, bedroom suites of beechwood and rosewood, and some occasional tables in various descriptions of wood, all made to the orders of the Commissioners. Mr. B. Hulbert exhibits a billiard-table and fittings made from colonial blackwood, the sides of which are elaborately carved with scenes from the life of an emigrant. We are pleased to be able to illustrate one of these panels (page 20), which is meritorious in design and execution.

The display of Colonial wool is probably the most complete ever seen in this country, and in this department also the Commissioners have caused specimens of goods to be specially manufactured for the Exhibition, and a large show of woven fabrics has been got together. We cannot quit this section of our subject without bearing testimony to the value and importance of the collections of minerals from this colony; specimens are contributed both by the Government and also by private enterprise. The Minister for Mines sends a rich variety arranged by Mr. J. E. Carne, the curator of the Mining and Geological Museum of Sydney, and some fine samples of gold, gems, and precious stones are contributed by Professor Liversidge, of the University of Sydney, whose masterly report on Technical Education in Europe will be familiar to our readers.

QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND, though she is the youngest of the provinces of Australia, bids fair to eclipse them all in the rapidity of her growth and development. Her quartz is the richest in gold, yielding an average of nearly double as much precious metal per ton crushed as that of any other district; some of her copper lodes are considered by the Government geologist to be the most prolific in the world, and she possesses valuable mines of tin, lead, and silver. Her sugar plantations already cover a large area of territory in the northern districts, and her clip of wool averages 50,000,000 lbs. annually. In 1885, this colony, then only twenty-six years old, already possessed 4,162,000 head of cattle, 8,994,000 sheep, and 253,116 horses. The trophy of gold and quartz in the centre of the Queensland Court will give ocular testimony to the abundance of gold in some of the reefs, and between six hundred and seven hundred tons of auriferous quartz have been sent to the Exhibition to be crushed. The obelisk, representing the amount of gold produced in this colony between 1865 and 1885, contains 4,840,564 ozs., of the estimated value of £17,623,284. A complete quartz-crushing plant has been sent over by Messrs. John Walker



Coogee Bay, near Sydney. By Edward Combes.

& Co., of Maryborough, and will be shown at work in the Exhibition. Some very beautiful specimens of opal, both worked and in the matrix, have been contributed by Messrs. Bond and Hampton. The pearl shells of Queensland are in great request; a number of these shells are shown in the court, together with some polished specimens, which are sent by the Commissioners, and have been mounted as centrepieces in silver-gilt. We have illustrated one of these beautiful ornaments on this page. The sugar of this colony makes an important show, and the crystals obtained by various processes are of excellent quality; the total export of sugar in 1885 amounted to 55,900 tons. The wealth of Queensland in valuable timber almost defies description. Two magnificent logs of cedar are placed at the east end of the court, which contain upwards of six hundred cubic feet of wood; they are contributed by Isaac Burgess, of Mellum Creek, and were grown in the Moreton district. The girth of one specimen is 20 ft. 5 ins., and of the other 18 ft. 8 ins. Four hundred and twenty-seven varieties of native timber are exhibited by the Commissioners in book block, plank, and veneer. Along with the objects from this colony is a fine collection of weapons, implements, and pottery from New Guinea; these have been sent by Mr. W. B. Livesey, the special Commissioner of *The Brisbane Courier*, Mr. Hugh Milman, and the Queensland Commission.

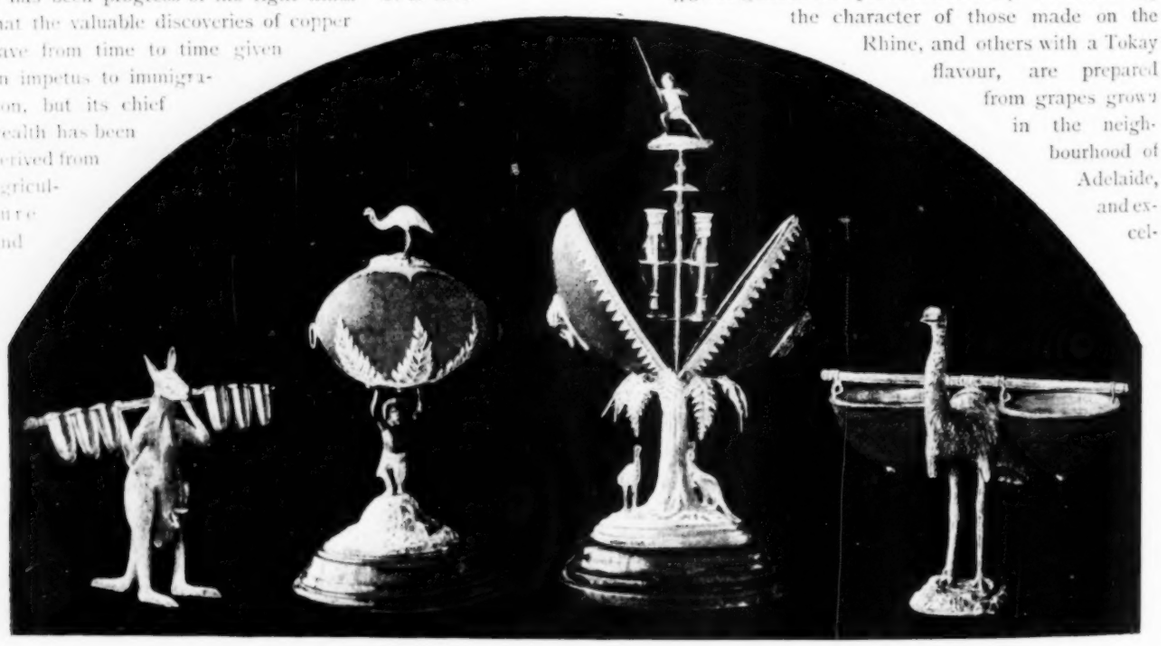


Mother-of-Pearl Centrepiece.

We can do no more than mention the collection of wool, which is most extensive and complete. A flourishing trade is carried on in this colony in leather, while several important companies are engaged in the manufacture of tinned meat, soups, and tallow.

SOUTHERN AND WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

THE progress of South Australia has not been of the phenomenal character of some of the other provinces, but it has been progress of the right kind. It is true that the valuable discoveries of copper have from time to time given an impetus to immigration, but its chief wealth has been derived from agriculture and pastoral occupations. The vineyards of this colony are also of great importance, and wine amounting to upwards of 473,000 gallons was produced in 1884. Wines having the character of those made on the Rhine, and others with a Tokay flavour, are prepared from grapes grown in the neighbourhood of Adelaide, and excellent samples of wine are also produced from the Muscat grape. The produce of the Auldana vineyards is already favourably known in this country. The show of silversmiths' work from this colony merits unqualified praise; and fine collections of centrepieces, emu-egg ornaments, and jewellery are contributed by Messrs. Brunkhorst, Wendt, and Davis. The



Emu-egg Ornaments by Mr. Brunkhorst and Mr. Wendt.

dark green egg of the emu is seen to great advantage when carefully mounted in silver, and we like best those designs for its setting which aim at preserving as far as possible the whole outline of the egg in a simple foot or stem of metal work. Some admirably designed examples of mounted eggs are found in the specimens sent by Mr. Brunkhorst, of Adelaide, and we have been pleased to be able to illustrate some of them on p. 22. It is only lack of space which compels us to pass over in silence the fine collections of wool, minerals, and raw products which have been brought together in the well-arranged court of this colony. The specimens of stuffed sheep of some of the chief breeds are most lifelike in execution.

A very creditable display of her productions has been made by Western Australia, and an excellent map has been prepared to show the chief varieties of timber existing in the different parts of the colony. Some idea of her wealth in this respect may be gleaned from the fact that there are about 14,000 square miles of forests of jarrah timber, 10,000 square miles of white gum, and 2,400 square miles of York gum. To show the adaptability of these native woods for the use of the cabinet-maker, a London firm has been employed to produce some furniture of jarrah, jam, banksia, casuarina, and other timber. Some charming dried flowers, arranged so as to form decorative groups, are sent by Miss Dunne and Miss Bunbury. Much interest will attach to the specimens of gold lately discovered in the neighbourhood of the Margaret and the Ord Rivers in the Kimberley district. Nothing would in the long run be of greater importance to the welfare of this sparsely inhabited colony than the discovery of gold in paying quantities; and even while we are preparing for the press we learn that additional deposits of gold have been found, and that many diggers are on their way to the new gold-fields, which are more than 100 miles up the country, in the extreme north. In the centre of the court of this colony a conical trophy of pearl shells has been erected, and near to it is shown the famous pearl which has been called the "Southern Cross," owing to its regular cruciform shape. In addition to the rarity of such a freak of nature as this, the constituent pearls forming the group are of very fine quality. The value of mother-of-pearl shells exported from Western Australia in 1884 is set down at £15,312. An industry of growing importance is the gathering of wild honey; some bees imported into the colony less than twenty years ago, have multiplied to such an extraordinary extent in the wild state that honey can now be obtained in great abundance, and it is reported that swarms of bees have been seen 150 miles to the eastward of Perth. The climate is extremely favourable for these insects, and there is an abundance of flowering trees and shrubs all the year round.

NEW ZEALAND.

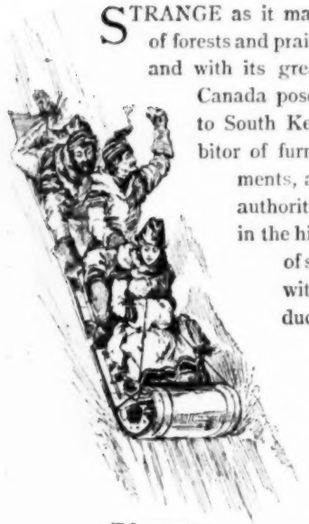
ON no former occasion have the arts and industries of New Zealand been seen to greater advantage in the mother country than they are at the present Exhibition, and we find here an admirable picture of the progress and enterprise of this still comparatively speaking juvenile colony. No settlements of importance were formed in New Zealand until 1841, and it was not until the Acts of 1875 and the following year had been passed that the whole country received the finite scheme of its constitution. The chief product of New Zealand is undoubtedly its long stapled wool, but a considerable trade in frozen mutton is now growing up with this country. The arts of the Maoris are well illustrated in the New Zealand Court, and we find numerous specimens of the carved work, weapons, and implements of the savage races now so rapidly becoming extinct. The native inhabitants, although cannibals, were a fine and warlike race, and appear to have been rapidly converted to a semblance of Christianity. Much interest has been aroused in the gigantic fossil birds found in these islands, and the skeleton of the largest of these, the Dinornis Maximus, will be studied with interest. The Moa, as natives call it, has become exterminated almost within the memory of man, and its skeleton will be found here; also a specimen of its egg, said to be unique. Strolling through the industrial section one might almost fancy one's self in an exhibition of the products of some Yorkshire manufacturing town. Admirable collections of tweeds and woollen goods of all kinds are shown by the Mosgiel Woollen Factory Company, of Dunedin, and the Kaiapoi Company, of Christchurch. A case full of beautiful feather muffs, made from the plumage of the albatross, the black swan, peacock, penguin and seagull, is sent from Wellington, pottery comes to us from Otago, and raw and manufactured fibres from Rangiora. Several courts are filled with excellent furniture made of kauri wood and rimu wood; this latter material seems admirably adapted for the cabinet-maker, and the dining-room and bedroom suites manufactured by the Dunedin Iron and Woodware Company show it to the best advantage. Anton Seuffert, of Auckland, exhibits some choice specimens



An Overmantel by Messrs. Garlick & Cranwell.

of furniture, notably the secretaire presented to Sir Joseph Hooker "as the describer of their flora by a grateful colonist," also an oval inlaid table in marquetry of native woods decorated with fern-leaves and foliage, and a smaller circular table of similar workmanship which will be found under glass on the upper part of a sideboard. A curious carved panel sculptured out of a single block of kauri wood grown in the North Island, is evidently the work of a Chinese artist, and represents the chief Hovas with his attendant ministers and officers of justice. Near this is a piece of furniture which seems almost a solitary instance in colonial workmanship of an attempt to utilise the forms of savage Art for decorative purposes. A wardrobe manufactured by Messrs. Garlick and Cranwell, of Auckland, has a frieze reproducing the grotesque masks and the characteristic spiral curves found on the prows of the war canoes; the knobs represent pine cones, and round the central panels is some well-designed foliage, naturalistically treated in low relief. The suitability of the indigenous woods for the cabinet-maker is further shown in the table consisting of 2,620 pieces of 15 different kinds of wood made by James Petherick, jun., of Wellington, the inlaid wardrobes by W. Norrie, of Auckland, and the well-designed chest of drawers, said to contain 8,500 separate pieces of wood, composing a kind of Tunbridge work marquetry, executed by Messrs. G. and E. B. Fleming. The fireplace and overmantel, carved in kauri by Messrs. Garlich & Cranwell (see page 23), is an excellent piece of Renaissance decoration, but scarcely equal in workmanship and finish to some of the other furniture. We must not omit to mention the ingenious table easels constructed out of a single piece of wood, with a folding ledge and hinges formed in the material itself, the work of D. S. Parnell. He might make a fortune out of this contrivance at the present time, by patenting it as the "Irish-joint" of his notorious namesake. The New Zealand furniture and cabinet-work, taken as a whole, both as respects design and execution, is deserving of special commendation.

CANADA.



Tobogganing.

STRANGE as it may seem, with all its wealth of forests and prairies, with its vast fur country and with its great food-growing resources, Canada poses before the chance visitor to South Kensington rather as an exhibitor of furniture and of musical instruments, and as a great educational authority, than as a land endowed in the highest degree with the means of supplying the mother country with timber, furs, and farm produce. In this statement we do not leave out of consideration the splendid trophy exemplifying Canadian agriculture, which occupies the site of Messrs. Doulton's ceramic temple of former years, and which we have selected for our illustration on this page, nor do we desire in any way to depreciate the excellence of the display of implements, textiles, furs, and minerals in their various departments. There is no more striking object in the Exhibition than the central trophy of fruits, grain, farm utensils, seeds, and tinned food; and the minor groups surrounding the court are as excellent from the decorative point of view, as the produce is itself to be commended by the expert in matters pertaining to farming and fruit-growing. It is but nineteen years ago since the inland and maritime provinces of Canada became a united country, by the operation of the British North American Act, which took effect from July 1st, 1867. Under this Act Nova Scotia and New Brunswick were united with Upper and Lower Canada; in 1871 British Columbia was added to this vast territory; and, lastly, in 1873, Prince Edward Island joined the confederation; and this colony now covers about 3,500,000 square miles, equalling in area the whole of Europe, and rivalling in extent all the rest of our colonial possessions, except Australia, put together. The population of Canada is an extremely mixed one, and numbers in all about 5,000,000, only some 100,000 of whom are Indian natives. There can be little doubt, looking to the vast natural resources of the colony, the geniality of her climate, and the ease with which, consequent upon the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, enormous tracts of fertile country can be brought into cultivation, that a great future awaits our North American territories. The present exhibition of Canadian industries and produce will therefore be scanned with peculiar and special interest by all who study the development and ultimate welfare of Greater Britain, for no other colony seems better adapted for our surplus populations than the great Canadian North-West. We are aware that in this review of the Exhibition we may be doing Canada some injustice, as, at the time we write, a very large number of cases of goods have still to be delivered.



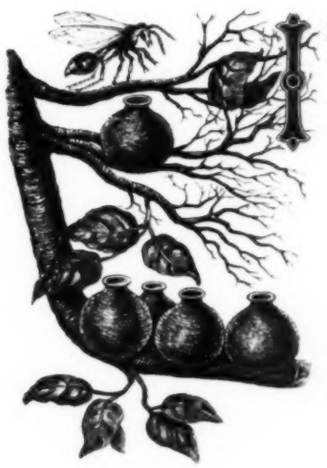
The Agricultural Trophy.

The great strength of the show of manufactured articles at the present time lies undoubtedly in the chamber organs, gene-

rally known in this country as "American organs," or harmoniums. The export trade in these instruments would appear to be a very considerable one, and the names of some of the chief makers, such as Bell, Karn, and others, are well known in this country. The Canadian pianos have also a well-deserved reputation, and many fine specimens are to be found in the central gallery. The cases of the former of these instruments are nearly all of one general type; the main features being based on a boldly accentuated treatment which recalls rather the forms found in masonry. The woodwork is much notched and enriched with incised outlines, generally gilt; the thin lines of gilding on the polished surfaces of walnut or cedar being rather poor in effect. There is very little skilled manual work or carving, and the impression conveyed is rather that the ornament has been turned out by machinery. Some of the most elaborate of the piano cases of Messrs. Heintzman & Co. are richly carved, but the carved work is painted and gilt. When we come to the furniture, there is the same massive treatment; take, for example, the sideboard and dining-room suites exhibited by Messrs. Simpson & Co. of Berlin, Waterloo, Ontario; the material of the sideboard is walnut-wood, and the fondness for the forms based on pure construction is strikingly manifested in the arrangement of the shelves, which are reached by a miniature staircase with handrail and balusters complete.

The display of timber from New Brunswick has been prepared with rare taste and skill. We find polished specimens of each kind of wood showing the grain and the end section. On every board is painted a spray of the leaves and fruit, and by way of frame we have strips of the actual bark of each of the trees. Beneath are sections of the butts of timber, and above are stuffed specimens of the animals and birds found in the forests. We may single out for special mention the beauty of the rock or sugar maple, the dark foliage of the bitter-nut, and the even grain of the hemlock, pine, and spruce. It is quite impossible here to attempt to describe in detail the Canadian display. The exhibits are found in all parts of the building. We can only make passing mention of the Education Section, which is by far the most complete of its kind in the Exhibition, and one of the most excellent collections we remember to have seen. The display of boats and fishing implements is also excellent, and in the adjoining gallery is the collection of agricultural machinery, which we are forced to dismiss with simple mention. In the arcades near the conservatory we find carriages, leather-work, lace made by the Irish ladies of Montreal, some of it of wonderful beauty, especially the reproductions of Venetian designs; furniture, office fittings, and other objects in great variety. Then there is a special court for carriages; a priceless collection of furs and skins, and specimens of Indian workmanship in birch-bark and embroidery. Canada could almost fill the whole of the building with her own exhibits, and she could do so with credit to herself in every department. Concerning the Canadian pictures we hope to say a few words later.

FIJI.



IN response to the exertions of an energetic local committee, the products and industries of Fiji are extremely well represented at South Kensington, and some idea may be obtained of the growing importance of these recently acquired possessions. The staple trade of the principal islands appears to be the production of sugar, and much enterprise and capital have been expended upon the plantations and mills. The tappa or native cloth, made from the bark of a tree, effectively decorated with simple geometrical patterns, has been extensively used in the draping of the court in which we find an interesting collection of the quaint pottery of Fiji, a coarse earthenware with a brilliant glaze. Miss Gordon Cumming contributes many of her facile drawings of the coast and inland scenery, and also some books with illustrations of Fijian manufactures; there are likewise some clever drawings of flowers by the Misses Hill of Rambi Island. The principal island of the group is Viti Levu, which is equal in extent to the united area of the four home counties. It would seem that nearly all kinds of spices, and also tea, coffee, and tobacco, flourish in Fiji, and samples of this produce are shown in the Exhibition. Our Illustration below will serve to indicate the peculiar shape of the native pottery, the form of which is based upon that of the tiny clay nests of the humble mason bee. These nests are of a globular form, with an opening on the upper side guarded by a short neck and turnover edge, as shown in the initial cut. The weapons and utensils of the aborigines of these islands, a large collection of which has been brought together, differ in no very striking manner from those of the Maoris of New Zealand, to whom the Fijians appear allied in race.



A Fiji Water Jug.

CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

THE chief interest in the exhibits from the Cape centres in the diamond cutting and diamond washing, as also in the excellent models of some of the most famous of the mines. One hundred tons of blue-ground, rich in diamonds, have been sent to this country from Kimberley, Bultfontein, and other well-known diggings, and the process of washing and finding goes on daily. During one of the visits of Her Majesty to the Exhibition a diamond weighing about 3 carats was thus obtained. Messrs. Ford and Wright, of Clerkenwell Green, show the entire operation of cutting and polishing the stones. Several firms send specimens of the beautiful mineral crocidolite, both in the crude state and also made into various ornamental and useful articles. The wines of this colony when first brought to this country met with scant approval, but recently, owing to greater care in the manufacture and improved processes, the quality of the wine has been much altered for the better; moreover, an expert, Baron von Babo, has been specially engaged by the Government to superintend the preparation of wine in the colony. Some of the richest copper mines in the world are situated in Namaqualand, and worked by English companies. The total quantity of copper ore exported up to the end of 1884 amounted to 268,215 tons, while up to the same date diamonds of the declared value of nearly thirty-two millions sterling had left the colony.

HONG KONG.

THOSE who remember the Chinese Court of previous years will at first sight think that little has been altered to convert that attractive display into the Hong Kong section of the present Exhibition. The art and industry of this island is so essentially Chinese that we can only regard it in this light. We have here a well-selected series of models, and actual specimens of the products and manufactures of this important colony, containing many features of great interest and beauty. The carved blackwood furniture, exhibited by Messrs. R. H. Loxley & Co., is familiar to Europeans; and among the examples to be found here are many characteristic illustrations of the method of using marble slabs and mother-of-pearl inlays, which contrast well with the dark wood. The Chinese blackwood carving is, we think, superior to that of India, the ornament being based upon the forms of the construction, and not, as is too often the case with the Indian work, spread over the entire surface of the object to be decorated. The members of the various trades in Hong Kong are, we learn, formed into guilds, and these guilds have vied with each other in rendering the representation of their respective crafts as perfect as possible. Thus the Stone Guild contribute an allegorical group, carved in granite, which forms the subject of our illustration. From the description appended to it we understand that the entire design is symbolical of "office," as typified by the central figure, who, to judge by his countenance, has tasted its proverbial "sweets." Immediately behind the principal figure are two female attendants holding above him official fans, on which are inscribed the words "Prosperity" and "Longevity." Slightly behind these, and raised above them, are two more symbolical figures, with the emblems of the sun and moon. The individual on the extreme right, in front, is the personification of "Longevity;" he is caressing a child which stands for "Fecundity." On the opposite side is the counterfeit presentment of "Prosperity," having with him a deer, which owing to a word-play in the Chinese name of the animal, has come to be the symbol of "Majesty." In front, on separate pedestals, are two lions, which appear necessary to a right comprehension of the group. The execution in hard granite is extremely good, and the effect is heightened by the sparing use of gold with pencilled lines in black. Tuck Lee sends a complete model of a druggist's shop. The Bamboo Guild have done full justice to their craft, while a singular model of scaffolding for a chimney 140 feet in height shows the way in which bamboo is used for this purpose. The jewellery of Hong Kong is much of it very effective, and merits careful examination. We are pleased to draw attention to some clever and minute carvings in toucan-beak set with alternate links in gold, forming a parure, made by Wang Hing, and lent by Mrs. Wodehouse. The silver filigree work is also characteristic and beautiful; the



Allegorical Group, in granite, by the Stone Guild.

hair pins, which contain minute feathers and beads, worn by the Chinese ladies, show this work to great advantage. The quaint pottery, the China grass matting, the ivory carving, and even the school work of Hong Kong, together with many other curious and interesting facts relating to its native population, are all illustrated very fully in the Hong Kong Court.

THE STRAITS SETTLEMENTS.

IN addition to the purely English stations of Singapore, Penang, etc., several native states, such as Perâk and Selângor, are under English protection, and are administered by Residents appointed by the Governor of the Straits Settlements. From each of these dependencies admirable collections, illustrative of the industrial arts of the natives, and of the vegetable and mineral wealth of the country, have been sent to South Kensington; and these Settlements may vie with some colonies of far greater importance in the excellence and completeness of their display. From the purely Art point of view the various objects composing the so-called Perâk Regalia are foremost in interest and value, and well deserve careful attention. The jewelry studded with rubies, and especially the necklet in the form of two serpents, is of characteristic design, recalling somewhat the allied art of Burmah. The method of setting the precious stones in a raised framework of thin gold wire, soldered on so as to form a kind of *cloisonné* work, recalls the art of the Gothic goldsmiths of the thirteenth century; and a similar mode of setting the gems will be seen in the sword-hilt which is exhibited in the same case as the two principal objects in the group which we engrave below. The ancient gold vessels show the value of plain surfaces of metal, as contrasted with the more modern work, which is, to some extent, marred by the profusion of the enrichments which cover every available portion of the surface. The value of restraint in matters of decoration is apparently little felt by certain schools of metal-workers in the East, and the tendency in much of the silver-work of Ceylon and Burmah, and also in the Malay States, is to overlay or encrust the entire surface with small and elaborate relief ornament. In spite of this defect, there is a gold casket which, as an example of the more modern pieces comprised in this treasure, may be pronounced to be a fine piece of goldsmiths' work, and the circular vessels will serve as a type of the older workmanship. The objects in the Perâk Regalia, from which the articles here engraved have



Some Objects from the Perâk Regalia.

been selected, came into our possession from the reigning Sultan at the time of our assuming the protectorate, and have been carefully cleaned and repaired by a London silversmith.

The full-sized example of a Malay dwelling-house, contributed by the Government of Perâk, which has been erected in the grounds, and the many small models of native buildings, give an excellent idea of the architecture of these districts, and specimens of weapons, pottery, and implements have been sent by the various Governments. The basket work in a species of rush and in split cane is extremely good, and some splendid native embroideries and textiles are included in the collection.

The population, consisting as it does so largely of Chinese and natives of India, who outnumber the Malays by upwards of 50,000 in the various parts of the Straits, gives a mixed character to the industries and requirements of the different districts. Thus we have here much that is purely Chinese in form, as, for instance, the musical instruments of Malacca, while, in the dyeing of the silken fabrics, the method of knotting to produce patterns is evidently due to the Indian workmen.

The weapons of the native Malays are well shown, and also their domestic utensils and furniture.

The traps used for catching birds and small animals, and the fishing vessels, especially those from Province Wellesley, are curious. Biblical students and believers in the harmlessness of the dove will be shocked to hear that it is a common practice in the Straits to keep ring-doves, as game cocks formerly were in this country, for fighting purposes, and a stuffed dove in its appropriate perch is shown in the court. Cock-fighting is a sport of which the Malays are passionately fond, and lotteries and other forms of gambling are very prevalent.

Tin is found in many of the rivers, and samples of tin-sand from various regions, also gold-bearing tin-sand and gold dust are shown here. The spices and gums are excellent in quality, and the total exports are largely increasing, having more than doubled in the last twenty years. The united imports and exports of the colony for 1884 amounted to £39,077,809.

THE WEST INDIES.

A VERY charming combined display has been made by the various groups of islands comprised under the general title of the West Indies. A number of small courts are each separated by a light fret-work screen in the Moorish style, formed of woodwork, picked out with white and blue, every bay of which bears the device or shield, together with the name, of some island, the façades being all kept uniform; but while a large country, such as Trinidad, has a whole series of bays, some of the smaller ones, as, for instance, the desolate little group of the Virgin Islands, have but a single division. The central space has been kept clear for a picture gallery and for some interesting archæological specimens, chief among which are the wonderful gold ornaments, belonging to Mr. W. C. Borlase, M.P., dug up from the Huncas or Aztec tombs of Central America. British Honduras contains a vast extent of untravelled and mysterious country, abounding with relics of the highly civilised races of Indians, discovered by the Spaniards at the time of Cortez, many specimens of whose sculpture and ornaments have recently been brought to this country by Mr. Maudsley.

There is further a very extensive collection from Dominica and other islands of stone celts and implements, some of which are made from the conch shell and are of a rare type. Among the chief attractions are the paintings, the place of honour being assigned to the important sea-piece by Bierstadt, 'After a Norther, Bahamas.' There are likewise many good water-colour drawings and paintings of flowers; among the former we may point to the works of Cazabon, of Trinidad, and among the latter those of Mrs. Blake are especially noticeable. The loan collection of portraits comprises several works of great interest. Among others Columbus by Sir Antonio More, Henry VIII. by Holbein, and Queen Elizabeth by Zucchero.

It is well known that a great blow has been given to the prosperity of the West Indies by the decline in the value of sugar, owing to the competition of continental beetroot sugar. It is true that the introduction of cocoa has in some places been so far very successful, but the substitution of cocoa for cane is regarded by those who know these islands intimately as the greatest possible curse, for while the cane involves constant care and high cultivation, the cocoa-tree requires simply to be left to itself, and it is therefore a crop which exactly suits the lazy negro peasant proprietor. The various crops grown in the different islands are well represented in the respective courts—tobacco, arrow-root, fruits and spices. It is interesting here and there to note the attempts made to introduce fresh industries; thus the plucky effort of a Birmingham firm at Montserrat to cultivate the lime and to manufacture the lime-juice as a summer drink, deserves recognition. So too does Mr. Adderley's success in teaching cameo cutting in the Bahamas. Finding that the beautiful shells, principally the conch shell and the tortoise shell, were exported in considerable numbers to Europe for cameo-work, Mr. Adderley, on returning from England two years ago, took with him an Italian artist and founded a school at Nassau. Some of the pupils trained by Signor Melillo are already doing excellent work and earning their livelihood. The price of the conch shells in the Bahamas is only a few pence, while the value of the cameo may range from £5 to £20. Pink pearls of great beauty and rarity are found in the conch shells, and are much prized by jewellers. Some excellent mounted specimens of these pearls are shown in the Bahamas court by London firms. Another Art work which will interest our lady readers is the utilisation of the lovely sea-fan coral, the gorgonia, which varies in tint from a brilliant golden hue to a light purple, according to the reef upon which it grows. These corals are made into baskets, screens, and many other useful ornaments, and an enterprising London modiste has even fashioned them into hats and bonnets. Many beautiful specimens of the famed Bahama sponges are shown; they are not equal in quality to those of the Levant, but they are far cheaper. The indigenous art of the Archipelago does not apparently rise much above the level of carved calabashes, though some good seedwork in the bright little red jequirity seeds is contributed from Antigua, some ornaments made from the lace-bark tree from Jamaica, and some pretty shellwork, together with artificial flowers in seeds, shells, and fish scales. From Granada comes some excellent basket-work.



"A Harmony in black and white." Drawn by W. S. Stacey.

MALTA.

THIS island is for its size one of the most densely populated areas in Europe, and though its surplus population has acquired rather a bad name in the various sea-ports of the Mediterranean, the people of Malta are, when at home, steady and industrious and intensely attached to their native soil. The productions of Malta have been very carefully presented to us and displayed in the present Exhibition, and its ancient and historical associations have likewise received attention. Various objects recalling the days of the Knights of Malta, whose three centuries of possession will never be effaced, have been brought together, and the loan collection is scarcely inferior in importance to that contributed by any of the other colonies. Two industrial specialities have been selected for more complete illustration—its lacemaking, and its jewellery in silver filigree.



Presentation Filigree Inkstand by Vincent Mazza.

With regard to the lace-making, many beautiful specimens of which are shown, an Art school has recently been established at Valetta, and numerous improvements have been effected in the art. We are pleased to be able to reproduce some examples of fine old Maltese silk lace, lent to the Exhibition by Lady Brassey, and we are assured that not only can the modern workers imitate with absolute fidelity any old specimen of pillow lace, but that some of the recent work is held by connoisseurs to be superior in quality to that formerly made here. Our other illustration is from a piece of lace made during the last century, and may be examined in comparison with Lady Brassey's lace of modern workmanship. The kind of pillow employed is different to that used in England; it is more like a padded board, which is held at an angle of 45°, leaning on a table or against a wall in front of the worker, instead of a round bolster resting in the lap, such as is used in Buckinghamshire. For the finest descriptions of lace the native women employ a species of stuffed doll, called a "balla," the mode of using which is shown by a lace-maker in the court. Maltese filigree trinkets are well known in this country, as the beauty and cheapness of this jewelry have caused it to be much sought after. The work differs but little from that of Genoa and Northern Italy. Some larger and more elaborate objects have been specially produced for the Exhibition, among which we may mention the birdcage sent by Vincent Mazza and the presentation inkstand which forms the subject of our first illustration. This fili-

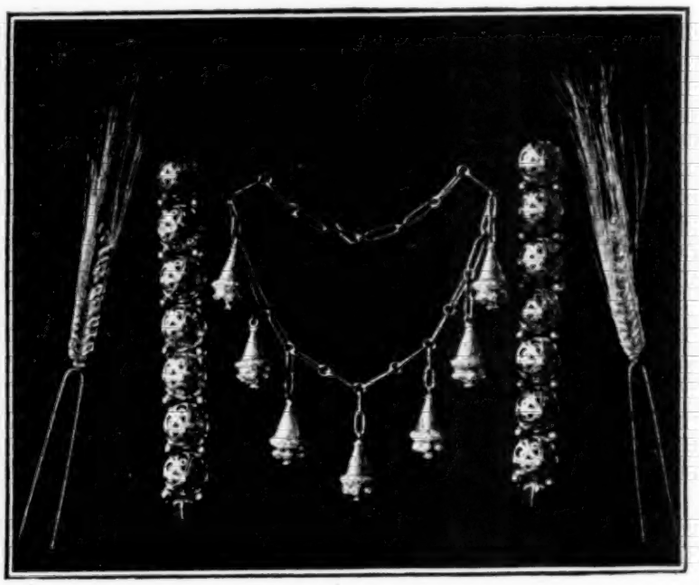


Antique Maltese Lace.



Modern Maltese Lace.

gree is worked in a bolder style than that adopted for personal ornaments, and is exhibited by Messrs. G. Azzopard & Co. In the centre is a vase filled with flowers, and on either side are cornucopiæ to contain the ink; round the tray or salver are birds and foliage in high relief. Surrounding the base of the stand are trophies of flags and armour, together with well-designed scroll-work, flowers, and birds. The pen, which is in the form of an arrow, and the paper-cutter are appropriately decorated. We are bound to confess that the minute and intricate detail which filigree work necessarily entails, lends itself with difficulty to the design of large and ambitious pieces, and this ornament is seen to the best advantage in brooches, charms, and small trinkets.



Maltese Filigree Jewelry.

An interesting case of engraved glass, some antique silver salvers, and other objects belonging formerly to the Knights of Malta, together with portraits of Grand Masters of the Order, and some curious old furniture, serve to remind us of the history of the island in former times.

The handsome arch which will be found at the entrance to this court has been specially designed and executed in Maltese stone, to show how readily the native masons can prepare finished and elaborate structures from working drawings. It is based upon German Renaissance models, and having been carefully carried out and put together with numbered blocks in Malta, it was sent over to this country and re-erected here in an incredibly short space of time.

CYPRUS.

AMONG the recent additions to the colonial possessions of England, Cyprus undoubtedly takes a prominent place, both in interest and in importance. Her annals extend over a period far exceeding those of the mother country, and the mere list of the successive nations under whose sway the island has passed seems almost an epitome of ancient history. The story of her occupation by Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman colonists is well set forth in the case containing the collection of jewelry contributed by Colonel Warren, R.E. We there find engraved-cylinders of Assyrian workmanship, precisely similar in character to those discovered at Nineveh by Sir H. Layard, glass and porcelain beads, scarabæi and idols of Egyptian origin, gems set in goldsmith's work, in form resembling that of Greece and Etruria, and personal ornaments of late Roman type. In the same case are some fine finger rings of mediæval design, which carry us back to the days of the Crusaders; and with them are some clasps and necklets, which might almost have been made in Albania, and which belong of course to the times of the Turkish sway. Our possession of Cyprus dates only since 1877, when the Sultan Abdul Hamid ceded the island to Queen Victoria on payment of a sum based on the average of the surplus revenues for the five years previous to its surrender. This payment is estimated to represent £92,800. Our occupation, so far, has not resulted in any direct monetary gain to this country, as in consequence of the prevalence of severe drought and the terrible devastations of locusts the prosperity of the colony has been sadly diminished. The insufficiency of the rainfall during recent years has been attributed to the denudation of the hill tracts of the forests with which they were formerly covered, and the subject of the careful reafforesting of the country has lately received much attention. An Ordnance Survey of the island on the scale of one inch to the mile has already been prepared, and we have here the maps mounted on one sheet about ten feet by six feet. From this large map the lizard-like shape of Cyprus is well seen and the survey, which has been carried out by Captain H. H. Kitchener, R.E., compares favourably with the survey work of this country. In the centre of the Cyprus Court is a very interesting model illustrating the so-called "locust campaign," and the efforts now being made to check



An Enamelled Clasp.

this plague. The system adopted for the destruction of these insects was devised by the Chevalier R. Mattei, C.M.G., and has been put into execution by Mr. S. Brown, C.E., Director of Public Works. It consists of an arrangement of vertical screens, formed of coarse canvas about three feet high, attached to wooden stakes; each screen is 50 yards in length, and along the upper edge is sewn a piece of American cloth about four inches in width. The locusts, when first hatched, are unable to fly, but creep along the ground devouring every green thing in their path. When they reach the line of screens they crawl up to the top, but cannot get a foothold on the smooth cloth, and are thus unable to get over them. After many attempts they turn sideways, following along the screens. Every fifty feet or so, trenches 6 feet by 2 feet 3 inches and 3 feet deep are excavated, a thin strip of zinc being placed level with the ground round each pit. The locusts cannot escape from the pits as they fail to climb the zinc, and in from one to two hours the pit becomes filled to within a few inches of the brim. A light covering of earth gives the victims an appropriate burial, and a new trench has been in the meantime prepared. In this way 55,478 full trenches were disposed of in the year 1883, which were estimated to contain 191,000 millions of locusts, and in the past four years these remedial measures have already greatly reduced the number of these insect-pests. The enormously prolific nature of the locust may be inferred from the fact that, allowing for a mortality in the offspring of fifty per cent., a single pair would in eight years yield a progeny of 301,175 millions of locusts.

The rude implements and the tools used by the farmers are exactly similar in form and construction to those employed two thousand years ago, and in respect to its husbandry Cyprus is still centuries behind Manitoba, or some of the most recently settled provinces of Canada. A board studded with flints, which is drawn by oxen over the grain, is still the common plan adopted for threshing, as it was in the days of the patriarchs, and the value of the wheat is greatly reduced in consequence of the presence of the small stones torn up from the threshing-floor. Specimens of all these antiquated implements of husbandry have been sent from Cyprus to the Exhibition, and it is curious to contrast them with the steam machinery and the reapers and self-binders in the Canadian Court.

The needlework and embroidery of Cyprus, as also most of the varieties of metal work, closely follow the types to be found in Turkey. We have here some excellent specimens of the engraved brass vessels which recall the Persian pierced work, and the native cloth and silk are good of their kind. The fertility of the soil is proverbial, and the climate is well suited to the cultivation of fruits of every description—cotton, tobacco, and spices; samples of which are shown in the Exhibition.

COLONIAL PICTURE GALLERY.

WE cannot close this account of the Exhibition without a brief reference to the Colonial and Indian pictures, which have been admirably arranged by Mr. A. Maskell in the gallery of the Royal Albert Hall. The collection comprises works from Canada, New Zealand, Malta and India. As might be expected these works are of very unequal merit, and though the general standard must be pronounced a rather low one, there are a few paintings which evince very considerable technical skill. In the Indian section we may specially refer to the works of Horace van Ruith, a Russian artist at Bombay, whose 'Cobra Feast,' 'Party of Dancers,' and large picture entitled 'At the Temple Door,' though a trifle grey, are excellent in execution. His water-colours are also extremely good, though the brilliant sketches by Mr. T. Griffiths, whose art is well known in this country, give us perhaps a better idea of the intensity of Indian sunlight, while the studies of native soldiery by Mr. A. C. Lovett rank with some of the best works we have seen of this description. Miss Gordon Cumming sends a very large number of her drawings of Indian scenery, and this enterprising traveller seems equally at home when depicting mountains and forests, architecture or a near foreground of bright-hued flowers. The life-sized portraits of Indian princes in gorgeous raiment and bedecked with jewels are for the most part very poor from the Art point of view, though they may be interesting to the student of goldsmith's work and costume; there is, however, a clever portrait of the Mahraja of Bhavnaga by Mr. Graham Simpson, and Mrs. Irving Graham's portrait of the Mahraja of Dolepore is good in technique. A copy of a very ancient wall-painting, representing the death of a princess, shows the state of this art in India nearly two thousand years ago.

Many of the Canadian pictures bear strong traces of French influence; this is particularly noticeable in the works of Mr P. F. Woodcock, 'The Abandoned Nest' and the 'Return from the Well,' and in a somewhat less degree in Mr. W. Brymner's spring landscape, entitled 'A Wealth of Flowers.' A school of clever landscape painters, inspired by the grand mountain and river scenery, appears to have been formed in Canada; the names of Forbes, Fraser, and L. R. O'Brien may be mentioned in this connection. Two views of Quebec, lent by Her Majesty the Queen, are good examples of Mr. O'Brien's art. Some of his water-colour paintings are also deserving of special commendation. The Princess Louise exhibits among the Canadian artists a vigorous sketch of the Niagara Falls. One of the best works in the gallery is the 'Meeting of the Trustees,' by R. Harris, a well-painted interior, with a group of backwoodsmen who are being harangued about business matters by the neat little schoolmistress, the latter said to be painted from the artist's wife. We like Mr. Peel's smaller picture, 'Papa's Boat,' better than his large work, the 'Return of the Harvesters.' Regarded as a whole the contributions from Canada are full of interest and promise.

Another colony, which quite takes us by storm with the number and variety of its paintings and works of Art in the Albert Hall, is New Zealand. Owing doubtless to the picturesqueness and charms of its tangled forests, and the lovely natural architecture of Lake Rotomahana, the painter's energies are inspired and awakened, and the glimpses afforded to us in the present collection stimulate our desire to see more of these beautiful islands. Mr. Bloomfield sends an interesting series of water-colour drawings of the pink and white terraces and natural hot baths of Rotomahana. Mr. Lloyd, of Dunedin, has a number of topographical sketches of various places of

note, which will give a good idea of the general features of the country. The water-colour drawings of John Gully, as also those of Messrs. Barraud and Scott and Miss Wimperis, may be singled out for special praise. In the coast scene by Mr. Scott, entitled 'Boulders on the Beach, Moeraki,' the enormous egg-shaped rock nodules are very curious. New Zealand flowers have found worthy exponents in Miss K. Ridings and Miss M. O. Stoddart. Indeed the drawings of flowers dispersed over many different parts of the Exhibition are in most cases admirable, and show a marked advance over those of former times. Art students are well represented in the large collection of studies and designs contributed as the school work of the Canterbury College School of Art, Christchurch, by the head master, Mr. David Blair.

The Art of Malta, strange as it may seem, with all the examples of Italy so near to her, is at a low ebb, and we find in the present collection not only many indifferent religious pictures, intended probably to find a place in her churches, but even specimens of hair-work and cross-stitch, such as might have been included in the earliest exhibitions of the Royal Academy, to judge by the catalogues of a century ago. Among the Maltese oil paintings, those of G. Bonavia undoubtedly take the first place. His picture entitled 'A Struggle for Liberty' is excellent in conception and execution, while his portrait of a 'Maltese Lady in Mantilla,' shows us the becoming nature of the national head-dress. There are also some fair paintings of oriental subjects by G. Giani, among the best of which is 'A Day in the Desert.' Together with the pictures are several additional specimens of Maltese lace, for which space could not be found in the Industrial Court, and a large piece of old French tapestry from the Council Chamber of the Palace of the Grand Masters at Valetta, which is exhibited as a specimen of the clever system of restoration of Signor L. Palmieri, of Naples, half of the surface being in its original dilapidated condition, and the other half being completely renovated.

Viewed in its entirety, this collection of Colonial pictures presents many points of great interest, for, if with the few opportunities for study which exist in these distant countries, so much excellent work has already been achieved, we may confidently hope that a taste for good Art work will be fostered, and that when at some, not distant, date the Art work of our Colonial possessions is again brought together in the mother country, the present high position may be more than maintained. We have not space to notice the numerous photographs, many of them of high merit, which are to be found in divers parts of the Exhibition, but they should not be allowed to escape the visitor's notice.



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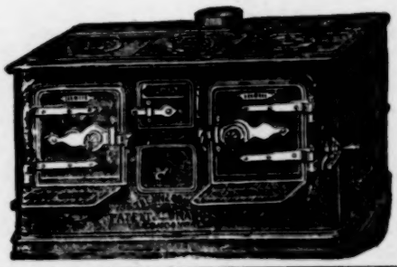
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